

LETTERS TO PATTY

you ever read a love scene, and thought to yourself "How true! How fine!" And then perhaps the door opens and Jim has come in. And at his first word, at his familiar grin, all those long, glowing descriptions, those fine words pale into worthless grey ashes.

Patty, I wish I didn't know Micky was writing poetry in Egypt. I like him much better scrunching a spider in the nuttery. And Wishy-Washy-Pale-Tea, why isn't she shrieking with laughter as she rolls convulsively on your bed, the tears pouring down her cheeks. "Fath—ur—says—I m-must-n't—l-l-laugh!" It is simply silly to talk about Desmond and Pat as though they were men. For it is only last night that I was drilling with them in the Southside nursery, and they couldn't even lunge properly. The furniture had all been moved aside, leaving quite a large space of cocoanut matting; the opaque white glass lamp stood on the high chest of drawers, and the Sergeant from Taunton with the crimson sash that swore so horribly with his tunic was hoarsely shouting "'Tenshun!"

You, of course, Patty, were at the School of Art in Taunton for it was Wednesday; but Cécile, with her dark mop, her clear light eyes and shrugging little shoulders, was pulling frightful faces