

Dearest man, Once again I'm bumping  
in bed, & once again in my chiffer  
nightie - and kindly behave like  
a gentleman tonight Mr. Westaway.  
You ought to know better.

Did you go into Weymouth  
on Tuesday here, and is there  
any chance of accomodating your  
wife down here one weekend, or do  
you think you will be  
tacked onto a 6 day leave? It  
seems such ages since I last saw  
you - the prospect of two weekends  
away from you is definitely not  
rosy. Still we'll make the best  
of it, won't we herey?

Porting if I'm to write  
much more to you you'll have  
to lend me a couple of matchsticks  
cos my eyes refuse to keep open.



I was on guard again last night and about 4.0 am. a foghorn started to blow at regular intervals. at least it sounded like one. In fact, it was one of the girls snoring as hard as she could go. I've never heard such a row - the blast-proof shelters fairly shook!! But thank heavens I haven't to go on again until Wednesday week.

What are you going to do with yourself over Whitsun angel? Have you made any plans and are you having any time off? As you know we are having Sat & Sun & Monday & Mum & Co. have asked me to go to Newsham Hippodrome with them on Saturday. I'm not so sure that I want to



go but I said 'yes'. If it  
is fine on Sunday I shall  
probably go over the Pool - I've  
no doubt that's where I shall  
find Jim Vera & Susan.

I hope you will be able  
to do some swimming down  
there. Is there a part of the  
beach open somewhere near where  
you can sea bathe? The

descriptions you give of the  
Views - cliffs, grassy banks,  
the sea & the bay - sound  
simply grand! As you say  
you should be a bigger & better  
man when next we meet. Or  
is that possible?

Funny that the Johnny  
who interviewed you should also



be a Plunsteadite - you always  
seem to be running into them.

I sent off some paper & encls.  
of the SEP. to you tonight &  
am hoping they will arrive  
before the weekend.

And now duckie, your  
wife is really going to tuck  
herself up for the night & go

to bye-byes thinking of the  
man she loves.

Sweet dream pidgeon,  
God bless,

Clare

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xxxxx  
xx

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M/M P. H. WESTAWAY

P/My 500221.

H.M.S. ATTACK  
(Mess 4)

PORTLAND,  
DORSET.