

The Flat.
Sunday.

Dearest Mary,

Well what has my
cherub been doing with himself
today? Have they given you
any time for yourself, and
what sort of meals have you
been eating? Hope they haven't
detailed you for sentry-go tonight
cos the wind is whistling
around these parts, and I guess
that where you are there's a gale
blowing. Keep the old pipe going -
but don't let Johnnie the One
catch you.

I've spent a fairly relaxed
day. Did some ironing this morning
and watched the dinner cook while

Mum & Gerald went out for a walk
and a drink. This afternoon I
found some embroidery that I
started years ago, and it was
quite interesting to pick it up
again. Next time you come on
leave honey there will be one or
two embroidered table mats dotted
around our home - so you'll feel
the womanly influence around
the place.

Went over to see Vera & Tim
this evening. They were both
looking tired. Susan has a bit
of a cough and that, combined
with the tooth trouble, makes her
a sorry little mite. We walked
her around and jingled toys in
front of her and chucked and
generally tried to comfort her.

Our efforts were successful cos she was soon coming at us between occasional sobs and burps (she'd evidently also had a pain in her Mary Ann).

Between times Jim was trying to write to Bill - cos these days he finds very little time for correspondence. Bill's last letter was full of the story of some of his campaigning in North Africa. I s'pose that now that we have N.A. safe & definitely in Allied hands they don't bother to censor that sort of talk in the boys' letters.

Which reminds me that I intend to try to catch up on some of my correspondence tomorrow evening (Hux, Tom, Muriel & Betty)

but never fear angel-mine - my
favourite will be first on the
list - and then if I've time I'll
pen a few lines to the rest of 'em.

By the way, Bill has seen
some snaps of me and thinks I'm
O.K. - he thinks he's still
picking 'em nice. I'll have to go
into a huddle with that young
man when he gets back from the
war and get the low-down on
some of my predecessors. Not
that I care one jot for them
Sweetheart, except to think what
fools they were to let a wonderful
guy like you slip away.

Anyway I guess I have to
thank them - cos any feminine
company is good for the male
gender in some way or another

5

Back to the grind tomorrow at the office. I can just imagine what a pickle my desk is in at this moment. Everybody takes it as a rubbish heap on which to drop all unwanted and sticky papers. Never mind after my lovely holiday. I feel equal to tackling ten H.E.O. jobs tomorrow.

Wonder what Cully will think of my new handbag. I'll just take it to the office this once to show it off to everyone (old swank-pot !!) and then away it goes for use on "high days and holidays".

Speaking of Cully, darling, don't ever mention to her that affair I was talking about cos

I've a feeling I was a little indiscreet in telling you. But I always feel that you are so much a part of me that I tell you everything as a matter of course.

Well my angel, The B.B.C. are closing down after a program of sweet music which has made me just ache to have you hear.

I'm longing for your letters Sweetheart. I want to hear the news just as soon as anything comes through. Remember honey, whatever happens, my thoughts are always with you, loving you, always.

God bless you,

Clare
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x x
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