

Popper Whitaway

M.F.B. 710.

Monday.

Darling,

I reckon by now you know all about my opinions re utility furniture & have acted accordingly. The next time I have cause to linger in No. 12 I should be able to linger in some comfort, with pictures on the wall: 'n everything. Nice, eh, sweet?

I hope you weren't too bewildered by my dashing off the phone as I did last week. I can't remember now whether I said "I love you" in my panic to catch the bus - if I didn't you can take it that the omission is hereby rectified - I do love you.

The skipper called me in today + talked about my prospective commission. This time

we got as far as filling in the form of application for a commission. The snag was obvious when we came to the bit about Technical Qualifications or University degrees - the reply was of course "none". Actually it's not essential to have these qualifications but that word "none" makes the form look poorly + we agreed that the first step, before putting forward the form, is to have an interview with the Exec. Commander with a view to showing off my paces. Depending on that the form will be presented, +, in due course, I shall go through the rigour of convincing the Admiralty that I'm a fit + proper person to hold a commission in the Royal Navy. I really don't know if I'm terribly enthusiastic about it all but I'm being rushed into it by the Skipper + I can't reasonably ask him to hold his hand. It means that from now on I shall never be seen without some

Sort of technical book in my hands  
 + my brow will become more  
 furrowed than ever. What a life!

Speaking of pictures (para. I),  
 what are you going to use for  
 hanging gear honey? I suggest, since  
 I doubt that you will want to  
 start banging holes in walls that  
 you get cord + a little gadget to  
 hang it from the picture rail. My,  
 but I'd like to see that print -  
 let me know how it fits in, sweet,  
 + don't forget to square it off.

Having this load on my  
 back you will understand, darling,  
 if my writing is short and (I  
 hope) sweet, won't you? It's back  
 to the trigonometry for this baby  
 with the old brain kicking  
 like clockwork. Incidentally it'll  
 mean more paper - any old  
 note-books going spare?

Your brainy, but ever-loving  
 husband,

Pen



W.M.F.

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