

M.T.B. 764

Sunday.

Beloved,

On Thursday past I play  
the ruggat. I mention this seemingly  
unimportant matter first to help  
illustrate the fact that the old  
bones are feeling in tip-top trim.

Also I can now raise my voice  
above a croak & am able to  
& smoke an occasional pipe without  
worrying what the harvest will be.

Taking things by + large, & all in  
all, what with one thing &  
another I'm not in too bad a  
mood. I would feel better but  
that'll come later, won't it you

little tinker?

Last night I went into  
B——— & mixed with the elite  
at the local N.I. hotel. But  
I can't honestly say I enjoyed  
myself - too many natives around.  
I was interested to see one or  
two celebrities in the Music Hall  
world knocking about, & I  
wined with a man who said  
he knew a fellow who had  
a cousin with a photograph of  
Evelyn Dall, so I suppose I can  
say I've been around. It's  
noteworthy to see the tanks  
getting the brush off from the  
native women - when that happens  
it's time to believe that you



Worst fears are founded on solid ground, & it's hopeless to regard oneself as anybody but a stranger in a very strange land.

It's getting near the time when I can reasonably expect a few days' leave. Now this time, my own, we definitely are going away somewhere quiet, yet gay. There are to be no excuses about money, flat-hunting, relation-  
visiting, or what-have-you. We will not be dismayed by the apparent lack of accommodation, nor by Government-inspired exhortations to make certain that your journey is really necessary. Distance will not deter us, neither will weather cool our ardour - you

get the idea sweetheart? - we're  
going away for a holiday, willy-  
nilly & some what way. I wish  
I could give you some idea  
of the period but that's not  
possible so it'll have to be one  
of those snap do. I hope your  
going away outfit is ready.

Oh, by the way - lumme, I  
nearly forgot the photographs -  
poor as laddock water, aint they?  
They're certainly not worth an  
enlargement. Well, you cant  
say I didn't try, aint I? I  
shan't be able to get any more  
done until we ship - because  
he's the only photographer in town  
& he aint so hot, is he?



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Don't really know why she  
used another page - got to close  
down now - jooty, y'know.  
~~More~~ anon.

Happily in love,

Ray

(call me "Slaps")

Mrs. Lee Wentworth  
Co Ministry of Supply  
Cond. P. - R. 241  
Rt. Westminister Ave  
Horsesherry Rd.  
S.W.V.



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