

North of the Border  
Thursday.

My darling son-in-law,

I hope they know  
their way out of this place - we go deeper  
& deeper into the wilds every day - I  
despair nowadays of ever seeing a phone  
booth & count myself an obedient man  
if I see a human being other than  
the crew. I believe they anticipate  
trouble with the natives - indeed there  
are some awfully queer sounds  
coming from the hills at night & it  
might be some highland clan doing  
a war-dance - anyway I sharpened  
my knife. But it's great fun really  
because we rely on the ship's dinghy  
to ~~get~~ keep us in touch with the

nearest outpost of Empire & so I'm  
getting in plenty of sailing practice.

I suppose now that the bomb  
danger gets less & less every day I  
can look forward to that artistic  
study of the form divine you promised  
me - eh? ~~I~~ I've got a lovely new  
cabin that's simply crying out for  
something decorative to ~~hang~~ hang  
up on the bulkhead - we've all agreed  
that we haven't quite reached the  
stage of repression when one simply  
must have a dozen pin-up girls  
to ponder over, but I at least can  
say that I've 'reached' the stage  
when a glimpse of my own  
particular pin-up girl would add  
immensely to my general happiness.  
I do hope all this social  
stuff, isn't going to alter the meet



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unspoiled child I knew. I mistrust  
those bally ballet people - they don't  
stop still long enough for my liking.  
Beware my dearest, of the mare + footfalls  
of associating with men (?) who scorn  
the honest pair of trousers - I would  
thrice dead a thousand times than  
have thee suffer the embrace of a  
buck in tights - it aint decent,  
+ anyway who wipes off who's  
lip-tick? Of course I'm not  
serious, heh, heh, heh, goodness me  
I have the greatest pity for any  
such creature who tried that sort  
of stuff - that don't sound so gallant  
doit? - what I mean is I think  
you'd know how to handle him -  
hm, yes, I suppose you would - eh?

Still keeping the old flat in

mind, eh darling - good - In - the  
Sooner the better. Funny thing I can  
remember the time when you'd scream  
blue murder & cry out for mother if  
I mentioned being in a flat together -  
you seemed to have the idea there  
was more to it than etchings. How  
times have changed - now you scream  
blue murder if you couldn't ~~see~~  
share a flat with me - at least  
I hope you would - I mean the  
coming to something of an ever-  
living husband can't rely on his  
wife kicking up a fuss when he  
locks her out - spite of life.

Our Skipper's awfully jukka -  
he's got a photo in his cabin of a  
geezer with a monocle so I guess  
he comes of a frightfully good  
family. He's all for it, too - wants  
to get into action as soon as



possible - keeps <sup>5</sup> on egging everybody  
on to get the boat away. He  
gets awful disappointments, poor  
chap, because nobody's really that  
keen - his boyish face lights up  
with pleasure when one agrees with  
him that "it would be grand to  
get away from this boring place"  
only to have it downcast when the  
additional remark is made to the  
effect that the sooner we get away  
the sooner we get leave. I think  
he wants a medal - ex-destroyer  
man, R.N. and all that and no  
medal tch, tch - I'll lend him  
mine when I get it.

I'm going to wash out a shift  
tonight, which means in plain English  
that I'm going to wash a vest & jacket.  
In addition I shall wash myself

from tip to toe using ladies & gentlemen,  
only one small bucket + a gallon  
of water. This astounding feat has  
been performed before the crowned  
heads of Europe who, one & all, have  
said that they've never seen anything  
like it. Strong men, when viewing  
this sight, have fainted ladies  
have swooned, had another look &  
swooned again. This spectacle will  
be arraigned ~~by~~ before your eyes  
tonight at 12.00 p.m. for the price  
of - - - - - . Eh?

It's not very difficult to come  
from the ridiculous to the sublime -

I love you.

Le.

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Scotland  
Thurs 31<sup>st</sup>? Aug

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