

The Office
Thursday.

Dohing-mine,

There was something missing in my normal routine this morning - I didn't catch the first post with a letter to my hubby as usual after fire-watch night. So, until the hoy-poy-loy, or madding crowd, or what-have-you arrive, I am going to scribble.

Phew, what a night!!

Firstly, there was the dress-rehearsal of the play, during which time your wife pottered around behind the scenes, unpacking this and that, fetching and carrying, & generally lending a helping hand. This Stage-Manager chappie is not only helpless + hopeless but he also

gets in everybody's way. They took the music away from him cos he stopped & started it all at the wrong times - upsetting completely the dramatic moments.

(To hear an agitated female shout "Stop" to the band-master, who gaily carries on instead of their being dead silence was disheartening in the extreme).

Now he forgets to chime the clock at the right time so I am to take over that part of his duties. He has now only

one task to perform - that of letting down the curtain - what's the betting he makes a mess of it. I only hope our drama does not go over to the audience as melodrama!!

They took their time over

it, and it was gone 10:30. when we finally left the theatre, and walked down to the Tube Station. I got out at Westminster and walked as quickly as I could along the Embankment, and had to run the last couple of hundred yards through pouring rain. Gee whizz, it was a murky night, & I was not sorry to reach the office.

I signed on, and buzzed straight up to my room to consume a belated supper of roll, butter + some bung-hole, and a few choc: biscuits. Yumm. yumm! I was just smacking my lips over the last bite, when there was a terrific explosion which shook doors and windows. Up I

jumped, pounced on my things,
and trotted down stairs. However
there was no sound of a warning
and the shelters were peaceful,
but for the snores of the sleeping
ones and I seriously began to
wonder whether I had dreamt it.

(It wasn't till this morning
that I learned that one or two
barage balloons were struck by
lightning in the storm).

However that wasn't the
end of the night's disturbances
as Jerry braved the storm, and
one o'clock found me porading
my floor in company with a
stirrup pump. An interesting
companion, though not much
given to light conversation - one
of the strange silent variety, no
doubt.

I heard this morning also that there were bombs near Joan's bank's place, so I guess they had a noisy time. Still I shall hear all about it tonight from mum.

I expect you learned today of the death of Admiral Dudley Pound. There was a stout heart for you. - true. Navy spirit I'd say, good old silent service! It was so recently that he retired, he obviously kept going to the last ounce. Apparently his wife died a couple of months back, rather lovely that they did not have ~~so~~ long to live alone.

I can just sit back here and picture your boat at her moonings, and wonder what you

are doing this minute. Have
you yet succumbed to the charms
of your ginger Wren? As I
said before, she shows jolly
good taste. - Shame she was
too late in the field eh?
honey??

Well Sweetie. pie, the
boss is back, and my lot
shows no sign of diminishing.
What a busy little bee!!

Don't get into mischief
honey, and remember I love

You.
Regards to the 710 gang,
Clare.

xxx
xxx



M/M. L. H. WESTAWAY,
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 HM. MTS. 710.
 c/o G.P.O. Hardani