

Wed. 2.6.43.

Angel mine,

Well, here I am back at my office desk with a Mars Bar in my left hand, a pen in my right, and the urge to drop a line to my honey. Only hope the same urge is troubling you sweetheart !!

I'm dying to know your new address, to which I can post off these dark glasses - not that I've seen the sun for days. It's just poured and poured here!!

I've sent two letters and the SEP to HMS Attack, so darling, look out for them won't you.

Today I lunched with Cully at the Vega off Leicester Square - a vegetarian restaurant - hence the name - alright I know you're not dumb.

The place was packed with queer women & seedy looking individuals all consuming green messes with apparent indifference. I'm not too keen on barley & mushrooms and Spinach & things so I kept away from the messy green concoction of all three which I knew would make me liverish, and instead ordered a large raw salad. Why large I can't imagine except that I was feeling particularly hungry. Anyway along came a huge plate simply piled with shredded cabbage, beetroot, turnip, lettuce &c &c. All frightfully good for me!! I ploughed steadfastly through (having ordered a large one, I couldn't very well leave any - looked so



Greedy).

Cully said she'd go there every day if it was nearer the office - but my vote is that it's all very well occasionally but give me a cut off the old joint & Yorkshire pud: any old day of the week!! Didn't you agree?

Anyway the specimens of nature that seem to frequent the place rather put me off. None looked as though they'd say 'Boo' to a goose and if anybody had started 'meat' I think they'd have passed out.

I've been toying with the idea of ~~starting~~ getting in my hand at cooking. Perhaps a batch of sausage

rolls to start with & then if my  
husband appreciates them maybe  
I'll go on to something a little  
more ambitious. Course I shouldn't  
have mentioned it now - you  
know how I procrastinate! Before  
I can start we shall have to  
collect a few rations - I know  
we don't eat all our mangle each  
week but it'll take a week or  
two to get enough in hand to  
make a batch of pastry. Still  
the thought is there, honey, and  
it's bound to bear fruit sometime.

I think I've asked before  
what the grub is like at this  
new billet. See how I have  
your welfare at heart?



Hux rang me today & said  
he was taking Pat out to a  
show tonight - you know I think  
something is shaping there. I hope  
of course she is his 1<sup>st</sup> Cousin.  
Mrs Huxley said she had a bone  
to pick with you - for boosting-up  
married life to Hux. Said she  
doesn't want to lose her son just  
yet. Do you really think  
married life is O.K. angel?

heigh ho!!

Wonders what you are doing  
this evening - maybe shore leave  
or is it sentry-go? Wherever.

else you maybe, sweet, you're right  
here in my heart. Sucked in so  
that you'll never escape. You're  
all I want in this world, sweet,  
just everything.

Wish you were here now -

Coo!!

I love you, love you,

Clare

xxxxxxx

P.S. What a waste of space! when  
I could fill it up with  
kisses & love and love &  
kisses. There, see.

Clare

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