

The Drive.
Saturday.

Dadling.

Home again - but it
feels rather lachry without you.
So determined to be the brave
little wife I have been working
like a Trojan for an hour and
our bedroom is shipshape again.
Worst luck. Wish your uniform
was hanging there and I could
hear you crooning in the next
room maybe - or right here with
me.

I'm writing this little note
cos I hope by catching a post
this evening you may receive it
by Monday. I found the pencil

and stamped envelopes in your
drawer when I was turning it
out.

There were so many things
I wanted to say to you on that
platform but somehow that station
just gets me and the lump always
gets in the way. - and then the
only thing to do is keep my
mouth shut & hold on tight.

Darling I love you so, and
I want you to be happy in
this war job that you have chosen
to do. So whatever the draft
foreign or home based, I
shall try to keep the old chin
up and a smile on my lips

3

for you to come home to. Anyway
there are concrete things for me
to do. I've got to keep our
little home going and increase
the bank balance & keep myself
smart and happy.

There's nothing like having
plenty to do and concentrate on
when you want to keep your
mind off yourself.

Well I guess your train is
chugging its way steadily
on to Bournemouth - our honeymoon
town - and then Weymouth.

Hope you find something tasty
to eat when you arrive, and
also a Bed to sleep on cos

I reckon you'll be feeling like
a Snore.

It's been a most heavenly
week here - like all the other
weeks when we've spent together
and I feel all the better for
it despite the parting that must
come at the end.

Got my fingers crossed &
that means that I'm hoping you
'll be hearing from the Regulation
Office on Monday.

Cheero my cherub.

Sweet dreams &
all my love always

Clara

x x x x x

P.S. Thank you for my lovely handbag.



M/M L. H. WESTLAND

P/MX 5002221.

THIS ATTACK

(Morse)

WIMBORNE

DORSET