

The Office.  
Thursday.

Taking me, I chuckled at the picture of you done up in sweaters to look like the Michelin man! But I don't understand why you don't bounce. - so fat and full of hot air - one would imagine your physique was ideal for such sport! (to save up any punishment for me at the weekend for such cracks, or I shall go home to mother).

It has certainly been freezing up here, and everybody, including your ever-loving, has been tramping around in snow boots & wound around in thick scarves. The snow was a gorgeous thick white carpet on Monday, and coming back from lunch

I ran into some small boys having  
a snowball fight in a back street.

"Oi - there's a girl!" went up  
the cry & after receiving one  
square in the middle of my hat &  
one in my back & I turned up  
my collar & took to my heels.  
Most undignified! But if I  
hadn't been due back at the office  
I might have joined sides, and  
pelted some of 'em back. Tch. tch.

Funny about that phone call!  
I thought the girl had piped up  
with the usual warning before  
cutting us off, then I thought she  
was having a chat with you. But  
I'm inclined to think we needn't  
have hung up so soon. Still the  
important thing was that we talked  
& sent up my morale, at least, to

the Skies. There's no doubt that  
your old bones back, with vocal  
Chords functioning normally, have  
the power to make my heart pitter-  
pat. Gee, I love you darling! Cor!

I'm getting all excited about  
our weekend. I keep warning myself  
to calm down before disappointment  
comes along. But no! I am looking  
forward to a weekend by the Sea,  
with you. Don't let the snow all  
melt before I get there, I want  
to see it on the beach, for the  
first time in my life.

Timmie phoned me today.  
Wanted to know how and where,  
you were. Seems to think you may  
get several leaves before you finally  
mave. Only hope he's right!

Vera is in Town again, and is expecting the new baby in a week or two. I promised to go over to see her one day next week before she goes to hospital.

I'm looking forward to maybe a dance & a couple of drinks on Saturday, a brisk walk along the beach on Sunday morning, a lazy afternoon by the fire, two lovely

long nights in your arms. Oh joy. Just to be with you will be heaven, and I hope the buzzes keep you here for many more months. Maybe in the end you won't go!

Dreaming of thee,  
Your ever-loving  
wife.

Polman. Lit. Westerland.  
Plm. 500 221.

Pass ~~18~~. 18.

Miss. Hornet.

Post-  
Office.



12th Jan 45