

The Flat.
Marday.

Hallo my cherub.

Well I'm feeling very pleased with myself cos I've just written a budget to Hux. Now don't rear up like ~~an~~ jealous husband!! Half the letter was concerned with your doings of the last few weeks.

Mrs Huxley rang me today cos Hux wanted to apologise for not having written to me. He is apparently a full Corporal now, doing some instruction work and is due to go before the War Office Selection Board on Friday. Of course he thinks he doesn't stand an earthly - but I shouldn't be at all surprised if he doesn't

Sean came on leave covered in little bits of white tape. I guess he won't get any salutes from the Senior Service, what?

Mum & Gerald went to see Colonel Blimp this evening - so when I had finished my dinner I popped over to Blackfen. to pay the bill for our photographs. Like a coon I didn't take the address before I left - and had to find the house by instinct. I found the road O.K. and then by a method of reductio ad absurdum I stumbled on the right garden gate and bob was your uncle.

I walked back through Danson Park to get a breath of fresh air, and on the way I tried to compose my letters so that I'd

just sit down & scribble them off.

Mrs. Huxley said that last week in the Evening Standard there appeared a picture of Jack Coker swallowing a pint with a couple of navy engineers at Malta - So who knows - you may be in good company in a few weeks time.

Tom actually remembered Mrs. H's birthday & sent her an airograph. Quite a thoughtful Chippie these days eh? She was awfully pleased about it.

I also had another interesting phone call today from some old boy in the Ministry. I was trying to obtain some information for him on a case before I went

on leave. He wanted to know what service you were in & pricked up his ears when I said the Navy. I had to tell him all about you & he asked why you didn't take a commission. He suggested that the 6 months further course should be some inducement. I explained that you were just choiced with courses & wanted a chance to get to sea & put into practice all the learning you have crammed in the last 12 months. "Ah" he said; "I wish I were a younger man."

Dorothy I'm beginning to realise how tremendously lucky we are to have married the right person. Just go off and

5

to be as blissfully happy as we are together. I know we've only been married eight months of which only about a quarter we have spent together. Still we've known one another long enough to know that we are compatible (which is a great thing) and that we mean everything in the world to one another. I should never do anything to risk that happiness while you are away.

Cully is unhappy because she can't write love letters to her hubby any more & he has guessed that she has fallen for some other guy. Imagine how blue he must be feeling - all those miles away. Anyway this guy of Cully's is a devout Roman Cath.:

and is only 23. And has signed
into the Indian Army. So

There's nothing for her to do until
this war is over, and meanwhile
the three of them must go through
months of suspense and loneliness.

Then Pam & Sam are eating
their hearts out for one another, but
their families wouldn't hear of
divorce for either of them, and
they obviously couldn't live without
allowances - they're too used to
luxury. What Helen feels like I
can just imagine. Supposing you
went abroad & I pulled wires in
England & after a year managed
to get out to you only to find
some other woman living with
you and myself unwanted.
Gee! all that sounds like

The Divorce proceedings are reads of every day in the papers.

All the world seems to lack these days is faith and fidelity. - and happy marriages like ours, eh sweetheart?

I was thinking today of our peace plans - our plot of land and bungalow. - and thinking of them I decided to cut out all these cups of coffee at the Inst. From now on my motto is to be "Save" - though I don't mean to become a miser, but lots of spending these days became a habit to kill time or boredom. Quite unnecessary really. A spot more hard work at the office will cure all my ennui!

Has anything more been

Said about the weekend honey?
Is there a chance for me to
come down? Cos you can bet
your bottom dollar I'll be on my
way if you'll just say the
word. I don't want to pester
you, angel, I'm just trying to
say I love you & will never
lose a moment which could be
spent with you.

You're mine, darling, and
I'm yours,

for keeps,

Clare

xxxxx
xxx

LONDON, S.W. 1
11 5AM
10 AUG
1943



M/M. L.H.W. ESTABROOK

P.M.T. 500221

11/12/43

Re-directed letter.
H.M.S. "Aggressive"
c/o G. P. O., LONDON
Inform sender of your change of address

500221