

The Star
Wednesday

Dearest Sweet

I had meant to write such a long letter to you tonight, honey. I've been thinking of you all day & jotting down occasional ideas on a piece of paper as I thought of things to talk to you about. But as usual company turned up and opportunity to write is not so good.

Thursday

Moving the office to myself for awhile maybe I can devote a little time to my own doing.

The weather is simply wonderful here, clear blue sky,

and plenty of sunshine so I
hope you are still taking things
easy and enjoying as much
fresh air and exercise as possible.

I have not as yet had any
mail from you so I've no idea
where you are and what you
are doing. I've just a faint
hope that maybe you'll be
coming up the line again

tomorrow & will go to the
H.C. Smoking concert. But as
that is rather a lot to hope
for, I'm not banking on
anything. But if it would
be nice.

Last evening Joan, Frank
& baby came over - all fit
and well & enjoying life.

Joan is making ^{me} a new
hook for Christmas & we were
wondering what plans we can
all make for the usual holiday
festivities. I said it will probably
be very quiet again this year,
unless my baby appears on the
scene to liven up proceedings
for yours truly. Think you
can channel your way into
it? Huh?

I'm feeling very clear-
headed, & bright & breezy after
my spell by the sea. But I
feel too that my lack of spirits
last week may have dampened
your enjoyment somewhat. If so,

darling, I'm awfully sorry. You
know how I lay for our leaves
together, & yet I seem to get
into such a state beforehand
that reaction sets in when
the time comes along. Ah me!
I'm a dopey kid.

But so long as you never
stop loving me, honey, that's
all that matters in the world.

There'll never be another man
for me.

And on that note I shall
have to bid you adieu for
now,

dreamie of you.

Clas

P.S. Did I say I love you.

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