

The Flat.
Monday.

Hello my Cherb.

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

Soar 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
Claret Blimp this evening - So
when I had finished my dinner
I popped over to Blackfriars 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

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just sit down & scribble them off.

Mr 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.

I've actually remembered Mrs. H's birthday & sent her an airgraph. 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."

Dating I'm beginning to realise how tremendously lucky we are to have married the right person first go off and

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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.

Culley is unhappy because
she can't write love letters to her
husband 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
Culley'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
you can just imagine. Supposing you
went abroad & 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
news of every day in the papers.

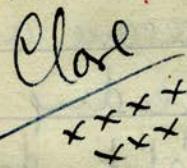
All the world seems to lack
these days is faith and
fidelity. - and happy marriages
like ours, eh sweetheart?

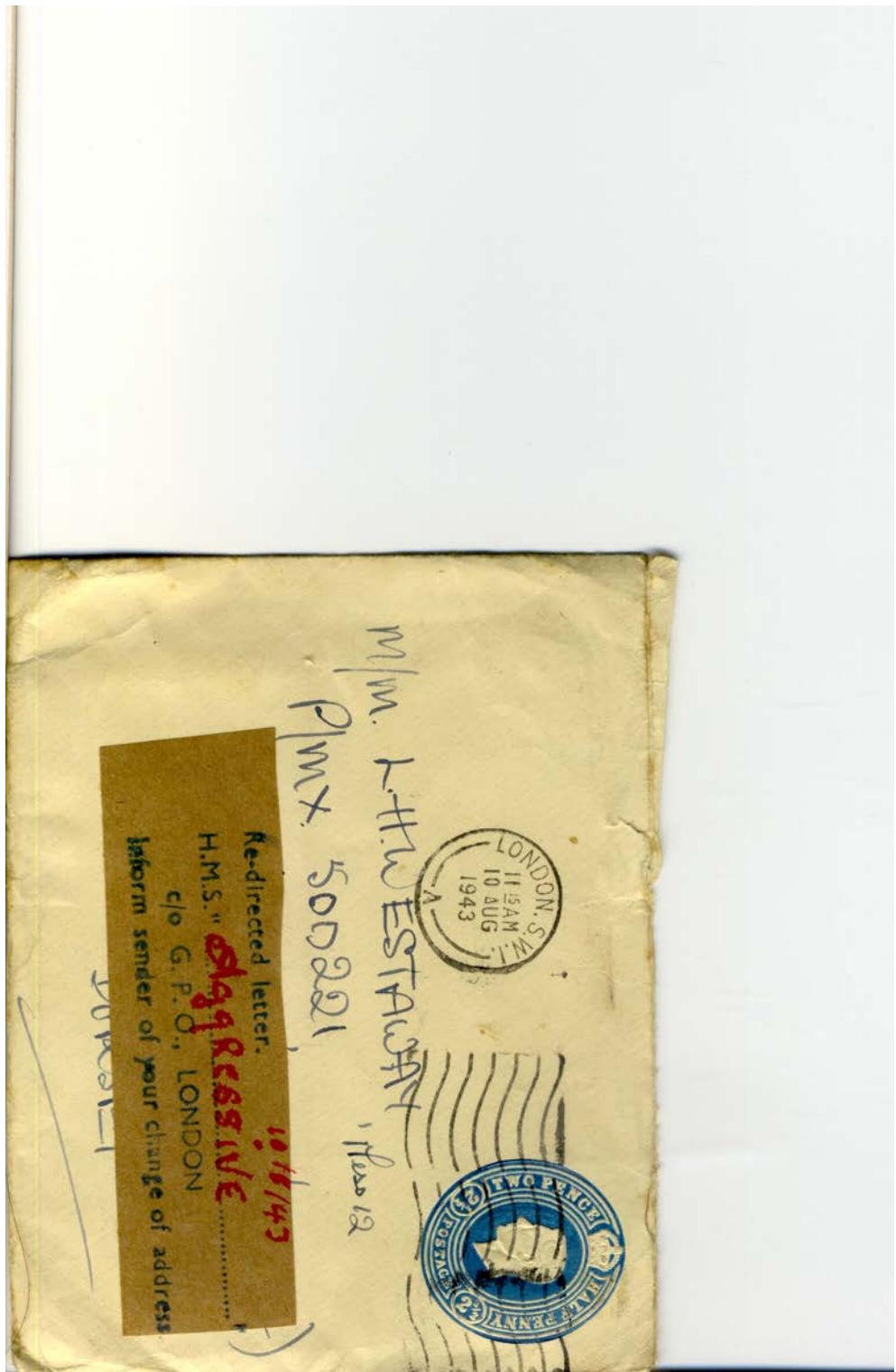
I was thinking to day of our
peace plans - our plot of land
and bungalow. - and thinking of
them I decided to cut out all
these cups of coffee at the Inst.
From now on my motto is to be
"Sane" - Though I don't mean to
become a miser, but lots of
spending these days becomes a
habit to kill time or boredom.
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




Re-directed letter. 19/8/43
H.M.S. "DAGGER"
c/o G.P.O., LONDON
inform sender of your change of address