

In Bed.  
Monday.

Cherub

Before I get down to ordinary & extraordinary topics darling I must ask how your sunset is, or do you still call it your barrage balloon? And how is the cork on the boko? You know you are bound to have a third bang, so I suggest that you take a header into the nearest wall and end the suspense. But joking apart Sweetheart I'm really sorry to read about these mishaps cos though you write of them in a humorous vein they must at the time have caused you considerable pain.



Your descriptions of the places  
you have seen sound wonderful,  
and your cryptic description  
of your anchorage suggests that  
you may be at a place where  
I once spent a fortnight's holiday  
with mum & dad when we were  
children. Dad was always  
fond of your favourite (at the  
moment only theoretical) hobby. (?)

Am I right? Well  
anyway here, what does it matter  
where you are at the moment -  
the fact remains that though  
we are miles apart, yet I think  
of you always and our spirits  
still hold hands and walk  
together.

I wonder if you have  
yet received the white shirt  
I sent you over a week ago.  
I hate to think what sort



of condition you present are  
is in. I was getting together  
a few things to send you but  
if they are going to take a  
month, I'd better not send any  
perishable foodstuffs had I? I  
shall have to think about it.

Went down to Garibaldi St  
on Sunday evening.

They were glad to hear the  
latest news - thought your mum  
said she had had a letter from  
you during the week - you sweet  
man - and they were glad the  
parcel had arrived at last.

Your pop thinks you are  
O.K. & sends his love. He  
actually planted a kiss on my  
forehead before he went off to  
his watch - which made me  
no end.



Doris + Joyce came in later on  
& made us laugh describing  
how pop had his photo taken  
on Sunday mornig - complete  
with artificial carnation in  
buttonhole of mandarin. figuring  
hweely. I hope it turns out  
well. I also want one of the  
enlargements of Edgar + little Philip  
when they are done.

I've told you that we may  
be Aunt + Uncle to another baby  
in the Spring? Joan cannot  
get confirmation of it from the  
doctor for another two or three  
weeks but there seems to be no  
doubt about it. They are both  
very happy and already making  
plans for when the Great Event  
comes along.

Frank has applied for a



job in the M.O.S. and has received  
the inevitable form to fill in,  
and I'm hoping that he will be  
called upon so they could do  
with a 'nice steady income for  
a little while.' Any way if  
he can only get in he'll have a  
marvellous entrée for after the  
war into some firm if he will  
only play his cards right and  
watch chances.

I hope that the thought of  
having a child will steady him  
and make him realise his  
responsibilities. I hope I think  
since they settled into this house  
they have been much more  
contented together. A baby will  
just about tie the knot for  
them once again.

Jim rang me today. He



Sounded full of beans as usual  
& wanted to know how he  
was faring these days. I gave  
him your address & so you will  
probably be hearing from him in  
due course. Apparently Vera  
& Baby Sue are fine & dandy  
& send their love.

Tan has been awarded 2  
stripes & is thus now a  
bambardier. As far as they  
know he is still enjoying life  
in Africa.

Hux is very browned-off  
at his pore-Octie & is dying  
to get down to the real stuff  
once more.

But theres some rotten news  
about Ken Wellard.

You know what a sucker



he is for the women. Well  
the evening before his OCU  
course finished he was drafted  
for some footing duty & in  
view of it being the last opportunity  
before he left of seeing the latest  
girl-friend, he skipped the  
duty & went out for some  
fun.

Unfortunately however he was  
mussed and next morning was  
up before the brigadier, & two  
hours before the parade where  
they award (?) the commissions  
he was told that he would be  
reverted to the ranks!!

Poor hen!! But what a  
chump!! He's got all the qualities  
necessary for a good officer & he  
has to spoil his chances at the  
last minute. Pretty tough, eh?



Well my angel, I guess there  
are reams & reams of other things  
to talk about, but if your wife  
is to be a bright-eyed baby  
next time we meet, she's got  
to get her beauty sleep.

So I'll say,

Night, night,

Clare

P.S. I love you and in the morning  
when I have made up my  
face I'll give you a great  
big



Clare





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