

The Flat.

Sunday 9/10/43.

Dorling hex,

Been neglecting you
this weekend, Sweet, but that
doesn't mean I've not been thinking
of you the whole time.

These autumn mornings,
with their faint mists and bluish
sky just make me ache with
missing you. You know the kind
of rapture of the heat which
comes with Spring mornings, well
that's what I've been suffering
these last few days. Makes me
want to hug the nearest hero; be
it sailor, soldier or airman. But
never fear, honey, nobody suspects
the impulse which surges below my

Serene Countenance.

Your short note told me what I had suspected, that you were on the move once again. Its sweet the way you write to me just as often as poss. and let me say once more, honey, that your every letter brings me fresh joy no matter how short circumstances may make it.

I have not been down to see your people this weekend cos I had a lot of chores to catch up on. Life seems to be very full at the moment. I've started crocheting the baby shawl, & am just realizing that I've taken on a colossal job, so I want to concentrate upon it for a few weeks.

Went over to Cufley Towers

last evening for tea. Susan is really looking marvellous these days. And how she has changed during the few weeks that I've not seen her!! She sits by herself now on the carpet, has two front teeth, and chuckles at you all the time. She even kissed me before she went to bed - at least she leaned towards me, put her little arms around my neck and bit my cheek with her little pink gums.

How would you like me to try one like that next time. Tho' I must remember to take out my dentures to do it.

Which reminds me that I have a date with the dentist

tomorrow. Hope he doesn't find
too much to do.

--- Pause while I listen to
Paul Whiteman's Orchestra playing
"When Day is Done" -----

lovely honey, but gee I
wish you were here now. Oh
I do.

This morning there was a
programme from The Norfolk, Bm.
I could just picture Alf. Tupp &
our lovely fat Irish drummer -
but he didn't sing. Guess that
pleasure is kept purely for the
bumpers. I wouldn't mind a
Puis or John Colin this minute,
& a tête-à-tête half hour with
my hubby followed by a walk

round to the Swiss Restaurant for
dinner and dancing to that cute
four some. Wonder how soon it
will be when we'll be together
in that enchanted spot. once
again.

How goes the work in the
engine-room. Is my favourite
Killick showing himself up to standard?
And I hope you have got over the
state of banging yourself everywhere.
I hope the apples & bacey have
arrived at last angel, I'm afraid
that if you keep moving they'll
never catch up on you.

I've cut the front of my
hair shorter again and am wearing
it in curls instead of that big

Sweep. - makes a nice charge.
Vera tells me that I'm still as
skinning as ever, but for all that
am looking very well. "Marriage
evidently agrees with you."

I think it does too Sweetheart.
And how !!

I'm sending you a couple
of my curls to keep you company
on your travels, and hope they
will bring me nearer to you in
moments when you want some
feminine company.

Be good angel,
I'll see you in my
dreams,

Love you,

Clare



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