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The Flat.
Easter Monday.

Sweetheart

I've been thinking of you a lot this holiday, wondering where you are & what you are doing, & whether you occasionally think of your wife. Won't it be heavenly when we both start receiving letters and our questions can be answered?

It must seem strange not to be able to get up & go for a long walk (though knowing my husband I can hardly imagine him feeling that desire). For my part I have done quite a lot of walking this holiday. The weather has been sunny, and gusty. On Saturday

after writing to you I took baby
out in her pram, & Laddie came
too, right through the park, round
the Klausen house and back to
the shops. Baby sits up & chatters
all the time in the pram now,

and has reached the crawling
stage. I had to retrieve gloves
& feet etc all the time, & it
was a miracle that we arrived
back intact. Laddie just had
the time of his laugh scampering
through the grass - his legs are so
short that he just gets lost to
view in the long grass patches.

Of course I swanked along,
letting everybody imagine that dog
& baby were mine!

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We persuaded Frank & Joan to have a day in Town, & after lunch on Saturday they buzzed off, returning on the last train home. So all intents & purposes they "put on the Ritz" & generally had the sort of good time we always have together in London. Gee, it's lovely to be married to a gorgeous hunk of man who knows his way around, & knows how to give a girl a good time! I'm looking forward to doing a show with you again next year. Yours!

Mum had no inclination to go out, so, as I can't sit still these days, I took myself to see the 'Constant Nymph'. Beautifully acted, and a lovely show. - I enjoyed it so

much that I was tempted to see
it round there. Not your
type at all, however, a bit weepy.

Yesterday I spent the
afternoon & evening with Vera &
Jini. They are feeling very pleased
because their war damage claim
has been settled at £280! At
least the amount of the claim
has been settled - the cash will no
doubt arrive after the war. I
passed on your address, & I
expect they will be writing. The
latest news from Bill indicates
that he hopes to be on his way
home towards the end of April.
Wan't he be fed up at just
missing you!

Nobody seems to have heard

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From this at all, I guess I
must give Mrs Huxley a ring & find
out whether this operation is
coming off. I believe Pat is still
staying with him at Shorncliffe -
lucky pair!

Dahip, the first thing you
must do when you arrive is comb
the Taron for that camera. I want
lots of snaps just as soon after
you arrive as poss. Don't want
your baby to forget that ruffled
countenance, do you pet? As if
I could, with your photo gazing
at me all the time from the chest.

Coming home from Cufley
Towers last night I was in very
sentimental mood. Just to watch

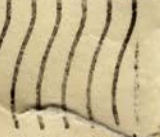
The lights twinkling behind me
as I sat in the bus going up
Shades Hill, made me think of
peacetime days. I couldn't help
feeling how well you must have
known that road when you had
your car. I just longed to turn
round & find you sitting there
beside me - this parting all a
horrible dream. I guess I shall
have this aching longing for you
always when I'm alone, or in a
huge crowd, or where it is quiet
& I am close to nature, especially
the Sunshine.

You are my life, darling, my
whole world,

Clare

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