

Wed

My darling.

Here I am just returned from lunch, munching an apple & ready for ten minutes with my hobby.

Last evening I was so dog-tired when I got home that I curled up on the settee & went fast asleep & mum had to wake me to get ready for bed. Hence no letter to her. Its queer how fatigued I always feel after a night in the office shelter.

The weather this week has been wet & chilly, but this morning the current sun broke through and it is now sweetening again. I am glad, because at this stage in the French campaign, a few weeks fine weather may see the end of the war. The map of France is looking very encouraging isn't it pet, and this morning there were reports of a further landing at Bordeaux,

and at lunch time the news that Paris has been liberated by the Free French. Wahoo!

What is more interesting is the belief that the American wedge across the Seine is heading for the fly-bomb depots. Honestly it will be quite strange to go to bed in peace again when those wretched things cease. And my darling won't have to worry any more about the safety of his case. All in all prospects are bright for a white Christmas celebrating in the old fashion.

Have you caught any big fish yet? None of these fishing yarns mind you! The only time I ever sat beside a line, I got cold & wet & miserable & landed ~~many~~ a cod! You'll have to teach me one day here. Perhaps it's patience that I lack?

It's lovely to have phone calls from you, especially at this distance. Surprised

me no end the first time, and I went
around all day with a warm feeling in
my heart. You're sweet.

Sorry that I can't seem to convey
much softness or love, for one thing I
have to shout, and with no intervening
walls, practically the whole of Con 2
listens in to the conversation. But
who cares? What matters is that I can
talk to my darling & hear his voice
even though he's miles & miles away.

And your letters are coming through as
regular as clockwork. I hope you received
the other packet of stationery O.K. So that
there's no gap.

I'm looking forward to reading
about the launching of the 764, and
also your descriptions of skips & and
crew as they arrive. Hope they're a

good bunch of chappies. darling.

Very soon now I shall slip out
to the Post Office & draw some allowance.
All week I've been wondering how you
were off for cash.

Did I tell you that I sent little
Philip a birthday P.O. for 10/- Must
ring Muriel later on & see how the
party went off. - They had an iced cake
with two candles. Bless his heart!

Must away now, Sugar, all
my love to you,

Sweet dreams,

Carl



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