

The Flat,
Sunday.

Dearest Meg, I hope this letter
arrives after you leave the ship
homeward-bound. Still in
case it doesn't, I wish to put
on record that I can hardly
wait to see you again. If
the love of my husband don't
soon materialize I'm going to
pay your Skipper a visit & tell
him what I think of him.

We are in the middle
of a lovely old November pea -

2

Scupper which has kept me
between four walls all day.
Most irksome, especially as I
had planned to pay your mum
& dad a visit this afternoon.
However I thought it better not
to risk having to walk all
that way home in the blackout
& a thick, thick, fog. So
instead I have done my duty
by all the people who have
written to me in the past few
weeks (at least two), by replying
to them. Alongside me on the
table lies a letter to your mum,
to Rex & to Tobies.

3 Did I tell you that a few weeks back Cully gave me a blank air-mail letter to her Hubby, with injunctions to write to him. Well I faithfully did as told, and yesterday received my first air-mail letter card from the M.E. A very interesting little epistle it is, describing the Arabs & some of their customs. I won't send it on to you honey until I have replied. But I don't want to reply for a week or so.

Ok Sounds fairly happy though I guess he's missing home and all

That it means.

I haven't seen Jim & V. for weeks - and I really must rip up tomorrow, to hear all the last news.

Pause to do some ironing, will be back later. Cherub.

Much water has passed under the bridge since that last word "cherub" and now it's getting on to bedtime.

I have picked up my ears all day every time I heard the train rumble over the

5/ bridge, but no luck!

Though this waiting is a rotten experience yet in some ways it is pleasant coz I've still got a wonderful time to look forward to. When you are here the time goes like the wind, and every morning means one less wonderful day and night together. So you see there are two sides to every question.

Nevertheless, I could wish my love were here now.

We had a most interesting

6 talk on the radio tonight, by a bank clerk who 5 years ago packed up his job and with £30 in his pocket bought a ticket to New York, and hitch-hiked & worked his passage around the world. Wonderful stories he has to tell, and what memories to re-live for the rest of his life.

Made me realise what there is for us to see in this world together. I know I agree with those people who think that we should have a holiday & experience.

I while you are young and not
wait until superannuation comes
along. What's the use of leisure
time when you are too old to
enjoy new experiences & skills?

Where's my soap box?

Hutch is rendering (or ~~friend~~
if you like) "If I Had My Way".
And though I think him too
sentimental - there's my sentiments
entirely.

Every now and again I break
off & visualise you as I've
seen you a thousand times. -

8 relaxed in the arm-chair with
your pipe - or enjoying a swing
time & putting in an occasional
jitter-bug step that's all your own,
or maybe just looking at me
seriously for a moment, with love
in your eyes,

See whiz, I don't know
how much longer I can hold
out without the Man I love

you,
Close



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