

(58)

The Flat. Tuesday.
12.7.45.

Dearest, how! Do I feel tired? Absolutely
wheeled, so if I did a little honey-lamb
will forgive me & just put it down to
complete lack of energy. Huh.

Today the weather suddenly
jumped a matter of 20° and we are told
that we are embarking on another
heat wave. Now that would be
heaven, right up this little girl's
alley - if it hadn't been for the fact
that some Johnnie burst in upon the
peace of our office at about 11.0 this
morning & announced that he was
arranging our move right away. He
was sorry to spring it upon us -
but there it was, & they were we,
or should I say 'there we were not.

Of course the move had been mooted a few weeks ago but no one had thought much more about it. I do say you are wondering where we were to move to (you too can speak perfect English etc) & I hardly need tell you that it was a matter of a few doors down the corridor!!! This Civil Service!

So. Hordes of men in overalls, with trolleys & broad backs descended upon us & whisked desks & chairs & files away. Gee the dust! and the heat! The selling you of those two commodities. But it really is surprising how much filth can collect in an office over a couple of years. And as Morgan & H. are still away we had our work cut out to get

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Straight. I felt really tired when I finally washed & departed. Still it will be rather fun to be in a new room for a change.

I did hope there'd be a letter from you tonight, I haven't had one since Monday, but no luck, & I guess the old C.P.O. have one tucked up the sleeve of a censor somewhere. Ah well there'll be all the more tomorrow.

I was glad to read of the improvements around the camp, I hope you boys will keep up the good work. But I'd no idea that the sanitary conditions were so primitive, it must have worried you at times honey. I hope that you will manage to get lots more entertainment & recreation

in the evenings. I believe you
Lancy your luck at Snooker & Table-
tennis & maybe in the cool of the
evening under evening you will
arrange some games & tournaments.

Incidentally I'd like to hear you
play something on the old guitar or
the piano right now. Would not mind
betting you don't get together a wifely
little ~~excerpt~~ in time. Any of the
other ladies in the bumpaloo musical?
I seem to remember in the old
Saturday nights at Cully Towers you
did all the work of entertaining -
weeily dropping the music occasionally
long enough to swallow a pint, and
ping away again.

It used to amaze me to see

5/ The energy you put into your playing - shirt wet through, beads of sweat gleaming on your forehead, and the rest of us just taking it easy & enjoying the sweet music.

I hope you'll keep your hand in if any instruments do arrive. Sweetie-pie, cos I'm seeking to hear your own special rendering of 'Whispering & Lady be- Good'.

I guess by now you have had my letter about Income Tax, & if you can manage to get into your Pay Office it would certainly be wise to try to find out how much you paid to the Admiralty last year. Bit of a blow wasn't it Sweet?

Still, like you, I always think it best to get square - because those people will catch up on you in the end. Lots of people think they can get away with it, but the I.R. authorities get their own way in the end. Let me know what you have finally decided. I'd like to keep track of it all.

Incidentally I haven't yet been to the bank for our various bits of business. Honestly Sweet there's no time during office hours - we're so busy & ~~short~~ short of staff, and lunch time is not so easy. I will really try to have a quick salad tomorrow & spend a half-hour with the manager over our account.

7 / Joan Park & baby turned up this evening again & now after a decent interval I am scribbling away in the quiet of our room. I explained that I must get a letter off tonight - I feel so rotten if I miss more than a day in writing to you Sweet.

Its strange isn't it? No matter if every letter you wrote said just the same things I'd always want to hear it every day afresh. Reading our old correspondence is all very well & brings back Sweet memories, but we somehow always thirst for more. "Man never is, but always to be, blessed."

I don't think I mentioned to you that last Saturday I put a

bunch of flowers in your mum's
grave, as it would have been her
birthday, & we always gave her
flowers that day. I don't very
often go there sweet, because I can
always feel her presence around me
- but last Saturday was different
somehow, I felt I wanted to leave
some tangible message from us two.

Lesley Ann is growing into
quite the sweetest little bundle.
A little girl now, very alert &
inquisitive, talks a little, crawls
a little, & tots around with her
hand in 'yours. Quite a pet!

She thinks I'm awfully comical
in spectacles! Quite a scream in fact
& only wish I could make her

9 people laugh so easily.

Frank says that he intends to borrow his boss's car & drive us down to Hastings on the 28th. It will be grand if he will, - save all the quinine for train & worry about baby & the luggage, besides saving a couple of pounds in fares. I expect now he wishes he were coming along too, & I wouldn't mind betting that in the end he stays best part of the week. Queer people those two. Mum gets upset at their sickness, but I'm beginning to take it all with a pinch of salt - it all passes awfully quickly & they're right as rain next day.

All the same, darling, I must &
pray that we shall never quarrel -
I'm sure the hurtful things that are said
can never really be forgotten.

Ah me darling. I wonder how we
two will make out. No. I don't
~~the~~ wonder at all, we have the basis
of a true & lasting happiness - if
only we can keep our tolerance with
all the future upheavals, as we
have with the past wartime disasters
our ship will come home.

Oh Skipper?

I love you so.

Clare

(58)

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