

M. T. S. 764

Monday.

Beloved

And there I'm stuck.  
Inspiration simply will not come. I  
could repeat "Beloved" - & mean it -  
but the point is, does it make  
interesting reading from your  
point of view - eh? The trouble  
is this cursed radio. We've  
got a battery now & the thing's  
on all day & night. At the  
moment it's Chu Chin Chow in  
all its noisy glory & I ask  
you, how can I write words  
of love & wisdom when all  
that's going on. Besides, the

just read Sax Rohmer & what  
with his eastern beauty & word  
picture of slave girls coming over  
the air my mind wanders. Do  
you think, sweetie pie, you could  
conjure up an eastern outfit  
to brighten these old salt-  
encrusted eyes? I'd like you to  
greet me with something like  
that next time I'm on leave -

I can't guarantee my behaviour,  
but a fella only lives once.

I've just read your latest  
letter. In your own exotic  
way, light of my life, you  
write on a theme that's calculated  
to go right to my heart. I'm  
not a very susceptible person, I'



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lez (Tough-as-nails) Westaway they  
call me - take a good woman  
to affect me, (+ by "good" to mean  
bad, or something), + a brainless  
beauty or fatuous fatima leaves  
me cold. But you, you  
great big beautiful doll, damn  
me if you don't go & cause me  
to positively flutter in head &  
heart every time you get in  
my wavelength. Magic, that's  
what it is - been slipping  
me micky fins in the shape  
of love potions that's what you've  
been doing. Grabbed hold on a  
perfectly ordinary guy & turned  
him into a love-raved genius.  
Waggled ya lil' cheff & caused

a pop-eyed lad in his tough  
twenties to follow blindly, uttering  
the while choking sounds that  
made the public wonder what  
the idiot boy was doing out of  
the home. All done by mirror  
I suppose.

But about this letter of  
yours, I sort of wriggled my  
nose when I read of you & sister  
Joan discussingleit new. It's  
all very well to tell me about  
the nice bits but what I want  
to know is what else did you  
talk about. Huh? I should  
feel awfully embarrassed if the  
next time I see her Joan starts  
looking me over appraisingly like  
- kinda thinking on those things.  
Can't trust you girls when you



get together. <sup>5</sup> The things that have  
been said at her parties over a cuppa  
tea would shock a mattoe's nose-  
deck, & that's nigh impossible.  
But you're a couple darlings so  
I suppose you keep the conversation  
as charitable as possible - did you?

It's getting perilously near  
Hux's wedding date - is everything  
fixed? Don't forget to send a  
telegram of congrats for me, will  
you sweetheart - I don't suppose  
I shall get the chance to do it  
myself. I'll try & write to the  
fella beforehand & offer him  
the facilities afforded by our  
Sick Bay - eh?

Chu Chin Chow has gone  
out leaving behind an atmosphere

of oriental mysticism that gives me  
the queerest feelings - - - !!!  
Do you really think you could  
manage that outfit, honey?  
Would be nice.

Well, mere shahit akba,  
which liberally translated means  
you 'want the best love', we  
have it - eh? And lemme tell  
you my love is at the moment  
still in its infancy, so watch out.

Putty in ya hands,  
kats' me,

for

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Ru 17/10/44

Mrs. Lee Watsang

Co. Ministry of Supply

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