

The Sat.
Saturday.

Darling.

What does one say at
the end of two weeks of such
heaven?

It was a milestone? We
had a wonderful holiday? Our
life as man & wife has really
begun?

There just aren't enough
words to describe the glorious
warm feeling that's been seeping
into me ever since the moment
when you appeared on the threshold
of our new home with your

parcels and boxes like the true
Storybook sailor have from the
Sea.

It has been glorious, sweet
hasid it, to live alone, just we
two. - Seeing our ideas growing
and taking form before our eyes.
The Westaway mansion has at

last a solid foundation, on
which we can gradually build
our dreams.

I went back after seeing
you off and waked like a
nigger - brushing, dusting, washing
up - and generally packing up.

I must admit that, though I
talked away to myself as though
you were there to hear me, the old
empty ache began to grow on me.
Even the thought that you may be
here again tomorrow couldn't help
the sad feeling that our wonderful
fortnight was over.

And as I worked, our room
began to lose its look of home,
just a little. All books &
clothes in place - no cups and
saucers on the draining board, no
kettle on the ring - no pipe smoke

about - which means that no man
was home.

Never mind, honey. There'll be
other leaves, and now we are settled
in, they will be increasing more
joyous. Eh hi. . .

I hope you made better connections
after you left me and arrived in
time to get settled comfortably for
the night, darling.

I shall miss your arms and
warmth tonight, but maybe we'll
make up tomorrow. Hope you
make it sweetheart.

All my love,
Clare

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