

The Flat.  
Tuesday.

My own darling,

I had your sweet  
Xmas eve message tonight, honey,  
when I arrived home from a  
wearisome day at the office, and  
need I say that it was like a  
flower in the desert? You're a  
darling. And apart from the  
message I see that you underlined  
the date, which just goes to show  
what a thoughtful darling you are.

I expect you are  
being kept dreadfully busy these  
days, but I hope you won't work  
too hard cos I don't want that  
job finished too soon.

I tried to whistle back at you  
on Monday morning, but I doubt  
if the wheeze that I produced  
would have carried down to you.  
I listened to your footsteps fade  
away, and then to the noise of  
a couple of trams & hoped that  
you were able to board one &  
catch your train easily.

Brrrr! I bet it was cold  
and dark out in the world at that  
uncanny hour!! I dozed off very  
soon after you had gone and was  
awake some time later & debating  
whether to get up when mum appeared  
on the scene with a jug of hot  
water, and I was soon washed  
& dressed & downstairs.

Blanche & I & Joyce went in  
to have a glass of wine & some



<sup>2</sup> cake with Doris, and were shown all their presents and cards and lots of photos, and passed a pleasant hour.

I had promised mum that I'd be back to lunch, so I left with Blanche and we were waved in true Westaway fashion all the way up Garibaldi Street. Blanche had no idea what time there would be a train but she took a chance as she wanted to be home early in the afternoon. As I said before, they're a great bunch of people and I'm proud to be one of them!

It seems queer to be on fire-watch tomorrow evening. I certainly don't spend many nights at the flat lately. (don't get me wrong, Sweetheart, will you).

I wonder if we will be together again this weekend eh, h.? If you were going to stay put, I'd almost suggest that we had our one-room flat at C — & perhaps you could get a shore-leave pass some weekends. Do you ever wish that I was moving around with you like so many Soldiers' wives? I guess it would be heavenly for us both at times, but I believe there might be heartaches occasionally if say, you were held up or didn't turn up at all, or sump'n. I'd be bound to worry. Reckon well have to stay put as we are, eh pet?

But I'll keep an eye open for a local flatlet, in case Joan Frank find this new ideal home.



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Very soon now I shall be wallowing in the bath, and no doubt wishing that my hubby could be soaping me and scrubbing my back. Ooo-ooo! That would be something! What say we bath one another on Saturday night if we get together? That's a date!

Then we can snuggle down in bed together all warm & shiny and happy. Gosh, honey, you have the power to send this girl right up into the blue - heaven they call it.

I lay in bed on Sunday night & just drift in the sweetness of just being there with you, your arms around me, and your woolly hob close to mine. And the sound

of your even breathing was music  
to my ears cos sleep is what you  
must have lacked during the last  
few hectic weeks.

You know darling, there is  
not a thing under the sun that  
I wouldn't do for you. If I  
can't make you happy then my  
life will be pretty useless, cos  
I love you.

Ever get tired of hearing them  
sentiments from your  
wifey?

P.S. Isn't it grand about the Scherhorst  
sinking? That'll show them  
what the Navy can do!! Whoop!

Polym. H.H. W. ...  
PMT 500221.  
Km. WTB. 710,  
C/o C.F.O. Kandan

