

Scotland.

2-3rd Sept?

Sat.

Dear one,

Manna from heaven today - a letter from you. I must, first of all, deprecate any suggestion from you, my one & only, that home life topics are less important than Murman's convos. To me such topics are the breath of life so don't you go getting any inferiority complexes else I'll be after you. Had I honestly think that all of you people in London are very, very brave in sticking out those F.B.s in the way that you do - when I come up to town they scare the life out of me & I'm not kidding.

You're getting quite Kabelesian in your wit, darling. I chuckled over the scene where you return to the heads for peace + quiet + I hope you got it.

When are you going to have a real bin - eh. Well, darling, it's in the lap of the gods. The Skipper's talking about a week-end leave next week + I'm weighing the pros + cons. I.F. (the old old bugbear), we get it I shall be undecided between travelling round the lock, wasting precious hours, to be with you for a night, (figure of speech, honey, I enjoy being with you in the day as well), or dragging you up north, supposing I can get accommodation. The assuming that you could travel in order to be

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on the spot when my leave starts.
If anything turns up I'll beg a
 $\frac{1}{2}$ day off the Skipper & get on
the phone to you, angel - but that'll
be at the latter end of the week
& you may have to do a quick
pack & jump a train. Do you
fancy an adventurous journey, sweet?
If you come up I shan't be able
to meet you - unless I can encroach
further on the Skipper's good nature -
& you'll have to do a good deal
of battling as you travel. But
I know you can take it, honey,
& it will be a change so we'll
see what we can do, shall we.

Sunday

Prayers on the Mess Deck

at 11.00 hrs. & then "pipe down" - a very
lazy day. And your old man is a very
lazy bloke because he crashed down
after dinner & woke up at 18.00 hrs.
But I can't help it, this blinkin'
place is the hand of the lotus &
if you see anybody moving at
anything above a nail's pace they're
panicking

Tonight I am invited over to
the local W.V.S. canteen for a
sing-song. The Scotch ladies who run
this canteen are very enthusiastic
& tolerant towards the lads going
as they may be, & the lads who
appreciate their kindness, organise
all sorts of concerts. There is a
dearth of good piano players in
this district & the sometimes roped

in (notice how modest I am?) to play. I play "whispering" + then "Lady Be Good" + then "whispering" (with variations) + as an encore "Lady Be Good" (with variations). Having established a reputation I call on one + all to sing - loudly - thus making it necessary only to play oom-pah oom-pah at the rate of four in the bar. Cups of coffee were showered on me + everybody's happy.

I'm getting a little concerned about this throat of mine. It's better than when you heard it, darling, but I - till cannot speak loudly, or shout, + I think I'll make an effort tomorrow + go to the nearest naval depot: Sika Bay.

There's no pain or soreness at all, & all I need is a gargle of some sort. At the moment, if I have to raise my voice in anger, or in an attempt to be authoritative, it goes into a very croaky tenor, thus robbing the words of most of their effectiveness. For a man of my imposing stature the affair is embarrassing.

If you come up next week end, darling, (what a casual way of putting it - or - luva - ducks), will you please bring my black pusser shoes. As the only means of perambulation is one's feet (unless you care to wait for the daily bus), my present shoes have suffered & I'm damned if I'm going to follow the local

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custom of wrapping the feet in sackcloth
- the skipper would be appalled. Then,
if you would be such a darling,
you may take the old ones back
to dear old London for repair.

Another service you can do
your adoring husband, sweetie-pie,
is send him a pound of 4□.
For the next month or so we'll be
in difficulties for duty free igh &
baccy & my stock is low. Ple-e-ase?

I spoke to the Jimmy this
morning re accomodation in
(Diary 56-5) & he's going to see
some sort of liaison officer who
will, if possible, arrange accordingly.
More of that later.

Until tomorrow, bye, bye baby.

love & kisses
R

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EXAMINER