

Still at Home.
Sunday.

Dear Liz,

It's a most beautiful evening. Cool, clear & starry. A night made for romance & we are miles apart.

I can just imagine the sea lapping gently against the jetty, and your boat bobbing gently up & down with the swell, sea-gulls wheeling and calling and all the other magic sounds that make up the call of the sea. I hope the air is not rent late on by the sound of your engines!!

There is a most lovely
programme on the wireless at the
moment, which is casting a
spell of dreamy, lovesick quality
over me. It is being broadcast
from a Grand Hotel - and includes
music played by Albert Sandler,
andowitz & Handman. How
you must miss the wireless at
times, sweet!

If I close my eyes I can
imagine that this is the lounge
of the Norfolk where we spent so
many happy hours together, and
sipped our drinks and philosophised
on life and were oh - so happy
together. We'll have to spend
our next honeymoon in that glamour

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Taon want we honey?

I hope your knee has soon mended. How serious was it? Have you really dislocated the knee-cap, and how long does that sort of thing take to heal? You poor chinchy! Wish I could have been there to sit and hold your hand, or read to you, and put cold compresses on your leg.

By the time you have finished banging yourself about aboard that boat, your chorus girl legs will be a thing of the past. Have mind honey, mine are just as streamlined as ever, so will keep a decent pair in the family.

- Pause to listen to Warsaw Concerto -
lovely music, but I thought it was
rendered with a lack of feeling - I
suppose that duet-playing tends to
become mechanical, and to rule out
the heart.

We have had a lazy day at
home. Only sticking ourselves 'abe
in the afternoon to take haddie
across the Park for a walk. There
was no mail there, ^(at the flat) so I'm hoping
that tomorrow will bring me a
letter from my hubby and maybe
a parcel. Or haven't you sent
off the choes yet?

Let me know, want you
doing, that the two parcels I
sent you have arrived O.K. I'm

5
keeping the registration slips just
in case!!

You know it seems ages
since you were home here!
I hope you are not finding it
necessary to practise your love-
making on any Jenny when as
a substitute for your poor lovely
wife. Remember, she's a sick
woman at the moment.

Oh yeah! Joan says I'm
looking better than I've looked
for months, and I'm certainly
feeling more alive. Maybe it's
the queerly medicine that I
have to take three times a day!

Ugh!! This is made up of
Epsom Salt, a bromide, something
that burns my throat, and a
dash of peppermint. And I have
to screw up my courage every
time I take it.

Did I tell you that my certificate
said "nervous debility & insomnia"
I can just imagine Hussain's
face when he read it, & my
~~letter~~ which said I was going
to have a week's rest. Ha ha!
I'm sitting pretty & I'm damned
if I feel sorry for any of 'em.
Let 'em sweat! Let 'em stew
in their own juice! They've
put upon this girl long enough!

1 Do I hear cheers? Or are you
condemning me for not doing my
war job? No I don't think so.
You know what a conscientious
gal I am, normally, don't you
sweet? It was the rash that
did it. I don't care how washed
out I feel, or how hard I have
to work. But when my nerves
start sticking out of my skin,
and I start to itch well that's
time I had a holiday! Yawvic!

I just re-read your last
three letters & various points stick
out for special mention. (Sounds
like prize-giving day doesn't
it anfel?)

I loved your description of
coming off watch to the engine
room - or should it be on watch?
Though I guess at the time it is
no laughing matter. Have the boss
your wife got many a giggle out
of that cameo.

I won't dwell on the onion
butteries - I'll just pause to
remark that they sound ~~readable!~~
But what else could I expect from
a chap with your depraved palate?

One of these days honey I'd
like to hear that embarrassing
tale about Eileen, or was it
Irene? Sounds intriguing. You
old rogue!!

9 I ~~bet~~ bet you had them stringing
along! Dozens of 'em! But so
long as I'm your one & only now,
well, darling, that's how I like
it and want it.

By the way there are now
two lots of baccy on order - the
first from Mrs. R.C. Westaway &
the second from Clare. I'd like to
see which arrives first. If
either ever does!!

As for that snore. Well I
warn you that if you wake me
up (if I'm asleep at all when
you're next around) then I'd
have no compunction in kicking
you out. Imagine!!

There are some old SEP's here
which I am going to send on
separately, cos there's bound to
be some stuff in 'em that will
come up fresh again & anyway
I guess the other lads will enjoy
them.

Joan & the rest send their
love, and hope you will soon
be home again,

And I echo those sentiments,
daring mine, with all my
heart,

Your own

Clare

+++++



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