

~~At Home.~~

Monday, 15/11/43

Sweetheart

Sorry honey I had just started this epistle last evening when I was interrupted & I'm afraid it had to be left until today.

With luck this should arrive on Thursday sometime so I'll wish you the happiest birthday ever, and we'll celebrate it together, I hope, at the weekend.

If the Navy will

release you for the evening
& you go ashore. have a
couple of pints & charge them
up to the wife.

By the way, I am
firewatching tomorrow evening,
as they are short of people,
but I guess this will
arrive too late for you to
phone me. Boo-hoo!! Anyway
I daresay you will be
rocking on the ocean. They
seem to pick an over only
possible night for a quiet
chat to send you sailing
away.

I think we'll have to buy
some sort of transmitting set
though that would be even
more taboo aboard than a
camera. Eh h h ?

Boy, du boy, if your
weather is anything like ours
at the moment I'll bet you
need your ballaclava. We
must make a note to pack
it for you while you're at
home.

I'm beginning to get all
bubbly inside about this
leave, pigeon, and keep hairy

to remind myself that no
promises were made you
merely said "prospects were
bright."

But 'sno good, I gotta
hunch that before the week's
out my man & I are going
to be cutting a rug together.

Gee, that'll be something!!

I'm just squirming with
glee, so I'll leave you
as it finds me at present,
loving you,

Clare



M/M. H. H. Westonsay, /

Plym 500221, /

4/11. MTR. 7/10, /

G/O G.P.O. /

London.

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