

The Flat.

Tuesday.

Dearest Liz,

The first thing that hit me for six in your letter today was the fact that you had rung me last week. And got through without having time left to speak to me! What a blow! I can imagine that it was with a hollow heart and a red-hot tongue that you left the phone booth.

Let me put you right about the most important fact - my number is 254. The old number which I want repeat so's not to bring it ever again into

your conscious mind, has been
dead ever since the flying tub
era. So darling, please make
a note of it, and I'll live in
hopes that some day soon the
opportunity to trip may occur
again. It would be a hell
to hear the old "hello darling."

If by any chance 254 is
engaged, try 319 which is next
door. Poor old hez, you do try!

So at last you really know
what is wrong with the larynx.
huh. The pitcher was most
informative - maybe you should
have been a medico? - but
I'm sorry there is nothing
definite they can do about it.

And apparently they don't know
what caused it.

Rest huh? I wonder how they
figure you getting any aboard that
pocket. Do they mean just voice-
rest or body- & mind- rest?

I know the deaf & dumb alphabet
Sugar, if that's any help.

But the Smoking - even if
'in moderation' sounds OK, and
I reckon that's all that was
needed to restore the last ounce of
my dad's usual bright equilibrium.
I bet it's a relief to you, to
know that there's no operation
needed. Lets hope that silence
will do the trick.

Incidentally I didn't get the
joke about the boys saying 'How
nowadays instead of 'Good Morning'.
Is there anything subtle to it
Sugar, or does it just emphasise
the brevity of your speech? Am
I dumb, these days

How about 'operations' - ops -
will they let you go into action
without a voice? Supposing you
wanted something vital at a
crucial moment & couldn't make
yourself heard? Think they
might give you a shore-base
job? I hope

Yes it is queer how short
is the supply of spare cash after
a week with you my beloved

But do we worry? There's
always the cheque-book anyway.

I expect my photo will have
arrived by now, and if you
don't like the blue glass effect,
that piece of stuff is easily
removable. - just slides out.

You speak of autumn sun-
shine. Quite an imagination
you have. Reckon you must have
been reading some old stories about
the South of France. We have
nothing but gales, rain, hail
sleet, wind & rain &c &c.
We go around bent to an angle
of 45° huddled to the eyebrows
with only the red tips of our

noses in sight. Pretty picture?
Well that's how it is down
South here. I'm hoping that by
the time you turn your face
I steps homeward the barometer
will be set fair & steady. I'm
hoping for our next leave.
I have exactly 7 days unpaid
leave left to me until the end
of January.

While I write I am sucking
one of those butter-scotch lumps
you brought me. Nice.

Talking of sweet things,
your baby is due for bed.

Loquien if I run away.
but not before I say,

Love you,

Clark

LONDON, W.C.
9 15 AM G.
8 NOV
1944

Polmn.

Plmx.

Am.

Sp. S.F.O.

handlen.

P.H. Weston 4.17

500221

MITB 764