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The Office.  
Tuesday.

Sweetness / Despite the fact that I wrote a dozen pages to you last evening I just feel in the mood for a chat now.

The sun is shining on this letter as I write, but I know that there is a keen east wind blowing outside which belies the sun's rays & the blue sky.

I've just had a lovely long phone talk with Gus. Quite a stranger, & it was good to hear from him. He didn't mention that operation that everyone was talking about a few weeks back - so I guess it must have come to nothing after all.

He had, however, just been to see  
the M.O. about his knee - I believe  
he is to be regraded. And he  
fully expects to be classed A.1.  
and sent abroad - seems to  
think he may even meet up with  
you someday.

I told him that as usual  
Westy has fallen on his feet,  
and is at this moment having  
the time of his life aboard some  
luxury liner. He laughed, but  
was sorry you'd had to go right  
at the end of the war, as it  
seems.

Pat is still staying with him  
at Shorecliffe, so they are making  
the most of their time in case he  
goes overseas. He said ruefully

how it is eating into his bank-account. I agreed & made him laugh when I recounted how we received our balance sheet last month & the total was written in red ink & I thought we'd overdrawn. Did I recount that fact to you, by the way?

It seems that he has heard from Tom, who is now in Belgium & states that conditions there are one hundred per cent better than in Italy. Tom is hoping to get a spot of leave soon, so I must keep in touch with the gang so's not to miss seeing him.

I'll be sorry not to have seen you before your departure.

See, darling, despite my outward  
good cheer, and smiling countenance,  
there is such an ache inside for a  
sight of you. Just to hear your  
voice on the phone would be  
enough to put me in the heights.

But don't worry, precious, I  
am taking Omar's philosophy to  
heart, & not letting the moving  
fingers write away a wasted day.  
I am going to live these months  
of separation, because I don't want  
to change from the girl you fell  
in love with.

All my love,

Carl

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① Miss BRAGANZA

c/o GPO.

London.



POST OFFICE IN THE DAY

