

Friday night.
Phew!!

Dad's

What a life, eh?
Great Guns!!

We've had a bit of
excitement ourselves this evening.
I went over to Cufley Towers straight
I was a bit nervous for a quiet

chat by the fire. And all
went well until the warning
went at about 9.0 o'clock.

Susan was sleeping upstairs
& for a while they thought it

best to leave her there, but the
gun fire got to a terrific pitch,
& we were just deciding to

bring baby down when there was
the most tremendous crash &
splintering & some of the ceiling
over the bureau started to come
down!

Vera gave one yell for baby,
& Tim dashed upstairs to get

She who was crying at full
pitch of her lungs.

After a few seconds of
wondering what to do, and
waiting for the next shock I
realized that we ought to get

3 into our coats & keep warm & maybe go down to the shelter.

However Mr. Bruce looked in & piloted us into his house while he & Jim & about 6 wardens shaved their way into the front room.

Apparently an A.A. shell had come straight down through the roof, the dark room, and exploded in the front room. Poor Jim & Vee, their lovely piano is ripped apart & the room is a shambles, in fact the whole house is shaken. It was miraculous

That we should all have been in
the back & escaped without a
scratch. I was sitting by the
bureau with my back to the
middle wall & it felt as though
the explosion was right behind
me ~~except that~~, as indeed it was,
except that there was the wall
in between!

So you see honey, your
old motor torpedo boat doesn't
get all the trouble that Jerry
throws around.

One laugh that Vle & I
got out of the evening was when
we were sipping tea in Mrs. B's

5 Hence & V. leaned forward &
said to me "Well this ought to
do the trick if nothing does!"

You see Mr. Bennett is a week
overdue & its got the Cufley's
worried that maybe Sue will not
be the youngest in the family
soon. She thinks maybe she
won't need that dose of dynamite
after all now this shock has
happened.

Poor kids. I went indoors
with them & talked while they
got rid of the wardens, theres
a rotten mess to clear away &

I said I wd. go as tomorrow
& help.

As for your truly she is
munching bread & cheese by the
fire in the flat of scribbly, &
her beloved hubby. Nerves
never heard of 'em!

I've had two very sweet
letters from you this week, Super,
tells me all that I love to

hear, viz: (1) that you're back to normal
life (or abnormal life) & that you're
happy and (2) that you love me
& miss me and want me, as
I want you every minute of
the day and night...

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I am told that my hair is
looking lovely - and my one
regret is that my hubby is not
looking quite so good as
baby.

Gee whizz darling there's nothing
I'd like better than for you to
carry me upstairs, undress me &
snuggle down together,
Sweetest, really, love

I love you,

Clare

P.S. - Night, night. xxxxxxxx

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