

The Flat Thursday

Dear Sweetheart;

I was just  
wading into stewed steak, carrots  
potatoes, dumplings, custard  
last evening when into the  
Canteen came one of the Fire  
Guards to tell me you had rung  
& would try to get through again!  
Imagine my disappointment! I  
couldn't have been gone more than  
five minutes and I had to miss  
a ~~bit~~ of my sweet

Well I bolted my meal  
and hopped back to the office by  
8:45 pm and sat in suspense until  
ten minutes to ten before the old  
familiar voice rang out over the  
wire. Gee - what a thrill.



The trouble of course was that I was talking in the Duty Room amongst a crowd of quiet people and was too shy to let myself go. All day I've been imagining you, or

at least trying to, sweating in the engine room with a deafening roar of the engines, and the boat speeding over the water. Hope you are getting more used to the roll now angel and not spending too many agonising minutes over a bucket.

What happens during these trials. Do you have examiners + officers aboard watching and noting every move you make? A nerve-racking business I should imagine, sweet. I'm keeping my fingers crossed tho' I hardly think



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it necessary. What you don't know about engines now, darby, can't be worth knowing.

Since the air raid in which Mile End Post Office was

~~hit up and out was the first~~  
that we have decided that all Fire Guards shall get up to the Control Room as quickly as possible after the warning. Hitherto we have only got up if it was our watch. So last evening when we retired at 11.0 we all fully ~~expected to be up and down~~ before the night was out. But to our surprise Geny allowed us to sleep peacefully until morning. For which relief much thanks. We were also told that fire watch at GWHse is going to



• be compulsory - which means that all eligible men will be roped in, leaving the girls free. I don't particularly want to do it locally as it means sleeping in a house

with lots of locals that I don't know

- so when they call on me I think I'll volunteer for Civil Defence Work

- maybe switchboard operator or  
Cump'n.

Gee I'm feeling deintish  
tired tonight. Sleeping in those  
chillers tires me out (Paradox)

and I tell you that we said

Goodbye to Mr Sell yesterday, &  
that his vacancy is not going to be  
filled. Which means that your  
wife is going to be a very busy  
girlie indeed. - She can take it  
(nous esperons).



Funny thing happened this evening.  
An empty 88 bus came up at 6.0  
and there were only a few people  
waiting so I jumped in & spread  
myself and saw Johnnie got  
~~in behind me & sat down next~~  
to me. I had to hastily tuck in  
my skirt & pick my gloves up  
off the seat though the bus was  
almost empty. He looked what  
I term 'a bit of a gay old dog'.  
Around 45 with a rakish hat  
and a stick. He proceeded to  
~~talk about the weather & such~~  
& worked & tried &c &c. Asked me  
to have tea which I declined on  
the grounds that I was in a hurry  
to get home. He then proposed  
that we make an evening of it  
sometime. "Tell mother you will be late



one evening. "When will you be free?"  
He saw me to Charip X & on the  
way I explained that I was learning  
these languages & what with the  
watching & we had a minute to

myself. I at last made my escape  
- but I hope he doesn't see me again  
at 6.0 or I shall start catching a  
77 bus. He is definitely not the  
type for a grass widow to stay  
along with. Much too old & man-  
of-the-worldish.

Nik. I've an idea that  
the way that that brown hat of  
mine gives me an air of self-  
assurance that I don't always feel.

I think I mentioned that  
Cully & I are going to spend the  
weekend together. We tried to  
book seats at the Ballet on Sat. but



found that it is the last night  
of the season & consequently all  
booked up. - So I expect we will  
go to a flick in the end. We  
plan to have most of our meals

~~at home~~  
will probably entertain a few people  
on Sunday evening. Rethinks it  
will be fun!

Then in 10 days time I may  
be on leave with my hubby. Oh  
joy! It will be six weeks almost  
since we were together. - what an age!

~~By the way, I think~~  
all go by number, haven't they  
named them? A name would be  
more sentimental than just 210.  
Though I like that number.

I hope they keep feeding you  
on steak & chips & the good things



you boys deserve the best. Though  
I doubt if you will put as much  
weight if you're going to sweat  
it all out again.

Dad, do you see get an  
overwhelming desire to hold me  
in your arms? My desire for  
you just burns at times sweet.  
I know I shall want to eat you  
when I next set eyes on you.

