

Don:- The Secretary,
Mothers' Handycraft Circle.

Capt. Elmer K. Sanders,
(Bristol Bertie),
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Boars Hill,
Oxford.

13th March, 1944.

Angel!

Today being the 13th I thought it was just about time I answered your first letter (the second having arrived today & given me a very guilty conscience!).

I'm glad to hear that Epsom is proving to be of interest & even more glad that they have made you comfortable — it would have broken my heart if my little BirmingHAM doctor had been unhappy! The days drag by one by one — and each day is ticked from my calendar — and also each day I hopefully set out with my signed signing book in my hand, but I fear my that our American cousins are losing their initiative. I have stood for innumerable hours, by innumerable Americans, under innumerable trees, at innumerable 'bus stops — and what have I caught? — ANSWER = innumerable 'buses! You must admit it's hard on a girl.

CENSORED

I have just washed my hair and ~~that~~ (this pen-
or maybe it's the paper, which I grant you is hardly
of the highest quality) it is hanging in alluring
wet wisps round my head while the water drips
in cold trickles down my neck (in the delightfully
unstable way the water does, you know.) I have
high hopes that very soon steam will begin to rise
from these same locks and from that area of wrist
I shall emerge with my face framed in a halo of
curls. However, until that happy moment I shall
remain very glad that you can't see me, because
as you may know - Achilles had a heel, but a
woman has her hair.

(Interval of two minutes while I remove myself from
my bedroom to the warmer atmosphere downstairs.)

My cold, that you so kindly asked after, never
progressed beyond the stage it reached last Sunday.
I continued to gargle with salt + water and my
sorethroat persisted, until on Thursday I got Desmond
to have a look at it. He discovered that one of
my tonsils (that Macbeth made such a fuss about
removing in '39) had grown again - just sufficiently
to get infected. I gargled like a mad-thump +
by Saturday I was feeling fine - so fine, in fact

Whooooe! I see who? Where, it's me!!! (hilarious)
that I went to a dance at University College &
had a wonderful time.

I'm (take no notice of the burst of madness that
has just appeared across the top - it sometimes
takes her like that) an unhappy woman. I bought
myself a new lipstick refill today - a very nice dark
shade, & hard to obtain - and I sat on it.
In consequence, it has changed shape somewhat
and is really of very little use, even to my
odd-shaped mouth!

14th March This letter is developing into a diary!
I cycled to work this morning. That may not sound
much to you, but believe me it took a considerable
amount of courage and energy. My hands were
like blocks of ice when I arrived ($\frac{1}{2}$ hr late, incidentally!)
and I have only just recovered the use of them.

Alec (DR Cooke to you!) has been very peevish
lately and looked quite hurt when I arrived late
- I shall be glad when I pack him off to Dordon
on Thursday, one can't have these bosses getting too
keen on work and punctuality.

His small 5 year old daughter, Judy, is in the throes
of chicken pox. She isn't ill enough to go to
bed, but she cannot be allowed out, and in
consequence

Spends most of her time in search of amusement.
She has decided to like me very much & pursues
me everywhere. My time is spent in patiently
endeavouring to type while a be-drunken-poxed
child with a very strong american accent crawls
all over me — occasionally enlivening the
proceedings by punching me gaily in the tummy.
But does this perturb me? — no — — After I
have mended my torn silk stockings and got
back my breath, I pick up my typewriter from
the floor, tenderly massage myself all over,
pat the dear child firmly, but lovingly, on the
head, and return to my work with a light laugh.

And talking of returning to work reminds
my that I have quite a quantity of work to do
and that my boss will be returning any moment
from the hospital.

Goodbye for now,

Yours

Valerie.