

The Office.
Monday.

Darling Sweet

Wasn't it a freezing
night for travelling? I do hope you
caught the ferry back, or else
found a bed in the Sailor's Hotel.
The thought of anyone having to walk
around or kip down in a billiard
room on a night like that sends
cold shivers up my spine.

Now, of course, angel I
am counting on either visiting Pompey
for the weekend, or having you up
the line for Sunday. Gee, my
Swipes are perpetually crossed these
days.

I had a glass of hot
lemon & some aspro before turning
in, but even so I seem to have

a slight cold today. I hope you had a gargle.

I've an idea you couldn't see me standing on the platform after you shut the carriage door last night. You seemed to have a look of concentration on your face as you stared out into the darkness, and though you waved I wasn't sure that you saw me waving back. I watched the lights of the train disappear around the bend as I made my way cautiously down that slippery incline. I wondered with a heavy heart whether that was to be our last weekend together for many months, or whether our luck can hold out a few more weeks.

I suddenly felt a pang for all

Those chappies who had enjoyed
7 days leave from the front on
the continent. How must they be
feeling, going back to the battle,
in snow & ice, after such a
brief spell with their wives and
families. What a war! What
a damned, foot mix up it all
is!

The people who have asked
me today if we met one another
all right on Saturday! R. Ineloe
said - "You're in for it." Sorry,
& nearly quinned up the works
honey, I'll obey instructions implicitly
next time. And I pray that there
will be a next time.

Oh I did enjoy our weekend,
didn't you? Just to have you

Strolling around the house, or tapping
on your old type-writer, or snoozing
before the fire, is simply heavenly.

If only this war would give us
half a chance we'd show them what
happiness means eh honey?

What a comedown to be sleeping
in a bunk in a cold bleak
dugout tonight after Saturday
night spent snuggled down

beside my darling. That double-
bed is a must-have after this
war.

By the way, if you were
really looking forward to
bouncing a bawny boy upon
your knee before next Christmas,
I might as well tell you that
at the moment at least, it's

not to be. Same day, maybe,
who knows?

Did you read your magazines
on the way down last night?
There was an amusing article in
Punch that made me chortle aloud
last week in the train, but for
the life of me I can't recall
what it was all about. I wish
I could write something funny
occasionally, but these days, -
although I am not downright
miserable, just sober, I guess, -
I find it difficult to write in
the old easy breezy way of
nothing & everything. Somehow
my pen wants to write serious
stuff & to get aw-sentimental-
at least I guess will think so

in years to come when this black
patch in our lives is over & done
with.

For I have a deep feeling
that this misery is near its end,
and that not very far from
now we shall be together to fashion
our future as we wish. With
no fears, and in peace & privacy.

What bliss, eh? Can't you
just see us with our fresh
little house, cosy & warm inside
because of the love & happiness
prevailing it.

Give yourself a great big
goodnight kiss for me. angel.
& love you,

Clark

x x

x

Belm. H. Westwood.

Plms. 500221.

Rees 18.

Am. S. Hornet.

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Stants



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