

The Flat.  
Friday.

Dear Liz,

It is just two weeks today since I was getting ready my clothes for our weekend at Arundel. Gee, it seems like two years!! I guess there's something in that old saying "absence makes the heart grow fonder" cos right now I could make such a loving wife for you! Cor!

I'm counting on seeing you for a few days leave before Christmas. I know that is three months away, but I don't want to be too optimistic. Wouldn't it be heavenly if we could have a few days away at Bourneham

before the year is out? Right  
at this moment it just doesn't  
bear thinking about.

I do hope my letters are  
reaching you now, Cherub, cos  
I want your morale to be  
kept on tip-top while you are  
away.

Looking away this  
morning the Sun suddenly  
gleamed on my ring and its  
rays caught my eye and  
I felt a lovely warmth  
from its blueness. You know,  
some days it is green and  
others it is blue or grey. Just  
like a drop of the ocean  
captured for me to wear,  
and bringing me somehow a



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little closer to my darling.

You sound as though your days are overflowing, but at the same time very happy and interested in your work - which is as it should be - and gives me no end of satisfaction. It's good to know that your man is doing a good job of work and liking it. As for my lighter, darling, don't worry too much about it if time is short, but I know I'll be as proud as a peacock when I can flash it about. It will probably encourage me to smoke!

Talking of smoking, honey, I hope the lacey situation aboard that MTB is O.K. I suppose it is too soon for the H square to have arrived yet.

This evening mum & Gerald have gone to the pictures and I have spent the time sewing and knitting comfortably by the fire.

There was the funniest programme from America - Charlie McCarthy & Edgar Bergen - at which I gurgled a lot. Do you have a wireless aboard, Sweet? I suppose even so there's not much time for listening - in.

The more I consider your life aboard - the more I realise what you must be missing from peace-time life. Never a minute to call your own, eating just what is put before you, sleeping in cramped quarters with other chaps - but most amazing of



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all - no womenfolk at all !!  
no wonder the sailor gets a  
name for having a wife in  
every port.

Today I lunched at the  
Vega - by myself too! I never  
thought I'd get so fond of salad  
& vegetarian food to go to the  
place without the encouragement  
of Cully's presence - but there  
you are. I partook of one  
huge raw salad - which contained  
every vegetable I know grated &  
shredded & sprinkled with cheese.  
Yum-yum. Awfully good for  
your honey's complexion. I wish  
you're a bit too far off to  
appreciate that for the moment.  
Heigh' Ho!

Did I tell you that they  
are taking the sandbags down

from the statue of Eros in  
Piccadilly Circus. What a  
glorious day that will be when  
all the bright lights are on in  
London again.

I hope I get another letter  
from you tomorrow before the  
weekend. My last one arrived  
on Wednesday (written by you  
on Sunday). By the way -  
the number of your boat is 710  
not 701. Had I not seen your  
boat and its number, I'd have  
been in an awful quandary  
after receiving that letter from  
you as you headed it with  
the wrong number. For two  
minutes I wondered if my  
letters were going to the wrong



m/m. and then the picture  
of your boat appeared in my  
mind & swept away all  
doubt. See what I mean about  
calling up images?

And speaking of images,  
your photo plays quite a large  
part in my life at the moment.  
You sweet thing!! One day, though,  
I'd like you to have one done  
in your new rig. I think I'd  
like that.

I shall certainly go down  
to see your people on Sunday  
and give them all the latest  
news of their sailor. I hope  
you have written to them since  
we last saw them 3 weeks ago  
cos otherwise mum will be  
worrying.

Jim & Vera too will be

wondering what has become of  
me. I did go out these are  
evening but they were out. And  
with the blackout now upon us  
I haven't the urge to go out  
So much. Sheer laziness really -  
you know me.

Well, my cherub, my  
eyelids are beginning to droop  
and bed calls me.

Wish you were here to  
tuck me in. No - on second  
thoughts I'd want you tucked  
in with me. Eh-hik?

You think it would be  
nice too? I thought you  
would,

Ever your,  
Clare

P.S. I LOVE YOU.



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