

16-7-43

The Flat  
Thursday

Darling woolly-nob,

Well its

10.0 o'clock and your honey is perched up in bed with her beloved's photograph beside her. I guess by now you are back in barracks, probably sleeping the sleep of the exhausted. I'm sure I couldn't have made that journey today - I feel dead to the wide. Still a good night's rest and I'll be back in form & wishing our 10 days could be starting all over again.

See what a greedy young woman you married?

I felt that I must write to

you tonight, pidgeon, so that you  
would receive some sort of a note  
from me before the weekend (I hope)  
but I guess I haven't much to  
say this evening.

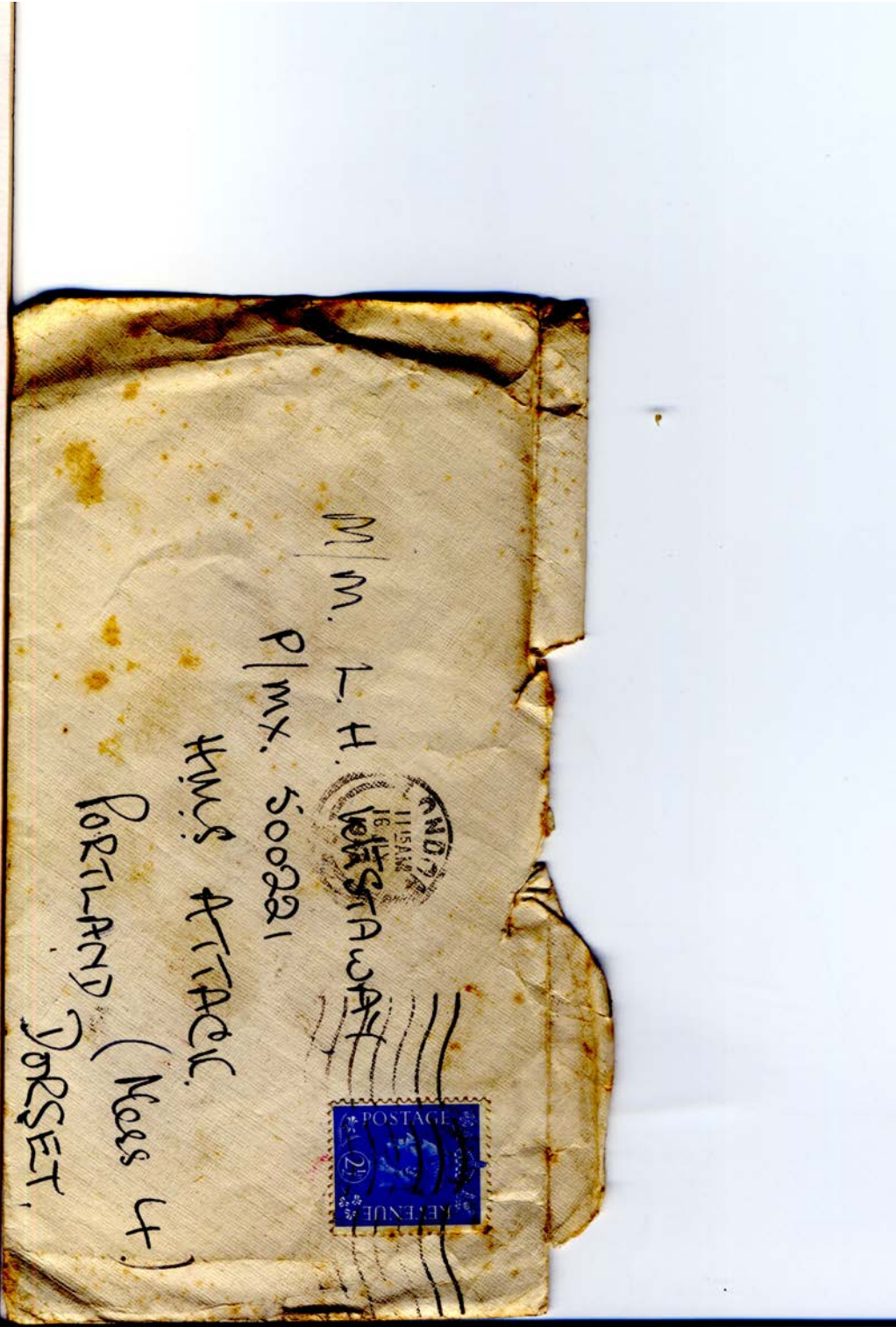
Except that I love you, angel  
and wish you were here now, and  
how heavenly it has been these  
last few days having you home  
& near all the time. One day,  
and lets hope it is not far distant,  
we shall be able to look to a future  
of peace & happiness together.

Until then darling I shall  
always be thinking of you and  
loving you,

Your wifey,  
Clare.

P.S. Happy weekend & God bless!





M/M. L. H.

P/MX. 500221

HMS ATTACHE.

PORTLAND (Nass Lt.)

DORSET

