

As before.
(don't it!)

Tuesday.

Darling

I've been talking to the
papa tonight - chaffingly I
asked him for inspiration
to write this letter - man-of-the
people in all that. - but he
said he was a bachelor & he
just couldn't see how he
could help me in any
way in that direction. It
occurred to me from that
conversation that only lovers
can write to lovers which
makes every letter I write
to you, pride o' my heart, a
job of joy & happiness & ease

to boot.

There are so many things about you that keep my mind whirling in an endeavor to concentrate on one aspect of the Claire Vista that I'm perpetually engaged in trying to gain order out of beautiful chaos. I succeed sometimes

- your nature, so sweet, so understanding, so generous, so forgiving are you. I

must have done something wonderful in the eyes of God

to have deserved the love of so gracious a woman. I'll

always try to be worthy of that love, dearest one, & I will never fail you.

Bodily you thrill me.

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Does that sound so awfully
down-to-earth, darling? I
wonder how many great
love affairs have started
from the meetings brought
about by the physical
attraction of boy to girl?
I wonder if I was just
physically attracted to you.
Could be, y' know, for I
had never spoken to you
before we ~~met~~ introduced
ourselves & - you ~~was~~ are
so very lovely. But
somehow I don't think so -
for your character is in your
face, sweetheart, & without
knowing you people do say
that there goes a worthwhile
girl. That's what I said.

It was my good fortune that
the girl of my dreams should
be, at the same time, a
"good looking", a "smasher"
a "fine figger for a woman"
& what-have-you.

So up here in Scotland
I sit back metaphorically, &
wallow in the sunshine of your
smile. I say to myself "you
a very lucky guy Mr. Jez
& although I know you realise it
you don't want to get self-
satisfied about it, you've got
to keep that gal happy &
carefree for the rest of your
lives for unless she is happy
you will never have a peaceful
moment." I look around
me for ways & means but
distance is an awfully effective

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barrier to direct action, + I
must be content to feed the
mood of my loved one so
that she always can say
that her man is forever
thinking of her, + is only
waiting for the day when
life for both will begin a
new phase destined to make
home history.

I don't really know
what your thoughts about me
are, as I go through this
hazard existence - by that dear
one, I mean I don't know
if you have at any time
doubted my complete faithfulness.
There might have been moments,
depressing moments when the
talk of other people, the writings
of cynics, the loose opinions
concerning all sailors, (wife in every part!)

might have made you wonder -?
But you need not have wondered,
sweet, for there was never any
moment when my love for
you was ^{not} so all-consuming
that my heart was & is
full. It is true that I am
a normal man with every
normal man's appreciation of
feminine beauty wherever it
may be but there is a
difference between appreciation
& desire & I have found
that if a man's desire for
one woman is strong enough
there is no effort left to
spare any more for the rest.
Thus it is that you command
all my attention, thoughts,
& ambitions & there is no man
in the whole world who can
say more.

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Why is it then that there
are times when you have come,
good come, to remark on my
lack of attention to you, my
darling? It is not really lack
of attention to you and it's
an inherent sense of duty to
others that makes me seem
to neglect you for a moment.
Bear with me sweet one for
in the future there may be
other occasions when there
are so many people around
us that we two are separated
in a crowd. It wouldn't
make for a happy gang if
we appeared as the two
Siamese twins - you, especially, are
due ~~to~~ to come in for a lot of
male attention in the coming
years & I've got to see to it
that I don't get sore - I

wont of course, but I might get
just the teeny-weeniest bit
jealous - if I suck you'll have
to get me out of it, that's all.

A Yacht Club is especially
noted for its free & easy
atmosphere - the water seems to
aid people of their inhibitions -
so watch out, honey lamb.

I haven't shot my book,
but trying to pen my feelings
seems to set me running
round in circles & I must
finish somewhere. So darling,
I'll finish here. I hope you've
gathered from the foregoing, that

I love you

Les,

Mr.
Glasgow

23. Aug 44



Mrs. J. Robertson

So. Ministry of Supply

Gen. Secy R. 54
Gt. Westminster

Horseferry Rd.
London

C.W.1.

