

M.T.S. 764

Wednesday.

Darling, It looks as though we'll have to put up with me again next week end. Awfully sorry, sweetie pie but it couldn't be helped. Shipper said last time that I looked awfully well after my rest + it would probably do the ship lots of good if I went on another weekend (I wonder how he meant that) + so I said I thought it would too, (taking it to mean the nice way), + I expect my wife could put me up somewhere because she really does think an awful lot of me, + I do of her too if it comes to

that anyway the London air will probably do me lots of good & what with no doodle-bugs & things buzzing around it'll be awfully peaceful & why shouldn't I? So he said you go right ahead & there you are - an order's an order in the Royal Navy.

Having babbled and gushed, my reflections now precipitate me on Easton station with the cold-damned old - light of dawn just showing. I find myself wondering what I shall do - meet the little woman at Charing X, or go right on home to the flat, crash down & wait to be awakened by the lady-fair. (Reminds me of the man who crept up behind his wife, kissed her (in the wretched version he doesn't

kiss her), + then punched her on the nose for not looking round to see who it was). I think I'll meet the L.V. at Charing X. Fair enough?

Of course angel, if the W.E. leave doesn't materialise in spite of everything you'll just have to regard the foregoing as so much balderdash. As the evening progresses more definite inf. will be available + at the end of this guff I'll give them the latest dope.

FLASH! Skipper has explained that we are now under the jurisdiction of the local Capt. M.L.'s - he's ^{Capt. (Skipper)} quite agreeable to W.E. leave but must first confirm from aforesaid Capt tomorrow. More of that anon.

I'm still sucking these blasted
iodised tablets. Seems to me I shall
be *course de combat*, (eh?) for a long
time to come. Do you think you
can love a cave man who can't
even shout, darling? At any rate
I'll be quiet about the house.

Which is more than I can
say about this cabin. I'm just
trying to get the price of the fare
down next W.I. from the Swain's
Mess Fund + he's trying to bargain
for me too - it's pandemonium.
But above the uproar I can
still yell, (or try to).

I love you
K

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