

The Flat.

Wednesday

Sweetheart,

What a heavenly leave!
We filled it so full that it
seemed like weeks & weeks to me -
and when I came to write up my
diary today there was loads to
say. - So much so that I had
great difficulty in fitting it all
into the itty-bitsy spaces.

Life fairly hectic at
the office, and I'm afraid I did
not have a chance to book our
seats for Saturday's Show. However
I've cut the 'Entertainments' page
out of the evening paper & will do
my stuff tomorrow willy-nilly.

I haven't told you yet
that I love you. And I do.

I saw Olive today & swapped
duty night's with her - so I shall
be due at the office on Sunday
night. Incidentally, honey, it is
my late Saturday - so I shall be
working when you arrive in Town -
at least I shall be at my desk
awaiting impatiently your phone
call to summon me to livelier places.
Notice how I am counting on this

weekend? Gee - when this war is
over I shall never want you to go
away ever more.

I shall always be popping
up to Town when you are back
home - just so's you can take me
out to lunch. I dare say you'll
get quite tired of having my
funny face around you, and will

find yourself a blonde secretary
or Sumpter, just for a change.

I hope you arrived back in
time to fix up a bed and
decent accomodation. Sugar. I'd
be scared to think of you sleeping
on a table - such a danger of
you rolling off in your sleep - huh.

As for me - I got my
trains mixed, and found I'd
missed my one back by a couple
of minutes - so I had to go to
Pimstead & take a bus. Dopey.

Gosh I didn't like the
world this morning at 6.30 am. -
when I awoke. But I was
surprised to find how light it
is when I leave home now.

We have had glorious Sunshine
all day, and from windows it
looked really springlike, but in
actual fact quite a cool breeze
was blowing. lovely clear new
moon this evening, & I think
I shall make a wish on the
stars tonight when I go to bed -
I've an idea the heavens will be
looking glorious. Maybe you will
be dreaming at that time too.

See you soon darling,
luv 'n kisses.

Clare

Polman. R.H. Westerland.

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