

The Office
Monday.

Darling,

I've been re-reading your letter which I received on Saturday, and I've come to the conclusion that there are some good ideas there all right but they are not expressed very clearly - a good deal of shell surrounding the kernel in the middle.

I suppose even though the basis of my character is not changing to any great extent, I am broadening out. Meeting people and going places and getting fresh viewpoints are bound to add a certain sophistication and poise to anyone.

But I get so tired of being the youngest, the one everyone patronises, and takes liberties with. I get it at the office, apart from Cully, who is the only person of my own age at all. And, of course, I get it at home.

I think, too, that you struck the wrong note with your suggestion of tanning my bottom. Your ideas were probably well meant and in the ordinary way I'd have laughed and retaliated by biting your ear. But in the last few weeks, honey, I've felt so starved of love and tenderness that I've built up a stupid film-starrish dream of romance. So more of the pep-talk dating, it'll do me good.

Jim may be taking me dancing this evening, and I'm hoping that he will manage to get out of swimming. As he said on Sat: he can always swim - but these days he doesn't get much opportunity for dancing.

I'm looking forward to seeing Vera again and Susan who I hear is getting as brown as a berry.

The sun is just streaming down today and it is like an oven out. Yesterday it was too lovely to spend indoors so I walked down to the Park in the afternoon & just sprawled out under a tree by the lake and let the sun soak into me. It was wonderfully peaceful. At about

6.0. o'clock I got up and went
over to the Drive. Persuaded Joan
& Frank that they should come
out so we walked through Albany
Park & had a glass of cider at
the Blue Anchor. I was as
hungry as a hunter when I got
home & fried myself a plateful of
chips, tomatoes & onions. Boy
did I enjoy it!! Scrumptious!!

And how is my darling hubby?
Still dodging the gold braid? Don't
worry when the other lads get their
drafts, darling, and you don't. I'm
sure they have something special
up their sleeve for you. You're
too good to waste on any old
job,

Make my words,
all my love

Clare



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1943

TEN Envelope by gumming this flap.
IN by cutting Label instead of using Envelope.

M. H. WESTAWAY,
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PORTLAND

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