

Dooring

Had the sweetest,  
funniest letter from you this  
morning before I left. It  
put me in such high spirits  
it won't be <sup>quite</sup> such a blow  
if your leave doesn't come off.

At least I'm out of the slough  
of despondency which seems  
to have had me in its grip  
for the last few days.

You know - "am I a  
satisfactory wife?" - "does he love  
me?" &c &c. I was in need of  
one of your Good-for-the-Soul  
lectures.

Everything in the garden's rosey  
now - cos he loves me & I  
love him. More tonight. Yours sweet,  
Clal.

Monday, 21/6/43

Darling sweet,

I have not heard a word from you since last Thursday and I'm going crackers! Whatever weight I have put on during the last six months must have vanished over this weekend, I'm sure.

I warned Clip that I may want some leave this weekend and I'm still praying that I will get a telegram from you. God - if I don't get a letter from you tomorrow I feel tempted to come to Portland for a few days. I'm missing you every minute.

This evening I went to my first Spanish class - but I don't think it is going to be such fun as the French. The teacher is slow,



There is not much brain-work attached to it naturally, and also there is a bunch of giggly girls who sit and talk noisily most of the time & spoil the atmosphere.

luckily he set us no homework - I haven't done my French yet. If I wanted to fill up my life and keep the old brain fighting fit I have certainly straddled on the right road

I shall soon have not a minute to spare. All my visiting will have to be confined to weekends - That's I'll get out a rota & have tea with various friends and relations on alternate Sundays.

Today I lunched with Cully at The Vega - very good - Doctor Bischer's Natural Combinations! Sound funny, but taste good!



3

Cully is as happy as a sandbar  
she has heard from her hubby and  
he is in the middle East - not  
India as she expected - and whats  
more he has received some of her  
mail already. She told me today  
that she thought she was highly  
- strung till she met me - how  
she just sits back & relaxes and  
lets me do all the bubbling!

How is your cough angel?

I remember when you were at home  
you used to get a really backing  
sore throat which made your voice  
like Charles Boyer's. Remember?

You'll have to give the sea a  
miss until the weather gets a  
bit warmer, honey.

Darling if there were a sweet  
chap around at this moment - one



happily married, preferably, & think  
I'd pour out my heart to him this  
evening as you did to that little  
Wren. My longing for you is  
pretty terrific - and I reckon my  
rhapsody on keys would hit the  
high spots. - just as did yours  
of Clare.

It's midsummer day today,  
and ~~mine birthday~~ I sent her

a greetings telegram and all  
the time I was writing it I  
was hoping that you were doing  
the same thing somewhere a couple  
of hundred miles away.

See I shall sleep tonight -  
I'm fagged out,  
Sweet dreams angel, love you,

Clare

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

LONDON, S.W.  
12 45 PM  
22 JUNE  
1943



M/M. L.H. WESTGARDY  
P/mx. 500921.

C.F. Rose  
P.O. Laurel

M/R 210. ~~210~~