

Papua New Guinea

P/MX 500221

M.T.B. 7.0.

Monday

Darling, With three letters from you today & the thought that I've neglected you for the past few days, I feel a bit of a pig. However, I know you know I know you know how it is & so I take it you haven't worried unduly. Things have been more than usually energetic & when any gash time comes along I usually have to crash.

Easter, eh. The scud in the papers how 'everybody's got to make the most of this holiday because from now on. etc, etc. blah, blah. I wish they'd tell the Navy that, especially our Skipper. I think he's got the war on his back.

Of course the leave situation tends to sour the outlook more than somewhat, but I believe there might be some exceptions to the rule & it maybe that we shall see the daffodils together.

If you think I sound a little sober tonight just try to picture an unshaven, bleary-eyed, dirty motor mechanic with one of those bleary eyes on the picture of his beloved & the other on his bunk wondering which should claim his attention. I'm sorry, darling mine but the bunk looks awfully inviting. Let me point out with some emphasis that no amount of activity can drag my thoughts away from you - especially those french knives.

I want to sleep so I can dream

of thee  
P.S.

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