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88A Belle Grove Rd.
Welling Kent.
Monday. 16/1/45.

Sweetie-pie,

It is days since
I wrote to you, and as I believe
you must be getting well on the
way by now, I must get down
to that ~~letter~~ a day that I
promised else hubby will be
wondering how wifey is passing
her time while he's away. Bless
you - I'm missing you, and
dreaming of you all the time.

I quite thought there
might be something waiting on
the mat for me tonight - but

no such luck - boo hoo! Your
last epistle arrived last Monday.

We've been having the most
marvellous spell of summer weather
- a real heat-wave. So you see
you have not a monopoly on the
sunshine. All the girls are
wearing summer frocks, and stockings
have been put away with the
wool balls. Its heavenly! And
I am already dreaming of open-
air bathing at the pool. Only of
course it won't be open for
another month.

I can just bet that by now
you have begun to acquire the
old Westy Tan, & are flashing

3 That magnificent torso of yours
about the decks. Old show-off.

It was my late Saturday
this week, so Mrs Lucas & I
lunched at the Coventry St. Salad
Bowl, and afterwards took a
leisurely stroll back to the office
through St. James Park. Did I
enjoy the guys & gals stretched
out on the grass by the lake.

The grass is looking so
green just now, and all the
trees are budding, lilac & blossoms
scenting the air. Yum yum.

Back at the office we did
a couple of hours solid work - then
buzzed early. Honestly this

Saturday afternoon working is a
farce!

Mum had a date in the
evening and I went off to see
V & Tim. Funny, I got on
the same bus as Tim, who
was returning from the Greyhound
tracks & as we walked along
towards Merivale he said "Bob's
home". For a moment I thought
he meant his brother, then I
saw that he was pointing to
one of the houses decked in flags
& decorated with a "welcome home
Bob" notice up. Tim doesn't
know the chap from Adam - but
he'd assumed from the ribaldry
& music floating out of the
house that there was a "do" on

5 and he proved to be correct, because later in the evening we saw Bob very full of beer & being teased by a wedding party in the Fox. He'd evidently got married too.

Everything at Cufley Towers is going fine, and all are in the pink of health. They had some photos to show me. A reel taken by Jim of baby ^{Susan} & Vera in the garden and a couple were awfully good close-ups, taken with the aid of a portrait-attachment to his Brownie. They had also received a snap of Tom, looking the same as ever, with a terrific tan on his legs. You know of course that he is now in Belgium.

As I have said, we all retired to the Fox about 9.0 together with a chap called Paddy - friend of Vera's. There I knocked back a pint of stout! All they had to drink. It seems that spirits are being held over for VE day.

I hung around longer than I intended and dizzed off eventually just in time to see the last bus disappearing up the road. Well I knew mum would be beside herself if I did not turn up - so I set out to walk over the hill home. And the first thing I do is trip up a curb (drunk again!) and fall flat on my side. You know

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have you pick yourself up &
hurry off - well that's what
I did and it wasn't until
today that I noticed an ache
all down my left side - shoulder
elbow & hip - and realized that
I must have given myself quite
a crack.

However the walk was really
lovely - warm soft evening, stars
in the sky and the gorgeous
cool smell of the woods at the
top of the hill. Only one thing
needed to make it perfect angel.
Just one person - with his hand
in mine.

Sunday was another peach
of a day, so I got up early,

and did all my chores before
lunch so that I could get out
in the sun in the afternoon.

We walked over the park to
the Drive & there spent a lazy time
in deck chairs in the garden.

Your namesake is as lovely as
ever & is now one year old.

This evening I went to see
Muriel Fisher. She was awfully
pleased to see me, and it was
good to swap notes. She has
gleaned quite a lot of information
from Jim's letters, & I was able
to fill in the gaps somewhat.

We've both got the feeling that
you'll soon be home. - we give
you a year. Hope it's sooner
however.

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Muriel is looking fit as a fiddle and is beginning to get ready for the new baby. I had a look at all the things she has collected, and we jined & jined, as only two women can. I saw the bungalow in the Sun & it really is a lovely home. One of these days, darling, who knows, we may have our own sweet home. With soft lace curtains, & heavy ones to pull in the evening when we want to shut out the rest of the world.

Wain't it be heavenly to sit on either side of our own hearth

and listen-in to the radio.
Or maybe have some friends in
& have a ship-song with you
beating it out on our 'minnie' piano.

Roll on the weeks & months
until you return home. What
a day out of heaven that will
be!

Been humming a sweet melody
today - some of the words of
which go "more than you know,
more than you know, man o' my
heart I love you so."

And its true sweetheart,
I do.

Clara
xxx



(10)

Polym. L.H. Westaway

Alex. Soozzi.

MRS. BRAGANZA

C/O G.P.O.

London