

88A Belle Grove Rd.  
Welling Kent.

3.5.1942.

Angel sweet,  
Did you enjoy yourself yesterday? I had a grand time with my hubby. You've no idea what a kick I get out of just walking along beside you. Your comfortable breadth striding along and my arm or hand hooked in yours and the old pipe puffing away cheerfully. Sheer Heaven!! Ho. hum.

I got so tired on the journey, hypnotised by the trees flashing by one after the other, as the train chugged along non-stop, and I did wish that you could have been with ~~me~~ me - then I could have nestled down on your shoulder and gone off to sleep. You know the country on that route is very delightful, and the railway passes so few "built-up areas."

Glad you showed me the Bowacks so now I can imagine where you are to spend your last evening for the time being at Portsmouth. Do hope that Jerry keeps away! Darling I love you, and all those hours I spent with you yesterday I don't think I said that once.



Somehow just being together is enough without actually speaking any words of love.

I expect you are thrilled at the thought of going on to this advanced course! I'm so proud of you darling, and even if I don't tell you, I never take your success for granted, I realize the hard work and study that you must have put in during the months you have spent in the Navy. When people remark what a big strong ~~and~~ silent man you are doing I think "yes and his character too is strong and silent. You're quite the grandest chap I've ever met. No kidding, honey!"

I've a vague hope in me that you may manage to phone me between trains tomorrow, Sweetheart, but it is very vague and I refuse to dwell on the thought in case I may be disappointed.

In some half-defined sort of way it strikes me that I'm selfish in that I am never satisfied but must grab at every single possible opportunity of seeing you or speaking to you. Before we leave ends, we are already counting the days to the



Today was Hospitals Day at the office and as usual I had the job of touring the second floor and collecting as much as I could. It was quite fun, coz I know everybody and they all chat and ask after my husband (that's you, angel) and that gives me an excuse to talk about you and stress what a wonderful guy you are. Everybody wants to see you. Hulkes, especially was most disappointed that you never go in to see him when you are up in Town.

Tomorrow I am to spend the day in dumparees and rubber boots mucking about at an N.F.S. Station learning to handle trailers, pumps, stirrup pumps, hoses, etc. Most of the others have already been, so I expect I shall meet up with some new people. I shall at least go back to the office at the end of the day to see if maybe there is a letter for me. (That reminds me, I shan't be here if you phone - damn this course, so I shall ask Miss Lucas to give you my love and take down any



message you may wish to convey.

I hope they post you into some decent  
billets, and if your landlady would have me  
I'd come and live there for a month. Gee  
I'd be happy!!

How I must go to bed, sweetheart  
cos I'm so - - - tired and I've got  
a hard day ahead tomorrow.

As soon as I get your address this  
letter will be speeding your way, angel,

Sweet dream angel, and I'm sure  
I could never ignore you even in a dream, cos  
you're my own darling hubby and I LOVE  
YOU, Sweetheart

Clare

xxxxxxx

LONDON, S.W.  
11:30 AM  
5 MAY  
1943



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