

The Flat Thursday

Darling hey,

I'm feeling a teeny bit depressed tonight, angel, cos I haven't had a letter from you all week. I think too it may be a combination of the cold, wet weather, & my Fire Guard last night, which always leaves me in need of a good night's rest.

The boiler-fire is red hot tonight so I think I'll go and have a lazy, hot, bath and get my head down early. The sooner I get to bed the sooner I shall be getting up - and I hope there will be a sweet letter waiting for me at the office. Gee, its purgatory when I don't get a word from my loved one! I hope you are getting my letters on, Sweet, cos I'm sending them all to Hux. Attack.

Hux is coming up to Town tomorrow and is calling for me & taking me to lunch. Nice, eh? I shall be able to pass on your letter then. Did I tell you about the fall

Hux had before he came on leave? He was out on a manoeuvre and fell 12 foot into 2 feet of water - not enough water to save him from a nasty knock on the stones underneath, but plenty to soak him to the skin! It seems that most of his life is spent in wet clothes these days - he said he was not sorry to see it rain when he came home cos he could sit indoors nice & dry and warm & gloat.

I saw a natty little joke in Reader's Digest last night:-

"A destroyer passing another in the night spotted a light aboard her, & signalled "Pardon me, your ship is shining." Cute, eh?"

Itma is still going strong - though it doesn't seem so funny to me since I saw the film. Tommy is still as clever with his patter.

Hope you have a happy weekend, angel,
I'll be dreaming of you, sweet,

All my love

Clare

xxxxxx
xx

Your letter just
arrived again
Will write sweet
Clare

LONDON, S.W.
11 4 JUNE
1966



M/M L. H. WESTERMAN
P/MX. 500221

#IMS ATTACK,

Message (4)

Portland. Dorset.