

The Flat.

Sunday

27.5.45.

Hallo my cherub,

I haven't written to you all weekend, but I've been talking about you, thinking about you, and missing you every minute of every hour.

How wonderful it would be, if when I opened the door to our room tonight, I should find you standing there in your undies, or maybe in your birthday suit, having a quick shave, just so's you wouldn't make my face sore.

The radio would be playing
some sweet dance music or some
hot jazz - Cos where you are,
dohip. There's always music.

We have never danced around
our room barefoot, have we honey?
According to a film I saw the
other week, in which husband &
wife, very much in love, indulged
in this sport, it is a heavenly
feeling. We must try it sometime
- ~~in~~ alia. - -

I wonder if you have been
trying a spot more surf-riding
this weekend - it sounds very
killing - and very good for

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The old body beautiful. I
bet you look quite stunning
in your new bathing trunks
and terrific tan. Some man
I married. Yes Sir!

As for me, darling, I've had
a bumper laundry weekend -
washed, ironed & aired every dirty
thing I could lay hands on.
And on Saturday evening I
visited Cuffey Jones, yesterday
I visited the folks.

Got lots to talk about
darling, but as you can imagine
it's getting awful late, and
I'd rather write a nice long
letter later on & tell you all

about it.

One good piece of news I
want to keep in cold storage is
that Edgar is home - 4 weeks
sick leave - and according to
the doctors has made a
remarkable recovery! That really
is wonderful news & I will nig
again tomorrow & have a jaw
with him & find out all about
it.

Mind if I make it a short
one tonight. Just make your
theme song. You'd be so nice to
come home so & I'll keep loving
you forever & a day.

Love

xxx

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Polm. L. H. Westaway,

Plm. 500221,

Mrs BRAGANZA,

COASTAL FORCES,

BOMBAY,

INDIA.