

Friday

In the 8.30 train

Dating.

Great fun! I've just finished my first French session and I enjoyed myself immensely!

Having never been to any Evening Classes before I didn't realise how delightfully informal they would be. But my, oh my! You

have to keep your old grey cells ticking over!

~~One~~ or two of the class have lived in France for years! But it's surprising how

quickly all the old phrases and idioms came back. I'm

matter of fact the people who speak French fluently - are not the most grammatically correct - so we all have something to learn.

Our master is a Frenchman - M. Batmalle - with a delightful sense of humour. - and terrifically ANTI - NAZI. He made me

crack about the Germans (in French)
that passed right over the heads of
everybody except Bromley & S.
Brom has spent some time in France
in business so he is well up!
But unfortunately he rather flaunts
his knowledge & is apt to cut out
the rather slower members like your
'ickie wifey.

For some reason they have elected
me their Committee member - so I
shall soon ~~not~~ have an evening to
myself - Still it will pass the
Time quickly between leaves.

Darling, darling, darling I've
been praying all day that you
will manage some leave next week -
It will be Heaven to be with
you once again. In anticipation
I have looked up the times of
trains to & from and enclosed
a schedule. Hope it's not a
case of 'counting chickens'!!

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I trust you will be able to read this scribble - cos I am writing it in the train, as you have no doubt observed. Honey, do you ever see any fountain pens your way? For Heavens Sake don't let anyone swipe that Parker of yours they're like gold dust these days!

I have phoned several big chemists in town for Vicerays & I will keep on trying. I may be lucky.

I didn't draw a horse in either sweeps - must be lucky in some other field. Am I darling? I'm going to make you say those three important words over & over again next time I'm in your arms. Just to get the feel of them, again.

Hey, I'm sorry I was such a con about that dance. But

Y

I've been feeling so desperately
lonely these last few weeks and
it just knocked me all of a heap.

Physically, not only mentally!
My work effort yesterday was nil, my
food stuck in my throat and my
pillow was quite wet when I
went to sleep. Silly isn't it
angel? ~~Pure~~ possessive jealousy
& I must never let it get me
again. I should have realised

that I was making a mountain
out of a molehill - had ~~it~~ it
meant anything to you you could
never have written to me about it
in that lighthearted fashion.

Forgive me?

Darling when I walk do you
look around for the rhumba band?
I never had a sweeter compliment!
Remind me to kiss you next
time we meet just in honour
of that lovely description you
gave me. You, angel, you

Angel-mine

At home after dinner

Richard Tauber is singing "I
Love the Moon" - I do too - but
"best of all I love you." That
man has a voice that can tear
at your heart-strings when you
are away from your beloved. You
know I'm building too much
on your being home next week. I
must soft pedal my emotions or
I'm heading for black despair
if disappointment comes my way.

Darling if you can't come
or leave next week, send me
an extra-loving billet-doux will
you. So's I can read it every
night before I switch out the
light - and maybe I'll dream
we are together.

You wait get this letter

until Monday - so re arrangements -
will you telegram me at the office
and let me know what train you
are catching so's I can meet it
at Waterloo? As for the rest of
the week - that'll just decide itself
when we are once again together.

- My Mrs Westaway - Sounds
lovely doesn't it sweet. Remember
~~the first time you wrote that -~~
when we were all visiting Tom
in Hospital? Such a thrill for
me.

Lauber is ending on a note
which I echo with all my heart
- "Kiss me, kiss me again" -

Love you, forever,

Clare

M/M

P/MX. 500281



WESTMINSTER



HMS ATTACK

(Mess 4)

PORTLAND

DORSET.