

a joke, Fort Worth
is in Texas!
J.

Fort Worth

Sunday.

Darling,

Feeling neglected? Awful
sorry, chicka, but I just can't
(pronounced cānt) get to a phone
in time to be post, (sorry, mail),
are pretty slow around here.

Suffice it to say that I'm missing
you a whole lot + I love you
like I was ~~John~~ Romeo + you
was my Juliet. A man can't
(pronounced cānt) say more.

Wanna hear more of
my experience in the hand of
the Tank? (or rather it ain't my
experience, it's really John's).

One of the entertaining things about an American Camp is that you never know what gadget you're going to run into next. Potato peeler, ice cream machine, fancy washing spinners and a whole lot more other highly diverting bits of machinery. Now in our hut we have such a gadget - it's a box-like arrangement with a pipe leading from it to the roof - box of tricks at the back of it + the whole affair looks very pretty. For the first two days we were here we hadn't the faintest idea what its purpose was but it turns out that it's a stove! You put the oil in the box at the back, fiddle around with various attachments, apply the ignition & look-a-palooka,

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you've got heat. higher. We put
oil in, we fiddle, we ignite, we
await, we don't get nuthin'. We
repeat the dose several time. day
lengthen into night but, when the
cold winds blow through the
pipes & the cracks, it's shivering
we are under all available gear
instead of enjoying the benefits
bestowed by Uncle Sam on his
"enlisted personnel". Today, being
a make & mend we decided to
try & retrieve our ruined
reputations as M.M.s & get to
work on the thing - we supervising,
John acting. We put in oil we
fiddle, we ignite - Ah Hai! This
time a tenny weeny, iddy-biddy
flame creeps cozy out from

the middle of the contraption +
we hit back flushed with success.
But more fiddling, more oil + more
bad language fails to produce any-
thing better + so Dan decides to
apply something more drastic in the
way of tactics. It obviously needs
to be joined + so he grabs a syringe,
draws up a pint of oil, points it
in the middle of the flame + squirts -

!!! We picked
him up outside the door (this is
the truth, Swely me) in a condition
that is best described as mucky
+ when he was cleaned off, his
right forearm presented a nasty
picture, + so now he's going around
looking like he was in the battle
of Jutland. Later we
discovered that we hadn't fiddled

Quite enough $\frac{5}{10}$ so now we're
sweltering in a hut at about 110°F
& we can't put the damn thing out -
wadder life.

Dut for breakfast we had
cereal + bacon + eggs - for dinner
fried chicken, french fried potato
oysters with apple pie - for supper
cold ham, celery, lettuce, tomatoes +
cheese with peas, so what have
I got to moan about.

Later on this evening I read
the daily papers. My goodness,
I'm thinking of writing to the
Admiralty asking if they really
need me. Any week now you
can expect to hear your old man
knocking at the front door &
dashing round to the back, (I had
to put that in, honey, it was the

perfect set-up - of course I would it
dash round to the back door - you
haven't got me have you? \ . What a
day that'll be. Have you started
reading those articles written by
Sob Sisters on how to treat the
men returning from the War? All
about psychology & philosophy &
barrack-room sickness - gotta treat
me gently, you have, because I'm
a problem child on account of I've
been living it rough these past
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ years - we don't get fried
chicken every day y'know -
sometimes we get pork chops.
But seriously, darling, when we
do return to normal you must
try & look up any rough spots
I might have acquired in the

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Service, & I hope the life hasn't altered me too much for the worse. If it has, & I realise it, you can bet your 'all that I'll indulge in some self-discipline because there's too much at stake in the future that lies ahead of us to take unnecessary chances.

We are commissioning the boat on Tuesday & from then on you'll be able to address mail direct - but wait 'til I give you the O.K., darling. It's a big lift to my ego to be No. 1 engineer - I didn't fully realise it until I had an interview with the skipper - (two-finger R.M. very passable) - & he gave me my "marching order". Assuming

full responsibility for the machinery;
etc. aboard is quite a load on
our backs & I'm very glad now,
that I had the experience as No. 2
on 710.

The heat is sending me to
sleep - anyway it's 23.30 so it's
time I hit the hay. These letters
won't reach you til Tues. at least
& by that time I might have
reached you by phone - I do so
hope I'll be able to, but if not
you'll understand, won't you sweet?
This place really is in the wilds &
has no phone in the camp.

I don't really need my love
to keep me warm tonight but to
thrive & so I'll take another
blanket off. Night, my lovely.
RS.



MAR 11

POST OFFICE

Sunday 27th Aug

Mr. W. A. ...

To Ministry of Supply
C/O F. R. 241
Sp. Westminster Hse.
Horseferry Rd.
London.
S.W. 1

(Post Mark)