

(55) 90 when at the flat. Sunday. 8.45.

My dearest
I recall how I
badly about the amount of mail I
sent off this week. Somehow, the
moment I sat down with pen &
paper there was some interruption &
I never got the chance to get into
my stride. I was
more than fed up when the knock

Came at the door. I
I hoped to have kept
an scribbled & chatting in between,
but Joan & I started toicker,
& developed an argument about
household matters, so that I felt too
embarrassed to hope to
continue writing in light of vein &
had to force to close down abruptly.

Still darling I'll make up for it
this week (vous esperans).

The weather has been well-nigh
perfect this weekend & I'd have loved
a trip down to the coast with you
hobby-mine. Remember how I used
to put up in the nearest hotel to
your ship when you were in England.
We had fun on those brief holidays
& I saw lots more of England than
I ever saw in peacetime. We really

must visit all those spots again
Saturday when you are free of the
Navy & we don't have to worry
about setting the alarm to get you
back in time for division. Yeh!

I did not go down to Bournemouth
this weekend as on Friday I developed
a bit of a cold & didn't want to
spread any germs around. I expect

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Apart from the fact that I hate
having to make conversation when
my voice sounds all "could id de
dose ish." I'm annoyed at myself
for not having enough resistance to
kill it, but I guess I picked it
up last weekend nursing Roger, it
has been threatening an off for
a few days. However tonight

the worst is over and I hope to
go back to work tomorrow without
red eyes & nose. That sounds as
though I have been on sick leave
but not so sure. It's matter of
fact, having VE. I haven't had
a day off since our last spot
of leave together.

The office has been very empty
at times due to people going

an annual leave &c. Mrs Lucas
(the fat lady) & a woman very
dear to my heart has been away
for 3 weeks having got completely
run down by all the blitzing
she has had at Battersea; coupled
I think with the trials of feeding
a family on wartime rations &
working 9-6 in an office at the
of same time. So much for any
woman!!

This evening I had a long
walk right through Aspas & Sack
Woods & it was really glorious.
I could have counted the number of
people I passed on my fingers
(had I wanted to do anything so
silly) & as I was feeling
slightly anti-social I felt very
happy.

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Peaceful isn't the word for these
woods - they are glorious but quiet,
except for the birds calling to one
another. I strolled along the narrow
winding paths without the foggiest
notion of where I would finish up.
And all the things I was thinking
of all the things I could write
about when I got home. The sun
was really hot & the humidity through

the trees, and I felt deliciously
warm right through.

I just keep walking walking
I finally came out at the top of
Shook's Hill & came all the way
down & home. Gee did I feel a

kind and hungry. Incidentally
I passed Sun Lane & a lot of
wheeling their bikes up the hill.

He just waved, but didn't stop
to chat at all. Gimm looks just the
same as ever - Same tight curly
hair & high colour in his cheeks.
Nosey-like I wondered who the girl
was - I was very sorry for him
when his engagement was broken
off, and I'd like to see him
meet some one nice.

(Women have got a cheek the
way they try to match ^{up} all the
eligible bachelors, haven't they
Sweet). I can never think of how
you wandered around in single
state until you were 30 without
a sign at how lucky I am.

So think you might have been
snatched up by some other designing
female! Co!

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I wonder how your dance went
off on Friday night. I
wonder if you managed to get in
the right uniform - in view of
your increased girth. I think

Such a shame that there's a shortage
of rubber in the world, in or we could
buy you a roll - and then you'd
never need to worry any more.

Er what was Do-Tui & George &
the others dance? And did you

get plenty to eat & drink as well

and I'd have to have been there, &

I bet you I'd have had the last
waltz however many other admirers
females had wanted to claim you.

There's gonna be great fun in
the Westaway household when you
come home, pigeon-pie.

This being the middle of the night for you, I guess you are tucked in like a good boy under that mosquito net. And when I climb into my Solitary divan tonight I'll ponder why to imagine myself tucked in the mosquito net around the two of us.

Shouldn't be difficult to imagine Sweetheart, and how I

wish it could be me. Happy days.

Sweet dreams my pet and

Goodnight,
Your adoring
Wife

in my hope of some rest
the Western world
some name for you

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