

The Office.
Wednesday.

My own darling

I've just been writing a letter of thanks for the weekend to Mr & Mrs Anderson & now I'm free to devote my whole attention to my beloved.

I'm fire watching tonight, and have just informed switchboard that there may possibly be a call for me, but though I'm hoping, I think the possibility is rather remote now that you are back at the attack.

Poor hez, the billet-doux

which I received this morning
sounded a little fed up, and I
guess you are feeling pretty chocea
back in that bleak barracks.

have mind, havey, I don't expect
it will be long before you at
last get your own boat, and
then there'll be rejoicing, eh, eh?

I addressed my letters this
morning to Mess 4. So I hope
they will get to you O.K. But
to be on the safe side I'll wait
until after the morning post to
see if there's a letter from you
with the full address before I
send this off.

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He phoned me this mornig,
Sounded pretty fed up as he was
just leaving for Yorkshire once
again, there to pack his kit,
and go through various inspections
&c (you know) preparatory to
going for his pre-OCTU course.

He sent you all his best wishes
& said a few comforting things
when he heard that we'd not seen
one another over the weekend after
all. I try not to think about
that stroke of ill-fate, such
things just shouldn't be!!

Gee whizz there have been

Some changes here this week.

Firstly Shand has left to go
over to Shell. Max (leaving
Clip & Jonesy) Paton still
being on sick leave.

Next we learn that Miss ~~Olney~~^{OLNEY}
has put in for a transfer cos
she can't hit it off with the lads
and she is drafted to us from
next monday.

Then, and this beats the band,
our friend Mussa, the language
club Chippie, with the same
seniority as me has been promoted
to HEO and is taking Clip's
place!!!

5 You can imagine that I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels at the moment. Still they haven't arrived yet so we must give them a chance to settle in and see how the works pans out then.

Apparently there were 36 vacancies for H.E.O., so honey-mine your turn is coming! Though unfortunately, as you said, you won't get the salary until after the war. Still it may be seniority that will count then, so it's all to the good.

I have missed Cully this week. She put in for a transfer some months ago, and it came through last week, and she went to Shell Mex on Monday. We have a few phone calls each day and next week when she is straight we will have lunch together as usual, but it is not the same as when she was here and we could chat or pop out for a coffee when we were bored. Wasn't it Tennyson who so neatly put it, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, God shows himself in

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many ways, but one good practice
should corrupt them all".

So that you can picture me,
and smell me, though woe is me,
you can't touch me, I'll tell
you how I am dressed today:-

Brown suit, which is just
back from the cleaners and looks
grand, little chiffon blouse with
pearls, brown court shoes & stockings,
and my little brown going-away
hat with the pink fluffy feather.
Remember?

My powder is scented with
Cypre, and I have some lavender
water behind my ears.

Is that O.K. darling? Will I
do? Only wish I could have
been dining and wining with
my hubby this evening. Phew!
Pause for a great big sigh. . . .

Are you going to do any
swimming now you are back there.
or is the sea too cold for such
sport now? Don't forget honey
that any weekend that you get
off, if you can't come to Harda
I can come to Weymouth, and
just say the word and wifey
will be right with you.

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See honey. I love you and miss you. Funny how that empty feeling inside never gets any better. One can usually get used to most things in time, but this is different. The sense of loss, and wishing, seems if anything to grow with every day that you're away. Oh God how I wish this ghostly war was over and that we could count on the future and plan the happiness that we can find together.

If you get blue darling

and feel that you are farther
away again, just remember
that my spirit is right there
with you. Cos it may be queer,
but I can sense your moods.
Maybe its because you're so
much a part of me that I
understand without being told.

Write and tell me all
the news, honey, and keep the
flag flying down there,

I love you, always,

could hug you,

Clare

xxx
xxxx

M/M. L.H. WESTAURY,

Plmx. 500221,



(M2224)

Registered letter.
H.M.S. MTR 715
c/o G. P. O., LONDON

Information on your change of address.

3/9/43
DORSET.

Handwritten note on the flap:
Dorset