

Sunday. 27.8.45.

Dearest ~~boy~~

I just glanced at the clock before settling down with pen & paper, and was reminded that a few months back at this time on a Sunday evening I'd just be putting on my coat ready to see you off at the Station.

Remember how we used to allow ourselves plenty of time to stroll slowly up to the Station Hotel, have one last drink together & then the platform, the train, one long kiss and the lights disappearing around the bend, taking you out of sight once more. And how we used to dread each

Goodbye because it might be the last  
one for a long, long time. I used  
to feel very low walking back home,  
and I do say the journey back to  
Pompey for you was no joyride. Ah  
me!

But these days - I just dream  
all the time of that next meeting.  
What does it matter if I am standing  
in sticky mud on the quayside, or  
waiting amidst herds of travellers  
on Waterloo platform. I bet any  
money you like that I'll spot that  
negged countenance of yours a mile  
off. You'll be looking around trying  
to find your little wife - and she  
-dressed to kill, and bursting her heart

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not to spoil the moment with tears, will be drinking in all the sweetness of the moment. Oh, darling, it will be so heavenly to feel your arms around me again!

You know - writing in this vein first sends me off into the most delicious day-dreams, and then I come to with a start & realise that time is flying and that my dreams don't show on paper and are therefore not much satisfaction to you. But never fear, sweetheart, I'll put my dreams into actions when you come home - I may not have a chance to practice technique these days, but

my theory will be perfect. I love  
you.

This has been what I'd call a  
lovely quiet weekend.

Yesterday when I came home  
Joan, Frank & baby were here, and  
we had lunch all together and  
gained about the end of the war.  
They are looking for a house, because  
the owners of their present one  
want to come back. It's a pretty  
hopeless task at the moment, and  
they don't appear to be worried. It  
seems that if the owners take out  
a Court order, then the Borough must  
find them accommodation.

£ Joan wants to start a dressmaking business, and I think it's an excellent idea - she'd have people clamouring. Despite the coupon shortage women manage to have an occasional new dress, and the universal aim is to get the best cloth & workmanship Cos things have to last. She designed me a sweet model some time back, but I still have not bought the material, but I must get it made for when you come home.

Everything I buy from now on is going to be extra-special & worn only on high-days & holidays. So's I will have a wardrobe suitable to dine

at Scott & Simpsons with you  
when we put on the Ritz together.

Incidentally there are some very  
good shows coming along, and the  
joy of it is we shall be seeing  
them together in a few months time.

In a couple of months you can  
start looking down the Theatre column  
& picking out those that you want  
to see. It's an absolute boom time  
for the theatre - the shortage today is  
not in plays & musicals, but in  
theatres wherein to stage 'em!!

This afternoon I chuckled at a  
shortened radio version of "A Cure for

have, a Lancashire play with Robert  
Donat in the lead. Really fine acting  
and it is actually in the West End  
now. Oh boy 1946 is going  
to show us a whale of a time!

It has been cool & wet all week  
- pity because Don's & Albert are  
away at Brighton - but today the  
Sun shone & the air warmed up  
considerably. I guess I should have  
made the most of it & gone out, but  
instead I have had a nice easy-  
breasy day at home. I always  
seem to be chasing off somewhere at  
weekends, so I made up my mind  
this week to give myself a holiday.

Very Satisfying too because I've  
cleaned all my shoes, done all my  
stockings, mended all my undies,  
sprung-cleaned our room, and done  
a couple of inches of the baby-shawl.  
- not to mention the inevitable ironing.

So now I feel nice & relaxed and  
on top of everything. I bet I'll sleep  
like a top tonight. And no Bob  
Hope cracks.

Yesterday afternoon I met Muriel  
Lischer & Jessie (the girl living with  
her at the bungalow) and we saw  
the film "National Velvet" lovely  
film about horses, set in a glorious  
bit of Sussex countryside (though with



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American actors) and with a most  
exciting film of the Grand National.  
Honestly I have never felt so excited,  
my hands got quite wet, most  
unusual for me, watching those  
glorious animals training every  
muscle, jumping & racing so gracefully  
I made a mental note that Saturday  
I must go to see a horse race. That's  
another of the many experiences of a  
lifetime that I am not so keen to  
it a date, darling?

After the film we went back to  
the bungalow for tea & afterwards to  
listen - iii. I took Muriel her  
pound of tea, and she was awfully  
pleased.

Tomorrow, as you know, I am having a half-day in order to view 12, Blessington, & see Mr Gifford about the various rents & merits & demerits of the flats. I do hope you approve the idea of going back there, Sweetheart - I think we could make it a very happy home for a time and it will be heavenly to have a place of our own. Got my fingers crossed.

Don & Albert are away for a fortnight, and Joyce & Tom are on leave again so I have not seen them. They were all so thrilled at the news last time I was there. Of course it was not official then, but the first surrender offer had come through.

11 We talked about getting together & throwing a party when you get home darling. I doubt if Edgar will go overseas now - though he is intending to stay in the R.A.F. as long as possible. - So you see it's only you that we are waiting for. But then maybe it's just as well so we can get some liquor in. Eh? Terrible shortage of drinks & smokes here in England.

I hope that cash has arrived from the bank by now sweetheart. I was very surprised that you had not received it by the 16th. Still it must be there now, & maybe you went into

Wow this weekend I bought our large  
carpet. Boy, it must be quite a thrill  
to go into a shop & actually have a  
selection!

Incidentally I still owe you £2 of  
Don's's rug money, and I must remember  
to buy some P.O.'s this week & send  
'em off.

Have tomorrow, baby-mine. Sign  
off to bed now,

Sleep tight, and sweet dreams.

All my love & kisses.

Clare

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Colm. L. H. Westraent  
Plmx. 500221.

Miss. Bragouza  
Central Jeros.

Bombay

INDIA

