

The Office. Sunday

Darling hey,
Yesterday I received
my first censored letter. Yes indeed.
You really are in the Navy at last!
I wonder how ~~excited~~ ~~the~~ ~~captain~~
what you had to say, at least he
found nothing to use his blue
pencil on.

Nice meaty letter, angel.
I'm glad the barracks are O.K. and
grab good - you should be happy by
the sea with the real feel of the
Navy at last. Only wish I could
be alongside you sweetheart! Posh,
do I? I'd forgotten how it feels
to spend a weekend apart from
you honey - not that I have sat
at home and moped - not your
wifey - she's had too many people

clamouring for her company.

On Saturday Mum & Gerald came up to Town in the morning to buy a frock that for mum. I was going to meet them for lunch - but in

the end decided against it. I don't think meeting people when you're ^{going} is an interesting business. So I had a snack at the Fryst and made off home early - glad to get a quiet afternoon to myself at home to straighten up my cupboards &c. "

But "the plans of nice and men is a true saying - Joan was waiting for me at the doorstep, so we made a cup of tea and sat down for a gossip. These married women!!

She was sorry to hear that you were farther away - but we're

looking forward to your leave or
leaves. (as the case may be). Guess
it will be a bit difficult trying
to fix up a billet for me over Whitsun
but I know you'll do your best
angel. It would be simply heavenly
if it could be arranged.

On Saturday evening I buzzed
along to the Regal & saw Tommy
Trinder, and a funny film called
"Once upon a Thursday" which I
thoroughly enjoyed. It was still
daylight when I came out at
about 8.30 p.m. and a simply
glorious evening so I walked
along to Danson Park, and
slowly wandered up to the Manscar
House and across the grass and
came out by our little church.
Remember sweetheart? December 12th.

By the time I reached home I was feeling deeply at peace with the world, despite that tiny ache in my heart which is always there when you are away.

Mum & Dad had been in my solitude at about 10.0 both feeling very pleased with life. Mum had bought a very smart grey linen dress with a white chalk stripe, and also a sweet little black hat which makes her look about 25.

Did I tell you, though, that shopping the other day she walked into a painter's ladder & hit her eye - which has turned all colours of the rainbow now? Rotten luck eh? She has to go out with dark glasses all the time cos she's afraid people will think she's been mixed up in a drunken

brawl. Poor mummy, she worries so
about what other people think.
We stayed up until nearly midnight
gawping about this and that.

This morning I spent working
very hard and after lunch we
all dressed up and walked over
to have tea at The Drive. The
H of them wanted to go to the
flicks - so your wife who was
duty-bound for fire watch decided
to pop down to see your mummy
(and mine) for a couple of hours.

I got down there just after you
pop had gone off to work, and
mummy + I sat in the front room
for a couple of hours talking.
She was glad to know where
you were & I left her your address
so that she can write.

She made me a lovely supper of
cheese & tomato & bread & butter which
was very welcome as I'd only
had a biscuit since lunch. I
talked about my visits to Cobham
& described Mike & Peggy's do. I
also tried to persuade her to come
over to see Muriel with me one
Sunday. But it is rather uphill
going.

Hope you have found something
to interest you in camp all weekend
angel. Had any more dances or
concerts? Think of me sometimes?

You're never very far from my thoughts
these days angel.

I love you, always, with
all my heart.

And you are mine,

Clare

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LONDON S.W.
9 45 AM
7 JUNE
1943

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PORTLAND

DORSSET

