

Mr. Gaudower.

3/7.

Darling Al,

I'm going to try and get through your last two letters tonight.

It was swell to receive the photos, honey, and I've placed them in a position of prominence (altho' I should warn you that they'll have to come down when the officer inspects the hut - they ain't got no sentiment), so that I can see you from all angles.

Thanks also for the S.I.P. - will you let me know if I am to return it or do I assume that it should be returned in every case?

I'm more than glad to hear that you're going out and about with the gang, honey, and getting lungfull, (or lungsfull) of air at the post - keep it up. I should have loved the evening at Boy's place - that's the sort of flat chat

I should have fixed up if I'd have remained a bachelor, which I might easily have done if the Civil Service Commissioner had ^{not} decided that Miss Rose Claire Pitcher should be posted to the War Office. I think we should retain the idea of the book-shelves and radio room and spacious rooms and easy chairs and cushions and the air of well-being and comfort - hell! what am I talking about we'd already decided on those things before the boy episode - else for why did we walk for miles round those furniture salesrooms. Cor! what a future to look forward to. (after-thought - don't get me wrong).

the week-end leave. Don't for Pete's sake take any notice of anything my family says - they're not noted for their tact. Doris is talking out of her hat. The Navy does things in a proper manner and the week-end is arranged so that I get two nights at home.

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A special train leaves A - W -
at 6 a.m. to Crewe and the connection
there gets me to town about 12.30 -
that's on the Friday. I leave on
Sunday evening. Next time you see
Doris poke your tongue out and
say "so there"

As for the programme, let's not
plan, darling. We'll just meet (will
you meet me at Sutton with the
afternoon off?) when my first
words, after all the kissing I shall
give you and the declarations of love
I shall give forth, will be on the
subject of food - after that well -
we shall be together and anything
goes. I know one thing, on one
evening I shall be seen pedalling
the old bike & walking from Welling
to Plumstead about 1 a.m.

There's just one thing I
should tell you - if I get the M.M.
job I might be shifted to a
place near to Blanche before I
get my week-end. If that happens

I shall be a week or two late in getting my weekend but I shall have the great advantage of being about 200 miles nearer home.

I've had my fill of the moon sweet and the bay in moonlight looks like heaven - it really is the most beautiful place. You might not believe this alibi I swear it is true, but the other night while looking over the bay I found myself raising my arm as if to clasp to me the woman I love - she was not there in the flesh but your spirit does a lot of travelling these days, honey, and I was quite content.

So my darling was feeling blue was she. Well we can't be on top of ourselves all the time, but watch out for the cause of the blues, sweet; don't let trivial things get you down and a few the big things, a little philosophy goes a long way and

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While your thinking round the problem the old sense of values re-adjusts itself and before you know where you are - bingo! - things aren't so bad after all.

Now take my case. You ask, how are you if I'm settling down in camp. Well I am. things have worked out so that life here is actually pleasant. I have realised that all unconsciously - a week ago I was a little despondent, I thought of my loved one, and began to ~~think~~ ^{like} this place ~~with~~ ^{to} a concentration camp. But I went into myself - I wrote to you that I was determined not to "beef" about things, that other people were far worse off than me. I followed out a line of thought that allowed the rough side of this business to pass me and I discovered that really it wasn't so rough after all. And gradually, without realising it I began to

enjoy myself, (one must, of course, forget certain things, or, at least, fail to dwell on them) and now when I think back on my words I realise that I was being a little melodramatic - what the hell have I got to beef about? So don't worry darling.

I've received the specs and very helpful they are. (Memo:- must write to Hooper and let her know they've arrived). They help me to carry on writing and reading after the light fails they certainly cram a lot into these few weeks of training. But I'm very ~~absolutely~~ interested in all they teach me - it'll be so useful after the war.

By the way thanks a lot for the matches. I'll certainly use them sparingly - you get into sparing habits down here - who wouldn't on WP a week? That's all I'm allowing myself.

I've just come to the part in your last letter where you say that your blues were brought on by talking to your Aunt Phillie. There are some people in this world, darling, in fact quite a lot of people, who being repressed or otherwise ~~use~~ unhappy or sour folk, who's one and only delight is to damp the spirits of any unfortunate victim who can be persuaded to talk to them.

If you have to talk to them it's better to keep up a running barrage of banter and leave them with the feeling that you haven't taken the slightest notice of them. I feel very strongly on the subject and I hate to think of you being subject to anything so unpleasant - try not to be affected, dearest, try to ride over her.

I must also try to nail another possible source of trouble

to my sweet on the head. he
girl around the camp. No matter
what the rest do honey, there will
always be one Service man who
will be true to his love for the
only girl in his life. I'll only
give you one guess as to his
identity. As you love me, darling,
you can probably get some idea
of the sense of detachment which
comes upon me when considering
other girls. I told you of the Wren
episode - well that's how it is and
that's how it will always be. I
know, dear, that you've seen some
unfortunate examples of man and
woman partnerships but if every
other partnership in the world was
like those examples ours would
be different.

You ask if I ever pray. I'm
not embarrassed honey, and I'll
say right out that I don't. But
I've been to chapel - I went last
Sunday - two gloriously quiet and

peaceful hours. I went deep into
the thesis of religion - as deep as I
can go - and I still cannot honestly
say that I'm convinced but I
came close to you and I found
peace of mind and I came out
full of goodwill to all men. That's
my kind of worship and I don't
see where I go wrong. I know
of no greater joy than being able
to look any man in the face and
say to myself that I can stand
up to him except, perhaps, the joy
of knowing love.

There is a chance dating,
if being able to speak to one
another but I'm not sure how
it can be worked. There are two
public telephones in the camp but
I cannot use them before about
7 p.m. and the difficulty is to
get a call to you at that
time. Any suggestions, honey?

The light is getting very
bad now - I can hardly see to
write - you've probably guessed

that by the quality of the
script

It's got to be Bye bye for
now.

Love aplenty
for

10-AM
1 AUG
1942
CANTON



Miss Clare Pitcher
88a Belle ~~St~~ Grove Rd.
Welling
Kent.