

The Office,
Wednesday.

Honeylamb,

Such a lovely budget
arrived from you yesterday which
put me right in heaven.

I'm so glad the bacey
arrived to comfort your weekend,
and that you will be more
fortunate with supplies in
future. Tell me honey, do
you think I should keep on
trying to get a monthly
supply to you? You never know,
how that you have a pound
of pusses my belated batch
with which probably arrive in hot

pursuit! I've had no reply
from Debbie's, but I'd like to
know whether you want me to
send 8 ozs a month. Spose you
can't really have too much of
that weed, and anyway when
you get broke you can always
pass on an ounce to a
shipmate for a consideration
can't you? or would that be
illegal?

I'll understand, bye the bye,
Sweet if you don't write
for a few days while you
catch up on other comms. I'll
re-read the last few epistles

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and make believe they are new ones. Or on the other hand I could follow "Lats Waller" and sit right down ~~to~~ "it" except that a letter from me to me would not contain the things I like to hear. Things only my hubby can say.

What about that weekend leave, I heard mentioned the last time I saw my favorite Meek? Here am I simply pining for a bear hug and kiss by that good-looking chunk of man, and he prefers to play at grease-markey or helmsman, or does

he? I have me doots!!

I was interested to read that you had taken the helm dooting? How goes the navigation? And what did the skipper think of your effort? Are you going to have a go at dooting for everyone aboard? Or are you secretly working up for a commission?

I know that it is good for the crew of a small boat like yours to be interchangeable, and its just like my man to get right down to brass tacks and have a go. If you had not long ago

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reached the hundred per cent mark in my estimation I should say "Weslie, go up one!".

I bought some material today for the lining of that coat I propose to make, and also at long last the paper pattern has arrived from Vogue. So if there is no indication on Saturday morning that my weekend is to be spent in your company, then you can imagine me armed with pins & scissors &c. &c. starting on my tailoring job. It will be my first real effort at

making a coat and I want
it to look really professional.
Life seems to be very full at
home these days. Clothes are
beginning to get so old that
they need much more attention,
and I find myself spending
at least an evening a week
keeping up with the mending
apart from washing and
ironing and making anything
new. Still I enjoy picking
the needle, and I do like
to look smart.

How are your socks and
undies homey? I bet they
could do with some darning!!

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next time we are together I shall snip my needlework case and do some mending repairs. That is, of course, if we can spare the time for anything so mundane!!

Then goes waiting hezzie, goodbye for now, pidgeon -

Well, all over in 15 minutes, our defences must be hot stuff. All yours truly did was stand-by in the control room. But I'm afraid that has probably scotched any hope of a

'phone call from ma honey. Boo,
hoo!!

Seems such ages since I
heard your voice. Still I've
got my precious photo of you
to comfort me, and hosts of
lovely memories. Why, I've
only to close my eyes and
a hundred different scenes
appear wherein we play the
role of happy married people.
Then we've always our dreams
of what peace will bring,
and what with one thing
and another

I'm the happiest girl ever,
& I love you

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX Clare



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