

# THE DIARY OF DORIS

## MONDAY

Alan's letter was waiting for me at work this morning. He's applied for week-end leave, and, if he gets it, will arrive here on Saturday morning. He's been away from Wellington now for two months and 17 days, and Hobsonville seems such a long way off, too. Why must the Air Force people send him all that distance when there are many camps ever so much closer? Still, he might propose this time down. I wonder what he'd say?

Strange how the day passed so quickly. Selling hats to-day was like selling toffee apples—not a bit of trouble. Did 20 rows on Alan's pull-over to-night. Must get it finished before he comes. Only four more days.

## TUESDAY

Rained hard this morning, and to make matters worse, I missed my usual tram. Funny how all the men seem to live at the terminus and get all the seats first.

### UP-TO-THE-MINUTE

*We are nothing if not modern. The following is a copy of a Want Advertisement in a London paper: "To Let . . . Large, dry, safe cellar, convenient house on top."*

Day started rottenly, and kept that way. No letter from Alan. Mrs. Fullington brought back the hat I sold her yesterday and wanted her money back. Told her we didn't believe in giving money back, and compromised by arranging an exchange. Nothing was right to-day. Even Mum had packed cheese sandwiches for lunch, although she knows I hate cheese. Alan's telegram arrived in the afternoon. "Leave granted arrive Saturday love Alan." Bet he thought twice about adding the love bit. The family chipped me all evening about Alan. They seem to be making complete arrangements for his entertainment over the week-end. If it gets too hot, I'll have to remind them it's me Alan's coming to see. Just have the sleeves to do and the pull-over will be finished. Only three more days.

## WEDNESDAY

Morning broke fine and fresh after yesterday's rain. Saw the buyer before lunch and asked for Saturday morning off. Think she knew what I meant when I said a special friend was coming for the week-end. Anyway, nothing definite was promised, but I think it will be all right. Made an appointment for shampoo and set for Friday's lunch hour. Finished one sleeve to-night. Only two more days.

## THURSDAY

Bad news this morning. Miss Smith has been silly enough to get 'flu, so I won't be able to get Saturday morning off now. I know Alan will be disappointed. I was to meet him at the station, and we'd have had all Saturday and Sunday together. Never mind, we'll still have a day and a-half as well as Saturday evening. Nola's been so decent—she's offered to lend me her new twin suit for

the week-end. Got a short note from Alan this afternoon, and, among other things, he says he's counting the days, too. After twelve before I got to bed, and the pull-over is finished. Only one more day.

## FRIDAY

Didn't think to-day would ever end. Just couldn't interest myself in hats and hat trimmings. Thank goodness it was wet and not many people in the shop. Had an extended lunch hour, and was able to have a manicure as well as the set. Cost 6/6 altogether, but he's worth it—I think. Floorwalker caught me slipping out before the bell went to-night. Just think! Alan's on the train now, and will be here in the morning. Am counting the hours now.

## SATURDAY

Got up early. Gave Dad and Mum a cup of tea in bed. Gosh, how the morning dragged! At long last, morning tea came, and a ring from Alan. How stirring to hear his voice. At five to twelve, without worrying about bells, floorwalkers or anything else, I dashed out at the front door. There he was, tall and good looking as ever, and so neat in his Air Force uniform. And then it happened. I wonder why it is that the sight of Alan always gives me the hiccups. "Hello Alan," I said, "how are—hup—excuse me but—

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# B<sub>1</sub> for BRITAIN

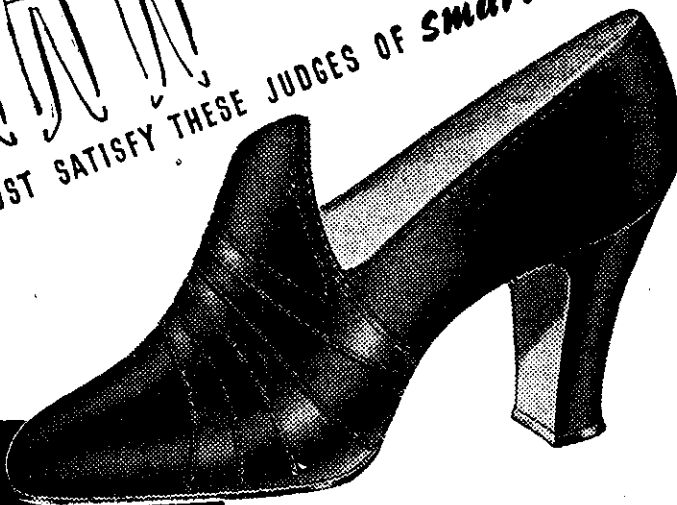
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