

N.Y.S. 764

Wed.

Dadine, What I like about you is your
satisfying appreciation of my outpourings.
Having spent endless hours over a
turn of a phrase - studied laboriously
the style of my script - searched
assiduously through the dictionary for
accurate spelling - taken endless
pains that the ink should be
just right - having done all this,
torn up the letter & started again,
I do like to be told that you've
enjoyed it. I on the other hand,
enjoy writing them which is just
as it should be.

You'll gather that I've
received some mail from you with

a resultant gain in morale. The
pen etc. was very very thankfully &
gratefully received - you're a very
thoughtful darling. Your other
letter mentioned the denobbing
scheme in a way that suggested
you hadn't gotten my letter about
the matter - you'll see what I
have to say about it, which is
my part word because I really
don't see that it gets us anywhere.
She even seen the white paper &
the new papers have just copied
it verbatim thus adding nothing
to my information. As she said
before + say again right now,
all I'm interested in is the
white, blue or pink paper that
says "away you go" which I
shall do too sweet & quicker
than that.

The preceding bit of cynicism is not to say that I'm not optimistic about it all - indeed I'm most optimistic - but I do repeat that the Govt. have merely told us that we - a few of us - are to be demobbed at the end of the European war and I maintain that we already knew that. So there.

My general joy is increased by the fact that I've started smoking again - very easily, mind you, one or two pipes or fags a day, but nevertheless I'm smoking. I must hastily say that the old laryngitis is still there, slightly improved but still there, but what the heck - if I'm to be cursed with this for the next few months I might

as well get a little enjoyment out
of life. Don't delay - ending the
duty free tacco on Larry's account,
darning, because you never know
when it'll come in handy.

Life aboard is a very busy
one these days. Lots of things to do
& all to be done by yourself
& his ~~two~~ merry men. Previous
letters will give you some idea
of the ~~the~~ weather, & what I
think of it & this, combined
with the work has rather put
out of my head the beauties
of the countryside - I simply
don't appreciate em. I haven't
been able to do any darning
for quite a while - the wind
is such that the dinghy'd
probably take off. All in all

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I'm having quite a happy time
right now. As a serial engineer
I have the right, or I assume
the right to talk to all sorts
of big wigs in the man-to-man
manner & the fights I've had
with some of 'em have been
most inspiring. I've risen to
great heights of argumentative
technology in my own particular
sphere but of course the solid
braid or the pin stripes win in
the end by sheer weight of
pomposity. I like to think
I'm the injured party & I
retire leaving behind the
feeling that whatever they say
I still believe I'm right - I'm
not always, of course, but it's

nice to think it. Anyway, I've
flannelled the Skipper over to my
side & that's what count.

Not a word of love? Well,
honey, I was coming to that. In
a prosaic, matter-of-fact letter
like this one cannot miss
sentiments very easily or gracefully
& I like to see things right.
How then - do I love you?

I jolly well do & you know it.
Do I miss you? Whadda you
think. Am I anxious to get
inside ma honey's loving arms?
Just gimme the chance.

Bye for now, baby.
L.C.

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MARITIME
MAIL

POST
OFFICE

Mrs. bez. ~~Wentworth~~
Ministry of Supply
Con. 2F - R. 241.
Cpt. Wentworth H80.
Horseferry Rd.
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