

The Office
Handy.

Dearest Leg,

I think today's letter
from you was the most beautiful
that I have ever received. In
the first place, it was quite
unexpected at such an early day
after the end of your leave, but
I shall treasure it because it so
clearly said all the things I
was feeling this weekend when
writing to you.

In my heart, though
I know how we shall all miss
her, I think we should not
be sad about mum. She lived

such a good, clean life, that
she could not be otherwise than
happy now, and she would want
us to be happy too. Her memory
will inspire us all to keep faith
and live honorably.

I wanted so much to tell
her that I love her son too
and will always try to make
him happy; and for you to
say that I am like her in
character is the sweetest compliment
in the world.

My letter of yesterday will
probably have seemed scribbled
dashy, but I didn't know how
much to say, for fear of
making you sad.

We have been through many
 emotions and experiences together,
 but I never felt so close to
 you as I did last week. It
 will be a memory to hold for
 always.

If you have not a copy in
 your library we must certainly
 have a tough, leather-bound
 volume of Omar Khayyam, because
 I've a feeling that it will be
 much-thumbed in our careers.

It hits the spot as far as I
 am concerned, both in philosophy
 and beauty of expression.

Good idea for a joint anniversary

gift. eh honey?

At the present moment I am sitting in the duty room, huge & draughty & solitary. (me, I mean). I am the only girl on duty tonight - Gladys in one of her usual hodgepodge flights through corridors & staircases at G.D. House - like a whirlwind that girl - came a cropper down a flight of steps & badly bruised the bones in her legs & strained one ankle.

The men are all out, probably quaffing pints in the local, and in an hour's time they

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will steam in and wait expectantly for the tea that yours truly is duty-bound to brew for all.

I supped alone at the Strand Brasserie & had a very pleasant roast pork, spuds & spinach, followed by a concoction mainly consisting of white jelly & curants. Nice!

It is a heavenly night, with ~~the~~ full moon & fleecy clouds, and I am trying to imagine how it must look from the bridge of your boat. I bet it's a romantic night. Errrr!!

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7 a new job, though she has had various interviews. But at last she thinks she's on to a good thing - overseas tours with EUSA, and she is pulling wires & seeing people in the hope that she can land a business manager's job abroad.

She grimaced when I suggested that maybe she'd get posted to the Middle East & run into Cully the Man. Pity that.

She told me one piece of scandal that made me hoot.

You know she visited Pamela (remember the little dark beauty?) & to

help her make in a get straight.

Of course Sam is quite hopeless at any kind of organization - I remember her desks & money matters were always chaotic. However she made witty remarks & generally livened up the place.

One evening Geoffrey (the ex.P.O. who accompanied us to the ballet)

called in to take them for a beer, and Pamela started in to shoot a very 'kithersish' line.

Geoff. just fell back line &inker & they spent the night together in Cully's guest room.

What a girl! And she told Cully that she was missing

Something, as he's awfully
sweet as a sleeping partner!!

Back to normal things. There
was a telephone message when I
arrived back to say that Mr. Baek
would be glad to see you any
time that you're in the vicinity
of the Strand. So next time
you are on leave honey, you
must look him up & have a
drink, I can always amuse
myself in the shops.

Incidentally my suit is
ready for fitting, and I
hope when I go on Saturday
I shall not be disappointed.

I hope to be looking very smart
& passar next time you are home
Sugar.

Tomorrow being pay-day, I shall
scour around for those photo frames.
I want you to have a picture
of wifey to smile at you in
your leisure moments.

If I can't be with you in
the flesh, darling, my spirit
shall smile at you. My thoughts
are with you always,

loving you,

Clad

P.S. I forgot to say that Cully sends you
her love, and sincere sympathy.



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