

The Flat.

Tuesday.

Hiya Sweetheart,

Had a letter from you today, and a very amusing and sweet epistle it was too. I guess that today you have been suffering after your inoculation, and I hope the arm didn't swell up too badly.

So, any hope of leave is out for the time being is it honey? Well, we'll just have to console ourselves with the memory of our last one Heigh ho! until fortune smiles on us again. I agree darling - it is wonderful to rub noses with the one you love, go to sleep, wake up and find

him still there - the precious!

Last night trying to get to sleep I wondered whether I could conjure up your image clearly enough to imagine that the room was our one at the Drive, that I was really sleeping on our divan & that if I cared to turn over I'd find you lying beside me, peacefully snoring. — But no such luck! My arms remained empty.

I rather enjoyed your story of the people in the carriage on Saturday, but I was surprised, nay shocked, to find you tactlessly trying to break up some happy lane before it had even passed the honeymoon stage. (I bet they cursed you soundly when they

got out of the train.) Still
you meant well honey, didn't
you? only trying to help, eh
dear? But I reckon quite a
few people wished you'd kept
your big mouth shut. Ha ha!

I love you sweet. You
can open your big mouth as
much as you like to me. He,
I love it! And every other
bit of you, too.

Enough of that. It's hot
enough here as it is, without
dreaming of thee. I believe
we're in for another August
heat-wave, and I'll bet that
you'll be bathing & sunbathing
again this weekend & showing
off your bronzed torso clad in
its new red swim-trunks.

This is the last week of term for
our language classes - after that
there is a rest of about five
weeks before the new session begins.
I think I shall just stick to
the Int: French - Cos that's the one
I enjoy most at the present
moment.

Darling, The Dramatic Club
is going to do "A Murder has
been Arranged" by Evelyn Williams
and Joan Fairlie suggested that I
should try my hand at the
juvenile lead - a young married
woman. They are holding an
audition in a fortnight's time
and I can't make up my mind
whether I'd be too scared to do
anything in front of an audience.
What do you think Chum?

By the way honey I hope you
haven't had a return visit of
that old tummy-ache since you've
been back in barracks.

Which reminds me honey. I did
like the way you coupled your
desire for me with the "burp of your
stomach". So poetical!! Down
to earth Westaway - that's my
hubby.

Cully penned a screed to
you this afternoon - had some time
to kill - so thought she might as
well try to brighten your day.

Please honey, when you write to her
don't mention what I told you
about her falling for this George
Chappie. I'm quite sure that the
feeling of remorse at causing her
hubby unhappiness will be so

many miles away (cos, of course, he has guessed what has happened from the tone of her letters) is reacting on her at the moment. I think she would wish the very minimum number of people to know about it, and I reckon I've been rather a rotten pal & betrayed a confidence. So minus the word cheat, unless of course she has mentioned it herself.

Dorling am I one of those wives who would believe a perfect stranger before my husband? I don't know.

I noticed you queried a lot of your spelling. If it was to draw attention to your large-worded vocabulary - I'm not impressed - if, on the other hand

it was meant as an apology
for your poor spelling I would
say that there is really no
need - as I'm used to it.

By the way do you spell it
CHOCOA or CHOKKA? My Navy
Stamp needs some revision.

Some new Fire-watchup
orders were published today and
I believe they will cut me
out of office F.W. I hope so.
Anyway I shall doubtless hear
more about that tomorrow evening.
Mr. Ridges usually wastes no
time in spilling the beans.

Well my cherub - I have
some ironing & mending to
do before I retire - which I
intend to do early. (Someone
told me I was looking tired today.

I didn't tell her that I was
just back from my honeymoon)

Still I mustn't get rings
round my eyes. So early to
bed for me until the roses are
back in my cheeks.

Get that haddie with a
face that only a mother could
love to stum you to sleep with
"Body & Soul" or "Memories of
You".

Sweet dreams pidgeon,
Love & kisses

Clara

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M/M. L. H. Westwood.

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P/WX. 500 221,

Redirected letter. 10/8/43
H.M.S. "Agamemnon"
c/o G.P.O., LONDON
Inform sender of your change of address.

DORSET