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85A Bellegrave Rd.
Wellington
Monday. 23/4/45

My darling

I've written once today already, but I must write some more before going to bed because I have been thinking of you so much today.

I wonder if you have been dreaming of home. There is a lovely programme on the radio at the moment called "England is my Village" and consists of sketches of poetry, music and reminiscences of this homeland of ours. There's no wonder that we love it so.

Although I have always been

interested in travelling, I am
Sure I couldn't leave this green
land of ours for always. One
would always want to come
back eventually, and I guess
it will seem all the sweeter to
you when you first see the
white cliffs again doing.

And what of the sights
and wonders of the world which
you are seeing now? I hope
you are keeping a diary or a
memory book of some sort, so
that when the censors allow
it, you can write it all in
detail. I am longing to
hear it all.

At night when I go to bed
I always lean out of our bedroom
window and look up at the stars
and wonder if you are looking at
the same ones with me. Orion
is right opposite our window,
so I'll blow him a kiss tonight
& maybe he'll pass it back to
you.

The air smells so sweet at this
time of the year that I sometimes
wish I could camp on the window
ledge for the night. Some day
darling we must pack our little
car with a primum & some
codies & a tent, and go touring
and camp out at night.

I have never yet tried that kind of holiday, and it must be heavenly with the right Company.

Now we can really start to plan for the future, the war here is nearly over, and by next summer you will be home again. And that is not very far away really.

Still sentimental over you,

Clare

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