

The Flat,  
Sunday  
Dear mine

And what sort of a  
weekend has my baby had? Did  
you have any letters or parcels  
from wifey? And have Edmund  
and the rest of the boys in the  
ward been entertaining you?

I'm looking forward to  
hearing the doctor's latest report,  
and whether you are soon going  
back aboardship. How's about  
that spell of leave or sick-leave?  
What chances are there of your  
getting home before Xmas. Good  
or bad? Still got my fingers  
crossed, you know.

As for the red peril, well I went for second fitting on Saturday, and the cape looks quite nice in its unfinished state. However the suit was not down from the workroom, so I am to go along again next week for second fitting of the whole thing, and then (I hope) it will not take many days to complete. I am quite along, and think its a good colour & will be very effective. I also wore the new shoes to see the effect. Yes, it may look quite snappy.

This has been a very full weekend for me.

On Saturday morning I rang



Jim, and was told that Ra  
was home for a few days. Her  
mother has been in hospital for nearly  
a fortnight and has had an  
operation. But Vera says she is  
very ill, and there is very little  
hope for her. It is cancer, in  
the womb, and the operation is  
merely allowing her to absorb some  
food.

It is a terrible disease. Some  
day when scientists can spare  
the time from inventing rockets,  
perhaps we shall find the cause  
and develop a cure.

While I was talking to Jim  
he handed the phone over to  
Ken Wellard, who was in his

office at the mine - up for the weekend. He sounded very full of beans, and why not, he's to be married next weekend to Queen - his Welsh girl. I gave him all the best from both of us & hoped we'd all get together one day soon.

Incidentally I don't know how far away you are, but his address from next Wednesday the 15<sup>th</sup>, until Saturday the 18<sup>th</sup>, when they are getting married,

1, OFFA St,  
Johnstown,  
Wrexham.

N. Wales.

I know he'd love to see you



on the scene next Saturday, but  
if in the circumstances you  
can't make it, maybe you'll drop  
a line & offer him the same  
advice you gave to Max.

Gee the whole gang will be  
on our side of the fence soon.

I went over to see Vera on  
Saturday evening. She is looking  
very fit, evidently the Christchurch  
air suits her, & she says that  
she'd love to hit New Zealand  
some day. She gave me some accounts of  
Susan's latest escapades and it  
seems that she is developing into  
quite a tamboy. And "as fat as  
she stands high".

I left Vera early, as I had  
promised to get back home. Tom  
Frank & baby were over, spending  
the weekend with Millie & her  
husband, Ken, who is on leave  
from the R.A.F. So I arrived  
back earlyish & joined them all.  
The drinks & eats were there in  
plenty & we had a hilarious  
evening playing pool & other  
card games. Ken is good fun,  
he and Frank were quite a  
couple of lads, and baby was an  
absolute cherub - gave a peep out  
of her all evening.

This morning I turned out our  
room, and put some books on  
the shelves. It looks nice.



I like that light oak effect  
in a bedroom - so fresh & bright  
that it cheers me up as soon  
as I open the door.

Dahip, you seem to have  
married yourself a pastry-cook.  
Having once taken the plunge, I  
ventured to make an apple tart  
for lunch today, as T & F &  
baby had stayed over. It rose  
beautifully crisp & brown &  
when it appeared on the table I  
had instructions to cut it in  
four. It was good, everybody  
thought so - and it must have  
been, cos not a crumb remained  
on the dish afterwards!

So you'd better come home  
armed with your old magnesia  
tablets - Cos as this Lambert  
bound to screw up is an apple-  
tart. I wonder if I could risk  
sending you one? Well see.  
Its the packing materials that are  
the problem more than anything  
else. So I hope you are taking  
good care of that tin.

This afternoon we left baby  
John at home & went off to  
the pictures. There was not much  
choice, so we saw 'Stagecoach'  
with John Wayne. Good old  
Lupinus & hard riding &  
Western scenery.



It is funny on Sunday  
afternoon, all the younger set seem  
to fill the audience, and they  
get so excited. It wouldn't be  
much good hoping to ~~enjoy~~ enjoy  
a serious drama with that kind  
of an audience - you have to  
enter into the spirit of jeering  
at the villain & cheering of the  
hero. I had fun.

But gosh I'm feeling tired.  
Most nights this weekend I  
have been up till pretty nearly  
midnight, and I am going  
to get between the sheets at  
a respectable hour for a few  
nights to make up.

I expect the lazy life you  
have been leading for the past  
week or so have done little to  
reduce that waistline. - and  
I'd love to see you in those  
skinny pyjamas. You Saucy  
lad!

By the bye - I am on duty  
next Sunday night in case you  
can arrange a phone call - and  
Ext 300 is the duty room. Have  
a shot darling, it would be  
heaven to talk to you.

Looking forward to my daily  
dose of uplift from you in the  
morning.

Keep smiling pet.

All my love, *Clare*  
x x x





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15 NOV 1944  
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