

The Flat.
Friday.

Sweetheart mine,

Joan & Frank
are over for the evening, and
we've had the usual knitting
circle.

Mum & Joan have
kept up a conversation ten to
the dozen for the last two
hours, and Frank & I have
been interposing an occasional
"yes" or "no" as the case may
be. Fun & games!!

There is now a pause
in the conversation while we

all take some (much-needed
in the case of two members at
least) liquid refreshment. Its
funny when the question of food
comes up, cos Joan has a simply
enormous appetite, these days.
Still we excuse her by saying
that the little bit extra is for
John.

She is looking demurely
fit and happy, and laughs
a lot. So that its my guess
that this time next year there
will be a bumpy bouncing
baby in the Williamson home.

I'm going to do myself
up doggy in the morning,

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little black frock with fresh
trimmings, black suede shoes
and fur jacket. Its not that
I have a date, but that I am
living in hopes that maybe my
angel will come on the scene.
Don't worry, honey, I won't
despair if no such wonderful
thing happens, but my motto
these days is "be prepared".
So if for five days a week
the office sees a neatly dressed
woman, they are going to see
her on Saturdays turn into
a glamour girl, and all in
honour of the hubby who may
turn up out of the blue.

By the way, I had a letter
from Tobie's today informing
me that it would take too much
work to try to trace my order,
but in future I may send to
them direct for baccy - so if
you still want me to I shall
fill in one of the forms pronto
and post it off. All the
same I shall head that woman
in the tobacco kiosk tomorrow.
I reckon quite a lot of
swindling goes on in this
duty-free racket.

Mother is much better in
health & spirit since her rest
from work, but despite all my

arguments in favour of her
changing her job, she seems
to have decided to return to
that dirty old factory again
on Tuesday. However, a letter
today from Gerald, after two
or three weeks silence has
made her more lively. Apparently
the old So-and-So is coming
here tomorrow.

I very much want to see
Stormy Weather again, but
it is only showing at the
Newisham Cinema, so we'll
see what happens tomorrow
and, maybe we'll all be
going there together.

See why, honey, I miss you
so much these days. I've been
seriously contemplating packing
up my job and coming to live
near you. It doesn't seem right
that we should not be together
now every possible minute.
Life without you is just a
mere existence these days, and
the only moments of joy are
those spent in reading your
bi-weekly epistles. Still we
mustn't start to grumble now
that the war is coming near
to its end.

I have high hopes that
Germany will collapse early

next year. But I wish we
knew what the demo: plans
are. Then I go again, getting
ready to cross the next
bridge!"

Another letter here from
Alix. He's still not sure
whether he is quite happy.
Funny kid!

I've almost finished "White
Jane Burns". What a fund of
humour, sensibility and
understanding that man has. I
have turned with joy morning
and evening to this book and
I have the thought of coming to

The end. I think I shall have
to re-read that chapter on
the hunchback - cos I find it
difficult to line up with the
rest of the book.

Well sweetie-pie, my
bed is calling me, and I
must away.

~~I'd blow you a kiss~~
and say a prayer for us
both, *inter alia*,

Be good darling

God bless,

• Clare.

+++++

P.S. I LOVE YOU.



Mrs. K.H. Westaway,

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40 GPO.

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