

Heath House
Lyndhurst Terrace
Hampstead
N.W.3

Wednesday 25.

Dear Mum,

Well, there's nothing like a broad hint is there?! You certainly have got the hint technique, & to prove it, here's this letter on the paper you sent!

I rather wish I had gone to Lord's on Sat. But it was really rather too cold. It was bitterly cold here, so one of the girls & I went to the theatre, & saw "Guys & Dolls" which was really super -

You asked what Marion was like - Well, she's enormous for her age, looks more like 6-8 months old. She's got fairly dark skin & has dark hair, with a bald patch at the back, back, where she's been lying & has worn it all away! She is as good as gold, rarely squalling & she loves to lie on the floor & kick against a chair or something. On Sunday she succeeded in kicking both her booties off, quite an achievement as yet she's got a little button of a nose, but of course it will develop a sensible shape later! (I hope!) Fiona has almost adopted Marion, & simply addresses her, & just says

they look awfully sweet together, Fiona ⁽²⁾ pushing Marion in the pram.

I really must go & see some cricket soon. Each time I've said "I'm going to Lords at the Oval," something has cropped up to prevent me from going. It really is the absolute bummer - Saturday I really will go to the Oval & see Surrey play. It's about time I did - but what's the betting it will rain?!

Wednesday - well I did manage to see 2 hrs. of the M.C.C. Pakistan match. Yes, the minute work ended I dashed down to Lords, & got in for the 1/2 hour before tea, & the 1 or a bit hour after tea - Miracle of miracles was they let me in free!!! So all I had to fork out for was the scorecard, yet another to add to my collection! It was fine & warm, but it simply poured with rain in the evening, but this morning is nice & sunny - & I hope it will remain that way!!

Did I tell you that on Sunday Sylvia (one of the girls here) & I are going to the Albert Hall to a concert given by Jussi Björling, the Danish tenor - he's good, but not as good as Mario, however, he makes a fairly adequate substitute - It is rather a shame that the concert is when it is, as a

friend of mine is getting baptised at ⁽³⁾ Keeth St. Sunday evening, & I'd love liked to have seen the service - Oh well, these things always seem to crop up at the same time, & it's Jussi Björling's only London appearance this year, so we were very lucky indeed to be able to get tickets!

Pygmalion is on at Gaiety's Green next week; & I'm hoping to get see it, as it has been one of my favourite Show plays for ages - ever since I heard it on the wireless about 3 years ago, & I'd love to see it done on the stage - Most of the girls are going to see "Paint Your Wagon" at R.G. this week, I have already seen it, when it was on in the West End.

Yesterday we changed typewriters, so we don't get so used to one that we can't use another - I'm sure the one I'm on must be the original one used by Shakespeare & Vivienne thinks her is the one Noah had with him in the ark! Actually they aren't too bad, but they are a bit more antique than the ones we'd been using before!

I still like typing to music, it is great fun - the only thing is that whenever I hear certain tunes I now think of the typing exercises - "The Hairy Lonesome Theme"

now = "Alphabet" to me, as we type the
alphabet to it; & "La donna è mobile" now
= the home news exercise - as we have
a tiny, very parceled version of it, &
so on & so forth.

I have just taken to wearing the
wooden horse brooch Sylvia sent
me from Bermuda, we all seem to go
in for foreign-imported jewelry, what
with Swiss, German or French stuff, no
original - I wore that Chinese "Happiness"
brooch - by the way, what are the
pieces which make it up, you know what
I mean $x + y = \text{happiness}$, sort of thing,
Sylvia (the girl here) knows a tiny bit of
Chinese, where she got it from I wouldn't
know! & was asking me about the brooch,
& I hadn't a clue!

Well, I really must close now, as it
is almost time to start work.

Do take care of yourself, & don't work
too hard so you get run-down like
poor Mrs Finch has (she too has no
domestic help, as her person has had to
have a very serious operation)

Lots & lots of love

Gillian