

M.T.H. 764.

Sweetheart,

Unusual writing will probably be due to unusual pen now in use - I'm anxiously awaiting the receipt of my fountain pen together with any other mail the gods may vouchsafe to let me have. I haven't had a letter from you since I came back - other than those sent before I went on leave - & the strain is beginning to wear on me. Add to that the fact that I haven't had a smoke for a week & you'll guess my state of mind at the present moment. But I suppose the mail will come

& then I shall be among the  
happy men once more - to put the  
matter bluntly, the booca!

This learned language of mine  
isn't helping matters any - I croak  
& I wheez & am generally a  
subject of derision to all ranks.  
If I detect a slight improvement  
when I get up in the morning,  
it's gone with the wind when I  
get up on the upper deck - I  
fancy that my love will hereafter  
be declared to you in whispers,  
darling, & the voice that launched  
a thousand ships will forever  
mark me as a man who is not  
quite - what a prospect! Maybe  
I just pessimistic, maybe it's the  
mood that I'm in - let's hope so.



What I'd like to do at this  
 juncture is to write - "I am for  
 some more cheering news. But  
 for the life of me I can't think  
 of any news concerning my life  
 in these barbaric surroundings which  
 could be called cheering. The  
 weather's atrocious, it's blowing  
 & raining ten devils. But if I  
 can't think of any cheering news  
 I can think of some cheering  
thoughts + as usual, you, my  
 sweet, come to my 'rescue' as  
 balm to my tortured soul. In  
 those moments, when I can concentrate  
 sufficiently to be able to sit  
 down at ease I just gaze  
 at your picture + fall into a  
 day dream - a very pleasant  
 day dream.

I haven't moved yet, & I'm  
not likely to for a while. I'm  
silly when I think of my last  
dream-trip when we sailed  
almost to your front door, to  
be greeted by your beautiful  
presence, & when I think of my  
present predicament, I could  
weep. I suppose my face will  
soon be turned towards my  
homeland - I'd sooner be near  
you & face a thousand hands  
highly than have much more  
of this exiled existence.

Hint of the miserable one.  
Sorry, honey. It's just that  
events & circumstances pile up on  
you at times & it's a real  
relief to be able to pour them out  
to an understanding helpmate.



I honestly believe that the root cause of it all is the lack of smoking. I didn't think I'd miss the st' pipe so much as I do & if anybody tells me that if you can give up smoking for a day you can give it up for ever I shall laugh derisively in their face. If you were with me it wouldn't be half so bad but aboard this packet everybody indulges in the weed & the smell of tobacco drives me frantic. But enough of me & my moods.

Et tu, mar chori? Does a husbandly visit have the desired effect regarding womanly & wifely impulses & reflexes? (you may take it that in the opposite direction the effect is 100%).

I'm awfully sorry I couldn't manage last weekend. There may be a better chance next weekend - things look that-a-way - but I expect it'll be the old business of busting in all unexpected like maybe it'll be all the sweets for that - huh?

I had a letter from Hux last week. He confirms the fact that his union with Pat will take place next lease - almost definitely Oct 21. I don't think I shall be there, unless they do some wacky work with my group, but maybe you'd like to keep the date open, honey, & be present as a representative of us both. You'll have to crack the old brain piece



7

+ think up something tiddley in  
wedding presents - Del do my  
best from time to time but I'm  
not so hot at that sort of  
thing. For instance my first  
thought was salt cellars &  
something tells me that's  
far from original - eh? He  
tells me that Pat has been to  
Lower Top for the week & he's  
all in - it appears to me that  
all lovers have a one track  
mind when it comes to the  
question of what to do with  
the long winter evenings...

Tonight there's a Tombola  
in the mess deck & then, as chief  
accountant to the mess funds,  
I must be there to collect the

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W.T.S 764

Darling I have not written  
on these photographs, but  
I want you to remember,  
whenever you look at one  
of them, however far you  
may be from here, and  
however long it is since  
you've seen or heard  
from me, that I  
am at that moment  
thinking of you, too,  
loving you, and  
that I am happy  
because I have a  
sure faith that  
one day we  
shall be together  
again for  
always.  
Love.