

SSA you know.

Easter Monday

Angel mine,

Wish you were here now,
I've been wishing that all weekend
I'm sitting now in Joan's dining room
scrubbing and she has flung back
both sets of double doors so that I
can see right across to that lovely
Cottage through the apple blossom
and trees.

Hope this Easter has not
been too dull for you, sweet cooped
up in that Camp all the time. Still
will make up for it next time you're
home. Oh boy! what a thought!

Now for a running commentary
of my activities since I last wrote
to you.

On Friday afternoon we all
made off at 5.0 o'clock and I got
home just nicely for dinner at 6.0.
I had no plans for the evening at

all, and was just settling down to an evening of darning stockings and reading (short stories by Somerset Maugham).

At about seven there was a knock and Laddie came scampering in, followed by Joan and Frank. Before long we had decided to stroll along to the Crooke bog for a drink. We strolled along, mum & Ge. Frank, Joan and I, with the sun setting gloriously in a stormy sky behind us, and before we reached Hanson Road great spots were forming on the road and we had to make a dash for the last 100 yards, and arrived breathlessly just before a terrific downpour.

It was good fun! You know mum can be quite amusing on occasions and she kept Joan and I giggling until it was "time."

3/ By then the rain had finished and it was once more clear & bright and we decided to walk back. We were sitting chatting at about eleven and I had just started telling them the story of a queer film I saw the evening ^{before} called "The Cat People", when a siren started wailing in the distance. I kept on with this story cos they were all so interested, and by the time I had finished it, $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour later, they all clear went.

Joan and Frank stayed the night, and on Saturday morning which was clear & sunny I got up early prepared to ~~do~~ do my little bit of washing, but mum persuaded me to go shopping with Joan & she did the washing for me. It was nice to stroll around

to the shops and see everyone getting
stuff in for the holiday. I bought
some shoelaces & managed to get
another box of powder & some cream - so
I was happy.

Joan & I then walked thro'
the park with Laddie & I had a
cup of coffee & some lovely home-
made cakes at 10.95. I got
back home by 2.0. for lunch
loaded down with milk, eggs &
flowers, & S.P.'s for tax.

Mum & Gerald went up to
Town in the afternoon & I ironed
and aired the washing which had
got beautifully dry in the wind
and sun, had an early tea and
tripped off to Cuffley Towers.

Imagine my surprise when,
I found Vera & Tom!! There. Her
now stationed where John Ellipton
was at the end and has been

5 given another 14 days leave. Was he pleased! Chesher cats went in! it, he had a grin from ear to ear! (Dad, do you think you could manage an evening in Town during the next week or so?). Susan was sleeping peacefully so we passed her over the fence to Mrs Bruce and made our way gleefully to the Greyhound where Jim was to meet us at about 9.0.

Very pleasant evening all in all. Much talk and a couple of brown ales before we left to catch a bus at a quarter-to-ten (the one before the last), leaving the boys to a game of snooker.

Sunday was a quieter day - I helped mum get dinner & afterwards read the paper - generally taking things easy. Popped down to see your mum & dad and gave them all the latest news. Your

Uncles Jim & Harry were there too.
Mum said she hadn't answered your
letter as there was no terrific news
to tell you this week & she knew
you might be away. Apparently
Blanche came home during the week for
a day & night - your mum didn't
mention a heart attack - so I thought
it prudent for me to remain silent
in case Blanche didn't want to
worry her. Edgar's all at O.K. - he
is now at Mildenhall in Suffolk -
and if he could get his bike
working would be buzzing home at
weekends. He wants a mechanic
on the job. eh? eh?

Mum, Joan, Frank & I went
to see Bette Davis in "Dark
Victory" on Sunday - beautifully
acted drama! She's wonderful.
'I said your wifey sat with eyes
streaming at times.

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That's all, so far, honey. Joan and I had planned to go walking through Albany Park this morning with Haddie but the sky is leaden, and there's a strong sou-wester blowing so we decided to have an early lunch and go to the Regal, which has been reopened after the bomb, to see "Casablanca".

All through this letter I have wanted say "wish you could have been there" or "it would have been perfect if my hubby had been with me" cos darling, that's how I have been feeling all weekend.

Some Johnnie on the wireless is playing a sax: solo of "I'm in the Mood for Love" and angel it's getting me. Makes me go weak at the knees.

I have been praying all the time
that you should not be too lonely
Sweetheart. If anything, you have been
worse off than me. cos I have been
able to fill my time with friends
and diversions - but in camp I s'pose
its all navy-blue and routine. I
hope they provided some amusement,
and that you found a nice Wren
to talk to.

See darling I love you, and
wish I knew whether you were in
the mess today or not. I received
another sweet letter on Saturday afternoon
which comforted me no end. The
minute I know your address I shall
just dash off to the post box with
this.

My heart is yours every minute,
always, chunchy,

All my love and kisses,
Clare

xxxxxxx