

14/11/44.

47. Studley Grange Rd.
Hanwell,
London W.7.

Dear Les.

We are very sorry to hear that you have landed in dry dock and hope that you have now fully recovered.

What a lousy place to go sick! It's a pity your not nearer London; or are you content?

We went to see Doris on Sunday last, according to her you are feed up. I don't wonder at it, being among a strange tongue, but hope you have a charming nurse to hold your hand, that's half way towards a cure, but if the

nurses are having a - sick bay
stewards well, cheer up my lad,
you~~st~~ will be there for a long
time.

Well les, there's no excitement
here, just the same old routine,
turn out, turn to, turn in.

The "scooped the till" quarrel
between Dad and Blanche is still
on, I don't think there will be
any sort of peace between them.
Dad should insist on unconditional
surrender of all she scooped. No
doubt she worked fast. It is
believed she made her haul even
before Mum died, if that is so
then she is lower than the lowest.
Dad says that had there been

a furnisher's van handy he would now sitting on an orange box, I believe he is right, the old b-r is just realising how well off he has been, he is more converse with his domestic duties but I don't think I would like to taste his cooking, you know the saying, "when its brown", etc., well black is his favourite colour. He has a cast iron stomach, he would not be backward in making a curdard with soap flakes

We went over to Edgar's place last Sunday week and meet Doris, Albert and Joyce there. Edgar went back last Thursday. We enjoyed ourselves there but the weather

was stinking. Goose and pickled
pork for dinner, I likes that. They
blew us out so much that we
didn't want any tea. Should like
to go again. (guts, says you)

I've just remembered that it
is your birthday on the 18th. Well
chum here's wishing you all you
wish yourself, we are hoping
you have recovered and out of
dock before this letter reaches you.

I can't see how anybody can be
happy in hospital.

Well Les, this is all the nonsense
I can think of writing now so I'll
pack up. Here's hoping your vocal
chords are now normal.

All the best from us all
yours etc.
Well, Jackie & me.



SPRING
5 SEP
14 NOV
1944

HOFF

P.O. M. Mc. Westaway.

P/M X 508221

~~Royal Naval Lib Quarters~~

HMS "Hornet" Ward. 3.

Pontamouth

~~Styly Lead~~