So watch out, for this  
Cannibal will get you!

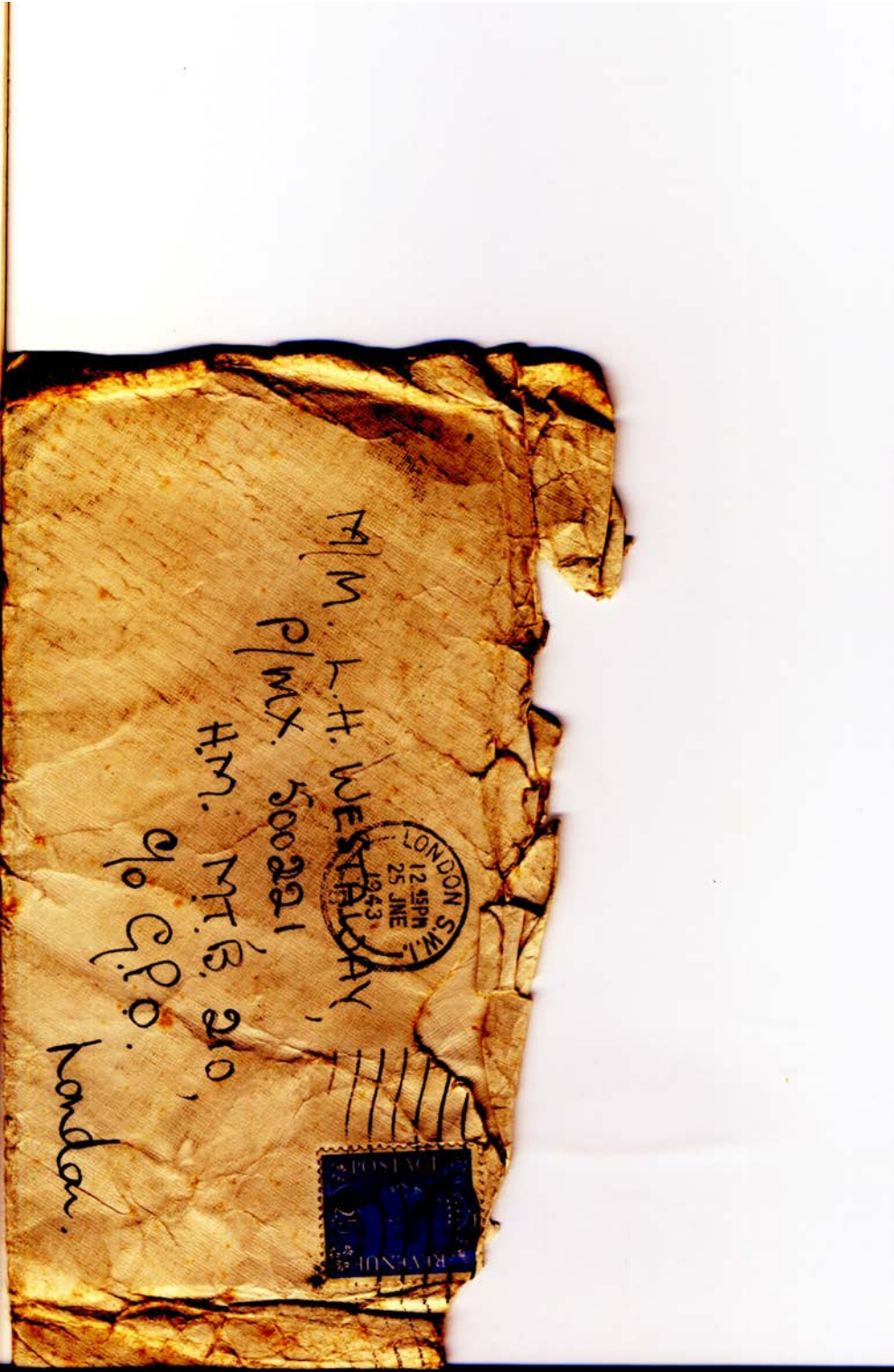
All the love & kisses in  
the world,

Clad

xxxx  
xxx

P.S. What's the name of your ho!.  
on the ship?





M/M. L.H. WESTHEAD

P/MX. 500221

HM. MTB. 210

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