

Tuesday

Dad, Just an itty bitty letter cos my mind is full of you, and I can't stop work thataway.

I have just been to Dunhill's to collect your pipe, and that place just filled me with memories. There's something about pipes and baccy and cigars that simply oozes coz Westaway all over the place, and holding your precious pipe was like running my hand along your sleeve, you felt sheer.

They have cleaned it beautifully and fitted a posh new ~~stem~~ stem with the swish white dot in the middle. S'matter of fact you nearly lost it, cos some American officer positively drooled at the sight of it. The pipe position is

still acute !!

The weather this week has been heavenly so far. Cold but bright sunshine, and I have emitted an occasional sigh for the sea breezes. Still as you say, havers, it wait be lang haw and then whoopee & hail to the Norfolk !!

Having worked that out of my system I can return happily to my KVAs and units with the wonderful thought that we'll be together sooner than you can say

I love you

Love

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