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The Sat. Evening.
17. 7. 45.

Dearest one
Cemig rough Charis X
This evening, hurrying past all the
Chappies & girls waiting around all
sounded up, made me wish with all
my heart that you could be one of
the gents waiting to take me out.
I kept thinking how wonderful it
would be. We'd meet, absolutely on
top of the world, and you'd say "lets
get rid of the gear into the cloakroom,
& then free as air we'd set out to
make whoopee.

Gosh the times I have
longed for that to happen. Somehow
there's a thrill to being escorted around
by a handsome hero who loves you,

something glorious about holding his arm
or holding his hand, even just
Smiling up at him. There's something
about being watched over, having
tickets bought for me instead of
approaching the booking office me's self.
Oh I duno. There's a thousand,
million wonderful things about spending
an evening with your own MAN. And
I know I'm going to reel in
every second of every hour of the
first one we spend together. angel.

I think I described to you in
detail the storm we had on Saturday
night. Well Mr. Weatherman evidently
thought he'd have another force on
Sunday, and a terrific gale sprang up.
That, combined with the daylight

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Street lamp outside my window gave me my second sleepless night in succession & I crawled into the office on Monday feeling like a wet rag. But I was not the only one by a long chalk, & people went around looking pale & wan, saying "What a weekend!"

Apparently it happens once in 22 years, so I suggest that we two take a trip to the South of France in 22 years' time. How's about it, baby, that a date?

Anyway last evening was spent fairly restfully doing a few bits of washing & some ironing, and I went to bed at 10.0 pm. I also tried a trick that I saw in a film

once when a couple of girls shared a flat with an electric sign outside that went on & off all night - as I say, I followed their example & blindfolded myself. Sounds grim, but I merely tied a chiffon scarf over my eyes loosely & went straight off to sleep. Next thing I knew I was groaning at the sound of the alarm so soon

I was groping around in my blind state trying to shut the thing off. And so another day began. Heigh ho! life just seems to whiz along and day follows day, weekend follows weekend - soon it'll be Christmas & you'll be home to celebrate it. What a Christmas box !!

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Today I went along to the dentist -
no qualms at all, and spent a pleasant
half hour having one tooth drilled and
filled. He said he'd tackle the worst
one first, & if that's the worst then
the others must be very slight. Heigh
ho! What a dope to be so scared.
Never again. I promise that I will
go for an examination every six
months in future.

Incidentally Sweetheart, what hap-
pened about yours? I believe you
were worried about some discoloration.
Or did you decide afterwards that it
was caused by the T.C.P. doses?
Don't you let those pearly whites of
yours get spoiled in that doggone land.

While I was going around my duties,
this evening I listened-in to a
fight between Jack Jordan & a chap
called Bruce Woodcock. The latter
was 2 1/2 stone lighter than the champ
& in the first few rounds was being
pretty knocked about & had a cut
on his nose - when suddenly the
crowd started to roar like mad.

The commentator got so excited he
could hardly speak, & even I -
not a boxing fan by any means -
ceased ironing & nearly buried the
seat of my pyjamas, held my
breath & listened.

It seems that Jack Jordan was
very confident, let his left hand
drop for a second & the other chap

7 hit him well & truly at the point
of the jaw. He got up, received
another & stayed down for the
count - though it seems he was
not out cold, but apparently didn't
get up in time. Sounded a wee
bit fishy to me. Anyway
Woodcock is the new champ as a
breakout. All this in case you
or your mates interest themselves
in the boxing world.

By the bye your overcoat came
back from the cleaners today &
it looks super. I'm going to go
over the button-holes, pockets &
lining before putting it away. But
really honey I'd no idea you were

So huge! It looked so big hanging
on the hanger that I tried it on
for fun. Gee whizz! my arms
only reached half-way down the
sleeves & the hem rested on the
floor - my face looked so comical
peeping out of what felt like a
bell-tent. 'So good, I can't
wear your clothes & get away
with it.

Muriel Tischer rang me up to
say that her first parcel had
arrived & that I was to visit her
tomorrow & collect a pound of tea.
Bless you my cherub, by the time
all your parcels arrive I'll have
enough of the cup that cheers to

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float a battleship. I will certainly
take some down to Amsted
next time I go, as I feel sure
they could do with it these days.

Incidentally Mr. Roberts that
it took about 10 weeks to arrive.
Am I right in believing that there
are two duty-free parcels & the
packet of carpets on their way
here aye?

And have you received your
spectacles yet? I've been meaning
to ask you for a couple of weeks.
It certainly seems ages since I
sent 'em off by Air Mail.

Miss Bean is back off leave

So she has gone out last evening & tonight & it really is lovely to be able to get down to my job & writing letters to you in peace & quiet. I think I'm a bit of an anti-social person at times, cos I do like to get the place to myself occasionally.

It's no good that I won't suffer from when you're home! I shan't ever want to be alone again, and you'll be lucky if I let you out of my sight for five minutes.

Love you so, your adorable husband,

Clare

P.S.

I just remembered that you mentioned buying me some shoes. Hollywood styles and wonderful ~~at~~ the utility stuff we've been wearing for years, and you're a generous darling to think of it. I just wanted to say please buy a broad fitting - your baby has not an artistic foot - in fact my first three toes are the same length which means I have to buy shoes with "dumpy", or squarish toes & as I say broad fitting.

Thanking you.

P.T.O.

P.P.S.

Dorship isn't there anything
you need that I could send to
you. It seems these days that
I do all the asking & none of
the giving.

Let me know if there is
anything, my pet, and I'll draw
out all my cash & spend it on
you.

'G'night.

Clare

P.P.S.

I LOVE YOU.

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