

Home.

Monday, Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup>

Darling hubby-to-be,

Well, my sweet, I've had a long, long, restful day at home, and I feel as though it was a weeks holiday.

It thinks I shall enjoy life as a housewife.

I awoke at about twenty to nine and thought to myself "mum didn't bring me a cup of tea after all." After another half-hour of dozing

happily I could lie there no longer. So I jumped into a sweater & slacks and went downstairs.

Halfway down mum hailed me - she was lying in - said she felt lazy so decided to keep me company at home.

I made some scrambled egg and took her up a tray - who said I was the invalid? - I felt as though I was playing truant. But when I looked out of the window and saw that frost!! I realised that it was wise to have a couple of days out.

I bet it was cold at 5.30 This morning wasn't it angel? Hope there was not too much mist about, and that you arrived on time. I won't be able to send that engineering book until Wednesday - so I hope you won't need it before then, darling.

I read that book you brought home from Havant "Cardace for the Defence" & thoroughly enjoyed it. It was the first book I've read for months, and I always did enjoy a good cross questioning court scene.

Tomorrow morning if it is fine I shall trot along to Bexleyheath to do some shopping. I may even see some of those bags, and curtains &c &c. Then, too, I must go to the Food Office about our extra wedding rations.

Darling do you realize that it is only a fortnight before we shall be able to say "On Saturday I shall be married to the one I love with all my heart." Isn't it wonderful, sweetheart.

Don't forget to brush up your tiddley suit & put a new bow on your cap - must be a smart groom - you - angel - you.

How I love you,  
I kiss you this minute?

All my love, hubby  
Clare

WOLWICE



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