

The Flat.
Tuesday.

Angel,
We've just been listening
to Mr. Churchill's encouraging
Lord Mayor's Day Speech. Despite
the fact that he tries to damp
down those optimists who think
the war will end with a sudden
collapse in Germany, I still
feel heartened by his view that
with luck & further hard fighting
we shall win next year.

I have been worried chiefly
by the Japanese war that will

Follow this one, but the news lately seems to indicate that we keep pegging away at their shipping all the time, and as they are such a small nation compared with U.S.A. + Russia & ourselves, I don't see how they can possibly hope to build up their losses in time to meet the whole force of the Allies when the European war is over.

They are calling for volunteers at the office for Relief Workers abroad to help with food distribution, nursing, housing

3 of refugees etc etc and all the
countless tasks which will need
to be carried out if the overrun
countries are to become self-
supporting and self-governing.
Several people I know are
putting down their names, and
I should imagine there will
be many good openings for
people who are keen.

I think permanent C. Servants
like yourself will find that
on demobilisation there will
be heaps of work & opportunities
in connection with the setting-
to-rights of Europe. Of course

I seem to be assuming that you will want to return to an office job - but it may be that by then you will know if there is some other opening which will keep you in engineering.

I had an awfully sweet letter today - the one written in pencil on Friday night. I hope the remarks of those unromantic sailors (didn't know there were such things) did not reach your ears. I can imagine that I might have something to say if on fire-watch I were peacefully

§ Snoring and some love sick
wrench switched on a light
kept me awake while she
scribbled to "her hero."

Very commendable Courage
Sweetheart !! And much appreciated
by the little woman at home,
who could never have too
much of such protestations of
love.

But darling after reading
with beating heart and bated
breath I realised that there
was not a word about that
all important topic of the
moment - LEAVE

I guessed that you ^{had} heard
nothing further and in the circles
had not had anything more to
^{add} to the sentiments expressed in
your previous epistle.

Tomorrow is Fire Watch
night however, and I'll keep
my fingers crossed and my
ear glued to the phone (Cantort-
waist, your wife) in the hope
that you will ring me.

Surely after three whole weeks
of silence the fates will let
us have our three minutes of
joy!

They are showing Ring in

I "Dixie" this week, and in
the hopes that you may be
home I am leaving it till
Saturday to go to see it. If
you don't come home I shall
go on Saturday, & visit your
mum on Sunday evening.

How is that old twisted
ankle, darling? Does it keep
you tied down at all? Or
are you managing to hobble
about? I'm beginning to
think I shall have to have
you padded with cotton wool
to absorb all the bumps and
bumps you seem to get aboard
that slip of yours.

No further news of the P.O.
yet I suppose? I know
how long-winded officialdom
can be. Not been a Civil Servant
for seven years for ought!!

Well Sweet I think I ought
to build up a reserve of beauty
Sleep this week in view of
things to come (maybe).

So I'll say goodnight &
turn in.

Dreaming of you,
Clare

xxx
xxx.

Handen
Sp. G.P.O.
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P.M.X. 500221.
Mijn. 2. H. Westrauw,

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11 5AM
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