

Thursday Morning  
British Army time and Typewriter

Did find your letter when I went home and compared your reflections on 'pangs' with mine... and mine are very shallow and pompous, whereas yours are the truth and the example of Lichee is much more to the point than ~~xxx~~ is subtracting or adding apples. Also 'Pangs' is much more the word the use than 'love' or anything else.

I drank too much yesterday and am now full of Aspirins, but here comes my second cup of tea, bless your race, and I'm feeling quite cheerful (it's only nine in the morning). Everybody is most busy this morning, its weekly pay day and officers, Majors, Brigadiers and Generals come to our window to collect their pays for doing nothing. Now here I am sitting and it IS funny how these officers give me a look, a small nod, and a smile. To-day is yet another lovely day. Driving here to work at half-past eight the sun was glistening on the fields and the morning freshness was very agreeable. It's a fifteen mile journey from where I live to the camp and the way is all through fields and I look forward to that drive each day. It's fascinating watching the officers, Diana. There comes a most red faced mustachied Brigadier. His mustaches standing like candles on each side of his nose and you'd think he'd emit fire if he opened his mouth, but here he is, on the contrary, having a natter with the pay sergeant and actually joking with him, here comes a major and the sergeant (I AM sorry about my spelling), paying him, actually tells him " Now don't go and beeze the whole stuff away"

Had to break off and actually do some work.

Diana, please Please do Not send me any Xmas present, please don't, Diana. you're really too good to be true, offering to pay my fare to London! But its impossible, dear and don't even think of it. In my experience, the lots of parties have always been Before Xmas, a fortnight or so before, they start. But I'm sure this Xmas will be particularly interesting to you - En famille perhaps for the 1st time since your book has been published, and the reactions thereof manifesting themselves. How I want to be with you when that Kathleen Knott jumped upon you! You are begining, alas, to shed all glamour away from the names I only knew through the Observer - Wyndham Lewis, Nott, Ashen wain (whom I detest) and - oh, have you ever met Angus Wilson? How horrible he wrote his program Mrs Elliot - such a bore -

There is a rush of work now, and I have to leave you

lots of love -

Wagtail.