

The Office  
Saturday.

My own bez,

I received your sweet  
short letter this morning - so I am  
now picturing you swilling a  
pint in some tiny village pub with  
glorious country surrounding you and  
a honey-coloured moon reflected  
on gentle waves lapping the shore.  
A few yards out from the beach  
your lovely new boat is gently riding  
the waves while her crew take a  
well-earned rest ashore. Forgive  
me, darling, if my imagination is  
running wild, and facts are that  
you are sweating in the engine-room

and there's a swell to the sea. Maybe  
my little birdie has been misinformed.

So they've finally got you  
on the wave, eh, sailor-mine? Well,  
I'll keep up the old correspondence  
school, and even if you only hit  
port now & again, think how nice  
it'll be to wade through a whole  
bunch of my letters. Or are they  
all alike? I wonder. I think  
I'll only say "I love you" in about  
1 in 6. So that you won't get too  
tired of hearing it.

I hope you will manage to  
get an occasional letter to your  
ever-loving wife. As I should  
like to hear just from time to time



3 how the world is treating you.

By the way, sweet, I have not yet received my scarf, so I hope it hasn't got lost in transit. I'm looking forward to wearing it next time you are home.

I was roped in for a weekend guard at the office and as it is my late Saturday I thought I'd stay overnight and go home in the morning.

Last time I was on on a Saturday I hated every minute of it, so I determined this time to enjoy myself. I left the office at 4.30, and walked round

Vincent Square to Victoria Street.  
I'm always struck by the peaceful  
atmosphere, almost church-like in  
quality, ~~then~~ that descends upon  
Westminster on a Saturday afternoon  
and Sunday, when the Civil Servants,  
typists, taximen, etc, have wended  
their way home.

Arriving at Victoria I had a  
look at the stalls outside the New  
Vic, avoided being picked up by  
a likely-looking Chappie, paid  
over my  $2/9^d$ , and was swallowed  
up in the darkness inside.

The programme was exceptionally  
good. A murder story which had



5 quite an unusual twist, and a very good English film "Dear Octopus."

It is the story of an English family who come home to celebrate the mother & father's golden anniversary. The story evolved very simply amid laughs, tears, quarrels & proposals, and I enjoyed it all. I couldn't help putting us in the place of the old couple who had had fifty years of happy marriage & companionship & watched their children grow up & in their turn produce another generation. - if this war will only end one day & let us get together, with our own home, I think we've

all the necessary love & friendship  
towards one another, to follow their example.

I came out yawning into  
a twilight street, and felt peckish  
suddenly. Knowing of no other  
restaurant there where I could <sup>dine</sup>, I  
betook myself to the Polish Restaurant  
at the corner of Buckingham Palace

Road. The place was very hot  
and full of Poles of various ages  
and in various uniforms. But  
whatever their age or dress they all  
have the same look in their eyes.

I carefully avoided the latter,  
opened my newspaper and ordered  
a meal.



7 They do very good fried fish which is covered in dried egg & fried, and is served with fried whole potatoes and cold green salad. Exceptionally good, and I tucked in heartily. This was followed by a sort of jelly trifle. All very nice, and satisfying & I felt a new woman. Glancing at my watch I realised that it was time I was at my post, so I paid up and descended once more to the street which was by now much darker.

I decided to wait for a number 10 bus cos there were one or two others at the stop.

It was there that I made my mistake. Have you ever waited for a no 10 bus? My advice is, don't!!

The first five minutes passed fairly quickly cos I had been more or less prepared to wait that long. But the next five minutes dragged along while several buses of each of the other services passed in rotation, and a small crowd of merry Canadians joined the throng. After that the minutes seemed like hours - I knew that I could have been indoors by how hard I walked, but having waited so long I was not going



to be thwarted!! Oh dear ho!

It is by this time that you begin to say to yourself it must be the next one. (Perhaps maybe they've cut the damn bus route out altogether.) After a further fifteen minutes have passed & you have answered a few questions put to you by the now impatient choppers behind you, you begin to get desperate. The thought of how late it is getting sends you hot & cold all over and you suddenly sprint after the next 11 bus that comes along.

You strike down St. Smith St

feeling your way in the dark  
& thinking that the road has  
stretched since you last saw it.  
Then quietly as the air comes  
the soft strain of a bus changing  
gear. No it can't be! You  
go mad! The bus beat you to  
it after all! You bet those patient  
people who stayed on after you'd  
gone are grinning sardonically  
as you bark your shins against  
a milk churn that some careless  
person left on the pavement. You  
begin carefully to recite Rudyard  
Kipling's "If", and enter the  
office once more in full self-control.  
(apologies to Donald Yates).



Well, honey, my bunk is made  
and I'm feeling somewhat tired  
and ere long I shall be crashing  
down. Remember what a lovely  
time we were having this time  
last week? Gee it was grand!  
Just another golden memory now  
sweet, and I am already counting  
the days till we are once more  
together again.

Joan tells me that she has  
received a letter for you from  
Gosport & she will readdress it  
to the M.T.B. I guess it's from  
Mike, I wonder whether he has got

a boat like you. You'll have  
Some experiences to pass on to  
one another now.

Well, honey, drop me a line  
how & again, & let me know what  
you are doing & your impressions  
of your new life & the pals aboard.

You are never very far from  
my thoughts, sweet, and always  
in my heart,

Love you,

Clara

XXXXX  
XX





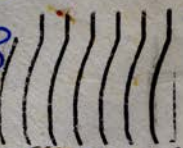
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