

The Flat once more.

Darling bez,

Thanks for phoning me and I was banging on your words - pretty rotten feeling to listen to your footsteps echoing up the road to the accompaniment of that hellish barage. I stayed down in the armchair until about 2.10.6 and then as it was all quiet I trotted back to bed and slept soundly for an hour & a half. As I told you over the phone, Joan & Frank did not get up with me so I made a pot of tea & toasted up that piece of welsh rarebit for my brekker.

I'm glad your train was not late and I will certainly look into that one at 5.10.6 though it would be rather a close shave trying to catch your Epsworth train at Waterloo, wouldn't it sweet.

I lunched with Cully today and told her that you were coming up to Town on Wed. evening & asked if she would care to have dinner with us - she said neither 'yes' or 'no' - but this afternoon she received a telegram from her hubby saying that he was arriving at Euston at 6.30. This evening. He didn't say how long he was staying but Cully suggested that maybe we could make it a foursome on Wednesday - anyway we'll see. Just having you for one evening in the middle of the week is enough to put me in heaven.

It's a shame about Furlongs - they



want do anything about the furniture until we make a fresh agreement - so I am enclosing the original one as I am working on Saturday. You might like to collect the blinds while you are there so that we could put them up this week-end - anyway I leave that to you sweetheart.

'Sprise, 'sprise 'sprise - a fairy godfather rang me from Adelphi today to tell me that we had a fairly substantial wedding present coming to us - 40 whit - ~~£~~10-0 (eighty-two pun, ten).  
Saint hey, eh mate?

Funny tonight in the train - it had fits and starts all the way down from Charing X and was getting awfully late & crowded - Poor me was standing too - and after standing outside some station for five mins it drew into the platform and some Johnny standing in the middle of the compartment asked if we were at Kidbrooke - there was much pulling up of blinds & washing of windows & then somebody yelled it out so everybody started piling out on to the platform & lined up & held open the door for the aforesaid J. to descend when he suddenly came out of a dream & said "oh sorry, I want Eltham, the next stop." Well I gave a lovely gurgle, right down to my tummy - I think I was feeling so on top of the world that I'd have laughed to see a pudding roll - as they say.

Jerry has been over once this evening but there was no gunfire - and as it's rather



a dilly night I'm hoping they'll give it a mil.

Darling I did enjoy talking last evening in the firelight didn't you? It was like old times when we used to sit in the gloom at the flat. Something magical about a half-light isn't there? Has a softening effect - voices - thoughts - actions - features all seem quieter & more happy.

I love you darling, my husband, so dear. What wonderful happiness will be ours when this war is over and we can once more speak of the future without apprehension and doubt.

My sweet little man, wish you were coming to bed with me tonight - I sometimes think we are not making enough of our time while you are in London - I should be keeping a small flat down your way for us two. Every minute spent apart from you is wasted these days sweetheart. Still we are more fortunate than thousands of others so to the sound of "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" I am going to say goodnight angel,

I bet you'll sleep tight tonight,

Yours, always, darling

Clare

xx

PS. Did I say I love you with all my heart?

PPS. Darling can you imagine a soft kiss meeting your lips cos I'm dreaming it.

C

xxxxx



I've just realised  
that the agreement is  
in our dead box!!!

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LONDON S.W.1  
11:55 AM  
19 JAN  
1943



Ms. L.H.F. Westaway,  
c/o Mrs. Coppin,  
57, Hartham Road,  
Bislewath,  
MID'X