

Five watchip
Wednesday.

Angel,

How lovely to hear your voice
this afternoon. - it's been so long.
Sorry you've had a cold sweetheart,
what's the cause? Hope it's not
a general run-down condition
through lack of sleep. Sharphi
according to Mrs Anderson you
look wonderfully fit. She said
how much you all enjoyed
Sunday and said she could still
taste the wonderful flavour of
that rum in coffee which you
had.

As for me I've had a
bout of sickness & d--a (I
can't spell it any way) it's the

wretched plum season again. So wisely I popped in to see Dr Cochrane. (last year I let it go on for weeks & got thoroughly weak by the end of it). Funny, when I explained that I'd been 'feeling sick for a few days' he asked if I was married. I hastily assured him that it wasn't that, and he just said I'd eaten something that disagreed with me & that I was to take a dose of castor oil (Ugh!!) tonight along with some other medicine which he gave me.

I've a feeling that my co-fire-watchers are going to be disturbed around 6.0. am tomorrow by my hasty dash for the nearest ladies.

3

Its rather a shame - I feel almost back to normal without the oil - but I think I'll follow doctors orders and be brave.

So my honey is having a wonderful time, and doing just what is nearest his heart these days, huh? Well I'm glad to hear it. I just beam every time I read a letter from you now, to think that you are so happy. Gee whiz if you could really pull wires and get based at H- for the duration!

Maybe we could even have our dream bungalow by the sea before the end of the war - and I could have my darling home to see me most days. It just doesn't bear thinking of.

I'm praying for wind to get.
The weather kind, that is. I even
noticed some suspicious white
streaks of cloud across the
blue sky this evening & believe
they portend rough weather.

By golly I hope so. But
even if the whole weekend can't
be arranged I gather that I
shall most probably see my
beloved for a few hours on
Saturday. So I'm still smiling.

I had dinner with Joan
Fairlie this evening - what a
grand person she is! We had
some good ham & tongue with
salad and afterwards apple fritters
- all very nice & quite different
from the food I've been consuming
lately.

5

Joan is awfully lovely still - despite the worry & disappointment she has lived through in the last year. I think it's her poise and philosophy on life which keeps her going on & counting her blessings. Next Wednesday we are going to the second audition of the play (which I have now read). It has good possibilities & will be fun to produce but I don't think, after all, that I will try for a part.

Do they ever get up shows and concerts at the base or is life too grim and earnest? I rather gathered that it was.

By the way there has been rumour lately of bombings around

The South Coast and I hope you
are dodging them o.k. We too
have had an occasional warning
recently and I'm hoping that
it won't happen tonight as I
shall have to get dressed.

Do you remember three years
ago, towards the end of August
how we experienced our first
air raid together & stayed in
that shelter on Plumstead Common
until 3.0 am. That was the
first time in all the months that
we had known one another that
you so much as touched my
hand.

I'll never forget how you
stretched out along the seat and
rested your head in my lap
and we talked and talked.

7

It was a wonderful experience. And we walked back across the common - much later - breathing an air - and for the first time you kissed me goodnight.

When I can't get to sleep any evening nowadays, and I want to quieten & soothe my mind, I turn my thoughts to that evening & remember what we said, and did and how we looked. And if I'm not asleep then, the dream carries on to the heavenly day we spent in Town together a couple of weeks later & how we stayed the night under that Railway Arch on placards & hoardings which my knight errant had brought from outside the shops.

Do you wonder that I go to
sleep with a smile on my face
to dream sweet dreams of happy
times we have known together.

What a husband to have,
and what a heavenly future lies
before us when this war ends.
Oh me! Heigh ho!

Darling am counting the
minutes till you phone on Friday.
I'll be waiting by the phone all
morning.

Good hunting sweetheart, and
may God bless you and keep
you safe.

Must go now, but before
I do I'll repeat once again
that I love you.

Love

xxx
xxx.

m/m. L.H. WILSON, S.

PLMY. 200 201

atms Depressive

Newhaven,
Sussex

(page 12)

1943

