

M.T.B. 764

Wed.

Honey Lamb, Today I have receive
one tin containing apples & peppermints -
in transit they have mated so that
we have tonight in the mess men
yaffling confection in one hand & holding
swabs in the other. But never you
mind sweet child, because in spite
of the worst the Post office can
do the apples and the peppermints
are edible, & what's more you can
eat 'em.

Also today I have receive
one package containing S.E.P. etc.
I know it's the S.E.P. because
I recognise the cover from afar.

I haven't been able to get to it yet but I guess my mess-mates will let me see it in due course.

Also today I have received two letters dated 2/10. They supply the answer to the mysterious reference made in a later letter of yours to a strange malady that kept you away from the Office - sorry, Office. For something to keep you away from the Office my own angel week, it's got to be good 'n' bad + so I was just a teeny bit worried - now I know it's a throat ye've got + I hope my baby's better by now. It's a throat the got + it's very, very choca I am about it.

So far all the inhalations & gargles administered three daily have failed to really shift the trouble. Tomorrow I shall see the quack & ask him for some results - what does he think I pay him for? If necessary I'll so off the boat - I'll do anything to get rid of it - I haven't had a real smoke for a month!

We've got a radio now. That bold statement over a period of the most intensive wangling, flanneling & arguing that a Petty Officer's mess ever did indulge in. Man, did we W. & f. & a. , but to some extent

I will have you-all know on
account of here we have that
thing all new & bright & shiny.
It's lovely - we turn it on & off
all day, scan the dial, polish the
Rads - soon we're gonna get a
battery for it.

I pick the spots don't I.
This is just another of a succession
of No. 1 dumps that seem to be my
lot in the Navy. Some guys
seem to dew up at places like
Paris, Rome, La Riviera, (O God
you 'beeg boy!) & have a whale
of a time being lionized by all
the girls. But here I am
in a ~~Presbyterian~~ Presbyterian
paradise where the pubs close at
9 at night & wherein you may

Speaks only ^s to order your beer &
then only in a very gentle voice.
As for singing - cor! As is usual
with this part of the country, the
girls are extraordinary pretty but
they're definitely NOT the lionizing
type - you've got to speak the
local gibberish before you get
anywhere with 'em. It really
disheartens the lads. Not me, of
course I'm a decent bloke - don't
dangle with strange women.

However I've made progress
in the city of gloom. I've had
my pitcher took - in all we glory,
too. The only photographer in
town is cum-chemist but he's
got the right idea even if his
layout is a little crude. Again

a background of faded red plush
he played around for $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. placing
& re arranging lights. I wanted
a full-length photo but he
discarded me because of my
proportions - hence I drape myself
gracefully on a table (?) &
look - - well, time will tell.

If you're interested in statistics
you may care to hear that
that is the first time in ten
years that she had a studio
photo taken.

How ever loving husband is a
very tired man - been doing too
much sea time - & his brain isn't
working at the usual tempo so I'll
conclude with the warning - watch
out for the next episode - it's
smashing, stupendous, terrific, breathtaking -
like my love for you - Res.



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