

Monday.
9.10.45.

Dearest

Yesterday I sat down for an hour and read through your last seven letters from 70 to 77 and jotted down about a thousand items on the back of an envelope all dealing with points I wished to talk about & impressions I had received from your epistles. Yessir! There was enough material for a small book & I intended to devote the whole evening to it.

Unfortunately I had to take a trip out to the Drive in the afternoon, & didn't get back till late. Sorry my honey I want it to happen again. So instead I will write you all about my past few days & devote this evening to your back letters.

Well the weather has changed back to summer here. The sun is shining, the sky is blue & everyone wishes they were on holiday. Mr. James is away for a long weekend, lucky man, and your Ruby is doing her best to keep the work flowing.

Gee. it would be nice if we could meet for lunch & take a nice stroll along by the river afterwards. Or maybe maid pops to walk through the park to Piccadilly & have lunch in the Coventry St. Corner House? They sell the most delicious soft ice-cream with their sweets these days called Frozen Whip & its Scrumptious. Yum Yum.

103

Actually I have just finished eating a packet of sandwiches & am flying to Kensington soon to do some shopping. I also want to get an idea of the china, cutlery & other household articles situation. Shall be buying all those items shortly. Oh boy!

I met Muriel Fischer on Saturday & we went to the Regal and saw a soothing little bedtime story called "Dillinger". Brr. Rubelose gangster, robbing banks &c - but on the whole quite good entertainment. I had planned to take Muriel back to the flat for tea & a jaw but she felt below par & decided to go straight home after the film. Rather a shame. So I went home & tucked into a good spread all on my own until mum came in & joined me. The evenings have been rather misty of late, and mum never takes the risk of being caught out in a fog.

I feel really badly about not writing you with mail today honey mine cos I do understand what letters must mean to you these days when you are all keyed up with not enough to take your minds off home.

All my thoughts are with you darling, and Xmas is beginning to feel oh! so near.

All my love darling
Ade —

103

9.10.45

Close to her.