

Sat.

PO/nu Westway

PO/UX000221.

M.T.B. 710.

Darling,

Having managed to grab a phone in time on Wed. I appear to have shot my bolt - as far as communications are concerned! As a matter of fact I feel very very guilty. Seems to me I could have found some time to do my stuff but the atmosphere & conditions were all agin me. I just can't write to my ever-loving wife when all around me is chaos & noise. Well, well - here I am now & if I can't make the grade this time I'm a poor specimen of a husband.

Today, as with practically every day this week, I received a letter & in addition a parcel which I haven't opened yet but which I imagine contains the summer underwear sent for the use of. Many thanks 'angel-child', for that and for the 107 gratefully grabbed by a man who sees frightful

responsibilities looming before him in
the way of laundry, tobacco &
nutty bills! Speaking of money, I must
rush to say that to imagine that
you, (you darling), of all people
indulge in extravagant living is,
to say the very least, poppycock,
balderdash & bunkum. My main
No. 1 trouble in life is to get you
to spend anything at all on
yourself.

As for me - when I draw me wages
every fortnight I think to meself that
if I get a night ashore I'm going
to have fun - I know you'd like me
to and it does me the world of good.
After I phoned you on Wed. I went
into town - all alone - & had a
nice, quiet pub-crawl. I know
lots of yonks by now & I usually
manage to get in a party of 'em.
Of course with their rate of drinking
I have to go a little easy because
the cash won't stand more than
one round but I think they

understand the position. Their main aim when ashore, is to get enough drink inside 'em' to last 'til the next morning so that when they get on parade they can lose their stripes.

My favourite Yank is a bloke called John who thinks his ~~small~~ is merely a by-pass for all the beer in ~~the~~ on the way from Basel to ~~et~~ - sink. In America, before being drafted, he was a traveller in women's underwear - his views on the feminine form are most enlightening + obviously are based on a very wide & varied experience. He bets that he can tell just what any woman is wearing underneath just by looking at her - ~~when~~ the fun starts when after being taken up on a bet like that, he tries to prove it - he's well in the running for He Who Gets Slapped.

Tonight I shan't be in town

which means, honey, that I shan't be able to phone you. I suppose it's no use being disappointed - with things as they are it's a wonder I'm able to get to you at all - it's only by stout staff work that I can get going. I enjoy those phone calls - it's a wonderful feeling to be talking to you & I can almost feel you - the atmosphere in the boat is awfully warm & I wriggle about so much that very queer looks are given to me by the people waiting outside. Another thing, it prevents me getting that fit of loneliness consequent on being away from you - the old personal touch, if you know what I mean. of course, I'm very much in love with you which makes all the difference in the world, doesn't it angel?

The night I phoned you I finished up at a dance at the Town Hall. I went in full of

ideal on how I was going to
 trot up to the most glamorous
 dame on the floor & see if
 I could gain some inspiration
 from close feminine contact, (I
 must explain, darling, that by
 then what with John & Co I was
 feeling in need of my wifey &
 I thought that if I could have
 a little of womanly scent wafted
 under my nose I might be able
 to gain some peace of mind), but
 'twas not to be - the only
 Smasheroos on the floor were all
 closely guarded & I didn't fancy
 myself getting any inspiration from
 the wall flowers. So I joined the
 boys & we formed a choir by
 the bandstand & sang all the
 vocal refrains which were much
 appreciated by everybody except
 the resident crooner who didn't
 go much on it which was too
 bad.

I see you want a pep talk

from me on account of you think
you've got an inferiority complex.
Well, angel sweet dearest darling, you
remember what happened the last
time I tried a little of the old
flannel - you put me flat on
my back with a literary uppercut
that left me gasping for days, &
I swore then I'd never try it
again. I think I said then
that any woman who can come
back like that certainly doesn't
require pep talks - so in this case
I'll just comment & generalise
without prejudice, & errors & omissions
excepted.

When you say, sweetheart, that
you feel all eyes on you, you're
saying quite a mouthful. Whadya
think I married? A Gorgon?
You're the most lovely girl I've
seen in a lifetime & if I was
just another man in the street
I would have my eyes on you.

As a matter of fact I can't remember the time when my eyes were off you. So you can't blame every one else when they look upon that gorgeous form of yours. As for feeling that everyone's following you - well I know what you mean, honey, & I know it's not a very nice sort of a feeling - I guess it's just the result of war, & blackouts, & strange people everywhere - tends to make your thoughts concentrate on the little area around you, & make you forget there's plenty of open space ahead & about for manoeuvring & breathing. When you hear footsteps behind you try to make them sound friendly in your mind - it's a thousand to one they are friendly & if they're not, well, that's the time to harden up, & don't forget that a knee brought up

in the right place will make any
man think twice. The peils
of the civilian night are just one
of those things - as the war has
brought about changes in every-
day conditions, so should you
bring about changes in yourself
to meet them, & whilst you're not
one of those large, horny women,
darling, you've at least got the
spirit of any two such women
& I don't think you're really scared,
or rather, uneasy about being alone.
You're not afraid of being hurt,
you're just afraid of hurting, so
just you harden that boofull
neck of yours & smack 'em
down whenever the going gets
tough. Why, I can remember
when the sound of a bomb dropping
merely made you pat your hair
in place, and a bomb can
make an awful lot more
damage than any boogie man.

So there we are. Husband + wife,
forced to live apart, both finding
that there're an awful lot of
problems to face, both trying to
prove themselves, & each wishing
that the other were there to
help. But it can't be done so
they have to work it out alone,
& if a wife of mine can't keep her
chin up then she's not the woman
I think she is & I think she is
so everything's lumpy.

I think you'd better
forget about the commission for
a while, darling. There are an
awful lot of wheels within wheels
but it all comes down to the
one fact which is, no rings
for the nonce. Hope you're not too
sorry about it, sweet, but if I
could explain everything in detail
I think you'd agree that it's
best to leave it for a while.
It's fairly certain I shall get a

draft off this boat but it's not so
certain where I shall land after that.
I shall plump for a base job
for various reasons but, of course,
the Navy might not see eye to eye
with me over that. It's in the
lap of the gods.

My, how time flies. I wish
I had more opportunity to write
long, rambling letters to you, honey.
When I sit the way I feel I could
fill a book. Tonight my mind
is at ease - I feel choked up
with love for you & I shall
sit in that engine room looking
at nothing in particular but
thinking of you and us. The
skipper may not like that, but
who is he, or, come to that, who
is anybody compared to us in
importance to ourselves.

I love you,
K

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MAIL

Ms. Les Watway

% Ministry of Supply.

Coa. 2 F - R. 241.

Opp. Westminster Hse.

Horseferry Rd.

S.W.1.

H.M.S.P.
LONDON
17 APR 1944
DATE