

The Drive.

(OUR HOME).

Friday Evening.

My poor Oozy-Woo,

Wish I could
be there to minister to your latest
wound. darling. I imagine that
a dislocated knee-cap must be
pretty painful. and I hardly
blame you for wishing the Navy
to hell.

Having fallen down
various gang planks - resulting
in bruises & squashes, twisting your
ankles and banged your knob,
and now your knee - you must
be a bit fed up with these
weeeny M.T.B.'s. You shouldn't

be so huge angel. Not that
I'd have you any different.
I love that grishy-bear hug.
myself!! Oo-oo!! How I
miss it!!

Here I was interrupted
by the itching of my neck,
and my arms & legs. Yes I'm
in the war.

Random condition has brought
a nerve rash up on me in
places. Luckily it has not
touched my face which
curiously enough is lovely and
clear!

So you see here were
a pair of wounded heroes
together.

So as I couldn't stand
the irritation I jumped into a
hot bath, covered myself in
a cooling lotion & went to sleep
before it started again.

And here it is 8.0 o'clock
in the morning, I've just had
a cuppa tea & I'm feeling great,
I didn't wake up at all last
night!

Today Joan & I are going
shopping at Newisham & I hope
we shall see something that I
can buy her for Xmas. I am
confining my presents to Joan
Mum & MY HUSBAND. Bless
him!

Are you able to get about at
all Sweet? Or does the knee
keep you in your bunk all day?
Wish I could have got you
the SEP this week but it was
not in on Wednesday morning
when I asked for it. Have
mind Sweet, I'll try to write
heaps of letters to keep you

I loved the trend of
your last letter. Piqued about Phil?
No, honey. But I think he's rather
silly to avoid me as he is dope
- or seems to be.

As for your girl-friends
of the past honey, all I can
say is that they were dopes to

let you run away. - I ought
to thank them for helping to
model you so that I could
come along - fall head over
heels, - marry the guy & steal
him from under their noses.

Reading an I give many
a little chuckle of mirth - as
I did when I first opened
your letter yesterday.

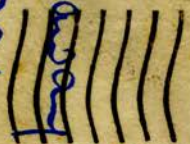
You're a funny man
honey, & you're better at
the nicest part of the day
when you are away, and
you really are the sweetest
darling to write so often.

It sounds as tho' there's a
gale blowing outside & I only
hope it has reached your part
of the world.

"Downstairs the workers
is feeling 'Thank for the
Memory' and looking back I
can only echo these sentiments

It's been wonderful so far
& its going to be wonderful
so long as I am your wife,
always, sweet,

Close



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