

The Hat.
Sunday.

Dearest
Svt. What a day! No
fog, at least, but for the rest
you can have it. Just give me
a cosy armchair and a blazing
fire and I'll forget that there
is a world outside.

And now for my baby.
How're you feeling now honey?
Is the tummy better, and are
you beginning to regain the
lost weight and morale? Hope
you did as you said and reported
sick on arrival. Perhaps you
must have felt pretty under the
weather when you got back - if

your train journey was anything
like as slow and cold as mine.

See didn't I miss your
comforting arms and warmth in
bed! Can't say that I go
much on this sleeping alone
business, and the sooner you gets
your ticket, the better say I.
We have fixed up the electric
bowl fire in my room, and
it goes perfectly & certainly
takes the chill off the atmosphere.
Only wish we'd thought of it a
fortnight ago when you came on
leave! I really believe now
that part of your sickness was
due to chill. Rotten shame,
darning that even a few days
of your leave should have been

spoiled.

I duly reported for duty
at 8.45 on Saturday, clad
in Snow boots & your woollen
scarf, to keep me warm. You'd
have laughed the evening before.
I was dead scared that I'd
over-sleep, so I spent an hour or
so resetting two alarm clocks
& testing them out. - The noise
was terrible! However it did the
trick and yours truly was
awakened - vividly - at 6.45. am.
Brrr. brrr.

All the same I think it was
worth getting up at that hour
to walk through such a fairy
world. It really made me feel

glad to be alive - even if I
had parked with hubby the day
before & my heart felt very
heavy. I am wondering where
you are now, and what you
are doing right now. Did you
hear Anne Shelton's programme
today, and did you hear a
lovely Saxophone Solo by one of
Hat Allen's band?

My first day back at work
was not so dusty. I spent the
time squaring up the statistics,
and reading the host of circulars
that had been issued while I
was on leave. Morgan was on
sick leave & Chip away for a
week's holiday, so things were
quiet. Poor Mr. Lomer had a

grumble lasting for about half-an-hour, about the lack of cooperation from Morgan & the girls, how late they arrive & how early they go, long lunch hours etc., he seemed quite down in the morning, but all the same I feel a bit embarrassed hearing all about it; after all there is not much I can say. So I just keep quiet & let him get it off his chest. I think the trouble lies in the fact that the place is pretty slack, so many privileges & lack of discipline that people do just as they like.

Enough of that.

In the afternoon I did a little

dhobying. Rescued your pyjamas
from the pail where they'd been
soaking for a week! They were
almost frozen & all slimy from
the soap. Ugh.

I can tell you that by the
time I'd finished rub-a-dubbing
& began to wish I'd married a
midget. They would fit King Kong.

Still I loves you, sweet, so I
don't mind doing anything for
you. Won't tell you what I
say under my breath when I
wax them. hot lady like.

I went over to the Dive
this mornig & took a bag full
of coal to help them out. Baby
was full of beans, and making

a terrific row & kicking on the
settee. Guess Shell be running
around very soon now. I was
half hoping to find you home
when I got back at lunch time.
But no luck. Oh I do hope
you manage to get up the line
next weekend.

I had a chat with Bill
the messenger yesterday - I told
you about his son-in-law who
is at sea. Remember? Well
apparently he and his wife
receive mail regularly. They
number their letters & keep track
of 'em that way, & it seems
that they arrive regularly &
quickly. He took a camera

with him is sending home
same snaps. So you see, honey,
the picture doesn't look so bad
has. If we can get each
other's mail quickly it will
make a lot of difference. I was
dreading weeks without news!

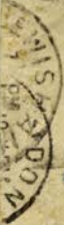
Good - du?

Sweet dreams, darling, and
keep your fingers crossed for
next weekend.

Looking forward to your
first letter, and don't forget to
write to all the other folks who
have a soft spot for you too.

All my love & thoughts,

Clare



Pol/m. L. H. 1945 *de Raasdant*

P/mx. 500921.

Post 18

THUS HORNET

Per *POST*

HANTS