

88A, Belle Grove Rd.
Welling Kent.

14.2.43.

Sweetheart

Aren't I a little pig. I haven't written to you at all this week. Your wife hasn't deserted you, honey, she's just been awfully busy and rather tired. I suppose the latter is due to the fact that we are now working until 6.0. and I don't get home until 7.15.

I have just been penning a letter to this - the poor boy is miles from anywhere - no friends - no beer - and never hears from anybody - so I thought I would try to cheer him up. With any luck he should get it before the weekend.

And how has my darling been keeping?
Still working hard, old man. That's a good boy, Clare wants to see you in Petty Officer's rig before the summer is out. Can't you imagine me swanking down the road with my arm through that of a tall, tanned terrific heat throbb

in navy and gold buttons. Wow!!! Darling,
darling, darling, I love you.

I am looking forward already to our second
honeymoon at dear old Bournemouth. The thought of
the Norfolk lounge and the Pavilion bring a little
ache in my throat, as we have been so happy there,
together, and now the war seems so overwhelming, & near,
and nothing is safe or secure any more.

Wish it were Saturday night instead of
Thursday - then I could snuggle up to you and
drawn all these stupid thoughts. Don't worry
darling, I'm not depressed - 's a matter of fact I've
been absolutely in the pink and on top of the world
all week.

Hope you enjoy your swim on Saturday
afternoon darling. It will be the first dip for
quite a while won't it?

See you tomorrow. Angel,

Sleep tight,

have

Clare

xxxxxxx



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