


3-7-45


 My dearest

I am scribbling awhile in the office because I know I shall not have time to write tonight & I do try to aim at a letter every other day. Of course the supreme object is a letter a day, but under present circs. it just ain't humanly possible - there are always the times when you get home too flagged to put pen-to-paper, & the other times when visitors call &c. &c. Still honey, if there's ever a gap of more than two days you can put the blame on the G.P.O. & your Clerk of the Weather.

Notice a certain shakiness in this writing? My hand is just quivering the whole time & the muscles of my right arm ache with the effort - due to a strenuous game of tennis last evening, the first for nearly 6 years!! Some girls at the office clubbed together & booked a couple of courts nearby for Tuesday evenings throughout the season. And during the summer months somebody drops out nearly every week for reasons of leave or duty or snuff. Somehow they got hold of my name & extension & asked me to fill a gap last evening - which I gladly did, & hope it will happen again.


Cor! I was shocking for the first half-hour. My service just went way out of court & my drives ditto, or else into the net. I had completely lost the feel of the length of the court. However, after losing my partner several games, I began to get the track again

and enjoyed myself immensely. The weather had turned warmer & the Sun shone down upon us poor perspiring females. My racket, which has been in a press for the war years stood up to the strain OK - cos I had visions of the strings breaking as soon as I hit a ball!

Oh! I must get Joan (my kid-sister) to play with me in the Park at home - its practice I need, and plenty of it. She incidentally was at the flat when I arrived home last evening, and we jived, mostly about our coming holiday. So that I was unable to settle down to a letter to you. my pet.

Talking about Shabaz writing, I was in a complete dither inside yesterday morning about my visit to the dentist. Its the dullest thing in the world for a grown woman to get into such a blue funk - & I'm heartily ashamed of myself. However, the main thing is that I went, and of course the moment Mr Collier said "Hallo" I felt as right & rain, & chatted happily while he settled me in THE CHAIR. Ugh! He found three fillings to do on the top row, & one or two little spots at the bottom. The reason I was worried about going was that one of my upper teeth tastes nasty. I of course thought it was bad - but he assures me that I haven't a bad tooth in my head - and it is probably just a food trap which he will see to.

Incidentally he advised me that if I embark upon a family I must take a course

 of calcium - cos the present diet just doesn't provide enough under those circs, and my teeth would "fall to pieces" - which Heaven forbid!

I now intend to eat all the cheese & lettuce and drink all the milk that I can lay my hands on.

You can imagine with what spirits I skipped out of the surgery, down the path & back to the office. It was such a tremendous relief to get it over, & I'm not worried about my next appointments - 17th & 24th - a bit. Ain't I a silly kid? And you can take all the credit, baby, for without your little reminder & dig - I'd still be putting it off.

Tonight I am meeting Muriel & am wearing my new blue & white striped blouse. It has been generally admired & I'm awfully proud of it - Very American - broad square shoulders, huge, long sleeves coming in tight at the wrist & otherwise fresh & crisp-looking. Old show-off!

That of course is not all that I'm wearing. Even though married I have retained a certain of my spinster modesty & decorum. I also have a red skirt, blue & red shoes, blue hat & gloves, & little camel coat. Approved?

Gosh, darling, wouldn't I be excited if I were meeting you for an evening in town. I am always picturing our next outing together. In all sorts of places & at all sorts of times, same

little incident strikes a chord, & the vision of
our first meeting flashes before me. The very
anticipation of the wonder & delight of that moment
makes me just sob inside. Does that show an
over-emotionalism that I should try to conquer?

I don't think so. We are having to store
up & repress so much of our feelings while
we're apart that I think our next meeting
will just open the floodgates. There'll be so
much pent-up emotion to relieve.

Both on that day - and I don't care if
your bear-hug squeezes the breath from me, or
your first kiss leaves me dizzy - it will be
just Heaven.

Oh, I love you so,

Clare

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PO/MW. L.H. Westcott.

Plux. Seoda.

Miss - Gopanga

Coastal Force.

Bombay

INDIA.



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