

Five watch.  
Wednesday.

Dearest bez,  
Well the telephone  
is just by my left hand, and  
I'm all agog for the ting-a-  
ling that must come this  
evening.

I'm dying to know  
whether your leave is all set,  
and when you'll be arriving  
in Town. I've got all my  
wardrobe pressed & lined up  
all ready to pack the old  
bag and go my ~~very~~ joyful  
way with my darling hubby.  
I'm literally aching to see you.

Queer thing, I was having a  
snack at lunchtime in the Express,  
and some old boy sitting opposite  
got into conversation with me,  
and after asking what service  
you were in, informed me that  
he had some relation (named  
Mills) who was in L.C.F. and  
had studied at ~~S~~ — last  
year at the same time as you!  
I wonder if you know him?  
~~He~~ went over to diesel.

Small world eh?

I'm all alone this evening,  
no-one to keep me company in  
my bunk. Joan has gone home

For some reason. Maybe she had a date, or sump'n, anyway I hope she is not sick.

So your wifey had to enter the Saloon Bar of the Pavians alone tonight. The cyposure of all eyes as she crossed to the door marked "Snack Bar." Bet you thought I was gonna say something else.

Rather a cute idea of Mrs. Parker who shared an office with Robert Benchley didn't you think?

Which reminds me that



he is starring in a film with  
Fred Astaire this week. I  
wonder what the chances are of  
our seeing it together?

I've also had excellent  
reports from Cully of the  
new, Hermione Baddeley &  
Walter Crisham Shaw, so maybe  
we could book up.

All this sounds very festive.  
But why not when there's a  
possibility that The Man Who  
Matters is coming to town.

Gee, darling, I miss you,  
How I envy all those lucky  
Wrens who happen to be stationed

5 near you! lucky people!

Talking of festivities, I haven't bought a single Xmas card or present yet. So I really think I must make a list of people to whom I ought to send greetings, and buy a few cards.

As to presents, well they will be confined to a very small list this year.

Did I tell you that since she has been home, mum is looking ten years younger and is in a much happier frame of mind. So much so,

That I have finally prevailed upon her not to go ~~down~~ back to that depressing dump, and she plucked up courage to ask her boss for a release. He has said that he will grant it if she can find a job more suitable for her and even put it into writing so that she can approach the Exchange.

Still being on the sick list she is going to spend the rest of this week looking around. I think she should easily find something lighter & maybe part-time cos everyone is just crying out for staff.



7 All of which helps to make  
life a good deal rosier for all  
concerned.

Your letters get quite dog-  
eared these days cos in the  
absence of new ones I always  
reread the previous ones.

Especially last thing at night,  
when they comfort me no end,  
and I go to sleep with a  
Smile on my face, and dream  
Sweet dreams.

I was complimented today  
on my appearance (which was  
all in honour of the hubby that  
I feel may turn up at any time)  
now)

Funny how people love that  
little black fock cos it is as  
old as the hills. Its got a  
new triming today, which I  
think will receive your approval  
when you see it. Oh boy!

hanging for that westy  
bear hug. . . . .

No, I'll tell you the rest  
when I see you.

I love you,

Clare  
-----  
x+x+x  
x+x+x



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LONDON, S.W.1  
9 30 AM  
11 NOV  
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