

M.T.B. 764

Thursday.

Dearest,

You've just come out of a
daze & I've just come out of a
slough of despond all on account
of receiving a letter from you
today. You will no doubt note the
time it takes to get letters to me
& will sympathize accordingly at
your ever-loving husband's
predicament in being placed in
a ~~very~~ dump that defies description.
However & albeit I can now
confidently look forward to a
daily succession of letters, books,
parcels, registered envelopes, etc, etc,

all from the sweetest little thing
this side of heaven - or can I.

There are two things I want
to mention before I go any farther -
(a) I rang you from L - d
on Wednesday, after seeing the
specialist and it was a complete
flop. I got through to G.W. + 80.
alright asked for G14, got no
reply, asked for 254 or a car 25
number + just as some female
or other picked up the receiver
+ said "car 2 e-eff" the jolly
old operator said "your time
is oop" and all I could say
was - - - - you guess. I had
no more time nor money to
phone again + so I retired hurt.

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And (b) as a result of the specialist's examination it is decided that the vocal cord, for no reason that the pundits can find has decided to stop temporarily (they've got all hope), & the only cure is time & rest. Hence draw you a picture -



The one marked is the defective one - the other wobbles perfectly, whilst the ~~left~~ left one don't wobble at all. It's all a game of wait & see. One bright spot is that I may smoke in moderation which all helps to restore harmony.

It's a funny thing but after every visit home of mine you write & ~~stay~~ say you're

"STOM7" (ugh! fearful vulgarity). How
I wonder why that should be - eh?
The next thing you know you'll
be saying yes old man wipes
all yer cash, & then what will
the neighbours say - we've got to
think of the neighbours.

So you were looking
forward to my pictures oh sweet.
Well, she an awful feeling that
you were very, very disappointed
& she very very sorry about it
all. I nearly asked for my
money back, but I suppose
the old law about blood
out of a stone applies here more
than anywhere in the British
Isles.

Friday

On account of various things & impediments I was definitely unable to finish yesterday's epic in the way I'd like to have it. I thought I pass it on to today.

Of course it's in a happier frame of mind because of another letter from you all full of things I like to read. Kee-illy darling you do things to my eye that's absolutely nobody's business & if you don't watch out you'll have a big-head on your hands - + lap.

I was intrigued to read

of Cully, or Elizabeth. Now, if I
get near her flat should I
go visiting. I think? That
'best room!' I mean - I think?
The only bidding - from what
I remember of the Pamela dame
the was not my idea of
beauty & attraction - that mouth
of hers looked like a rubber
stamp. I should imagine that
sleeping with her was more of
a hardship than anything else
- your letter doesn't record
what the bloke looked like
in the morning but I should
think right then he wished
he'd stayed in the prison camp.
I await eagerly the

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jolly st portrait - I'm just
feeling the pinch just about now
- feeling in need of a glimpse of
the Face - yuh, yuh, yuh.

See what you can do about
expediting the delivery of the
Creation House - I don't hold
out terrific hopes, but there
is just the chance that we'll
be getting that spot of lease
sooner than that. I'd love to
see that antenna run shine
down on a vision in red,
alike' for that matter it could
be any other colour just so
long as that certain Party was
amongst it.

I B now converse by

indian sign. It's awkward sometimes,
especially when it's asking for
two of anything, but the crew
are getting quite used to it, &
now instead of saying "good-
morning" they greet me with "how".

It's glad you like my
pal Omar. Great lad ain't he?
Proves that things haven't altered
much in a thousand years - eh?

Yes indeedly we will have a
volume of ~~the~~ his works in the
library & whenever we feel that
things ain't a job right we'll
delve, & I guarantee that his
got something to say about
it that hits the nail right on
the head.

"A pretty girl - like a

melody — that's what they're ringing
 on the radio. Ain't that the
 truth? Couldn't have put it
 better mesel'. Now what sort
 of a melody are you, my sweet
 than sweet. The classical sort,
 I should say; that kind that
 grows 'n grows on a bloke
 until he goes to bed with
 it (in his mind, of course), &
 wakes up with it in the morning.
 The melody that stays with one
 over the years & never, etc
 hackneyed mumbo & the red
 light — I mustn't carry this
 simile too far else I'm due
 to land mesel & right in the
 muck. I was going on to
 say that I know & like

dozens of tunes like that,
but for "tunes" you might read
"pretty girls" & that'll never do.
We'll leave it that.

And so to bunk. To sleep,
perchance to dream - I dunno -
I'll have a try before I turn
it & let nature have its
head. Before I do this thing,
leave say in my own dunsy,
but inimitable way that,

I love you,
S



Mrs. Cox, Westbury

5.11.11

Can. 2E - R. 2411.

Ministry of Supply

24 Westminster St. Hse.

Harrogate Rd.

5.11.11.

