

The flat.

Tuesday

Dad's key,

Adelaide Hall has just  
been singing some numbers from  
"Stormy Weather" and though in  
my opinion she doesn't come up to  
her former standard, I was reminded  
very vividly of the last time you  
were home.

Saying which I will reassure  
you about my feelings on the subject  
of leave. I have now got into that  
state of being ready for you to pop  
up at any moment, but without  
the keyed-up sensation I was

experiencing this time last week. Even  
I can't keep excitement & anticipation  
at that fever pitch for ten days  
an end. After all I don't want to  
crack up into a neurotic woman when  
you do at last appear on the home  
front, angel, do I?

No, the life of sailor's wife  
is meant to be philosophical -

when you are in my arms life  
is ecstatic, when you are away  
it's - well - very few people suspect  
how utterly empty it seems.

However, Sweet, I've been as  
happy as a Sandbar for the last  
few days cos I've had lots of  
letters! You sweet thing!



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Did I tell you that Auntie Nellie has got a job in the War Office? She started yesterday, and it looks as though I shall have a travelling companion in the train again.

Remember those months & months when we came to and fro the office together? And the diversions when the blitz was on? I wish we could write a book between us on some of our experiences together, then.

So you went ashore on Saturday night, eh? And had a jig & a couple pints? Very nice too honey so long as you "remember who you've promised to, no matter where or when".

It certainly is murky these  
lights & your wife's frankly papers  
to stay at home.

So you've started playing  
rugger again? So long as you don't  
start coming on leave with broken  
bones or teeth - I am quite  
prepared to minister to you when  
cuts & bruises are involved. And

don't let me hear that any Tommy  
Wren has taken over my wife's  
duties in my absence. Don't go  
showing any of them the less  
obvious abrasions.

Stop nagging woman! He's a  
free agent isn't he? Well leave  
him alone! OK. I will.



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What a shame about your Turbill.  
We'll have to get you a new one  
when you come home, and see if  
we can leave that one to be repaired.  
Good job you've got a spare one with  
you, or I guess there would be  
more beefing than that aboard a  
certain ship what I know of.

Sauvages is off watch tonight  
and with luck I may have a  
talk with my beloved. I hope your  
Skipper will allow you ashore  
for just a half-hour at least. Long  
enough to grope your way to a  
phone, talk to me for 6 minutes and  
swallow a pint.

By the way I finished my  
black velvet hat & wore it today  
along with my red velvet frock.  
Whoops! More whistles than that!

Never mind, Cheryl, you'll be  
able to get a look-in some day  
soon, and believe me my hearts  
still & always will be in the  
same place,

Night angel,

Clare

PS Sleep tight.  
PS Sweet dreams.  
PSPS Remember I love you.



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