

The Drive.  
Christmas Day.

Poor darling, I received a short but eloquent letter from my angel this morning & summed up in two words - he's chocea! or at least he was last Wednesday. My ~~next~~ worst evening was a Thursday. Cor was so blue! Everybody at the office was making plans for happy celebrations with their loved one & poor Clare sat mum in her corner just thinking.

It seemed to me too, that we didn't make the most of our week together. Maybe I was just half-asleep a lot of the time, then too we didn't have many hours alone together, did we sweet? The thought gripped me when I stopped to think

of the danger, hard work & lack of sleep  
you had gone back to! I know I vowed  
that next time you are here, I shall be  
as fit as a fiddle ready to make every  
moment of your time at home a wonderful  
memory to take back with you to the  
boat. I love you so darling.

Next week you shall at least have  
a touch of Xmas fore, cos I have a  
baby pudding to send you & I shall  
have a shot at getting some mince-pies  
& jam tarts at a little home-made  
baker what I know of. You shall have  
a little Xmas all of your own.

I do hope the registered envelope  
from me arrived before today so that if  
you get any shore base you can buy



a few pints to draw your thoughts.  
How about trying to get the eighth pint  
free from that pub you mentioned?

Your card was sweet darling, +  
it bore the loveliest message in the  
world. Sorry I didn't send you one like  
it but I couldn't find anything worth  
sending, so I hoped you would find  
my heart's message in my letters to you.  
Wish they'd hurry up + get some mail  
to you though. What right have these  
Christmas cards got to come between  
a wife + her letters to hubby away from  
home.

Gee whiz. The news of a big battle  
in the Channel on Thursday night gave  
me such a sick feeling in the pit of

my stomach, which didn't shift until I  
saw a note that the Admiralty had  
announced no losses in coastal craft.  
Keep the flags flying, angel, and I'll  
try not to worry too much. Faith is  
what we need while this war is on,  
just complete faith, and I'll keep  
praying, darling.

Gotta feeling we'll be seeing one  
another soon,

meanwhile my thoughts are full  
of love for the sweetest man in the world,  
all my love.

Love

+++  
+++



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of S. R. Jordan

