

88A, Belle Grove Road

Welling, Kent.

Wednesday

Darling mine,

I was snoozing peacefully this morning at about 8.30. When there came a loud rat-tat on the door to shake my sub-conscious state, thinking "who the devil can that be" (always the little lady) I donned a dressing gown & popped into mine's room & had a peep at the front door, and seeing no one there suddenly realized that it was probably the post man with an epistle from my beloved. Sure enough the gang at the office had forwarded your seed of last Friday.

Oh honey, it made me hot and cold by turns - good job I wasn't suffering flu or pneumonia or your wifey would have passed the crisis in a few ticks. So that's the result of me bringing a Chiffon nightie away with me. God you like it sweetheart, maybe I'll remember to pack it next weekend when we are going to Ben.

By the way angel, they've made a

Defence Area of the whole of the east and South
coasts, so before we can go to Bin we must make
sure there are no military restrictions in force
at the time of our visit. There has been no
actual ban imposed as you doubtless read in the
papers, so lets keep our fingers crossed.

This morning, after I had recovered from
your letter, darling - - - you sir - - - I (anti-climax
coming) Spruce cleaned my bed-room. You should
have seen me - armed with all Mrs Mopp's paraphernalia
& with a dust cap on my head. I cleaned, painted,
swept, polished, dusted &c. & am I proud of the
result? Come and see your face in my furniture.
No, you don't want to? Well perhaps you'll take
my word.

Mum had the afternoon off so we had
lunch late & trotted off to the pictures. Trust is
quite funny, you know the usual path, but there
really is enough story in it for a full-length
film in my opinion. Still it was interesting to
find out what all those voices looked like in
person, if you know what I mean.

Well back to the grind tomorrow! I much
prefer life at home than at the office these
days - but needs must - beggars can't be choosers -
~~or say the~~ or so they say - anyway theres a
war to be won and as quickly as possible.

Am looking forward to hearing you on the
phone tomorrow - no doubt the call will come
before this letter which seems strange so doubtless
the news in this will all be stale - and the
letter just so much salvage - eh h h h? Maybe
if I put in a few "I love you's" you may
add it to the old collection - or have you large
since sent them to be made into ammo boxes or
the like? I don't think I'd mind if it means
shortening the war as we are told in all the
posters.

Nothing all I want these days is
to know that the war is over and we can
live in peace without this dull doubt and
ragging despair in our hearts all the time.
You know I can't believe that we have passed
through four whole years of war, and that the

I've known you for almost three of them. Three
long happy years, and if I concentrate I can
remember almost every minute of them - at least
every minute which I spent with you - the only
important part. Air raid shelters, lovely shows, drinks,
moonlight walks by the sea, sailing, the joy of
relaxing in the sun in a swimsuit, open air bathing,
swing music. - do you realize darling that I
had my introduction to most of these things with
you.

And most of the time I have been laughing
- remember how I used to say that I had laughed
more in the short time I had known you than in
all the rest of my life put together.

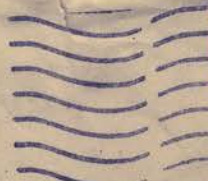
no wonder I'm yours darling, cos you
made me,

no wonder I love you,

You made me happy,

Your own,
Clare

xxxxxxx



9s. L. H. Westaway,
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