

Lochlainn

Monday.

Dewet.

Let me first of all, correct a very silly mistake I made over the phone today - the town is Roseneath & not Rosenheath - however, it won't delay the arrival of any mail with the latter address & so there's no harm done.

The boat's in the water. Went down in the ~~last~~ drink this afternoon & settled like a duck - everybody was very pleased. The boat was blessed by Lady Darling, the Lord Provost's wife, & so we should

have a happy commission. I'd  
give a lot of money to be  
able to foretell just what is  
going to happen to the boat-  
but I guess I'll know soon  
enough.

Thanks for the writing  
paper & c. darling - I also  
got a letter which makes  
today quite a day.

I smiled grimly at  
your slap-happy assumption  
that there's more beer up here  
than in London. So true, hell!  
of what there is - doesn't come  
anywhere near my conception  
of good beer. Awful stuff -  
stinks

Nice to hear from Vera  
& Hux. It's very possible I'll



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see the <sup>3</sup> last if he's going to  
be at home for a few  
months. I shall have to write  
& tell him he's making a  
mountain ~~for~~ out of a molehill  
with his messing jobs. "Caterers"

we call 'em in the Navy & an  
ordinary O.D. ~~see~~ the job.

I'll also bid him about his  
P.S. which was too, too  
whimsical for words - he's  
getting soft - I wouldn't let

a girl set me like that,  
would I angel? Eh?

would I? Eh? Eh? Well

say something, you make  
me feel an awful cad.

I'll have to short  
ration you tonight, dearest, because  
she's going to write ~~to~~ us  
many long-delayed letters as

I can before I turn in. One  
to Mother, Blanche, Hus +  
a few others! Gotta make the  
most of this leisure because  
when work abroad starts  
I shall only have time for  
writing to my own + only.

I want time, this week, to  
write a nice long personal  
letter to you, dearest, which  
kinda concentrates on you,  
if you know what I mean.

I want it to leave you with  
the feeling that you've just  
been undressed, put to bed,  
& loved 'til it hurts by

your adoring,

*[Signature]*

Rosneath  
-on the Clyde

22.8.44



Mrs. Elizabeth Westaway  
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