

The Flat

Monday

My darling hubby,

Went to lunch with Cully to the Vega today and she told me all about your visit on Sunday, and it sounds as though you had fun. It was a glorious day wasn't it?

Which also reminds me that I must get you to paint my toe-nails sometime, or brush my hair, or sump'n, brings out the male in men, I imagine. (Is that caustic, honey, Cully said you expected me to be if she recited that episode. Darling I don't really henpeck you do I? I'd hate that. I love you so.

Glad you thought of taking over  
some rum, it was a sweet thought  
Cherub. But then you're full of  
them, aren't you?

It seems that if things work out  
you may be up this weekend. I've  
no idea how I ache to see you, sweet.  
I console myself these days with  
the faith that you do love me more  
than you could any other in the  
world. I want it always to be  
that way. There's such a terrific  
amount of keen competition all  
around these days.

I'm going to meet Mrs Anderson  
tomorrow for lunch - I believe  
Cully is like her isn't she - both  
good fun & full of beans.

My weekend was fairly quiet.



On Saturday morning Gerald had packed and left a note saying "Goodbye, forever," once more. So mum was feeling rather low.

Anyway it was my early Saturday so I kept her company with some sewing during the afternoon & shampooed my hair, & we went to the Regal in the evening. The films were both amusing - 'Theatre Royal' with Stanagan & Allen (I can see you thumbing your nose) and Melvyn Douglas, Ann Southern in 'Three Hearts for Julia'. Good entertainment, and I thoroughly enjoyed it especially as - piggy - I had a Mars bar with me.

Did you get my parcel here? I've already apologised cos of its poor quality - still its the thought

behind these things eh sweet? If  
you fed the pies to the sea-gulls  
I reckon you enjoyed the apples  
& choc. Did it arrive in an  
awful jumble - I'm sure I'm too  
experienced at packing food.

Sunday morning we walked  
over to see Joan & Frank &  
jaived to them for a couple of  
hours over a pot of tea (These  
women!) Poor haddie! His  
foot is better now, but they  
discovered that he had two septic  
thorns not one and they'd been  
bandaging the foot up & probably  
all the time irritating the second  
one. Poor old man! Anyway  
he's as nimble as ever again &  
met us at the door standing on  
his hind-legs and grinning all over.



We didn't get back home till about three which made lunch quite late. By the way that wireless is going fine now. & Frank has put a polish on the cabinet which makes it look grand. They are so pleased !!

I told you the rest of the evening which I spent with your mum. I do hope you can manage to get up for the weekend, chicken. It will be a real family get-together, and mum will once more have all her three sons around her & their wives. Got my fingers crossed, darling, and your name is still in my prayers.

So you are on a boat (? ship) again, are you? I bet you're as happy as could be. I must say

The letter you sent me when you arrived sounded so full of gladness I nearly ate it. I do so like my sweet to be happy. - wish I could be there all the time to pull strings and keep a smile on your face.

You've no idea what a thrill it gave me to read your description of the rolling downs and our (<sup>dream</sup> ~~imaginary~~) bungalow. It gladdened my heart cos I'd got a faint feeling that you didn't feel the beauty of trees & grass & the landscape & sky and all the beauties of nature. I must confess that more than once I have felt a faint loss cos you were such a wonderful person and yet you never seemed to be stirred by



the countryside as I was. Probably you felt the beauty just as much but remained silent. There's often an ache in my breast to go walking through that glorious Shoreham & Eynesford valley again. As you say, Kent Surrey, Sussex they're the country for you - they can keep the Alps and the lake district! - give me a home down South - with my wonderful haz and an apple tree & a stretch of grass and I'll be happy for ever & a day. Provided of course that we can take leave of it occasionally to join our yacht & go sailing. Oh! boy! If only peace were here now!!

Dad's been dressed like a Wren today - navy chalk stripe suit, little navy shoes, white linen

blouse and my navy badge on  
my lapel - and everyone has  
said how nice I looked and  
smart. Must say - I felt good.  
I like myself in white. If you  
are a sweet thoughtful man -  
when this war is over you will  
buy me a heavy slinky white  
evening frock. Would I go to  
Town! And you in your  
white tuxedo! What a gorgeous  
pair of brutes we'd be! Happy  
days.

It's been a gloriously hot  
day - and people think we are in  
for another heat wave. How's about  
a swim over at the Pool on Saturday  
afternoon? or Sunday morning?

Remember those two heavenly days  
we spent last summer before you



went into the Navy - up at the  
Pod. And all the babies there  
were, sunning themselves?

By the way, don't get me  
wrap if I talk a lot of baby talk  
these days. honey. With all my  
friends becoming mothers, & all the  
prams on the roads these days,  
it's only naturally a subject of  
conversation. But I agree with  
you, Sweetheart, that if we can manage  
to keep them at bay, it's wise  
to wait until we are safely  
together & in our own home, after  
the war. Damn it!! The war  
I mean.

I have not heard from  
Stux yet but guess he's been too  
busy going before the W.O.S.B.  
and smartening himself up. You

know he went on Friday (the 13<sup>th</sup>)

Just has to pick a day like that.

Darling if you can manage it,  
I'd love to hear from you - but  
don't skip any beauty sleep.  
Heaven knows you need all you can  
get. If you go out at night - you  
must try to get your head down  
for at least 5 or 6 hours during  
the day. (Then I go nagging  
again).

But sweet I don't mean to  
nag or fuss - its just that  
I love you so and wish I  
could bear part of the brunt of  
this job for you.

You're everything in this  
life to me angel,

Your son

Wife



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