

M. 1. 3. 764.

Wed. Tues.

Cherokee.

Concerning Admiralty Orders
& King's Regulations it is written
that since then how you like
they're still baloney. Loving husband
has just read the latest mention-
ing, among many other things, the
scheme devised by wise men for
releasing serfs from the thralldom
in which aforesaid loving
husband now founds himself.
Ten verily, but the sea lords
intend not to let their slaves
get the idea that they're getting
away with anything - the document
is abounding with "buts" and

"subject to". One infers that their lordships take the gravest view of the faux pas made by the wise men of the senate who have so far forgotten the teachings of their illustrious predecessors, (I have in mind now the 'great Duke of Wellington, sometime Generalissimo & latter Prime Minister who would have spat upon the heads of the miserable rebels to dare to suggest that the King's Army should be disbanded), that they cry for the return of the men from the wars. Nay, their lordships do feel each man & woman (for ~~they~~ to those Greybeards a Wren is a woman who must

begat to their bidding and not before, in the service of His Majesty, and, more especially, in the service of their hordships, should esteem it an honour & a privilege to thus serve, and to think but slightly of leaving and going back to - dare we speak of it? - civilian life is heresy in its worst form.

But they are bounden as servants of the State to pass on to their miserable subjects the words spoken by the wise men and to arrange accordingly for the effective operation of the Plan. Insofar, however, as it is in their power to do so, and their

power to do so would surprise many people including the wise men, they would modify and qualify so that the aforesaid A.O. shall read if the Group - magic word - is called for disbandment then go and be damned to you - their lordships shall think you a very bad sport.

But you, my Sheba, shall witness when it does come to pass that Group 35 is proclaimed free and independent hereafter, a movement which shall be as the flash of lightning in the heavens, as the flight of the swift, as the passage of a spitfire, and your man shall no longer be encompassed by barracks walls, neither shall he wear the raiment of the

Royal Navée - rather shall be be
as a blithe spirit, walking
upon the earth in the manner
of all free men. And the
taverns shall ring with his
voice, being among many men
of the 35 tribe & rejoicing
therewith - and their songs shall
be in the vein that shall
pour forth ridicule upon their
lordships, for it is written that
when Greek meets Greek their
talk is of the Romans & they
pull no punches. Thus it is &
thus it ever shall be.

But when all the
shouting & the drinking is over
the men shall go their different

ways, some to other taverns, some
to the road that leads to nowhere,
some to their various vocations - I
shall wend my way to the lap
of the faintest of them all, for
one moment in annihilation's waste
one moment of the Well of life to
taste

The stars are setting, and the
Caravan

Starts for the Dawn of Nothing -
Oh make haste!

Which is a thing that their hoodlums
forget when gambling with the
lives of men - so little time, so
much to do. Upon reflection it
amazes us ignorant ones that

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the Lords of the Admiralty should consider that they have something to offer which surpasses in intrinsic value the love of a woman. They imagine that their precious blue is a more wonderful colour than the light in a lover's eyes, that the life they offer is of greater importance in the ultimate than that spent ~~with~~ in the gracious company of a woman whose existence is your own - perhaps they do not address their words to fools like me, perhaps men, whose thoughts are of the beautiful things that thrill ~~and~~ and are near to their hearts,

are beyond the ken of the Greybeards
- maybe it is so. It is certain,
my Lady, that they could, if
it were ever likely, go down
on their knees and with tears
in their eyes beg for my
services and they would hear
such laughter that would
resound through their beards
and mock them til they cried
with mortification.

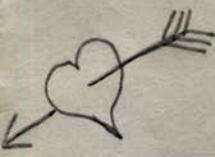
So, there will be a Day,
and the sun will shine, and
a man of 35 tribe will be
on his way, a man returning
from the wars to do homage
to his beloved who had never
once left his thoughts.

fg.

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