

88A. Belle Grove Rd.

Welling,

Kent.

4.1.1943.

My darling hubby

It was rotten seeing you off this morning, angel, after our wonderful week together. These heavenly foretastes of what life will be like in our own little home after the war only whet my appetite for more but we can't grumble - at least we are able to say "see you next weekend" - not like some poor couples!

Wasn't it freezing? Cor!! My fingers were all tingling when I got into the train!! I just settled down to forty winks until we arrived at Charing X. Spect you were tired too sweetheart. 4 o'clock in the morning is an unearthly howl, eh sweet? Still I rather enjoyed our quiet 10 minutes in the armchair before you finally departed, didn't you? We must try to time it like that again next weekend - what say you sweetheart.

It wasn't a very inspiring day at

The office - still, now that that certain man is
no longer strolling around the corridor & vying up
up Claire, the office has lost its kick. Remember
how you used to come in and see me now and
again, especially when you had been on guard
the night before, and the lovely lunches we used
to have at the cornerhouse - and lying on the
grass on the embankment in the summer. Heigh ho!
Why that sigh? I don't know any thrill that
can touch smuggling up to my hubby in the
morning in bed. Gee I missed you when I got
back at 5.0 this morning. Oh, darling, darling,
I love you, so deeply. Bless you.

Well, sweet, how did you feel back
with the tars again? Have you been told whether
your choice of petrol engines is O.K.? and how
about the result of the exams?

I've been doing our washing honey, and
then I had an hours relaxation, and very soon now
I'm going to climb into a lovely hot bath and
then beddie-byes. Wish you could be with me
darling? Boy oh boy oh boy.

Despite my vow to watch the pennies, I spent a bob on my husband today - I bought him a packet of airmail envelopes and a box of matches. Do I deserve a kiss?

Well sweetheart I have written to the Navy eyes people for my allowance, and how I really must pack up as my eyes are steadily closing.

'Night 'night angel,
Sleep tight & sweet dreams,
All my love to you angel,
Claire

xxxxxxxxx

P.S. my apologies for the torn letter. - Clumsy cat.?



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