

The Flat.
Thursday.

Hubby mine,

We've just been laughing at haddie's antics. Joan & Frank came over this evening for dinner, and we are now stretched at ease around the room listening to the wireless and reading or knitting.

Mum produced the Sweet rations and we've just been chewing toffees and feeding Tit-bits to a begging Doogie. Does he love sweets! A real gourmet! Nearly as bad as Joan and I, and that's saying something.

Pause to listen to Gracie Fields in a concert for

the troops. See why that woman
has a marvellous voice - I don't
think I know another with such
a perfect pitch, or full tone.
And the ease with which she
makes a step from way down in
her boots so high & is nothing
short of wonderful.

The audience and we were
captivated - Straight Song, Comic
Song, Satire, Sentiment and all
rounded off with a wonderful
rendering of Schubert's "Ave Maria".
Twenty minutes of grand enter-
tainment, and I take off my
hat to her. In my opinion
her private life is hers, and
she's still the tops in stage
entertainment.

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Today the new boss arrived
and settled in O.K. and we all
think he's going to fit in with
the section, and won't be too
hard on us.

S'matter of fact I think he'll
be quite easy over lunch times
& early nights etc. We took a
good view of the fact that he
buzzes off at a quarter to six,
altogether he seems quite
suitable and I think we might
engage him.

Cully has been suffering
from tooth-ache this week and
yesterday I booked her an
appointment with that Chazie
in Vincent Square and he
fixed her with a couple of
temporary fillings, but he
is booked up until the middle

of the month for a filling or
extraction!! Every dentist and
doctor in London seems to be
working at full pressure these
days.

However I think I must
go and have him look over
my teeth soon. John ^{also} said
I ought to look after them. He's
a queer boy. - absolutely no
bedside manner about him.
We told him he'd have to
practise a softer approach or he'd
frighten his timid patients away.

I had one or two nice
compliments over the weekend,
though I must say my favourite
pretty speech was your description
of my walk. Nice hairy!

Guy thought I had a

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beautiful back. (now don't get me wrong - I was wearing my wedding frock at the dance on express orders from Cully who was showing me off - and that centre line of bustards does rather emphasize my waist line and my bottom) and an expressive face. He was intrigued by my nose cos it moves when I talk, according to my emotions. Funny girl your wife.

And how has my sweetheart been enjoying life this week? Have you met up with your old pals back at the Attack? For all I know you might be on your way to another base. I haven't heard since your short note saying

That you were writing on Tuesday.

Post always was pretty slow from
Portland! Worst luck!

I have already sent two
letters and the SEP to Mess 4
at Portland and I hope you have
received them, together with the
14 page budget which I addressed
to Newhaven.

The scene here now is a
little different from an hour ago,
Frank is reading an SEP, Joan
is curled up on the settee having
a nap, haddie is stretched
out at my feet also asleep,
and mum is washing or sump'n
out in the kitchenette.

I'll give you three guesses
as to what your truly is
doing.

1/ Joan Faide and I went out to dinner together last evening and followed that up with a most interesting hour in the Marseigneur News Theatre. Very enjoyable evening. Joan is still as sweet as ever, and beautiful-looking, though she says that these days she is always tired. And can you wonder when you realise what she is going through? Poor dear! Joan hopes that Mussolini's resignation might mean Italy dropping out of the war, she is now reading that prisoners are being transferred to Germany! Rotten business. By the way have you did you get friendly with that little white dog the other evening? I hope he didn't bite you.

Cully and I are going to see
Hertz going tomorrow evening
and I think we should have
fun! Remember how we went
to see that in Town with Tom
& Rex and how we rolled about
in our seats! I am looking
forward to it immensely.

By the way, I don't
think I told you that there
was much rejoicing by mum and
Maudy cos she had heard from
Gerald, he's kissing her, and it
seems that he will be coming
back here to live. I'm rather
glad if anything, cos mum has
been worrying about for the last
few days saying her life is
finished! I only hope

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That this time she has learned
her lesson and will treat the
man decently.

If you know darling I can
hardly wait till tomorrow to
find out if there will be a
letter for me. If there's not one,
I'm gonna be awful disappointed.
So use betide you if you've
been out galivanting about and
neglecting your wife.

"You'll never know just
how much I miss you ---"

Still maybe you feel
the same way about me, in
which case you do know that
"I think of you with every breath
I take ---"

Body & Soul dear
I'm yours,

Clare

M/M. R. H. Westaway

P/WX 500221

2/1/43

~~Mr S. G. G. G.~~ (Mess 4)

directed letters

M.S. n. 1113 710

Postcard

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