

Sweetheart,

I was wonderful to hear from you yesterday - though I can't say that the news was the best possible. I didn't like to ask too many questions but I'm dying to know what happened, and if you are OK. Sounded a bit shaky - though it may have just been a bad line.

Sorry that you've been worrying about my well-being this week - I should have emphasised more definitely in my letters that we all came out of last Friday without a scratch, I hardly even shaken up - 'it

was a shell, honey, - not a bomb!!

So there's a possibility of
base, eh? Long Bones or not!!

My fingers are permanently
crossed these days in aid of some
wish or other - mostly connected
with my beloved husband.

After your call yesterday - which
rather knocked me back on my heels,

(I suppose it is always the rotten
feeling of "what might have been");
the afternoon papers arrived giving
a statement by Eden of the treatment
of our prisoners in Jap hands -
and altogether by the time I reached
home I wanted no dinner at
all.

However Joan was there &
a tasty lamb-chop awaited me

³ So I knuckled-to and had a meal & felt better.

Joan being there, explains why I did not sit right down on the spot & scribble to you as I had intended. As it was I had to be sociable & your letter was left until now, i.e. in the train here at lunch-time.

I am going to Woolwich first to collect the new spectacles & then have for a cuppa. Frank & Joan are going to the flicks with us tonight to see Fred Astaire, and I wish with all my heart that you could come along too angel.

Never mind, our time will come, and I'll do my best then to

blot out any unpleasant memories
you may have of this last biz;
There are some grand escapist films
on in Town at the moment, &
we should be able to enjoy our
little selves together.

What do you think of St John's
Park? I posted off a letter yesterday
to the owner, & am now anxiously

awaiting his reply with details
of the rooms he has available.
Wouldn't it be heavenly if he
had the goods? Uh?

What do you know? Joan
phoned me this morning to say
that a letter arrived for me from
the L.N.S. Agency, saying that they
had a piece of luggage of mine

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abandoned at Derby! What's
the betting it's my lost black bag?
Though how it got up there I
can't imagine since I lost it
in Trafalgar Square! Mr. Farmer
heard the conversation & remarked
that he hopes you won't fear the
worst. Nice thing! Haven't
I seen Sweetheart I haven't been
spending any weekends up
North. (Joan opened my letter
guessing by the envelope that it
may be something about my bag &
she hoped I could cancel the new
specs - but I fear it is too
late.) So I guess I shall have
a spare pair in future.

Well angel the train is

getting on, so I'll put this
away & finish it off in the P.O.

Taking your last letter sounded
so chocea. What was the matter?
Are you not getting my letters,
or is it lack of sleep, or cash, or
simp'n. Or maybe just one of
those moods.

I don't like to think of

you down in the month ahead.
I hope you haven't been worrying
about me.

I'll be more careful another
time when reporting incidents.

You're a Sweetheart,

& I love you.

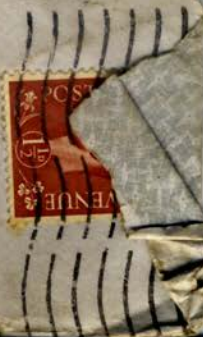
Carol

P.S. Just because I always
finish my letters that
way, doesn't mean
that the feeling is any
less alive & real.

xxx
>xx

I LOVE YOU

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