

249. East Lane

M. Wembley.

Middlesex,

19. 2. 45.

My Dear Ken,

Seeing your days are truly filled to overflowing with RAF duties I'll do my level best to give you glimpses of life in other walks. I do quite appreciate your position as regards writing to me, and wait expect replies to all my letters, so long as you scribble a note now & then please and give me a thought from day to day as I do you.

On Saturday, four of us from the office went over to Dalston, (the opposite side of London from where I live,) to tea with another girl, before going on to see three sketches produced by her Youth Club. Dalston is not a very choice district, full of blousy looking Jewish women. We tramped through an open market, where they sell anything from codd heads to veils for wedding dresses!

The thing that tickled me was that at the end of this corridor of stalls was an old couple standing by a barrow full of a gingery sawdust substance, labelled "had a bag for tired, aching feet!", and a queue of weary looking women shoppers. But oh, Kenneth such shocking specimens of womanhood, why when they get over 30 and ^{have} perhaps a couple or more kids must they lose interest in their personal appearance. Dalston is certainly one of the less attractive spots of London.

The sketches were very good. The club is attached ^{to} ~~by~~ The chapel, so naturally the audience was 90% chapelites. It did amuse me to watch Mrs Higgins brot in, wearing her best hat, and proceed to kiss everybody in the row in front of me. I only hoped she wouldn't think we behind, were second cousins of the same family and give us a similar treat.

So much for Saturday.

Sunday, Betty & I had to pay a duty visit

to our dear Godmother. She met us at her nearest Tube Station, and then took us for a lovely walk along the Thames embankment. We walked from Putney to Mannerston, and it was such a glorious afternoon too. After an extremely lady-like tea we chatted. (meanwhile me is getting terribly bored!) I perked up a bit when we were offered cider before departing!

Mummy's younger brother has gone to Europe to visit the Tactical Air Force Stations to give lectures on something hush-hush. This is only going to take a few weeks, and on his return, he has been offered a commission, which means, he thinks, he'll probably go East.

I'm no longer working in the Chief's private office, and I certainly miss my daily ration of apples & chocolate which he used to give me. And, reverting to your letter I do not have to dance before the boxes, I have other, simpler

means to break down existing barriers,
but you won't get me telling you!

I'm on a hunger-strike to-day.
I woke up feeling 'not hungry', and
having eaten one piece of dry toast & one
cheese sandwich all day; I'm still awaiting
the return of my appetite. I'm wondering
if my Godmother put something in my
cider!!

The war news is certainly
very heartening, and with the added thought
of the on-coming Spring, which always
conjures up for me a vision of Kew
Gardens with the lovely bulbs coming out,
life is certainly very good.

Maybe you, at present are not enjoying
your existence, or are you? You say
you are so terribly pushed for time, but
the point is are you happy in what you
are doing in the RAF's time?

This morning, a catastrophe
happened, the gas went out, and nowhere
in the house could we find a shilling!

It's the only coin our meter takes! And so
I had to wash in cold water and go out
without a cup of tea. Good thing it was a
mild morning.

Well having read through
my prattle, I hope you will not be
weary & worn.

How's the wee cat?

Fondlest love

Peggy.