

Sunday.

Posting mine,

Well, we had a nice quiet Christmas Day here at the Drive.

In the morning Joan & I went for a walk with haddie & incidentally tried without success to buy some beer, while mum stayed in & cooked the dinner - roast beef & the trimmings followed by Xmas pudd. If your baby pudd tastes as good as ours did then you're going to enjoy your New Year's Supper which I shall post off to you on Tuesday morning.

The wireless program all day yesterday was exceptionally good, plenty of dance music & good variety. The last three-quarters of an hour before we went to bed being spent in listening to an all-star

American broadcast with Bob Hope, Fred Allen,
Jack Benne, Dinah Shore & co. Wish you
could have been here, darling, so that we could
have chuckled over some of their wise-cracks
together. Somehow nothing in life seems to
have quite the same extra zillip that is there
when we are sharing it. But we have to
put a good face on to keep the world guessing
at our inner thoughts. Can't be ugly & spoil
other people's enjoyment, eh chicken?

Max came along to see us this morning,
and sat & spun a few yarns of life in his
O.C.V. The life seems to suit him, and I
shall be greatly surprised if we do not see a
pip on his shoulder in mid-Feb. Though
characteristically he still has his doubts about
his chances.

He was sorry to have missed you.

Ken Wellard is apparently engaged now
honey, and is in the "Glider Pilot Regt.". Should
be up in 7 days next week, so they've fipped
one another at the post as well.

Ken looks very fit and hardy, and
was wearing battle-dress with collar & tie, dark
green glengarry hat with white band &
should

And then came an interruption in the form
of a knock at the door, and your wife stretched
her legs, all unsuspectingly and opened the door.
To say I was surprised, honey, is putting it
mildly. It was like seeing a ghost, or having
one's thoughts come to life. I know my
mouth dropped open and I just gaped. I
nearly came even for a few seconds to jump
into your outstretched arms & give you the
bear-hug that you deserved. Cor!

After reading that headline in Friday's paper, the bottom was knocked clean out of my world for a few minutes. Then the numbness gradually wore off, and by the time the train chugged into Welling Station I was able to put the usual sailor's wife's brave face to the world. But gone were the thoughts of dinner! Even the delicious steak that mum placed before me was as much tasteless dough.

Then arriving at the Drive I found a different account in the evening news which cheered me up somewhat.

What you must have been through in those hours I can't imagine & I hope that our wonderful day together washed away some of the memory. It was a gloriously happy day for me, no surprise could have been more heavenly than to have you home for Christmas, and to hold you close

and to see you laugh & be happy with your family. Ah, God couldn't have named a sweeter gift for this girl.

You know, honey, you've got the most wonderful family. - They know how to enjoy life to the full, and to make others enjoy it too. They don't stand around criticising or comparing their luck with anybody else's - they accept life as it is - and find it good. I could certainly not have called it Christmas had I not spent a few hours in their company & I was all set to go when you arrived. What could have been better, eh?

As for that part of the day which we spent alone together, words can't describe such bliss! My heart just sang! There never could be another man for me, and I love him every minute of every day, together or apart.

I have thought and day-dreamed about you a lot today, wondering if you were happy, and picturing you pipe in mouth, overalls on, hands grimy with ^{oil} dirt, working away on that second love of yours. And all the time you're working there's a hope that maybe we'll be together again next weekend. Then we'll celebrate this New Year that everyone is talking about.

We'll say our little prayer together, and maybe seal it with a kiss, and since our dream is always the same, I hope yours will come true angel,

I love you,

Clare

xxxxx
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P.S. Please darling get all the rest & fresh air & sleep possible this week. Promise?

28 Dec 43



John Westland

~~John Westland~~

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~~John Westland~~