

Tuesday.

Angel-mine,

I was lucky enough to step right in to a Wellington when I got to Charing X this evening and as the carriage is almost empty I'm going to use the time writing to my boozey-boo.

Darling, sorry I seem to be so nasty and snappy over the phone to you these days. I really mustn't let the arrangements for the wedding worry me & make you unhappy. It's not fair. - Still it will be a relief when it's all over won't it angel? I love you honey, with all my heart however boorish I may seem at times.

I do hope you get something more substantial to eat than a couple of sausage-rolls. Have you any aspirin. - maybe Mrs Copping will provide a few with a hot drink before you go to bed. She sounds a motherly sort - think, honey - in a couple of months time you will be mine to cherish for the rest of our lives. It's a wonderful thought!! We'll have so much happiness to look forward to after this war is over.

About the reception honey, I feel rotten about leaving it to you - I've got much more time than you - but still, if we could decide how many guests we shall have

by <sup>next</sup> ~~the~~ weekend maybe we  
could arrange something on the  
same Saturday afternoon that  
we choose our furniture. Shall  
we reserve that weekend for  
making as many arrangements  
as poss.? See the vicar as well?

Maybe we could spend the  
afternoon shopping and have  
a nice tea & see a flick  
for relaxation in the evening.

Somehow darling lovely as  
it is to hear your voice  
everyday there's something  
about the office which spoils  
my enjoyment of the calls  
a feeling of frustration I  
expect, coupled with the  
knowledge that you are  
probably disappointed.

Yet I know that we

should make the most of these  
6 months and not let them  
slip by unheeded. We'll  
never get this time back again  
and, darling, I want you so,  
love you and love you and  
love you.

Hope that old cold soon  
tades out, as my pen is  
doing.

lots of luck in your exams  
tomorrow, you darling you,  
All the love of your  
wifey,

Clare

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Ms. K.H. WESTBURY  
% Mrs Coppin,  
57, Hartman Road,  
ISKEMOUTH  
Aid' x

