

The Flat.  
Monday.

Joshie,

Parting from you will  
always be sheer misery! The  
very finality of it after two  
glorious, heavenly days spent  
with my leg just conquered  
my control this morning.

I watched your silhouette  
until it passed from sight,  
and then I stayed by that  
window for awhile and watched  
the Castle slide into the distance  
also.

After a few minutes, and  
a dab at my nose and then  
several deep steady breaths I felt  
more able to face the other travellers  
and took my seat. I watched

The lovely rolling countryside  
Speeding by and remembered our  
Sunday spent so peacefully in  
country lanes and woods with  
the scent of the grass. I've  
got my shiny rose hips here  
at home and I shall keep them  
as long as I can so that they  
will be a tangible reminder of  
the heavenly moments we spent  
together.

You've no idea how comforting  
it is to me to have seen your  
boat. To be able to picture you  
at work and ease in her. She  
certainly is a beauty, honey,  
and I know you're proud to  
be one of her crew. I only



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hope she recognises the honour  
that has been done her by your  
posting as one of her mechanics.

May she look after you well,  
and be as good a substitute  
as possible for the wife whose  
place she will be taking for  
the next few months.

If I close my eyes I can  
see her, now, outlined against  
the jetty, all new, & shiny, and  
clean-lined.

Yes she has my blessing -  
and all the men who sail in  
her! May God speed her and  
bring her safely home to port.  
Amen.

Somehow I just want to  
sit and dream & let the quiet  
happy memory of our weekend  
steal over me, but I expect you

want news of today's activities  
as usual so I'll shake myself  
up and write a few more lines.

I lunched with Cully at  
The Vega today and chatted  
and told her about our weekend,  
the Inn and the country. She  
knows the spot very well and  
agreed that the country around  
is marvellous.

Apparently there was a  
terrible storm over Landa on  
Sunday night, and most  
people were looking a bit  
washed out as a result.

As for me well I think  
I shall crash down early  
tonight.



Gerald came over again yesterday but went back to work this morning. He had promised to come back again tonight, but he hasn't arrived yet and I rather think mum has given up hope.

I went over to Cufley Towers this evening - it is nearly a month since I last saw Jim & Vera & Susan, but they were all out. So I guess that either they had gone to the flicks or else Vera was spending the night with her mum. It was a shame, cos I was looking forward to telling them all the latest news about my beloved, and to dangling little Susan on my knee & making her chuckle.

It was too late then to head  
on to Plumstead so I retraced  
my footsteps, and decided  
to write to my hubby and get  
my head down.

What did you do when you  
arrived back in Littlehampton?  
I wouldn't mind betting that  
you headed straight for that  
streamlined beauty.

You know, Angel, the  
more we see of one another the  
deeper grows my love for you  
and yet I am still in love  
with you too.

And I'm so, so, happy.

Clare

xxxxx  
xxxxx



MJM. K.H. Melancong,  
Platz 500221.  
Him. MTB. 710,  
c/o GPO. Kaden.



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