

Monday morning
(very much so!!)

Darling hey,

What beastly rotten
luck not seeing you over the weekend
honey. Y'know even after I'd
read your letter saying that it
was no go, I still thought there'd
be a chance in a 1000 that you
would make it, and I counted
on the old Westaway luck.

But as the weekend passed and
no husky hero appeared on the
scene my heart got heavier and
heavier inside me. So bloody
to be so near & yet so far!

Still, angel, we had a
few minutes together over the phone.
It was nice to say Hello darling

and to hear in reply "I love
you, I love you, I love you."
A real tonic.

So you drowned your sorrows
in a bottle of rum did you sweet?
Well I can't say that I blame you,
at times like these it does a bit
of good to dull the senses somewhat.
Must say I had one or two quins
myself.

Thinking that you'd be
around on Saturday or Sunday
I'm afraid I neglected my duty
in re. letters, angel, and I hate
to think of you leaving away from
the mail bag this mornig empty-
handed. Only hope that my last
epistle was loving enough for you
to derive some comfort by re-
reading it. Though it's a funny

Thing, no matter how lovely
today's letter is, tomorrow I am
always thirst for more and
am bitterly disappointed if
nothing turns up.

I could write reams and
reams of my impressions of
this weekend and I promise
that I will sit down this
evening and devote my whole time
and energy to my hubby. Oh
sweetheart I love you so much.

Yesterday when we walked
down to the sea, I found a
place where I climbed up above
the level of the barbed wire and
just gazed and gazed over the
sea. Darling I don't wonder
that it's in your blood, it
somehow brought us nearer together

just standing there drinking in
the fresh Tang. There's a place
to be near God and the heat
of things!!

I whispered in a sea-gull's
ear and he promised to give
you my message angel. So
look out for him. But in
case he misses you ...

I'm thinking of you always
darling, and I love you with
all my heart.

Your lucky wife,

Clare

xxx
xxx

LONDON, S.W.1.
11:15 AM
30 AUG
1938



M/M. H. Westaway
P.M.X. 500221 GORE TO
~~gives (Hess)~~
H.M.S. ATTACK.
Hatchway, PORILAND
Sussex. DORSET,
T.G.P. Wt. 4000

(Lablot) 13-45-0