

21.8.44

Still on the sunny banks  
of Israel.

Saturday.

Hello darling,

Another day, another  
fishing trip, another fish + another  
story - it's getting to be  
monotonous. But your ever-loving  
husband is fairly content, in fact  
he is gradually becoming an  
enemy of the Ester + if there  
was a beach in place of the  
existing mud flats he'd become  
a beach combber - so he would.

What does Omar Khayyam  
say?

Here with a little bread  
beneath the bough  
A glass of wine, a book of  
verse + then  
singing beside me in the  
wilderness - Oh wilderness

were paradise now!

You get the idea, sweetheart?  
I could supply the bread, the  
wine + the dough, but what  
am I going to do about  
them? The good Lord knows  
He is the wilderness alright,  
alright a old man had  
something there when he said,  
in other words, that if he only  
had his party there with him  
it'd be just a little bit of  
Heaven. Same with me.

You'd be a riot up this  
way, honey. Try as hard as I  
might, be as inevitable as I  
will, make as many allowances  
as I please, taking every  
circumstance into consideration  
I just can't say that the



Scots girls, charming as they may  
 be in other ways, have any  
 idea of chic. The Scots  
 boys must be awful easy to  
 please - as far as I can see,  
 (I know you know how  
 far I can see), make-up  
 is non-existent, stockings  
 have never been worn in a  
 lifetime, sitting in red, raw  
 legs, (complexion likewise), &  
 boots have been exclusively  
 designed for reform-school  
 girls. Of course I realize as  
 well as anybody that the  
 climate is most unsuitable  
 for any girl who'd like  
 to show some of her feminine  
 wiles - supposing she had  
 some - but you'd think they'd

do something about it. I call  
it distinctly unfair - when I'm  
away from you I do like  
to be tempted by an Eve  
just so I can turn away  
& eschew all such temptations,  
but, laudy, laudy, all I  
can say is perhaps they're  
very nice to talk to. Hint  
I a cat.

The man? Well again  
I must mention that I'm  
stuck out in the wilds, &  
given enough open space a  
man gets ~~be~~ to be very  
queer in speech & actions.  
That old one about the man  
following a bit of skirt in  
the blank out for miles only  
to find eventually, that it  
was a Gordon Highlander



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is a damned - right tussle than  
you'd think - sometimes I  
can't tell the difference from  
a distance. Those in civilized  
dress are the more human,  
but you have the feeling  
all the time that they'd  
like to tear off their trousers,  
put on a kilt & chase deer  
over the mountains - & if  
they did it, the women folk  
wouldn't bat an eyelid.

There's one strange  
custom you wouldn't like,  
honey-lamb. They don't  
encourage girls in pubs -  
you'd get an awful dirty  
look - lovely as you are - if  
you - topped in one with  
me, & the women that are

to brat the old hags of the  
village would lift up their  
skirts (?) with something in  
Haggis & spit. Pubs are  
places for men folk around  
here.

There is a camp for  
Italians near here. The poor  
fellows are restricted to camp  
(I don't think they're prisoners),

are not allowed to mix  
with the population, among  
many other things, but  
they are allowed to sing.  
It's at night that Scotland  
comes into its own when  
the atmosphere of grandeur is  
overpowering - majestic is the  
word - & when you hear those  
Italians sing in the still air



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We could imagine you were any where but in Scotland, or that you were at war, or that there was any thing bad about the world. I don't know the Italian language, but I do know what they're singing about - its love & laughter - or maybe a 50's voice will break into a lovely, low, plaintive song & you know he's singing of the motherland & his beloved. He's singing for me too.

Back to earth. The punning out of writing paper, sweet, so you know what to do. Please?

Shores of  
Lock toward

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written Sat. (1944)



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