

The Office.
Friday.

Dearest one,

Just another letter from the wife. I thought I'd better start scribbling now while the office is empty, especially as I shan't be free this evening to devote my attentions to my beloved.

Joan & Frank are coming over for tea and then we are all going to the Odeon. Mum has spent the week at home because she has bronchial catarrh. I wish she'd change her job, and I've been pegging away at her for months.

This sickness is an excellent excuse for her to approach the National Service officer for a change. I swear that its only the dust from the metal which she files all day that has weakened her chest & produced that 'aching' cough. Besides the dreary atmosphere of the place gets her down.

Last night however she said she'd seen the Harbour Exchange & been told to approach her boss for a release. She seems a bit doubtful about it, and if she lets the opportunity pass I shan't worry about it again. There are some people who just

3/ wait help themselves.

Had lunch with our friend Cully today. She really is looking fit again, and is talking about packing up the office & going on the land tomato-growing, or Sump'n.

She sends her love and hopes life is treating you well on the high seas.

By the way, take back all I said about Alexander. I'm getting a kick out of him now. You know, honey, there are parts of some of his articles that might have been

written by you! Did you base
your style on him, or have
you twin senses of humour?
But pots I have to swallow
whole, quickly and ~~not~~ dwell
on. I don't like his
unimaginative way of writing
about people's physical disabilities
& disfigurements. Over-sensitiveness
on my part no doubt, and I
guess that's the reason why
his first article about the poor
dwarf marquis nearly killed
my interest in the book.

Eve Olney has given it
to me so it's one more addition
to our ever-growing library.

And it definitely will not be
labelled "his".

I'm wearing my hair down
for a change in waves & curls.
(I can just imagine your
half-suppressed "Vgh"). I look
about 16 years, just out of
school, and Mr. Mussen, the dope,
makes whinnying noises at
me. Actually it will do
the hair good to be free for
a time, but it makes me feel
flushed and untidy. I promise
it will be on top when next
we meet.

I wonder if you will be
home soon for a weekend.

I'd like that!! Missing
you here seems to get any
better, or any less.

Last night for instance,
listening to Bing Crosby and
Robert Benchley keeping the
Yanks amused, I longed to
have you hear so that we
could share the laughs.

Its great, honey, that we get
a kick out of the same
things.

Robert Benchley did the
funniest sketch on a reading
of a Treasurers Report of a
Club of some description, by
a nervous young chap.

The way he introduced himself, half-told an anecdote and then tailed off in embarrassment, glossed over the debits, and thanked people for donations, (eg. 10 \$ in memory of a weekend at —) was sheer genius.

The audience were in fits of laughter and I could picture his funny face. Fun!!

Did you get the ounce of pacey? Sorry it was not more angel. But I hope the half-pound will soon arrive.

(Clip has just been in and presented me with a hot jam tart - which I will

now proceed to raffle.) Gee -
it is hot.

And so back to work
angel. You'll be hearing
from me again soon.

Till then I'll have you
and leave you,

'Bye angel.

Love

xxx
xxxx

P.S. If you see any Ponds Gold
Cream about, sweet, buy me the
largest pot they've got. That is
if you've any money.

Should I send you some cash?
You must be broke!

Sweetheart

This stuff is doubly scarce, &
they would only allow me one lot - herewith
I have written a letter separately. Love -
hope to get bundles of letters from you,

All my love,

Clara
x



M/w.

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30 OCT 1943
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H. Westra



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