

Life watch.

Wednesday.

Dearest Liz,

I have just asked  
Switchboard to put you straight  
through to my office if you ring,  
and I've lit a cigarette -  
tut, tut - and am all set to  
go.

Today has been a most  
lovely Spring day. blue  
sky, westerly breeze & sunshine,  
even the almond blossom is  
beginning to break out already.  
I went to lunch & didn't  
want to come back here at  
all.

I remembered the walks that we used to take together in the Park & on the Embankment the Spring before you went into the Navy. Happy days!"

I wonder if you will nip, or whether you are back at base and on the job once again.

I wrote to your mum yesterday & explained how busy you had been since you returned off leave. - just in case you've not found time to write.

I imagine that Joan is home now once again, that Daddie has nearly wagged himself in two, and that

they have all taken themselves  
off early to the pictures.

Jim rang today to ask  
me if I was free this evening  
for a jig. Pity I'm sure.  
Watching Cos I'd have loved  
a turn around the dance  
floor once again. The height  
of crowds & lights & music  
is quite exciting. Maybe we  
will manage Simpson next  
week when I shall be free  
as the air. Incidentally  
Jim said he had written to  
you & obtained permish.

Vera & Sue are apparently  
having a happy time up



North.

I have also had a call from Cully who was in Goring for two days before hopping off to Gloucestershire on her next tour! Well, it seems has been hectic & gay, but really hard work - and she is loving the job. This second tour is expected to last 7 weeks when she hopes to get a real vacation.

Re your Home Guard. I rang them & they informed me that Captain Postlethwaite had all particulars. <sup>I had</sup> Done a breezy chat with that man

denig which time he asked  
after you, said you were cut out  
for sea life, asked if you had  
grown a beard as you seem  
to be the type who will try  
anything once and undertook  
to send me a signed chit, giving  
your date of joining the R.N.V.

He also observed that you'd  
look like a zebra with all  
those chevrons.

And how is my darling  
after all his hard work? Still  
merry and bright? Taking  
his pint as usual and making  
eyes at the blonde bombshell?

There was apparently quite  
a bit of action by R.C.F. in

The straits last night.

Today I wore my camel coat for a change, with my paisley scarf knotted à la Cowboy. I felt awfully smart & come-hitherish, and am told I looked it.

Doing I don't like the idea of another possible 3 months without sight of my hubby, not one penny bit. However, as I said on the phone, I have resigned myself to the fact that it might be tho' with a proviso in my mind that fate could not be so unkind. He will surely



manage the weekend in between,  
and though I am not building up  
any hopes, I've got my fingers  
crossed.

We are all on the qui-vive  
tonight here, cos I expect you  
read of last night's raids -  
when Jerry dropped lots of  
fire-bombs. There were apparently  
plenty of small fires around  
but not one seems to have taken  
in this place as usual.

At home it was noisy  
but as far as I could tell  
no bombs fell near.

D'you know I didn't  
go to Newisham on Saturday

So Mrs Gifford must be thinking  
of turning us out. However I  
sent off two weeks today with  
a short letter. - so we should  
be ok.

These furniture units are  
burning a hole in my pocket,  
and I am dying to get your  
replies to my letters so that  
we can place our orders.

Its exciting, this home-  
building, isn't it darling.

Oh its heavenly to be  
in love,

as I am,

Clare





Polym. H.H. Bechard.

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