

M.T.B 764

Friday.

Darling,

I'm somewhat back to normal today. Doris' letter yesterday was a bit of a shock - the news of mother came out of the blue & I didn't like it. However, after the shock the reaction & I'm resigned to whatever the news might be - I hope against hope that it'll be good, but mother's an old lady - - - - -!

I've had two letters from you, sweetheart, & they've helped to gladden my heart. You're

O.K. now it seems which puts a silver lining on things. I really do sympathise with you - from now on I'm really watching the throat - I think it's the most uncomfortable form of ailment that can happen and it lingers on so damn long. I haven't been to the specialist yet. When I saw the doc. on Thursday he suggested a further few days with inhalations - there has been some very slight improvement & he hopes it'll go on that way - I dunno.

We seem to be going through one of those periods when things ain't quite so wry.

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as they might be. Well, we've had 'em before haven't we, honey?
& I suppose we'll get 'em again. I hope it's considered human & proper to get slightly choiced during such times - I know that's how I feel - but at the same time I don't think it's proper to let the inevitable get you down - if everything's been done that can be done then you gather up what's left & get along with that. The only thing is that ~~the~~ chasing away the goemline is a grim job that leaves no room for carefree

laughter in your heart, for the time
being anyway, & so the transitional
period ~~from~~ from gloom to
gaiety is apt to be rather a
serious one. That's how it is with
me at the moment.

Never before in the last few
years have I hated ^{so much} with all
my being the things, people &
circumstances that have caused
this war - the war that separates
me from you, the war that
has given Mother her breakdown,
the one who should have been
enjoying a peaceful old age.
There's no pity, sympathy or charity
in my heart for any of the
swine on either side, (for there

are culprits on either side), &
I know what it means to
have murder in your heart.
Is it bad to be so bitter (angry)?
I fight better that way. But I'm
not normal that way. Nevertheless
that's the way I feel & just
as well to be honest about it
— that's what you want in me
isn't it, dearest.

But even with my inside
a raging furnace I still have
not lost my sense of perspective —
if that's what it is. I've learned
to look ahead to the future —
with a raging sea & sky
about me I think of such
things as love, home, & saving

Certificates. To the sound of a
gun I can consider the matter
of children - my children + yours -
& the roar of a rocket is background
music to thoughts of you in
a summer frock. What I'm trying
to say, darling, is that you
mustn't be afraid that bitterness
will change me - I've always
believed that I know myself &
so I'm better able to save myself
for you. When I think of the
trials & tribulations of a girl
in wartime I'm always amazed,
or, so, pleasantly amazed, at
the freshness you conjure up
for me on my leaves - it's up
to me to make an effort on
my side.

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And I think I'll leave it at that.

Back to realism. Those Saving Certificates, sweet - buy them in your name it'll save a lot of cross-talk between me & the bank & you're not likely to abscond with the family fortunes are you, honey. If the balance will stand it make it a £100 worth - I want £30 left in the balance. I don't think we need any more floating capital, at this stage at any rate. Money seems to be the least of our worries - that being so you'd imagine we'd have no worries - it just beads out the 'old + true' that

money won't buy everything.

Thanks for the books darling.
They're much appreciated by the
mess. In this atrocious weather
we're battered down for long
periods + a book is a great
soon to bored mate.

Good night my darling,
& if I've brought a tiny
frown of worry to your brow, I
humbly beg your pardon - it's a
passing phase & before you
know it'll be gone. In the
meantime, remember I love
you dearly & nothing comes
before that fact in my mind.

~~Billie Millie~~
(I tried Spanish - it's not so hot).

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