

The Flat
Tuesday.

My dearest

Wow!! 3 letters in
a row. - could have started a
paper chase all on my own today.
And then when I arrived home
I found a picture post-card from
Weymouth. What a sweet thought
honey-lamb. I'd have loved to
have been with you yesterday
Sweetie-pie.

What a rotten, rotten shame
about your razor! Such a dirty
trick to swipe a chin's belongings!
I hope it cuts his throat! Though
I s'pose that's not possible with a
Viceroy - eh pigeon? I bet you
were fed up - it was the pride of
your heart wasn't it darling? Such

a wonderful little bit of mechanism.
I ramp up the Rolls works & Shaoran
etc etc. but was told that they'd not
made one for 2½ years, and that
they doubted whether I would find
one in England. Anyway, sweet,
I shall ask in every chemist shop
I pass - and if I see one I'll
clap down on it. Keep those spies
of yours on the lookout, honey, you
never know - it may be spotted.

Now I'll pass on a bit of news
that may cheer you up - you have
a rise of 6/6^d a week coming
to you as from June 1st (war bonus)
& your wifey collects an extra 5/6^d
a week. Not bad, eh hum? Well
make that £200 made by Xmas or
bust.

Cully and I ate more veg:

today (without the cut off the joint)
you can guess where. Actually it
was very appetising - mushrooms on
toast surrounded by onions, carrots,
green stuff and potatoes - and afterward
prunes and whipped creaming stuff,
and delicious coffee. Not bad, huh.

Its funny when Cully asks
me to lunch these days - she
comes in with a pleading look and
says something like "Cae to eat
grass with me today Clare?" You
see she knows my passion for
poke shops, roast meat etc etc and
is afraid I shall be bored with
vegetables only. Coo! I da'nt
mind patronising the place
once a week - sin'ats of fact
it probably does me a heap of
good.

By the way, Cully has heard from her hubby at last. - a cable and an airograph. She said she felt they were a bit of an anti-climax, as they were three weeks old and didn't say very much - but she must feel ~~the~~ ^{some} comfort cos it surely means that mail will probably follow on at more or less frequent intervals.

So now you can go ahead and pen a merry little epistle to my girl friend - with no qualms about causing her too much mental anguish.

Did I tell you that Mr Self landed that job he was after? Yes, he's due back tomorrow from a fortnight's leave (which he has been spending in Cornwall) and his period of service with the M.O.S. ends on June 30th. Di da! di da!

It will be a shame when he goes, cos he did bring a little life into the office - though as Clip said it was at times like living on top of a volcano! Sir Henry Self, his brother, has gone or is going back to the Purchasing Commission in America, and taking with him his wife. lucky people!

I s'pose there's no chance of my darling getting detailed to a cushy place like America is there Chummy. Cos your wife would be only too glad to throw up her job in the Ministry and follow her man to the ends of the earth. See if you can put in a good word with the Admiral. honey.

So they are lumbering you up all again. Well I must

Say, porky, it won't hurt you much to lose a few pounds, or stones, for that matter. I'm admittedly you were a fine figure of a man the last time I set eyes on you, let's see - was it as much as three years ago?

Glad to hear you have been in the sea - was it cold? Watch those currents and tides, porky, cos I don't want you carried away on the Gulf Stream - I prefer you to warm me, personally, not help warm this island home of ours (or that's what I read in my geography books).

Have you ever heard from that girl Bobby - with those snaps you promised me? I'd rather like a new picture of you, this one is

getting worn out. I thank Heaven
- help the girl if she expects you to
become a pen - friend. I demand
all the spare letter writing time you
have on hand - if you don't
think I have the right to make such
a demand I can show you my
ring and my times. So there!

So my ducky got 85 in his
exam on Friday, did he? I'm
proud of you, darling. So awfully
proud!

Next time we have dinner
together we'll drink to you - and
the Navy, - and me - and the (no!
not the Civil Service) home I shall
one day be running for we two.

I think you're a rat to
keep rubbing in how many dances
you go to. Here is your poor wife

waiting at home - Simply aching to
let the dance-floor feel her leather -
and no dashing hero to relieve the
monotony!! Cruel I call it. I warn
you the very next program looking
Yankee office who winks at me
will have his winks returned! Your
wife is gonna start digging for
gold!

But joking apart honey - I
rather miss the crowds + music of
the dance hall - and we must
try to fit a jig in next time
you are home - please, sweet?

Gee - I love you angel, and
I miss you every minute.

See you in a month's time,
or if not before.

Sweet dreams, Pidgeon,

Clare



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DORSET.