

Monday

Darling, Its the sweetest feeling in the world to wake up and find you lying beside me. To pull your soft, woolly, head down onto my shoulder .... coo.... Sheer heaven!! Wish it were every morning of our lives. When we settle down after the war, sweet, we must always remember to set our alarms a quote of an hour early so's we can snuggle up close for a few minutes before getting up to battle with the world. Oh happy thought!

I don't think I'll ever quite get over that sinking feeling that comes every time I say 'Bye' to you. I know I should

be used to it by now, but it still makes my heart thump and drop into my boots when I know you're on the way. What I'll feel like when you go to sea I can't imagine!! Still we

womenfolk are fairly adaptable so I do say in time I shall get more or less used to the idea -  
Some hope!!

I expect you are bending elbows and downing a few pints tonight with the boys. I just walked down to Welling Corner with Joan and Laddie to the bus stop and on the way back I was tempted to phone you at Cobham's. Had I had any money with me

I undoubtedly would have rung you - but I didn't, and anyway I do say you are all too engrossed to want to break off for a three minutes phone call.

That train this morning came up to Town in record time, and you lovey-dovey found herself tripping along W'loo platform at about 8.20. There was sweet music pouring forth from various loudspeakers and everything was hustle and bustle as usual. Thousands of service men passing to and fro and the office workers hurrying to their desks. I buzzed along to the Oasis and had some thick, new bread and butter and lashings of marmalade and



Office, and felt a new woman.

Life at the office was very Mondayish today. Mr. Self went off to an interview for chief clerk at a local borough council, and came back very pleased, and fairly confident that he had been accepted. So it looks as though we shall be losing him in a few weeks' time.

By the way, I trotted along to that optician's today and had a look at those dark specs again. Apparently he makes them up himself. He had a stock of Crooks lenses before they stopped making them and he fits them into his own frames. He said he gets lots of

fighter pilots buying them as  
the vitamin pills they take for  
night - flying makes their <sup>eyes</sup> very  
sensitive in the sunshine. When  
I'd had a second look at them  
I realized that they are probably  
worth half-a-quinna. Anyway  
I'm to collect them tomorrow, and  
I'll send them on to you. Mr. Jones  
has promised to lend me a couple  
of spectacle cases to pack them  
in. What's the betting that it  
rains for the next fortnight?

Dadip did I tell you that  
Hilda (blonde girl-friend of Vera,  
with little boy Michael 4 years  
old) has now heard that her hubby  
Stan is a prisoner in Jap hands?

Grand news isn't it Angel? She's  
had to wait so long that she'd  
almost given up hope. I'm going  
over to Cuskey Towers tomorrow so I'll  
probably see her. Then, as she is  
visiting Vee too.

I hope it's not too hot for  
you tomorrow Angel, but on the other  
hand, I hope it doesn't rain hard,  
as it seems to be threatening to do  
tonight.

Give my love to the sea  
Angel, and keep a little bit for  
yourself you sweet mamsy man.

You're always in my heart,

Bless you,

Clare

xxxxx  
xxx.





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