

Agatha Whitaway  
M.T.B. 710

Monday.

Dearest,

I tried very hard to get to the phone tonight but 'twas not to be + so I thought I'd try a few words by pen. A very few, mind you - no time to stop & stare - sort of thing.

Canterbury eh? A nice drop of week end' as ever I've had. You were as loveable as ever - as lovely as ever - as sweet as ever - What more could a guy ask for?

It was a funny sensation for you to see me off - funny, but not very

pleasant. I boarded in the  
train & she saw that my face  
was a picture of duty trying  
its damndest to override depression.  
At any rate a labourer in the  
opposite corner recoiled from  
me after a "good morning" to  
which I replied "SHT-T-T".

You see what I mean? -  
I love you & I ain't particularly  
pleased with my situation  
that takes me away from  
you. However I don't think  
it's our fate to be separated  
for very long intervals, &  
that's the proper thing.

Handedly yours,  
R.

POST  
OFFICE

Mrs. J. M. [unclear]

MARITIME

Ministry of Supply

Can. J.E. - R. 241.

Ct. MacLain's Co.

Horsberry Rd.  
S.W.

H.M. SHIP  
ADMIRALTY  
28 MAR 1944  
DATE