

The Office.  
Tuesday.

Darling / Gee I thought yesterday  
that the thaw had set in. But  
last night night it blew a gale,  
and my first footsteps outside  
this morning proved that the snow  
was a good six inches deep. A  
clot of it slipped inside the top  
of my boot. Ugh!

Of course, being the only  
real war worker around our part of  
the world, I have to play the  
role of pioneer & blaze a trail  
as far as the road. And let  
me tell you that it's hard going.

However I was lucky &  
caught a train right away and

arrived in town pretty much at  
my usual time.

You should have seen me  
doing a solo skating act in  
the middle of Mill bank. The  
buses had pounded down the  
snow here & it was like glass!  
Other people arrived hours late,  
all with stories of hold-ups, so  
I counted myself fortunate.

lunch time, I took delight  
in strolling around the streets,  
it is much warmer and I  
went for a good long walk, as  
I seem to be cooped up in  
stuffy atmospheres all the  
time these days.

So much for the weather here,  
and I hope that the prospect is

"Fair and warmer" in your  
direction honey-mine.

You can just guess what a  
Shock I had yesterday when  
reading the paper over somebody  
else's shoulder I saw the  
headline "Portsmouth train crash  
last night." I nearly had  
fifty pink fits, and couldn't  
rest until I'd asked the chap  
if I could read the whole story.  
Even then it didn't state the  
time so I was as thrown until  
I arrived at the office & rang  
Widdeloo. That clerk's reassuring  
reply that the 9.30 was O.K.  
was like music to my ears.  
Coo! darling! Coo!

I hope that you managed to

dodge the gold fraud as usual.

I guess that this week is  
an energetic one for you - if  
you are swooning up all you ever  
knew about engines. Do you good!  
All this idleness(?) isn't good for  
man, woman or beast, and your  
grey cells probably are in need  
of a good jerk. lucky thing  
there are some 60-80 miles  
between us huh?

You know I'm getting awful  
used to this idea of having  
hubby home for Sunday dinner.  
Don't know how I shall ever  
console myself in the lonely  
months ahead. Ah, me! Still  
the Russians are pushing on -  
and who knows how much longer

Jerry may hold out, maybe a  
month, maybe a week.

I'm keeping my fingers  
crossed in the hope that you  
stay put after all.

No news of Vera yet. I  
rang Jim yesterday & wrote off  
to the hospital :- Moatlands,  
Paddock Woods, Tun. Wells, Kent.

Well darling, its time I  
did a spot of work - I'm a  
lazy type these days. Goin'  
to see "hawa" tonight. Hope  
you enjoy a film tonight too.  
lots of love and kisses  
angel.

Dreamie of thee,

Clare

xxx



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