

Popple Whitaway
M.T.B. 7.0
Tuesday.

Sweetheart,
Yesterday afternoon when I phoned you I had the 'work scattering' time whilst waiting for you to come. I don't mean that I was impatient at your not being there - I expect that every time I phone - I mean that Farmer chose to while away the time with you talk. I had to tell him that really, the only bit of news I was interested in was the old you know. Whilst camping at the bit time marched on & digger at the end in marches my darling & dang me I hadn't any more change. A hurried plan of campaign & I

dashed across the road to the
milk bar for a bowl of soup.
"Hadn't I anything smaller than
a pound note?" No, I hadn't -
& when the change came it was
all half crowns & 2 bob bits.
"Would the please give me
something smaller on account?
I want to do some shopping."
"Well, really, some of you people
seem to think we're banks
or something." "Listen, took,
I'm not going on my hands
& knees - do I get the change
or don't I?" At that the
Yank on the next stool says
that he guesses he can
oblige on account of his
got too much of the damned
stuff, & to the accompaniment
of a rattle from the serving bench
I get the small change that
means life or misery to me.

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A dash across the road to the booth which becomes a race between a ~~be~~ pongo & me. The pongo glares something 'awful' when I pin him to the post & his face is continually pressed against the window while I'm talking to you. Did you notice any inflection in my voice - sweet? I was disconcerted to some extent but not as disconcerted as he was when, after leaving the booth I said - acid like - "You've got a smut on your nose" was that pongo mad - out some flap jark (all right, all right, I'll own up - it was an A.T.S. & in my opinion that she hates my guts) & I distinctly heard the booth door slam.

For some great reason
probably because of the
uncertainty whether I should
be able to get through to
you or not, I was reminded
of that call we had from
Glendon. Do you remember
that honey? What a business.
And after all the frigging
about I hear your voice
which, to quote Bob Hope,
gives my goose pimples
goose pimples. Of course
when I get you at the office
I picture the scene as if
you speak to me & see
no doubt that all eyes &
ears are trained on you -
I can imagine that it puts
you off your stroke - the
thought of those people nearly
puts me off my stroke. Tomorrow
is Wednesday & I hope I
can get to the phone in the

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evening when you're on fire -
watch. But I'm watch aboard
that night & maybe it won't
work out that way - don't you
worry, honey, I'll be speaking
to you as I go as I can.

So we've only got 16
units for our furniture. Big
hearted, ain't they? I don't
know what your ideas on the
matter are until I get your
letter so I won't say any-
thing just yet but if we
can't get a wardrobe &
two easy chairs it's going to
be awkward to decide - me-
self I like the thought of
those easy chairs - but while
I'm in 'em I don't like to
look at all those clothes
lying around the room so
I dunno - it makes you think.

Since the last para. was written
we've moved some & now we're
lying in uneasy waters but well
& snugly tied up. Looking at that
sawthine I had the most acute
attacks of nostalgia. But what
with the blasted noise & one
thing & another not by the most
careful stretch of imagination
could I see myself in a little
18 footer - we shall just have
to wait for quieter times before
that picture can be conjured
up - with a bit more actuality
than can be achieved now.
Having got here there's now talk
of finding pastures new - a
better place in my opinion -
but whether it's just another
buzz I dunno.

The last time the third
officer came down to our cabin
he noticed, for the first time,

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Your photograph. He wanted to know all about you - and you looked lovely "from your picture" - I don't know whether he was sneering my ability to pick myself a lovely woman - & said he hoped to meet you sometime. See what an effect just a photo makes? I shall have to lead you around with a silver chain round your neck just to keep you from the madding crowd.

I'm determined to stay aboard as much as possible from now on. I've got an awful lot to study & in any case I spend too much money & these lads aboard lead me into bad ways - at least they try to. An unmarried matelot on the loose

is a positive menace to himself
& everybody with him. The times
I've had to disassociate myself
~~from~~ a messmate who wants to
fill in every copper he sees.
The times I've had to explain
to an irate barmaid that
the lad really didn't mean to
chuck his glass of wallop across
the bar & it was just his way
of saying he didn't like
the beer. Hope it's going to
be the quiet life for me from
now on.

Well - a sea trip makes me
hungry for food as well as
love. I'll manage for food,
but what am I going to do
about love? What about a
great big kiss over the ether

Wuh?
Les

FROM
H.M.S. SHIP
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Mrs. Mrs. W. W. W. W.

to Ministry of Supply.

Can. 2F - R. 241.

Mr. Westminister

Horseferry Rd.

W. 1.