

The Office.
Friday lunch-time.

Dorling

So it is not to be
after all. Heigh ho. One of
those pokes on the chin that
one has to learn to take these
days, but never mind, there
are still four weeks to Christmas
and as you say the fates may
be kind to us.

Somehow the edge of
my excitement had worn off
last weekend, and I've been
more or less expecting this let-
down. There has been quite
a lot of talk lately about
German naval activity around

The Baltic and North Sea, and
when I saw the way the wind
blew, I said to myself
"Whoops, it looks as though
Coastal Forces may be busy
Soon."

After letting the Schanhorst
& Greisenen escape up-Channel
before I guess that the poss-
-what-be will be on the
watchout against them getting
back again. Course I'm
probably barking up the wrong
tree, and will have to swallow
my words if you turn up.

Darling don't blame
yourself for raising hopes, you
know how I love to hear all

The news, be it rumour or
solid fact' and I reckon I'm
enough of a Sailor's wife now
to be able to grin and bear
it while you're away.

I was only thinking yester-
day that ~~she~~ I would love
a really glamorous evening in
Taon. You know - flowers, show,
dinner, wine & taxis and my
husband. But on thinking about
it I realised that the last
mentioned was the most important
item, and if he couldn't be
there then I am quite content
to stay home & knit, write
letters & visit my friends. I
am happy that I am made
that way. However many Yanks

There may be in harden who
would willingly chum up and
spend money on a lonesome wife,
I reckon I can wait for my
good times until my husband
and I are together.

Today I hiked around
the shops looking for some
things to make up a parcel.

But honestly, darling, there
were no fruit nuts or decent
cakes at all. Reckon they're
saving the stuff up for Xmas.
Having missed your birthday
altogether I did want to send
you some tuck. Guess I'll
have to try my hand at
cooking this weekend.

Sorry that you've lost your
Cap, havers, and I'll look
around at home this weekend
for all your woollies and send
them off. Can't risk losing the
Westy job by frost-bite. Gee
what a thought!!

I believe you took your
gloves with you. eh?

Dad, if Mahanet can't
come to the mountain is there
any chance of me coming
down to you at Xmas? Tho'
if you are where I think you
are - I won't be allowed in.
Think on it, pidgeon, and let
me know what the chances
are, will you?

People keep popping in and
out so methinks I'd better
start to work.

By the way as you will
not be home I think I'll draw
what allowance is due & deposit
it in the bank. We can
always draw some out if you
come home, can't we love?

Keep smiling, honey. I am,
if it is a little weak
today.

Love you,

Clare

XXXX
XXX



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