

Sunday.

Dearest

life. quickly drops back
into its old routine. doesn't it
honey? Back at the flat, undies
to look out, stockings to mend &
wash and socks to overhaul. I
had a busy evening last night
settling back.

I am also trying to make
up lost time on baby's shawl, cos
it must be finished in time for
John's arrival. - can't have the little
nippe shivering with the cold.
Can we?

This morning was gloriously warm
& sunny, and I got up fairly
early as I had promised to pop
over to the Drive for various things.
Frank & Hattie are staying with us
now at the flat, and mum will
have an easier time not having
to dodge backwards and forwards
cooking and washing in the two
homes.

Frank and I took Hattie
across the park & enjoyed the
sunshine and watched the little
ducks on the lake - there are simply
thousands of them now!!

It was funny, we spotted a huge bomb crater in the middle of the ploughed land near the pool & staggered across the rough ground to investigate. It was a whopper! But luckily, being soft ground no damage was caused at all. While we were standing on the edge looking down it, Laddie came pelting towards us over the clods of earth and thinking the crater-rim was just another lump of earth he sailed straight a headfirst down the hole before we saw what was happening.

He was so surprised! He gave
one scared look round at us, scrambled
up the other side & was scampering
hell for leather across the park, before
we could get our breaths back.

I was dying to get back home to
see if you had arrived, but
apparently you couldn't make it
after all. Never mind sweetheart,

we can look forward to my (fingers
crossed) visit to your part of the
globe next weekend. I hope, I hope
I hope!

This afternoon we went to see
Joan in hospital, and she was
feeling & looking fine. They let

her get up on Saturday for a while
to test whether the activity had any
effect on her blood pressure, but
apparently that was O.K. She can't
have much wrong if she survived
this morning's test. Cos her first
day up was a very upsetting one.
Firstly she dropped a bed-pan into
the lavatory pan & smashed it -
(Joan will tell you how fragile they
are) and secondly, one of the
women collapsed & got delirious,
which upset the other occupants of
the ward, and Joan had to rush
hither & thither with more bed pans!
What a life!

If things are normal after another few days she is coming home - which fact made us all feel pretty happy.

I'm looking forward so much to your first letter sweet. I wonder if it will be a short sweet 'I love you' letter or one which rambles on and tells me all your impressions of our first fortnight together at Llewstaway Towers.

Hope the journey back was not too irksome honey though I've a feeling that having got off to such a bad start the rest may not have been too easy.

Did they fix you up with a

decent billet. - Warm bed and a
tasty supper? After a few hours
in a bain on a day like Saturday
you must have felt chocca! right
up to the back teeth!

Oh, darling, you are sweet,
and I love you with all my heart.
You're the most wonderful hubby that
any girl could wish for, and I'm
the lucky one. See!!

I'm already making plans
for the various jobs I have to do
at no. 12. Backout, cushions,
finishing off generally - not to
mention the floor-staining and

paint - cleaning. And I'd keep you
posted with all the news and items
of interest that crop up so that you
will be sharing all the joys of this
house - no have making of ours.

Life is very good, darling! And
I've one more big thing to pray
for nowadays. Write whenever you
can, angel, and don't forget your
mum.

I love you, and always will
Sweetheart.

God bless,

Clare

xxxxxx
x

Ref m.m.

~~to~~

P.M.T.

4th. M.T.B. 710.

of S.P.O.

London.



4