

The Flat.
Monday,

Sweetheart mine,

How what a day!!
Rain, rain and still more rain.
Fortunately it was only a fierce
drizzle when I left the Drive
this morning, and I borrowed Joan's
umbrella. But I felt rather out
of place in my brown & white
shoes and general summery appearance
among the wet-Monday-morning
looking crowd that was waiting
on the platform.

Incidentally we did have to
wait. Some 20 minutes to be exact!
Apparently they had cancelled one or
two trains and I was a bit
worried about you angel. Did you
catch the 6.57. From Waterloo OK?

I read this evening in the paper that there had been "some trouble early this morning on the Dartford loop" - and I hope that you missed any delay.

It was still falling in sheets at midday so I skipped along to Thames House & treated myself to a posh lunch upstairs overlooking the hay-pa-loy who had chosen the cash-and-carry part. Nice food and heaps of it, and I had my book with me - So your sosey-woo enjoyed herself immensely in her own quiet way. I had reached the story of the St. Nazaire dock raid - remember - when a destroyer packed with explosives and escorted by M.L.'s, M.C.B. & M.T.B. and other destroyers rammed the lock gates and put that port out of action for some time. A grand story & well worth reading. I'm sure you'd be interested.

Did you read today of the day-raid yesterday on Bournemouth? The report said that damage & casualties were heavy, two hotels, two department stores, pubs & houses were wrecked. It made my heart turn over. We've seen such glorious moments in those surroundings that it hurts to think of the horror and destruction there must have been there yesterday. . . . Perhaps ^{too} it is as well that we had our holiday one month earlier this year, eh? h.?

Cully spent the weekend in Cheshire with her brother in the Army. He has just finished his O.C.T.U. training and is waiting for a move to some-where else in England. He looks an awfully intelligent lad (from his photo) and very like his

Sister Lacially. Poor Cully, she
has had no word from her hubby,
I wish she could hear soon, it
must be an agony of loneliness for
her. She doesn't say much, but
there are rings round her eyes some
mornings which tell their own
story.

I expect you are feeling
tired this evening, sweet, after your
hectic day yesterday and your early
rise this morning. I loved every
minute of it as I love you angel.

Wish I knew what will be
the toss of the coin for you in
two months time.

Meanwhile angel, I am going
to make the most of every moment
with you sweetheart,
love you,

Clare

xxxxxxx



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