

The Train.
Friday.

Dearest,
Everyone was disappointed that the bearded one could not be here last evening - but I might add, no one could have been so fed up about it as me. Still I suppose as a sailor's wife I should be able to take it, and that's that.

I was far too bubbly yesterday for my own good - there was bound to be some sort of a let down before nightfall. And too I have never been so all-prepared for you before as I was yesterday.

Ah me!

But I refuse to be despondent long, honey. I'm counting too much on seeing you for a longer period

in a few weeks' time. Make a
wish, sugar, and keep those fingers
crossed.

I expect you have read in
the papers that the last few nights
have been completely raid-free in
harder. Not even a siren.

However, we are still sleeping
peacefully in the shelters cos you
never know what that slighter

Jerry will cook up next. According
to this morning's headlines, there
is a general retreat on a 500
mile front on the Russian sector
and we are pushing on in Honnards.

It can't be long now. Surely.

Banche writes home that they
have had one or two doodle-bugs,
but generally speaking life is pretty

quiet in her locality at the moment.

There was also a letter from Charlie yesterday. He is still in England, under canvass, and is cursing this blanket weather of ours. They are hoping soon to be going over to France to get a crack at the Hun, so he says. Poor chaps, they've been ready waiting it seems since D-day, and darned uncomfortably situated at that, I guess.

I told you didn't I that Joan had evacuated herself? I spoke to her on Wednesday eve on the phone, and she sounded rather homesick poor kid. Still she's pretty solid in spirit, so I reckon she will make up her

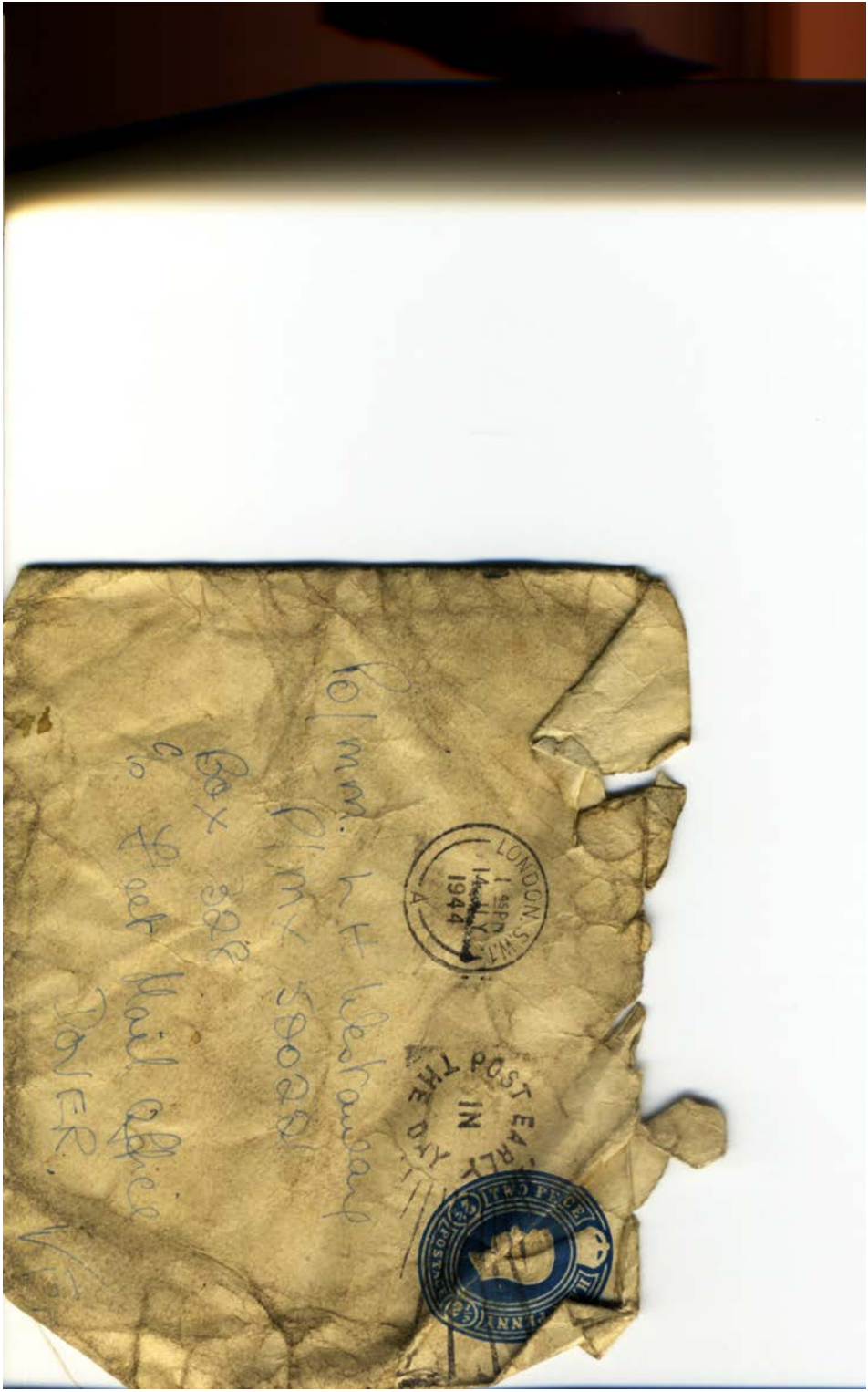
mind to grin & bear it for a
few months. All the same I think
she'll be glad to see Frank & Hadda
over the weekend.

Take care of yourself until
until I see you again. I'll be
saying a little prayer for you,
and hoping that next time you
are home the war will be
almost won.

Once we get our own little
home going again I shall never
want to be parted from my
beloved,

who is very dear to me,

Clare



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