

In bed. Tuesday.

Darling mine,

It is 10.0 pm and your sweetheart is sitting up in bed looking perfectly sweet in her chiffon nightie. (Well if I can't charm you in person - I'll see what my dreams can do). I miss you so angel! Life is so empty without you by my side - just has to be filled up with books, magazines, pictures, lunches

etc. etc. These five weeks are going to be hell if I let up for one minute. If there's anything that gets me down it is indecision. Man's worst enemy. - and for five whole weeks we've got to wait in suspense to know whether you are going to stay in England or be sent abroad. If only we knew right now! Still it's no use beefing! We've had a grand, wonderful time for a year since you joined the Navy & that sure has been something!

By the way, darling, I know it makes

a change to write your letters in diary-form, and variety is the spice of life an' all that, but me, I rather liked to tear open the envelope and stop at Clara Mia, or Darling Wife; or Sweetheart and think to myself, ah he still loves me & feel all warm all over. So do you think you could, just to please me, if it's not putting you out too much, and your wrist can stand up to the strain, please, start off your letters with an affectionate letter-heading?

Today, after talking to me for 10 minutes Cully announced that my face "had definitely got something." But definitely! "There was something about it. Nice." I told her that I'd ask you if you thought so too. Darling do you think my face has got something? Course as I told Cully it's definitely got two eyes, a nose and a mouth. Fact!

I love your dear face Sweetheart. I often take out your photo & gaze upon you & dream for a few minutes and return to my work refreshed.

You, angel, you.

Your talk about religion started me thinking sweetheart and when I've analysed my thoughts & marshalled them into some sort of order - I'll put them before you. I've never thought about it coldly before - the belief has always been here inside me - a definite pulling towards good, & a comfort received from the faith that goodness exists inside each one of us. Call it blind faith if you like but it is ~~without it I just wouldn't~~

exist - the person you married is a human being ~~just ~~as much good and creating~~~~ ^{whose ideal is to do} as much good and create as much happiness in the world as possible - so that's what I think we are here for. But more of this another time.

Is it too hush-hush - or are you allowed to tell your wife what you are doing with yourself these days? Do you work in workshops - or aboard ships or do you go out into the bay in them? I bet you're just thrilled with it all!! You

Sweet man.

Yes darling, one day we will have our bungalow & our boat and go sailing around to every one of these places after the war. If faith can remove mountains and walk on the sea - then my love will come back to me. As my faith from now on will never waver.

How is Mike these days? Is he going to take his commission? By the way, don't send me the money for the spices: have a binge on me or Sump'n. I'd much rather.

Joking - I'm all mixed up about your possible weekends or leaves. Give me a date angel, will you, so's I can tick off the days.

I'm aching to be in your arms again.
Love you, love you,

Darling do you remember the funny little drawings you used to drop on my desk in the old days? With funny captions?

Think you could find time to draw some more? They were sweet.

Clare.

Clare

xxxxxx
xx

and I mean them.

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HMS ATTACK (No 4)

PORTLAND

DORSET.

