

The Flat.
Wednesday.

Hello my cherub,
There's a coal
fire burning in the grate &
comfortably clad in slacks and a
sweater and ensconced on the settee.
And I'm happy - or should I say
as happy as life permits me to
be while you are away. The
main reason for my happy state,
despite all the home comforts, is
that today I HEARD FROM MY
HUSBY.

Such a lovely long letter,
destined to put one young woman
up in the clouds. But I'm
sorry that you've so far had no
word from me cherub. I know
how empty life can be on the

days when there is no mail from my
beloved. It is sweet of you to write
as often as possible honey, cos I
do appreciate the difficulties
you undergo. No room & not much
privacy or apt to put one off
letter-writing.

When you do receive that
batch that must be waiting for
you somewhere you will find that
there has been a gap in my
correspondence, too. Sorry honey,
and I'll try not to let it happen
again. If my hubby can make
valiant efforts then so can I.

I must say you sound happy
honey - I guess it's cos your day
is full to over-flowing and that
you are doing a good job of work
that is near your heart. But
lord's sakes! must you keep

bumping yourself about. I know you are a large person to be moving about in such a small ship - but darling watch your step - especially when I'm not there to kiss the bruises back. ~~So~~ ~~Spot~~ the skin, isn't it?

So you are seeing more of this land of ours and liking it. One day sweet we must do a round trip in our own boat and visit all these beautiful spots together. And if you see any likely plots of ground where we could build our nest don't forget to stake your claim. Oh angel, does that sound grand!! Yum mee!!

It does seem a shame that all those lovely yachts and sailing boats should be lying idle

for so long at the mercy of the weather and other destructions. Can't you imagine some of these ones, maybe called up and now serving overseas, fighting maybe in sweltering heat or flying planes into the blue, or like you braving the seas, and how when they rest and relax they probably recall sweet memories of peaceful havens and beautiful English countryside. There's no knowing what glorious times those how dingy hills may have seen in the past and will see in the not-so-distant future.

I was very glad and proud too that you take the trouble to make yourself tidy in the evenings Sweetheart. Wish I could be there to dine with you despite the

5

hair-crop. I am willing to admit that under present conditions cropped hair is practicable - but I hope that in peacetime you will keep it a more becoming length. Oh please, I'd love you if you were as bald as a billiard-ball, so what the hell.

As for shirts, well, I have sent one by registered post, and have another in my drawer at the office all ready to send off. I'm glad we managed to get your shoes done for you in time. If there are any other things you want, sweet, just ask as soon as possible and I will register you another parcel. I wonder how long you will be wandering about the coast?

As you do it just for.

the trials? And will you, in due course, be posted to some base to which all mail will be sent and reach you quickly? I guess they are questions that you are asking yourself too, so I won't be a pest and will try to be patient and await developments.

It's been bitterly cold here this week and from sweltering in summer frocks we have passed to the shivering-in-winter-woolies-state. Gee! It was so sudden, and you probably remember what an ice-box over office is.

I began to worry about you. If you go ashore now and again you've got no winter stuff with you, so wear that

7

little black pullover want you
cheer. One of the women at
the office has a son who recently
received a commission, and in
changing from matebot rig to the
middy's uniform he developed
acute pleurisy & has been in
hospital ever since. So if you
want some winter woolies I'll
send them too.

Yes, I had heard that
story about the chip-stall -
among others about "hesie - the
infant prodigy." And I think
it's one of the pleasantest
I have ever listened to. I think
that the smattering of American
& other phrases & accents make
it more interesting. You keep
it that way, especially when
you say "I love you darlin'!"

Well now for some of my activities during the last few days (so's you can keep your tabs on me).

On Sunday when I arrived home for breakfast after fire watch, Gerald was there, and after brekkes + a wash and brush up we left for the Drive.

It was lovely in the Park, Swimming pool still open, by the way, and we walked very slowly over, drinking in the sunshine and sight of the grass & trees. The lake was glistening and looked tempting though swimming there is now forbidden.

We had one drink in the Blackbirds and then joined Joan for dinner. Unfortunately Frank

9

had to work all day. He has a job in a smaller firm now, & is much happier cos there is plenty to do.

The afternoon was spent quietly reading the paper or knitting in the sitting room, and after tea we all went to see Charles Haydon in 'The Vessel of Wrath'. (Not quite your meat I know, honey, but it was a good film).

On Monday I lunched with Cully, who seemed awfully hot. B. Mally is a neurotic type! Her life has been rather hectic for her lately. She took my advice and had an overhaul by a different doctor, who apparently did the job properly and discovered an ulcer or sump'n on her womb.

Cully has now to diet and have some treatment, and they hope in time to disperse the trouble.

However, Guy rang today to say that Cully had felt so rotten on Tuesday that she had packed a bag and gone down to Camp for a rest.

I'm sorry to know that she is so run down ~~but~~ but she is relieved to know at last what is the matter. Apparently her own family doctor has been patting her hard and chucking at her for years about these back-aches.

Some of these G.P.'s !!

Joan thinks she really is going to have a baby!

Everybody is thrilled about it, and there is more

11
advice than that floating
around.

Only wish I could have had
one first and tried it out for
her. She seems so young to be
going through all that alone.

They are both very happy about
it, and are waiting to have the
doctor's confirmation.

I have spent the last few
evenings doing my own odd jobs
of needlework & getting ready my
warmer clothes so that I may
devote my winter evenings to
knitting baby clothes etc.

I feel guilty cos I
have not been down to see your
mum, since the other Sunday when
we went together (seems year
ago doesn't it sweet?).

Any way I shall pay a

few visits this weekend.

I wonder where you are
moored at this moment, angel.
I hope you managed to get
ashore for a pint in the nearest
fisherman's Rest.

Get all the sleep you can
darling, and be happy.

Take care of yourself
honey, cos believe it or not you
are very precious to me,

I love you

Clare

xxx
xxx.

P.S. I'm going to bed to dream
of our last weekend together,
and all the wonderful weekends
we spent together before that.
Happy days!

24



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4