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~~88A~~ Belle Grove Rd.
Welling, Kent.
11.4.45.

Dearest Reg,
I have just been writing
to Peggy - after all this time. I
really must make an effort to catch
up on all my correspondence this
week,

I came in this evening
from work to find mum out visiting,
and a letter on the mat for you.
This, I believe, is from Mike &
I have duly readdressed it to you.

Wonder how long it will
be before you are reading all this
mail? I rather gathered that
the latest buzz may have been
true, & I shall be glad to hear

of your safe arrival at your base,
and to have some more informative
accounts of your journey.

You certainly seem to be
enjoying life - fallen as your
feet with the usual westerly luck.

I don't think I told you
that Mr. Paton left us last week.
Poor old chap, he didn't really
want to retire - is afraid that
with his brain idle he will just
sit down & die! Fact! I felt

awfully cut up at saying goodbye
to him. Despite his queer ways
he is rather a lovable old boy &
I've always had a terrific admiration
for his amazing brain power.

Con 25 in its usual way gave

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quite a tea-party for the presentation. The other girls & I cut sandwiches & bought cakes & tarts, and Mrs. Lorne made us some scrumptious sponges with real eggs, filled with home-made jam & cream. Yum!

I was really enjoying myself until Miss Cleary informed me that Mrs. Lorne was coming along & I was to present a bouquet. I tried to persuade her to take the job on herself, but was politely but firmly informed that these ceremonies were always performed by youth & freshness. - That's me! Especially the fresh part!

What's more Miss Cleary asked me to watch over Mrs. Lorne & see that she did not feel strange.

Once upon a time I'd have wanted to hide, but I thoroughly enjoyed playing the hostess & doing my party piece. You needn't have any qualms about bringing the boys home to dinner some day, honey, I think I could rise to the occasion these days.

Mr. Hall presented Mr. Paton with a zip travelling bag after the style of yours. Also when it is in print we intend to give him an Oxford book of music - a terrific book that we must have in our library.

It just gives everything anyone could wish to know about music, composers, operas, everything. - lovely colour plates too. Beethoven is a most ferocious-looking little man, & he wrote all that beautiful music.

Which only goes to show that
you never can tell - as you always
say.

Talking of books, there is a booklet
called Release & Resettlement being issued
to all you boys, & I am interested
to know what it is all about. But
I guess it won't tell me what I
want to know more than anything
else in the world. That is, when
you are coming home.

Love tomorrow, sugar,

Missing you & loving

you.

Close

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x x
x



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