

Written ^{aug} ~~30th~~ ~~Sept~~ - Aboard the Argos
Wed. Well.

My darling,

Your hubby is an exceptionally busy man but not so busy that he can't sit down at night & write his beautiful a few lines - altho' for the past two nights he must confess to a little weariness brought about by hard work.

We're well established aboard now but don't write to the ship for the time being, honey, because we're a little too new for anybody to have taken notice - I don't want any delays in your mail to me,

it's far too precious.

Tonight the boat, lying in a very secluded little loch, with hills all around us & more towering hills behind them - with mist & low cloud blanketing the summits & hardly a breeze to disturb it.

Scotland does produce a gear now & again. The dinghy's pottering around the ship with sail idly

flapping - they'd have to row that back - & half the crew are on the stern with fishing lines & an optimistic vein. The Skipper

& Jimmy are on the bridge smoking & chatting to the 'Swain & everybody's at peace with the world. Ain't it amazing.

How's it with you, Angel. I read your letter today & it gladdened me to see that you're doing the rounds with the gang. If you see Cully again tell her I still await a letter from her - tell her to let the balled put their own tights on for one evening, & sit down to write. I've heard from Max & it certainly is amazing how different he sounds now that love has walked right in. Of course I recommended marriage to him! I said there was nothing like it, altho I remarked, he seemed to be of the fickle kind. I also offered my services as an adviser on matters pertaining

there's - I feel I could play the part
with some skill & a friend in need
is a friend indeed is what I always
say.

Tomorrow night, dearest, I'll spread
myself into a big'un instead of
this nearly, teeny, iddy scrappy
note - but it's the jolly old feeling
behind it that counts, ain't that
so honey (amts)? And the kind
of feeling ah've got is
that old feeling,
for.

**OPENED BY
EXAMINER 4075**

Scotland
- aboard
30.8.44

Mrs. Mrs. W. Stewart
to Ministry of Supply
on 27.1.44
St. Vincent's St.
Hempsey Rd.
London
S.W.1.

