

Fire watching
Wednesday

Darling

Had a sweet letter from you this morning - nice and quick honey. I'm sorry my tears made you feel blue.

The last few partings have not been so bad because each time I felt that you were not so far away, and that with luck I should see you during the following weekend. But this time it was different - I didn't know how long it would be before we were together

again, and meanwhile you may be sent miles away. The future stretched before my eyes as one large blank with no hope to cling to.

Then too, usually I look up at you when we are saying goodbye, not lean down, and the force of gravity did its work on Monday.

The beauty of the countryside, and the quiet happiness we had enjoyed together had seeped into me and the thought of the lonely journey back to the office, just got me.

However during the war goes on, and we've all got our jobs to

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do, so the only comfort is to let the old routine guide me for the time being, and keep faith that it won't be many days before we are once more side-by-side.

Last weekend when I looked at a view, or a scene, your boat, or you, I didn't just look, I imprinted the image on my mind, so that now I only have to close my eyes, and I have a clear vision of all the joy and beauty we saw.

I used always to do it as a child when we went away

on holiday. I ~~sp~~ gazed & gazed
at scenes, or closed my eyes
and let the sound of waves or
the wind in the trees imprint
themselves in my memory so that
when winter's greyness came along,
I had locked in my heart the
vivid impression of sparkling waves,
huge summer trees, birds, flowers,
& rolling hills.

My favourite poem which I
read years ago at school and
I think I can still remember
puts into words exactly how I
have always felt about storing
up my own happiness.

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" O Summer sun, O moving trees,
O cheerful human noise,
O busy glittering streets,
What hour shall fade in all
The future find,
Or what delights ever to equal
These,

Only to taste the warmth, the
light, the wind,
Only to be alive, and feel
That life is sweet."

Beautiful eh honey? By one
of my favourite poets. Lawrence
Binyan.

I told switchboard that there might be a call for me this evening, as usual, but I only had but a faint hope, so the disappointment won't be too great darling. if it doesn't come through.

Cully came over to see me today before going on to the dentist, and she looked a bit pale. I guess she's been hitting the high-spots too much lately.

She has heard from her brother Michael, & George, who you know went away together, though she still has no news of their

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whereabouts. Poor dear, I feel that beneath all that gaiety and sparkle she is really lonely. That room of hers in Chelsea is rather bleak and uninviting after her lovely little flat.

Last evening Mum & Joan & Frank & I went to the flicks and saw quite an interesting spy film with George Raft in the lead. Quite good entertainment but nothing to write home about. That's why I'm afraid my honey had no mail yesterday. When we got home, the talk turned to discussion of Gerald, his temperament

and mysterious past. Your wife
didn't get the faintest chance of
putting pen to paper. Forgiven,
Sweet?

Your analysis of love was very
interesting and sweet, honey, and
one day we will go over it point
by point. The main issue seems
to be that we love one another very
dearly and that love is all we
need of this life.

As for me, angel, when we're
together I walk on air, my laughter
is glad, and my eyes bright, and
my heart is just supremely happy,
You're all of life to me.

P.S. Sweet of you to remember me
I'm looking forward to it.

Clare.



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