

The ~~Flat~~  
Wednesday.

Darling mine,

Firstly I expect you will be surprised to find that I am not fire-watching tonight, and I do hope that you won't choose to rip me up and get a disappointment.

Fact is honey that I have not been sleeping so well lately, and feeling a bit run-down. Could not face sleeping in that beastly shelter tonight. So I rang Mr Tilley, made my excuses and came along home. Guess I've been working too hard or sunning, or maybe just missing my darling.



Anyway sweet its nothing for  
you to worry about. - I'm just  
gonna play hooky from that office  
for a week, and enjoy myself,  
go out and about and get plenty  
of sleep.

They'll think at the office that  
I am in Co with Jerry cos I  
was only just home when the  
warning went this evening for the  
first time for days. So having  
satisfied the inner woman with  
a washer & egg (dried - you lucky  
chap!) I am now settled to do  
some scribbling until the All Clear  
goes when I must wend my  
way to The Drive & share our  
bedroom with mum.



I had two letters today! Being spoiled these days!! You are sweet. + that reminds me that until Monday week (when I intend to return to G.W. Hse) you might address your billet-doux to the flat. eh pardon? If you forget I know the girls will send them on to me.

So you've seen Mike? Yes, I noticed that! And can't leave eh? Must be like old times honey? Remember that rocket that made me jump? and if you see Blanche give her my love.

— All clear sweet —



All I reckon I'll have to  
get cracking now hurry cos it  
is nearly nine o'clock, and it will  
take me half an hour or so to get  
Home.

Tomorrow's letter will be overflowing  
with news, cos I've got lots to  
talk about.

night night,

Sweet dreams,

All love,

Clare

P.S. It is now 11 o'clock on  
Thursday morning, and after  
sleeping the clock round I  
felt an odd spruce.

Thursday

However I think it is about  
Time I had a bit of a holiday  
& let the other people at the  
office have a little worry for  
a change.

The wireless is doing sweet  
music and I feel as free as the  
air. Joan & I are going  
to have lunch together here at the

Drove and then off to the pictures.  
Only wish you could be here sweet,  
but as you say, our time is  
coming - then Whoopie!!

Cully came to Town again  
this week, and then buzzed off  
into the country to stay with  
Pancela for a few days.



Janet apparently still has an  
aching heart over Sam who has  
been drafted abroad & has never  
written a word to her. So much  
for her belief in free love!!

I was to have taken Cully  
for a farewell lunch on Friday  
as she is starting work as a  
tomato- or potato- planter on Mon-  
day, but it looks now as tho'  
I shall have to postpone that  
outing. Still I have an open  
invitation to spend the weekend  
at Goring anytime, so I shall  
pay them a visit in the new  
Year.

.... I just licked out the

blanc-mange saucepan, and  
I'm inclined to think there might  
be something to this housewife.

By the way, sweet we are  
both having a rise as from  
1<sup>st</sup> November. - men another 5/-  
a week and women another 2/-  
a week (war bonus). What gets  
me is that the powers - that - be  
seem to think that the cost of  
living rises more for men than  
for women!! Anyway, havey  
we should touch that 100 mark  
on New Year's Eve. Good-o-eh?

I am now going to take  
haddie for a walk, post some  
letters including this one to  
my beloved.



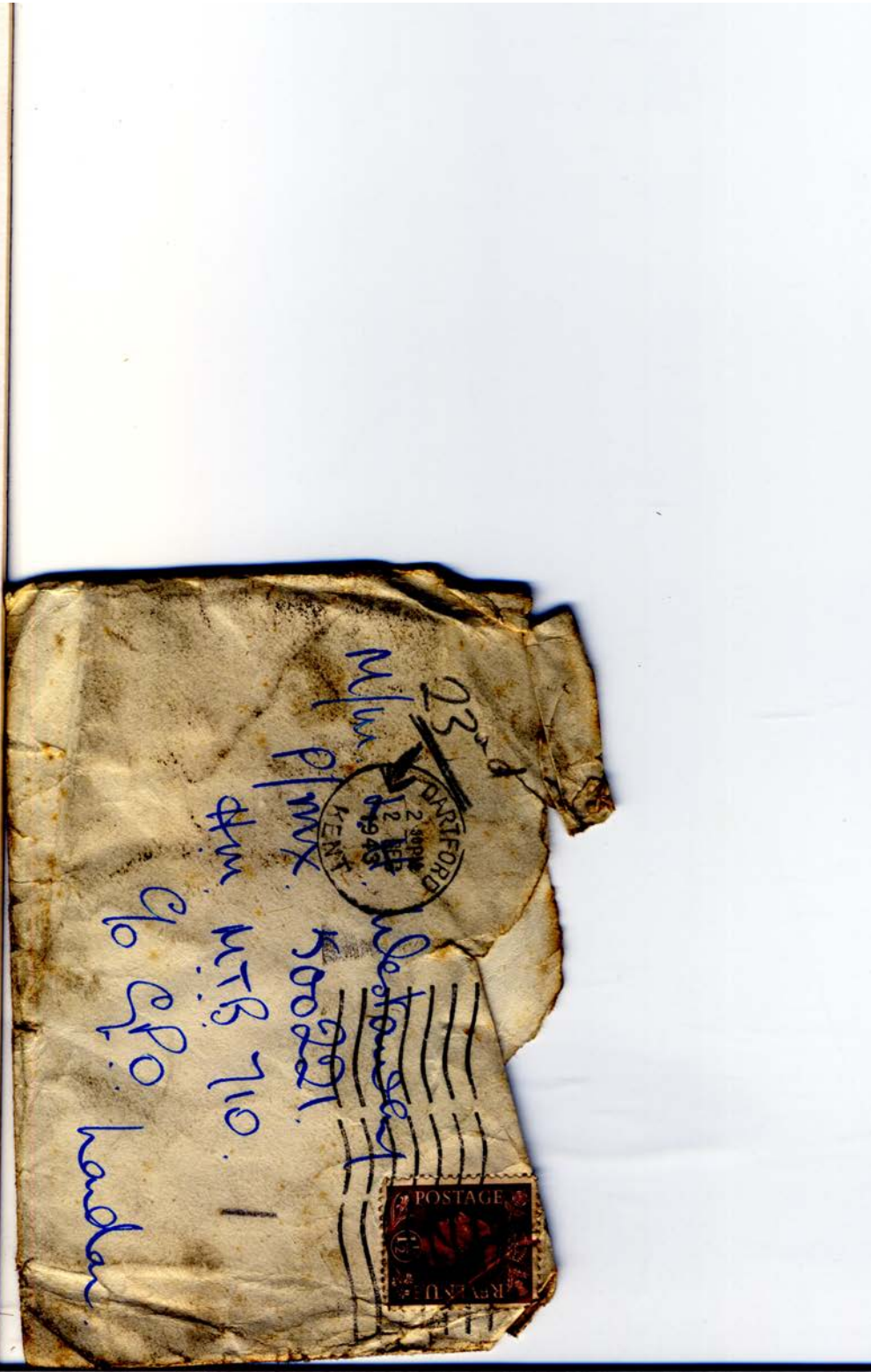
On rereading this letter I  
wonder if I have conveyed to  
you quite definitely darling that  
there's nothing more wrong with  
me than general tiredness and  
that the only reason I am taking  
a week's rest is that I don't  
want to get run right down &  
get a bad bout of flu or something.

My health these days matters  
more to me than that office, and  
I must be in the pink for  
when you come home, eh??

All my love & thoughts are  
with you, precious,

Clare  
++++  
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Mr P. M. W.

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KENT  
12 FEB  
1894  
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G. O. S. P. O. London

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