

The Flat. Thursday.

Hey dearest,

Picture me at a rowdy party, in company with a lot of chaps who've been drinking, jitterbugging around in my pants and bras. Are you a trifle nauseated or perhaps you weren't blessed with a too-vivid imagination and a sensitive nature. What I'm leading up to is that your description of Monday night's strip-tease knocked me below the belt. So remember what a funny kid you married and spare me the sordid details another time, honey.

Sorry about that cough, dear and hope it will soon be better.

We seem to be suffering in sympathy  
cos I told you I had a chill last  
weekend didn't I? That's why  
that poor sailor turned away from  
the mail-table for three days  
empty-handed.

So there's a chance of some leave  
next week is there honey? Well I'll  
be waiting for that telegram on  
Monday, and bag leave for Wed.  
Thurs. Fri and Saturday. Hope it  
comes off, honey, cos I'd rather  
like a sight of my husband.

I think I ought to buzz over  
to Cusky Towers this evening, hey,  
cos I haven't seen Vee for weeks,  
or so it seems.

Nice weekend, dearest,  
have

Clare

xxx



Sweetheart,

I decided not to go over to see Vee after all it's getting rather late and I have one or two things to do & want an early night so here I am scribbling another short note to my beloved.

I've just been listening to Paddy Handley & he's still as good as ever - surely the only comedian worth listening to on the radio these days - barring of course the American maestros. How they keep up that pace week after week I can't imagine. Same wit!!

Cully asked me to lunch with her at a new restaurant at Knightsbridge tomorrow. But I've already had one lunch with her this week that lasted for nearly two



hours so I don't think I dare. I think I told you that we went up West to buy her the material for a new frock which Joan (my kid sister) is going to make up for her. It is a sweet blue crepe which I think should suit Cully's dark beauty to perfection.

Pam has let her handcar flat (for a week!!) and is away

this week trying to locate a suitable cottage in the country to which she can take her baby girl. S'matter of fact she is trying to get permission to join her hubby in the Middle West as she thinks it high time that she had another baby. She has had her hair dressed all a top & looks awfully sweet.



Mother put in for exemption from fire-watching when she registered, & yesterday had to go before a committee to state her reasons. They said they would consider her case after she'd told them of her full time work & household duties - but today she received a letter to say she has got to do it.

Poor man, one's feeling rather in the war. That knock she had last week not only gave her a black eye, but also knocked one of her teeth loose, and she'll have to have it out. Luckily for her it is not right in the front. Too bad, isn't it?

Tomorrow evening I am to



Start my French classes, - don't  
try any of your North Brittany  
accents on me cos they won't  
wash! Wait till I can start  
sweeping at you in Spanish. That'll  
be the day!

Well darling here's where I  
start getting ready for that  
early night.

Oh I hope you're coming

on leave next week, angel, life  
is so empty without you. And  
I badly need some of the old  
commonsense lectures you used  
to drum into me.

Sweet dreams hubby,

All my love

Clare

xxxxx

P.S. Wish me  
luck. I've backed  
Merchant Navy in the  
Derby & have two  
sweepstake tickets. I'll  
treat you next week if we win.

Cl.



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