

88A Belle Grove Road,
Welling, Kent.
Sunday.

Darkest one,
I didn't want to go to the office
one little bit last night. Going into the office on a
Saturday night when everybody else is going out to
enjoy themselves seemed all wrong. Especially as I'd
just seen you off on a train going the other way.

It was a short, sweet interlude wasn't
it angel? Every moment spent with you is precious!
You did look nice in your collar & tie rig, smart
man my husband. Did you get a bus O.K. at
Essex darling, and did it arrive at Cobham in time
for you to snatch a quick beer and eat your
sausage rolls?

See why I was hungry when I arrived
at the office! Rather silly of me not to have
bought a sandwich at the Buffet before leaving
Waterloo Station, but my mind was full of other
things. I made my bunk up as soon as
I arrived and went down to the Control Room
to listen to the news. There were only about three
people there - I guess the other half-dozen were

across the road in the Paviors Arms, and had my hubby or some other nice gent. been there I would have made him take me too for a drink and a sandwich. High ho! Instead I swallowed a mug of tea, without food, and after listening to various dance music, took my starving frame off to bed.

Despite the groaning which reverberated around my cubicle, caused by the aching void which once had been my tummy, I managed to drop off to sleep and stayed put until 7.45 am, when I jumped out, washed, dressed and made for the 9.0 o'clock train. At Chorley X I swallowed half a cup of excellent, tho' boiling coffee & caught the gloomy, smelly train home.

I knew & know I'm an old grouse, but so would you have been. Still I made up for it when I got home, cold & wet & ... you know ... hungry! There awaited a sumptuous feast for me, and did I make short work of it??

Afterwards, as I couldn't move, I sat and finished my book, and read how this Pole trekked across occupied France after the collapse, and his escape to England. And glowed with pride at his lovely description of England and London as he saw it, bearing up under the blitz, and with threat of invasion.

After lunch we set off to go the Drive, to collect Joan & Frank and on to see the "Keepers of the Flame." We walked through Dawson Park and the gale was sweeping across the lake causing huge waves to beat against the bank & spray up over the pathway. Great fun! We all pretended we were at the Seaside.

Disappointment however awaited us at the Regal - they were showing "O.K. for Sound" and as none wanted to see that we had to wind our way back to Welling Corner, there to queue for some twenty minutes to see "King of the Underworld." Gangsters, bullets and doctors all mixed up, with Humphrey Bogart & Kay Francis. Not bad! Quite entertaining. And so home to supper and a

letter to my beloved.

I wonder what sort of a day you have had? Was the duty very monotonous, angel? or did you have something interesting to do? Wish I could have been right there with you. Will make up for this weekend at the White Lion.

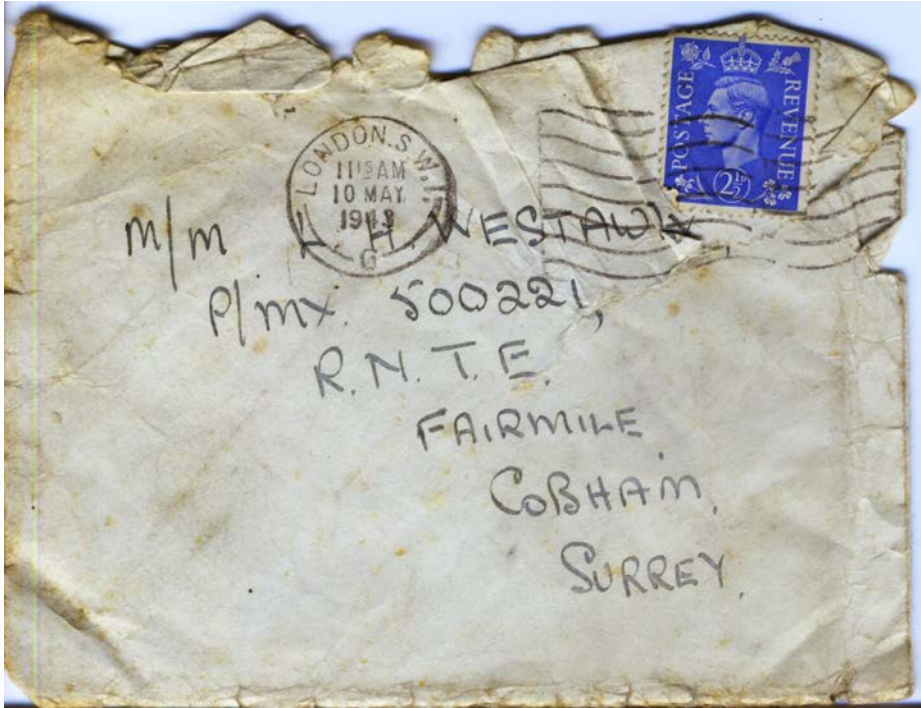
My chumchy and I are going to have a grand time next Saturday & Sunday. As soon as I know that its O.K. I'll write to tell you if I can manage the whole day off on Saturday. In any case I'll get off as early as I can cos I don't want to miss a moment which could be spent in company with my wondrous man whom I love with all my heart.

You Sweetheart, You. Sweet dreams and I'll wear my Chiffon nightie.

By the way, you might polish up those indoor games this week.

All my love & kisses,

Clare



m/m

LONDON. S.W.
11:35 AM
10 MAY
1943

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