

The Office
Firewatching.

My darling,

By now you will probably have heard the news of Stahl's unconditional Surrender, but at the moment it is on everybody's lips.

Joan Fairlie called for me at 6.0 o'clock this evening with eyes a-sparkle, and asked if we had heard the rumour. But we hadn't, and it was not even in the stop-press of my paper. So we booked off

to dinner. Stepping off the 88 in Regent St. we spotted someone's headline, and heard the magic words "Late Night Linal." So

that was the reason for the struggling mass of people - in the middle of which was some poor Chappie selling papers by the dozen.

We immediately joined the throng, and fighting our way to the middle, emerged triumphant with one torn copy of the Evening News between us. What a thrill!!

Course it means all the world to Joan, cos her hubby as you know is a prisoner of war in South

3

Italy and will now, we hope, be freed and brought home. We were both so full, we were without words. Joan phoned her mum, and then we proceeded to the Brasserie Universel & celebrated the news with dinner preceded by a Gin & St.

We are now back at the office and I guess Joan is at this moment sitting in her office letting the news sink in. We thank to the hope that Johnnie would be home for Christmas.

I do hope so, with all my heart.

And what has my husband

been doing with himself all week?

They say that no news is good news, so I'm hoping that you are still at Littlehampton, and that if I keep my fingers crossed, maybe I'll be with you, gazing out over the sea, in exactly three days' time.

"What is this life if full of care... &c

I wish I had thought to tell you on Sunday that in future I shall be in my office from 8 o'clock, and that you could ring at any time after that.

I shall always in future insist that you shave at night.

5/

On monday my skin had lots of bumps underneath it, and I've been drinking lots of water & sucking Milk of Magnesia tablets in the hope that they will cool my blood down a little. If I'm coming down to the seaside this weekend I don't want any spots.

Today I rang Cully & hoped she'd lunch with me again, but she had a date so I went to the Vega by myself. Really their salads are delicious! The only place in harden for fresh crisp stuff straight from the frig. But the queer people that haunt

The place - really some of them
might well have come out of the
Ark, and others look like H.G.
Wells' creations of the future.

Present company excepted of
course.

I was disappointed this
morning when I asked for the
S.F.P. and was told that they
had all been sold. Reekon I'll
have to catch a workman's train
next Wednesday if my darling
is to have his morale-uplifting
literature.

Talking of m.v.l., where's
my daily letter this week? Come
on, out with it, yaid better

¹ have a good excuse. Or else!!
Course, I shall have to eat my words
and make an extra special fuss
of you if a letter arrives tomorrow
marked 'Censored'. Won't that
be nice?

I have the August edition
of ABC for you and will bring
it with me on Saturday. If I
come! how splendid!

Incidentally, I have just looked
up trains & there is a 12.48 which
arrives at L.H. at 2.43. which I
shall catch if I come, unless you
wire me to the contrary meanwhile.

Dorling I've not forgotten you

shirt, but I didn't have a chance to
go over to Joan's on Tuesday. Hair to
Shampoo &c &c. So mum is collecting
it tonight and I shall post it
off on Friday morning - that is if
I am not coming to L. otherwise
of course I shall bring it with
me. Clear? O.K.?

Licewatching is apt to split
the week up for me & if I
don't get shampoos & washing done
by Tuesday they usually get
left to the weekend and that
wouldn't do this week.

Still it looks as though I
shall be doing it ^(licewatching) at home instead
before many more weeks go by.

9 For which I shall not be sorry.

Life at the office is progressing quite smoothly, under the new boss who is proving to be quite a good egg. By dint of piecing bits together I have collected a brief outline of his life which is quite interesting - Matriculation, B.A. at London University, music at the Royal College. - then at 23 a job in Coles which led to 16 years extensive travel on the Continent. Study at Berlin University, concerts & piano recitals etc. In 1937 in Germany he decided that war was coming, so he came home to get a job. Started in the Post Office as

night telephone operator then sorter
E.O. to H.E.O. Seems to have seen
and done quite a lot of things
with his life so far but he's
missed the most important thing
of all. - He hasn't got married!!

Doesn't know what he's missing
does he angel? The happiest times
of my life have been spent with
you, honey, and the culmination
of that happiness came on Dec. 12th
last.

From then on the story is just
one glorious honeymoon after another
- and I pray God - ad infinitum,
I love you.

Clare

Dahig

Thursday morning
early

What a cell about the call last night.
I had been patiently sitting in my
room for two hours writing letters
& working. As you hadn't said
that you would ring, I gave up
hope at a quarter to ten & went
down to the Control Room to
join the others. Hardly had I
sat down than trig-a-hing, -
and you know the rest.

So unless I hear to the
contrary we are meeting at the

Norfolk at Arundel - are we?
And very nice too. Yippe!!

I shall probably arrive at
the station in the region of 3.0pm
if my gallant hero is not
waiting there will make my way
to the hotel, wash & brush up
and await developments.

Hope you can get plenty
of time off.

Now I want my brekker,

'Bye, sweetheart,

Clare

xxx
xxx

msm. K. H. Westaway,

P.O. Box 500221,

R. H. O.,
Peak Road,

Littlehampton.

