

Land - Locked  
Thurs.

Darling, thank you for your love,  
your graciousness your kindness  
your loveliness for you + for the  
parcel containing fiddle + lute etc.  
It arrived this morning & when  
I unwrapped it tonight it was in  
perfect condition - not a crease.  
You're a wonderful gift wrapper -  
upper - among other things ..

Ah me - ah my - hee hee -  
ya-a-a-a-w sauch, switch switch  
he-hee - tch'. I am tired.  
Filled up 6 foam fire extinguish  
today + carried them aboard - it's  
killing me. The C.O. said  
he really admired my fortitude

I promised that he'll do his utmost  
to get the crew here in time to help  
me carry aboard the tools. Do  
you think he was being sarky?  
The Lt. ~~also~~ arrived today  
but I haven't met him yet - he's  
got that pleasure to come tomorrow  
when I shall initiate him into  
the mysteries of our craft which -  
I believe - he has never experienced  
before. Incidentally, neither has the  
skipper which tends to make my  
future life a bed of roses.

John & I are moving billets  
tomorrow. The C.O. has arranged  
that the whole of the crew be  
quartered in a nearby, (to the  
yard), Navy camp which is a  
whole lot better. These charitable  
institutions are the tops in dishing



out advice & religion, but when it  
 comes to feeding, men they fall  
 down on the job. I ~~just~~ prefer  
 Navy scum, could it may be,  
 any day to a Ca-di-da dinner  
 that looks like a dehydrated  
 sausage - in size & taste. Thus it  
 may be chicken, that I might  
 not be able to phone you so  
 often - or at the same time as  
 usual - because one out of the  
 Mission phones are very few and  
 far between. I shall, of course,  
 try my damndest - I don't doubt  
 that eventually something will  
 be worked out. Also my one &  
 only opportunity for a 'nightly letter  
 might not be available - I  
 may be painting a very dark

picture, honey, but I know you'll understand - we've had the same experience many times before, eh sweetheart?

Peace Night at home sounds fun. Open House, eh. Well I hope I'm there but in any case the main thing is that whether I'm with you or not it is Peace Night & that's all that counts. P.M.s may come & go but our future belongs to just us two & it's the most wonderful future any two people will ever have. I hope too, that I'll be there for Joyce's wedding, because it promises to be a right good do & if there's one thing I like it's a right good do. The least quite a lot of nautical songs



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that might go down well at that  
sort of affair & after all, people  
are getting more broad-minded  
these days, & even if they're not,  
after I've sipped my quota of  
ale I usually insist on singing  
- as they don't know what's coming  
people usually vote it a good  
show - if a deathly silence  
follows you can bet your boots  
that they're just recovering from  
a real breath-taking bout of  
laughing. People say they've never  
heard anything like it, & I  
do think that's a lovely compliment,  
don't you?

I'm sorry to hear about  
Mother darling, but I've given  
up trying to persuade her to

go away - when she says so she means it. I wrote to her right before last so she knows I'm O.K. As for whiskey or any spirit, it's hopeless to try, & if I say that, knowing mother needs it, you can bet what you like it just isn't procurable. But hang on Londoners, it won't be long now.

I see your "facial tan" is disappearing. Why the discrimination between the face & the rest of the body beautiful beautiful? Still wading yourself? Why not stay on that stuff all over & be a brown gal, chocolate gal, & hear all those people sayin' "well looky heah,



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o jess look et dat high yellow  
stout - aint she rumpin' - look  
et dat face en dat rig - well  
shut ma big fat mouth of she  
aint da cream - yesss en sh  
mean da cream". I've told you  
before man, that when I get  
the chance you & I are going  
expose ourselves to the elements,  
& any body else who might  
come to peep, & if, in a couple of  
years, we're not the colour of black-  
birds, then it'll mean the weather's  
been bloody awful in which  
case we'll just have to rub along  
with goose pimples until a change  
occurs & the sun shines.

Appears I've overstepped  
my time - supper - bath - & bed..  
Here's comes 400 miles of love  
be.

25.8.44

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