

The Flat.

Saturday.
& Sunday.

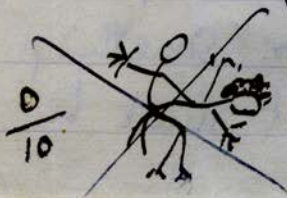
Darling,

So they've got no work for you, eh honey, kicking your heels around at you - well you can come back to Con 2. and assist your wife who is at the moment, for all intents & purposes filling the post of an H.E.O. pro tem. There's quite a lot of clearing up to do before the new man comes along - if he comes - and I'm full of beans and more energy than that.

You must be yearning to get aboard a ship sweetheart, they must be saving their favourite pupil and motor mechanic for something extra special. Still it must be

a let down after all the hard work
you've put in on this course. You
may be nobody's darling down there
my Sweet, but for me darling there
just ain't no other!

By the way honey there are
other ways and means of showing
me that I get 'under your skin' - not
only spanking. And let me tell
you that if that's the line you intend
to take, then you'll return to camp
with a cauliflower ear or a broken
nose. When a girl's been aching
for weeks for a long, lingering,
kiss, soft lights, and sweet music,
and all that goes with them
she's not going to welcome a
wrestling match.



So, "I'm growing up rapidly & surely" - "you helped a little in the beginning" - "I'm moulding myself by myself and making a good job of it." Thank you for nothing!!

I never heard anything so smug before in all my life! I suppose I should snipe & blush and say "Thank you darling." MY FOOT!!

I consider that in many respects I grew up at a very tender age - I certainly went through some tough times and had a lot of responsibilities and duties, and incidentally saw a little of the sordid side of sex.

The essentials of my character were moulded during those years and I do not think they have changed particularly in the last few years.

In one respect only am I changing. When I was a kid I used to have to get up in the morning, get my kid sister & myself off to school; we were allowed 1 1/2 hours for lunch during which time I had 15 mins journey to home, I cooked some sort of a meal, we ate it and then I rushed back to school. Diet played no part in our lives, we had the quickest and easiest meals we could - with of course an aftermath of under-nourishment & spots. You will find that mother of the family always looks after the others before herself, and that's why Joan came out of it all a little better than I.

This had one big result in me - I became reserved and

self-conscious at meeting people. It is only in the last few years that I have started to lose that over-reserve and diffidence - and that I thank you for, to a certain extent.

You may think there is self-pity there - but you are wrong. Just plain facts which you should digest if you are to understand the woman you married.

I do not consider it necessary to know every base level to which human nature will descend to reach the status of a 'grown-up'. But if you feel my education has been neglected in that respect I suggest that you don't get angry when I hear baldly at 1.0 o'clock in the morning of the indulgences of sexual perverts.

I suggest that you remember that I am an imaginative woman - 10 years younger than you are - and in future try a little more gentleness and tenderness.

If you want to know where my education is lacking, in my opinion, I consider that I do not know enough of music, art, painting, the ballet, England, the sea, the beauties of foreign countries and far lands. I hope that when this war is over we shall be able to learn of these things together.

Until then I intend to give myself a different kind of publicity so that you'll realise that I am indeed 'growing up'.

Jim called last evening and we went up to the Station for a

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couple of browns. He was going to take me dancing on Monday, but now they want him to swim, and so we may have to put it off unless he can get out of it. Shame, cos I was rather looking forward to stepping out to Stan's band.

The sun is shining once more today after a week of dull & cold winds, and I think after lunch I shall either stroll down to Garibaldi Street or over to The Drive. Which reminds me that Joan came over yesterday with a letter for you which I have readdressed to the Attack.

When I was having dinner last Wed: before firewatching the Chappie at my table started chatting to me, and we had

quite an interesting conversation for about an hour before we both had to return to our respective fire-watches. He is very socialistic in his ideas and though I disagreed with some of his beliefs and found flaws in his arguments I learned quite a lot politically.

His name is Lawrence and he looks anything between 25 and 35 years old. After refusing to see him on Thursday Friday or Saturday I compromised on dinner next Wednesday before firewatching (cos that cuts the evening short).

I can never seem to say 'no', something we women fail in. However if he seems to be too interested in me when I see him I shall just refuse any more invitations to

dinner on the grounds that my husband is coming on leave. That should do the trick, methinks.

We've just had a huge dinner of roast beef, followed by mum's good old apple-pud - we all thought of you & wished you could have been sharing it with us, honey lamb.

I thought I would finish this letter off and catch the post from Welling. I'd like to know when you receive this epistle honey so that I can learn whether it is always better to catch the first post on Monday from Town.

Next weekend we get leave on Saturday & Monday and I'm wishing that I could come down to W - with you, or else you

come home for the weekend. Any
chance of that sweet? If not
angel, I hope you will be able
to enjoy some swimming and
sunning. Vera will be home
next weekend, so I shall probably
spend the afternoons over at the
Pool.

I'm still looking to the second
week in August to see you
again, sweet. Seven whole days,
and I'm keeping my fingers
crossed.

Chin up darling
and keep smiling,
I love you,

Clark

x x x x
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x

25/7/93

M. L. H. WESTON

P/MX 500221

HMS ATTACK (MESS 4

PORTLAND

DORSET.

