

Saturday

Dadip If it were not for the fact that you are away, one could almost imagine that this is one of the glorious summer afternoons we used to know in peacetime. I have been lying out here in Danson Park for the last hour, basking in warm sunshine & trying to collect my lazy thoughts to write this letter.

The lake is not far away and I can see crowds of young kids poking around with nets & jam jars looking for tiddlers. Every now & then a cuckoo calls in the distance, and haddie lies

hear me panting from his exertions. He's been having the time of his life! Every five minutes or so he has returned to the fold from an excursion to the lake, or a scamper over the hill. Poor lamb, it is not often that he gets the chance to run wild in the grass. He spends a lot of time cooped up in the house.

The latest news of Joan is not quite so good. They gave her meat & eggs two days running to test her kidneys, & apparently the trouble has not quite cleared up, and it looks as though she will have to stay in hospital for a few more days.



3. luckily she is sensible about it and is ready to do anything they want.

I had two lovely letters from you this week, my pet, and you can guess the effect they had on my equilibrium.

It was good to hear that you have been enjoying an occasional evening ashore. Your existence these days must be extremely narrow, hence, and a break loose occasionally must be a necessity if you are to keep your proportions right. So read of your chorus at the Dance made me grin - I can just imagine you all.

So you'd get in with a gang of  
Yanks eh? Well they certainly  
seem to know how to have fun.  
I think, too, that this mixing  
is good because I think British  
people can learn a lot socially  
from the Yanks. We would do  
well to lose a little of our reserve  
& become a little more hail-fellow  
well-met.

And too I think their  
chivalrous treatment of women,  
could be copied by Englishmen. A  
woman likes nothing better than  
flattery occasionally - and to all  
accounts they treat their women  
folk like princesses.

Not that I'd swap my  
man for any one of them!



2

Sunday

Some young lovers have stolen my spot of yesterday, so you find me escorted a few yards away from the shade of the old oak tree. Otherwise all is the same except for an increase in the number of people lying out here on the grass.

You know honey I'm getting to bear this poking of ours more 'stoirically'? is that the word I want? I only know that I am training myself to put aside this longing for you, so that my heart does not ache all the time. And I have stopped allowing my

imagination to dwell all the time  
on the risks & danger & temptations  
that must fill your life at this  
time. This does not mean that  
I am trying to cut you out of  
my life. These days, we are  
much too close for the image  
of you ever to be far from my  
thoughts - but it certainly helps  
me to attain a certain peace of  
mind and quiet faith that  
is necessary if one is to remain  
normal while this war lasts.

Can you understand that?  
Though I've no doubt at all  
that you do understand. Your  
insight into my feelings here  
in your pep-talk the other day



7  
made me realize just how well  
you do know me. The funny  
way this mind of mine works.

You know when I wrote  
that letter to you I had got  
myself worked right into a fit  
of depression - You know the  
old 'nobody loves me' idea? I  
think maybe I'm too apt to  
dwell on my bad points and forget  
the few good ones. My Complexion  
a few years ago & my skinniness  
were quite a trial, but thank  
heaven that married life seems  
to be improving both.

You've made me be-  
conscious, sweetheart, & if you  
pep away long enough you may

even make me free-figure-  
Conscious too. Thanks darling  
for those kind words, you may  
now observe me strolling through  
the park with head in the air  
& a smile on my lips that  
is neither self-conscious nor  
come-hither but just plain  
happy.

I spent Tuesday evening  
at Cuffley Tapes. Jim was on  
duty & left V. & I to our own  
devices after tea & having  
settled Susan in bed & washed  
up we were sitting down for  
a jaw about Joan & the new  
baby when V's father arrived.  
It seems that Mrs Green



9 had gone to Town + he had felt like an anting too. So we left the next door neighbour in charge of Sue, + popped across the road for a pint.

The first time I'd visited the Welcome, + I liked the place + crowd. There was a dance in progress, + strains of the latest dance hits were wafted into the bar - making me long to trip the light fantastic.

The Cufleys had had a letter from Tom, written after he had heard of the shell at Glanesk. He gauded as though life had been busy lately for him, but otherwise OK. He mentioned

That he had also written to us  
but I've received nothing so far,  
and wonder if he has got the  
Welling address wrong or else  
sent to you. Have you had  
any news? His latest address  
in case you get a chance to  
write is:-

7665519. Rdr. T W Lawson  
~~C Troop. 363 Battery~~  
91st Field Regt. R.A.  
CMF.

If I don't get something  
from him this week I may  
drop him a line myself.

By the way I had a  
phone call from him last week  
saying that he'd put his knee



" out while playing Soccer, and  
would have to go into hospital  
for an operation. He sounded  
bloody miserable - excuse my  
language - but that is the only  
epithet to describe his mood  
when I talked to him. Poor  
old flux! I told him the news  
about Lesley Ann, & duly  
received good wishes for Tom  
& babe. Apparently April 12<sup>th</sup>  
was Mr flux's birthday.

When he is going into hosp:  
flux is going to let me know,  
& maybe I can visit him one  
Sunday as we all did Tom. I  
might also send him some old  
SEP'S. - They are usually very

welcome.

Dahing I hope if you get  
a day or afternoon off (is  
that funny) you will find  
time to take a bus ride back  
into the country away from  
that drab warlike spot you are  
in. All the trees are in blossom  
just now & the countryside must  
be looking heavenly.

It does  
me so much good to lie close  
to the earth & smell the scent  
of grass & trees & hear the birds.  
And I can't believe that I am  
alone in that sensation, so it  
must affect you that way too.

Gee I'd love to take a  
stroll with you along some path



lame. It would be heaven.  
And one day it will be so.

How dare you call our new baby a little frog? He the sweetest little bundle you could ever wish to see. Lovely soft pink skin & fair hair, and deep violet eyes. Gosh if she keeps that colouring she'll be a swash-eroo in years to come. As for a present, Uncle - I've been sticking stamps onto a Savings Birthday card for months, and as it has now ~~reached~~ reached the magnificent sum of £1. I propose to present it to baby from her uncle & aunt. So that OK, sweetheart? I don't think she'd appreciate a lighter just

yet, honey, be it never so posh.  
Did I tell you that they are  
forming a Netball Club at the  
Ministry & that I have put my  
name down. It will be good to  
pound up & down a court again  
& handle a ball. Do the body  
beautiful a bit of good. Cos  
hous expires!

Been sunbathing lately on  
the f'castle honey? When next  
I see that wonderful physique  
I shall expect it to be tanned  
all - well practically all - over.

Oh darling I love you &  
want you so,

Clare



24 APR  
1944



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