

Scotland

Sunday.

Darling mine

This is a God-fearing country - they don't so much fear Him as feel downright scared of Him. Sunday is the Sabbath in Scotland & there's nothing about a Continental Sunday in the minds of these sturdy Sons & Daughters of the Kirk. I've been wowed into two services today by sheer weight of church-going atmosphere & each time I've come out feeling very much a skate after a sermon from a parson who knows his stuff - from a man who

calls a spade a spade & a
sinner a sinner & fully intends
to let him know it. He had
his eye on me all the time &
I'll wear it. However, I don't
suppose it did me any harm
& it's an education to hear the
Bible expounded by a broad
~~Scottish~~ Scottish brogue.

A little about the yard.

The Scots y'know, pride themselves
on being the finest boat-builders
in the world irrespective of size
or shape. Naturally, therefore the
people at Sitwell 'have this
pride & they have it to the N-d
degree'. On 764 they've lavished
all their skill & care & it's a
much better job than 700 - it's
the biggest job they've turned
out & that's why they're going

3

to make a fuss of the launching tomorrow. It is my want to do in these yards that I've visited I've cornered the manager - no less - & asked him about post-war plans & what's about the chances of knocking me up a cheap little craft for old time's sake. I pulled a bone here tho'. The smallest yacht they've made is 30ft. & that was on more sumptuous lines than we could afford. They scorned the idea of a standardised job made on mass-production lines & I left the manager with the feeling that he thought me something of a tripper in the yachting sense - not quite in their class, doncha know.

But she got a thick skin
+ another time I'll ask him
if he's got any cheap licks
tucked away.

When we danced together
that week-end at Southern
darling, I felt that I was a
little out of practice - unused
my steps as it were. Up here,
therefore, it seemed a good
opportunity to go to the local
hole + get my eye or leg-
in. Tonight, of all nights, they're
holding a dance at the secret
army camp + I thought I
might go - only bar + the only
place one can obtain beer.
But on walking to the gate
of the camp I saw a few
specimens of the partners I
might have + so I turned

about + came right on back
to the Mission. But it's awful.

They've built some very
sweet houses along the Loch.
The point about building up
here is that there's so much
land, & I imagine it's cheap,
that the surrounding garden
can be called an estate
without any exaggeration.

However, much as we desire a
home by the water, I don't
think we'd be prepared to
come this far for it - eh? If
you want peace & quiet for
evermore - yes. But if you want
a little life & fun once in a
while you need to go on a
safari to get it. Rather out
of the way, if you get what
I mean.

Be ready, darling, to dash
in + take advantage of any
scheme of the Government for
re-housing "young married couples"
after the war. Put our name
down for everything - houses,
salvaged cars, bicycles, pots + pans,
every damn thing - you can't
go wrong that way + if we
don't want some of them, well
we don't collect. I've got my

eye on some of these service
cars that'll be for sale to the
public after the war - we can
save a few quid that way.

Just fill up your pen, walk
into the office + fill in every
form on the counter + then
ask 'em if they've got any
more you can fill in.

Look what a time we'll
have "When this bloody war is
over". Why can't they let the

like I [?] you & I manage
things - eh honey? My old
pal Omar has the right idea,
once again, when he burbles

Ah love! could thou & I
with Fate conspire

to grasp this sorry scheme
of things entire,

would not we shatter it to bits
& then

reould it nearer to our
heart's desire.

He seems to get right
to the nub of things does Omar.

Just recently I renewed his
acquaintance. I knew him
before I met you my angel,
but it's only now that I
appreciate his philosophy - one
must be in love to do so.

But he was a bit of a tippler -
liked the grape and ol' ones
& let everybody know it - in
that why I enjoy him? -
could be.

There's a change in the
weather, there's a change in the
scene - but there'll be no change
in me - with Popeye, I am
what I am & it runs up
to about one thing -

a man in love.

Les

21st

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