

HMM / #WESTAWAY/

? 20.3.44

M/B 7.0

~~At~~
Monday.

Dearest

Walter. Am making my way along + around + wades think calling in at — who do → meet up with but Mike. He showed me Peggy's book - you would like it (I think) but he tells me it's hard to get. It's published by Hatchards so if you're interested try them.

It's alright - leave's coming - a bit later than hoped for but this week some-time should see me parting

up the high St trying to make
the train that went 5 minutes ago.
A dash into the local + then
out again to try + make the
next train that went 2 minutes
ago. It's a game.

I had your letter today,
darling, which said you were sure
that I'd phone that night. Awful
sorry, sweetheart, but it just
couldn't be did + you're talking
to a man who has reached the
limits of human endeavours in that
matter. Nevertheless, when you say
that I feel a 'skate' - yes I do,
and next Wednesday, (if I'm not
climbing all over you in that
loving sort of way that I have),
I shall go beyond the limits.
So there.

Mike tells me that Peggy
has bought a violin + is learning

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to play it. He says that altho'
the next door neighbour is deaf
it didn't prevent her from asking
Peggy if she, (Peggy), didn't think
it was all a waste of time. Eh?

Tomorrow we shove off
again to journey's end when
I hope for a taste of home &
beauty - I shall shadow the
Skipper until he's so choiced
he'll be glad to get rid of me.

Oh dear! I was not to be -
no long loving letter tonight, honey.
Honest - I gotta go. I'll tell
you all about it when I see
your lovely little fizz - all
about how much I love you I
mean.

Ever-loving

K.

Mrs. HER WESTRAWAY

10-3-44 to Ministry of Supply

COM. 2E. - R241

~~HER WESTRAWAY~~
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HORSIE FERRY RD.

S.W. 1.