

The Flat
Monday.

Sweetheart

See I had a fit of the blues this morning! I suppose it was reaction after the weekend, not seeing you after building up hopes, then there was no letter either, and thrown in on top of that Cully has been transferred today to Shell Mex. So you can guess I felt pretty sorry for myself and wept about all morning - staring at an agreement that just wouldn't make sense.

I assure you I was all set for one of my old down-to-the-depths depression fits by the

Time the 12.0 o'clock whistle
sounded and I danned my coat
& trotted off to lunch.

But when I got outside
and braced myself against the
sou-wester that was blowing I
suddenly realised what a silly
little beast I was, and I took
myself in hand, administered
a good old pep-talk, counted
my blessings, took a few deep
breaths and started to smile
again.

My footsteps wended their
way to a little restaurant where
I always used to go by myself
and after partaking of a lamb
chop & peas, orange jelly & coffee

3

I felt a hundred per cent human, so I walked around Victoria Street and on arriving back at the office, took out your last four letters and read them all. You sweet thing. I got a kick out of your public-house episode - good style angel. When's that short story going to make its appearance?

And now I expect you want to hear what I've been doing all weekend (apart from thinking about my darling hubby).

Well first I'll describe the people. - Mr & Mrs Anderson you know for the grand people they

are - and honey if you ever get
an hour or so I could visit them
& take a tot of rum in token of
the marvellous treatment I had,
I'd much appreciate it and they'd
love it!!

Cully - well there's only one
like her and I'm very fond of her.
Incidentally it was her birthday
on Saturday and I gave her
your love and best wishes.

Guy - he's the chap that
Cully has been having supps with
lately, and who has introduced
her to the right people for a
job in CEMA.

My first impression of him
was that he looked a horribly
unhealthy brute. He is tall, ~~thin~~

5
Stoops slightly, and is very thin, with a large egg-shaped head, sunken cheeks, a large thin very shapely mouth, long hair with what looks like an artificial wave in it, and is of indefinite age. In the train he talked a lot in an affected voice, which must have penetrated the length of the carriage much to the annoyance of the big business men who within a few minutes had reluctantly let fall their lunch-time editions, and sat listening to a lot of artistic twaddle that half-amused and half-irritated them.

I realised a better acquaintance that Guy's nature is

one that always wishes to leave
an impression on all and sundry.

However I realized after hearing
him talk that he really knew
a terrific amount about music,
literature and art, with quite a
smattering of science and he's
definitely a student of psychology.

The one drawback to listening to
him is that he is inquisitely
selfish, talks only of himself,
his experiences, and is extremely
dogmatic in his ideas.

John is the medical student
who stayed in the same boarding-
house as Cully in Hottish Hill
Gate, and who took us to the
Pran. that Wednesday evening

7
His mother is Irish & father Scotch,
which obviously has an influence on
his character, which is deadly
serious, tenacious and slightly
aggressive, though underneath the
thick skin I suspect a wealth of
warm-heartedness and sentiment.
Sense of humour rather slow, but
definitely there - and the one
quality that I demand above all
- SINCERITY.

Compared with Guy he seems
young & gauche - but of the two
I know where I'd put my trust.

Last but not least your
wife and I leave you to paint
the portrait and I hope you're
not too hard on her.

9

Well on Saturday Cully and I flew down the stairs at noon, jumped into a taxi and were whisked along to Victoria. - two business women escaping from the office. The men - both free lance - were supposed to be waiting for us on the train with seats booked. (Funny how the war has changed things). However we arrived first and had deposited our luggage when the men strolled along and we were all introduced and sorted ourselves out. (side-note. Cully's choice is Guy Cos She strives all the time after ~~intellect~~ intellect and he has that. But John shows a certain dog-like devotion to Cully and takes every opportunity of walking beside

9
her, perching on the arm of her chair
(or so.) He & I got on like a
house on fire in a sisterly-frothy
fashion, while Guy & I battled
with words and wits.

We arrived late for lunch,
as hungry as hawks, and were
fed right royally on cold chicken
and/or curried meat & rice, followed
by pumpkin, apple snow & lovely
coffee. Phew!! Much loosening
of belts and waist-bands. What
cooking!! Everybody was too full
to move afterwards so we transferred
to the lounge & sat and talked, and
I silently wished for the phone to
ring.

At six o'clock the hired car
picked us up & we whirled into
Watkins, where we walked down

to the sea-front and back, to
give the pubs time to open. Teh!
Teh!

We were blown back from
the sea to The Ship where we
killed an hour, the girls imbibing
a couple of gin oranges apiece,
John pints of beer & Guy whiskies.
After which we were all much more
friendly and I lost my faint
feeling of antagonism towards Guy
and had to admit his wit and
vast knowledge & experience.

Thence we proceeded to the
dance hall, which was full of
precocious adolescents & the Army,
and spent a couple of hours dancing
and chatting and intermingling.

By far the loveliest part of the

// evening to me was the drive back
at 10.0 o'clock in the dusk. I
just relaxed, and gazed at the
passing panorama and wondered
where you were and ached to have
you near me. It brought back
memories of the Black Prince
evenings & the happy moments
we spent then. Heigh ho!

When I learned that you'd
phoned and I'd missed you my
heart first missed a few beats and
I hoped you were not too miserable,
and that maybe you'd ring again.

But you didn't, and when we
finally turned into bed at 12.30.

I lay and dreamed of my hubby
& wondered whether he too was in
bed, or speeding across the Channel.

Sunday morning we walked and had morning coffee overlooking the sea! Simply grand, but the others wanted to push on. For my part I'd have been happy to just stay at that spot watching the ^{waves} swell & break on the beach, and listening to all the sea noises, the gulls and the swish---swish. You lucky man!!

Coming in the gate at lunch time my heart dropped into my boots coz I could see Mrs A. standing in the lounge talking to someone & I thought it was you. I really believed it was. - but no! Disappointment in store again. In fact I watched out for you all afternoon, between listening to music and studying a book

¹³/₁ of Loupasse drawings.

We felt disinclined for too much activity Sunday evening so we strolled down to the local for an hour. A real old country pub - stuffed birds, low ceilings, old prints etc.

I was undressing when the phone eventually rang for the third time, and had to hastily slip into Mr. A's dressing gown which he had thoughtfully left out for me - and then you know the rest, Sweetheart.

Darling are you on an M.T. or M.G. boat now? Are you with the same flotilla as before? Do you do the same stunts as before?

Is this a permanent billet? or
another relief job? Are you
going back to the Attack in the
near future? What are prospects
of me feeling the Westaway Bear
trip, one week, month, or longer?

Darling I want you to write
and tell me all about it ~~and~~ ^{but}
if its careles talk I'm sure
you can use your ingenuity to
answer some of my questions without
letting any cats out of bags.

I'll be dreaming of you
darling in a very few minutes from
now, and we're going to have a
wonderful time,

I love you, honey,

God bless you,

Clare

M/w. K. H. WESTINGHOUSE

P.M.X. 500221,

LONDON S.W. 11 3 AM 31 AUG

REVENUE POSTAGE 1/6
MARITIME MAIL

West 121

~~Mrs. J. H. Jones~~

~~PORTLAND~~

~~DOVER~~

Re-directed letter.

H.M.S.

c/o G. P. O.

Inform sender of 3/19/44 Reqs. in address.

XXXXX

XXXXX

XXXXX

XXXXX

XXXXX

XXXXX

XXXXX

XXXXX

XXXXX