

88A. Belle Grove Rd.

Wellington

26. 11. 42.

Angel mine,

This week has been so full during
that I don't know where to begin.

I had my two days' sick leave
on Monday & Tuesday and felt really full
of beans when I went on on Wednesday, which
was a good job as it was full to overflowing.

I lunched late with Mrs Lucas and decided to
go up to Charis X Road for your book. Well,
that didn't take very long but then the problem
was to find some dump where we could eat.

Eventually we came to a pub: "The Palace
Tavern", know it? There we had a lovely lunch
of roast beef & all the trimmings and arrived
back at the office at 2.30. Feeling grand.

When we got back Mr Mellip was in, and
wanted to see me about three agreements as
some representatives of a Scottish Board were coming
down to discuss them at 3.0. Luckily I had
the main points in my head & was able to make

a few suggestions and then I got up to go, but
not so - Mr Mellish asked me to stay as I should
know all about the cases - so stay I did. This
was the first meeting I had been to, and I was
feeling rather awed by the keen solicitor & engineer
we were up against - until the engineer said he
thought our agreement full of traps for the nursery
& Mellish, the darling, said "don't blame me,
Miss Pitcher here drew the document up." Somehow
that gave me confidence, and I didn't sit like
a dumb-chuck the whole time as I had expected.
Well the meeting finally broke up at 5.45.
and everybody departed pleased.

I jumped about and managed to catch a
train at the Bridge so that I was not too late
home as I was going out with mum & Gerald.
We went to the legal and saw "The Gay Sisters"
with Babe Stanwock as I told you over the phone. I
thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. By the
way, Bud Abbott & pal are on next week in "Who
Done It." How's about a basinful?

What do you think about the collection at
the office, honey? Howellans eh? Do you think

we ought to revise our ideas at all and buy the cabinet ourselves? Course I've no idea what price they are to start with. Anyway we can talk that over on Saturday before I tuck you in for the night.

Just think, darling, only another fortnight before you will be able to tuck me up and kiss me goodnight & put out the cat and the light, and every other darn thing a loving husband does. Don't forget you've promised to get up first & bring me a cupper in bed.

Enough of that, I shall go off into a dream & never come down to earth and that wouldn't do would it sweetheart? Cos I'm getting married soon. Oh didn't I tell you before? Yes, he's quite a nice chap really? In the Navy. Sure I'm proud of him. - darling - darling - darling - you.

Spise, spise, spise, I got your bag today. Did I have a job!! Nearly gave it up in despair. Every shop insisted that the slip must be signed by an officer. They were bound by agreement to see that the rule was complied with. Eventually I came to a leather & travelling goods shop I went in and asked if they had any bags with zips

They produced the one I wanted and I said "I'll take that one." "It must be signed for by an officer" - I was told. Then I put on a very disappointed woebegone expression and told them I had even got a slip with your signature on, but I didn't know you had to be an officer as long as you were in the forces. "OK" she said, "I'll take a chance". I could have hugged her, but I just paid quickly & vanished before she changed her mind. Hope it will make you happy, darling.

Mrs Duxley rang today & I promised to go up there on Monday evening - She tells me this may be a 7 days starting in a fortnight's time so who knows he may see us in church after all. Good, eh?

There's a rather attractive girl in Armstrong's room who has always ~~seemed~~ been chatty with me, she's the type I like, dresses well, young nice looking & bright. I've always wanted to know her better - well she came in last week to congratulate us, and today she paid me another visit and suggested we lunch together next Monday - so it seems I've got a new pal.

Darling I love you, wish you were here now. See you day after tomorrow,
Your own sweetheart
Clare

LONDON
11:5AM
27 NOV
1942



Ms L.H.F. WESTAWAY,
c/o Mrs COPPING,
57, HARTHAM ROAD
ISLEWORTH
Mid'x