

The Flat.

Whit Monday.

Sweetheart mine.

By the time you get this letter I expect you'll be under the impression that your wife has deserted you - its two or three days since I've written. Come to think of it - its quite a few days since I heard from my hubby - what is this, a sit-down strike?

What have you been doing with yourself this weekend sweet, anything going on in Camp? The weather here has been so unsettled, rain, fine, wind, hot, cold that it has been difficult to plan anything. I meant to go over to the Pool one day during the

holiday - but somehow have never quite got down to it. You know me - the sun has to be blazing out of a clear blue sky before I'll go over there - especially now I haven't you around to stir me up.

Said I haven't done much at all this weekend - two nights on Fire Guard last week did things to me - and I came home on Thurs with a heavy head which developed into a rip-snorting cold. Just as well we didn't plan a weekend together at Weymouth cos my powers of entertainment, and "life-and-soul-of-the-party" were exactly nil, until this morning. I am now feeling quite my old self - hence the sudden desire to put pen to paper once again.

This morning Mum, Gerald & I strolled across Danson Park to the Drive to see Joan & Frank. The Park is looking gloriously green & the lake was sparkling in the sun. Lots of sun-tanned nude shoulders were visible in the distance at the Pool - and I couldn't help wishing we were back as we were last year with all the gang lying out on towels enjoying a life of leisure. On our way back I spotted Les Harman, who had been in & was headed home to lunch. He said it wasn't the same over there these days - none of the old gang around. When you come on leave, angel, we must put in a swim. Any likelihood of any leave in the near future

honey? I'd rather like a sight of
my handsome navy hero!

Tell you the truth Sweet, I seem
to hold a fatal fascination for the
men of the silent service. If Cully
had not been with me 'other day
ya'd have lost your wife. Two or three
times. - There were lots of naval
officers in Town coz of the "Save
Shipping" week in Trafalgar Square.
As Cully remarked "What was the
matt with her. The navy only
seemed to see Clae" - "maybe
they smell that piece of tarred rope
I've been wearing next to my
heart" Ugh!

By the way angel how
did the leaf tobacco smoke after
ya'd put in all that hard work?
Any good - or shall I send you

any chance of 4th to be getting
on with? To tell you the truth
when that sample of tarred rope
fell out of that letter I was
under the impression that that
was what you were going to
smoke!

I hope they've been feeding
you well, honey, and that you've
had a little time to yourself
to see some of the countryside or
go for a swim in the briny. You'd
better find a nice little sheltered
spot where we can spend the day
if I come down there honey. I'll
bring my little blue swimsuit
and we'll have fun. Oh h h?

I've got a distinct feeling
that this letter is somewhat an

The feeble of side - and the pen
& hence the writing are perfectly
awful - Still you want mind
Sweetheart will you.

I'll do better tomorrow - my
dinner seems to have overpowered
me a little today. I think I'll
take a nap and sleep it off.

Be a cherub and let me
hear from you soon honey - I
haven't heard since last Wednesday
- but I still love you darling.

Be good, sweet,
and God bless,

Clare

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✕✕



M/M. L.H. WESTMAN

P/mx. 500221.

HMS ATTACK (Messe 4).

PORTLAND.

DORSET.