

Friday.

Darling,

I have already written you a couple of hasty notes today, but I was so busy and up to my eyes in work & people that I haven't much idea what I said - except the tail ends which I shall always mean.

So I'll start from scratch.

I had a letter & post card (funny!) from you today. Was I thrilled to hear the news about the draft? Except that I wish you were going to stay at Newhaven. Wouldn't that be great? Only an hour's run from Town.

Darling if you ever get an

evening off → can get up to harden
for dinner or a show & maybe we
could stay in Town for the night
or you could catch a late train
back. Darling even a half hour
with you would be wonderful.

Any chance of a weekend? How
about the 'phone? Remember I
am on Seignord on Wednesdays
& if you can get through I
shall always be there between 9.00.

I feel that we should make
the most of this further respite
of three weeks cos. you never know
what may be your orders at the
end of it.

I suppose you are once more
hitting the high seas, in one
of our 'mosquito craft' as they
are called.

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Well honey, good hunting
and happy landings & I hope
the old funny is not reacting
again.

Talking of your funny - All
week I have been thinking that
as soon as you knew where
you were going I'd send you a
parcel. I didn't want it to
follow you around! Then I'm
blowed if you didn't mention it
again today in your letter. So
I dashed out at lunch-time to
do the round of the shops. It's
rather a job to get anything
decent to eat these days, and
funny enough I found that I
hadn't very much cash with me
cos I'd charged a cheque for
Cully & left myself short.

I hope you don't mind me doing
that occasionally, sweet, it
really swells your account cos.
(I bank the cheque for you.)

Anyway I hope you have
received the parcel by now &
that you were not disappointed.

Next time I'll try to make it
a nice home-made batch of stuff.

Gee, darling, you're so sweet
I could just hug you. Only you're
a few miles away so the old
imagination will have to get to
work again. By the time this
war is over & you are back again
at home with me I shall either
have an extremely vivid imagination
or it will be completely worn
out & you'll have a phlegmatic
cow-like wife.

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Fancy me making that dreadful
howler about Jimmie-the-One
Was he upset? Felt degraded
I'll bet. You'll have to give him
an extra special salute just to
make up.

Talking about ideals here.
You know I knew several chaps
between the time I left school &
that memorable Summer when we
met. And though they were all
nice and all had some qualities
& different outlooks on life - inside
me I had my idea of the man
I wanted. Somebody strong and
utterly reliable - one you'd pin your
faith on and never need doubt -
but essentially with a good sense
of humour & ideas for the future.
Well he came along one May

marriage, and do you wonder that
I fell in love - and grew to
love him as well. Not only was
he my ideal spiritually but he
also looked a tall handsome hero.
In fact - perfect is the only word.
He took me hook line and sinker.
And so we married as you said
and live happily together whenever
the Navy will allow us.

Ah me!

I bet you had a job getting
all your kit stowed away for
moving didn't you sweet? If
you've got any clothes down
there that are superfluous at
the moment why not make up
a parcel & send them home. Cos
you will be moving again in a

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few weeks I suppose.

Received 2 SEP's today
& I have one which I will send
off to you tomorrow so that you'll
have a little reading matter to
get on with in your brief spells
of duty.

Don't miss your beauty
sleep angel, but try to keep up
the correspondence - I practically
live on your letters while you are
away.

And if you get any time
to spare try to write a letter
to Edgar cos I know he'd like
to hear occasionally from his
buddy. If you've forgotten the
address write to Muriel, 8 Hill
Crest Close, Beckenham Kent.

Am going down home to

See on Sunday so if you've not
already written to them I'll be
bringing news.

You seem so much nearer
now, pigeon, surprising isn't
it?

Keep the old flaps flying &
if you want to remember me
occasionally you've got a
couple of pictures of me.

Night night Sweet,

See you in my dreams,

Clare

XXXXX
X

