

M. 1. B. 764

Sunday.

Hi, magnificent,
The weather now is cold & chilly, but not as cold as our poor Willy - garbliney, talk about brass monkeys, they've got nothing on me. Warmed as I am by your mail, honey lamb, the old teeth chatter as I repeat your loving sentiments to myself & I often wish that I were twice so that I could be near the fiery furnace that is your heart - and be in the Navy at the same time. But all in all, I suppose it's incigorating or some such talk. I would

appear from your latest, I suspect,
that you too need a little more than
your love to keep you warm. Well,
next you mind what they say, just
you pile on the woolies til the
blood runs free again + I'll see
what I can do when I get to
coming around your way again.

By the way, (said nasty-like),
were you having a dig at me
in that letter - huh? Waddy
mean "Well, honey, it was still
legible"! You try writing in a
2x4 cabin that's rolling about
90°. The way things are I
think I'm pretty good to get
the pen on the paper at all, let
alone write. But I suppose you
meant well - eh, Delicious?

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Now don't you go getting all pessimistic about my chances of getting demobbed, ~~see~~ (or re-arranged, as the Govt. delights to call it), after the German affair. As a matter of fact I have a very good chance of getting out - my Group No is 35 & they go up to over 70. In addition, those left in civies during these years will be called up. Further, my particular type of training is not called for in the Far East - it's the big stuff that'll be needed. Another point is that the Civil Service will be asking for their permanent staff back on account of the temporaries will want to get

out. Yes, I think I stand a good
chance of getting out - so keep
your fingers crossed, 'Luscious', &
before I know, Daddy'll be with
you in his 'Governmental' suit
& 8 weeks' leave to
play about with. Passing thought:
will the Civil Service like the idea
of their slaves having 8 weeks'
leave with pay from both sides?

I know this much, if nothing is
said, the office will certainly not
see me before the 8 weeks are up.

That red outfit of yours
sounds like it's going to be a real
honey. Going all colourful eh?
Nothing like it. As a change from
Navy Blue it'll be terrific & I'm
wondering if we salt-encrusted eyes

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will be able to stand up to it. I
must think out something, super-
dooper in the way of ties to match
up with you. I'm really expecting
great things of you, Glamorous, when
the lights o' London shine again - if
those lights don't reflect a Hlaedroscopie
Classical panorama that'll put a
chameleon to shame then you'll be
disappointing your old man more
than somewhat. When you can
get down to re-patroling me
you want to remember that I've
had a motif of battleship greys
& blues, & when me tired old eyes
start roaming over you from
toe to head I want it so that
the break comes in short pants.
Think you can arrange that?

Cully sound, or th' she's

leading a life of ease & luxury these days. I'd like to take her up on that week-end invite. I don't think you've been to Brighton, have you, sweet? It's a very synthetic place but there's fun to be had there, & we three, (I don't doubt there'd be a fourth around somewhere - that girl! tch, tch) could enjoy ourselves. Let me know her address & I'll write.

She started a new treatment for my Laryngitis Fry's Balsam. I haven't given it time to be able to say yes or no yet but I'm persevering - it really is a damned nuisance & if it gets worse, or if it doesn't get any better in a week or so, I'll really have to go into the Sick Bay for a while to give my throat a chance to rest.

I don't want to do that - it means
leasing the boat, at least for the
S.B. period - but I don't want
to be left with a croak all my
life.

In our mess the need is
reading material. If you can
find any gay, wonderful, glamorous
books that you think would be
appreciated by a bored waterloo
please send them up, darling. I
know you send me mags
regularly but I'm asking for
stuff, in addition to those - you'll
be doing a real service to me
and to the rest of the ship's
company who are crying out
for something to look at besides
mountain goats & sparrows.

Tonight I'm to shampoo my hair
& make myself all tiddy for no
particular reason at all. But one
must do something, (John is
playing solo whist with himself,
the Swain is flaked out, the
messman is looking fixedly at
the ship's cat who has just
disgraced himself in the corner &
I, too, am wild with excitement),
& that's all I can think of at
the moment.

Well I must finish now, hoping
this leaves you as it leaves me at
present

Yours faithfully
Yours truly
Yours essentially
or just
Yours,

P.S. Don't look now but I
love you.

Mrs. J. J. ...

To ...

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1.10.4x

POST OFFICE MARITIME

RECEIVED