

21/4/43

Darling, angel, sweet,

I've just written
a bouncy screed of six pages
to flux and can now settle down
to love and kisses with you my
sweet hubby.

I expect you've just received
a note (which I posted off early
this morning as soon as I got
your letter,) without a heading
and maybe for a moment thought
I didn't love you any more
or sumpin. But I do. do. do.

Those seven days with you
angel have done something to
me - getting absent minded -
must be still in a dream I
think.

This time last week we were
at a dinner dance at the Swiss
Restaurant. remember - and you
were being perfectly inane with
your Italian accent. We giggled
rather a lot - and I had a most

Sumptuous pork Chop which my
husband shared with me. Poor
hungry bloke !!

I think it must be the way
you make me laugh that does
me good and is making me
grow fat. Several people have
remarked it now. Must be

cos I'm so happy. Darling I
am happy these days - its like
a wave which gently laps ^{over} me,
very soothing and peacefully and
obviously happy.

Do you feel that way too
angel, does this forced parting
seem all a ghastly waste of time
in which, though we appear to
be quite normal human beings,
we are not functioning to the
full - part of our minds and
spirits just standing still, waiting
for its complement.

I'm on Fire Guard tonight
and I shall be climbing into
my bunk pretty soon - but
before I turn over to sleep I
shall reread your sweet letter
and go off into dreamland
with a smile on my face.

See how good you are for
me - not only a body builder
but a complete facial too - you

angel you - how I love you with
all my heart - and miss you every
minute.

Goodnight angel,

Your own

Clare

P.S. If I forget to say so
- I LOVE YOU.

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