

M.T.B. 764

Sunday.

Sweetheart,

You can smoke - you
can't smoke - you can & not -
under no circumstance may you
smoke - Oh, I don't see why not,
really. These doctors! I wish
to hell they'd make up their minds
- the latest is - I may not smoke.
And to cap it all they're putting me
back on the treatment that I had
for a month, completely without result,
& which, it was decided, was doing
me no good anyway. In my
opinion, these st' witch doctors

Know a sight more about getting
a man well than do these y'ere
specialists. I know the trick
to make me well agin - just give
me a home, where the buffalo roam,
etc., & a honey beside me,
and let it be a place far
removed from the Navy, & I'll
guarantee to be warbling like
Caruso inside a fortnight. But
these dopes cant see that - in this
regiment a bloke who cant speak
back is an asset to a
rating-baiting officer - I foot 'em
tho' - the cultivated one of those
freezing looks that speaks words
for me far more effectively than
me poor ol vocal chords - & the
beauty of it all is, they cant put

me in the rattle for it.

I've had your S.E.P. darling,
 & as usual, the P.O.'s mess thanks
 you from the bottom of their black
 hearts. Let me know what it was
 like, will ya?

What she really waiting for
 is your comment on my maps.
 I want to read the extent of
 your vocabulary & I want to
 read your reactions - with your
 photo in mind. I'm interested in
 seeing how you're going to phrase
 the "after the horrendous Mayor's show
 comes the dust-curt" theme. Her
 mind, angel, I'd do you proud
 one of these days - I might
 even have one of those dramatic

poses where the bloke in loincloth
& grease is doing something strenuous,
thereby showing to advantage his
rippling muscles. It'll be a bit
messy but I'll do it for you.

All sorts of very weighty,
serious matters are coming up for
consideration by you & I - have
you noticed that sweet? Things
like General Elections & Social
Services.....

Excuse the honey, I'm just off to
see a film called "A Guy Named
Joe" at the canteen. Finish this off
when I come back.

Lates.

Now what was I talking
about. G.E.S + S.S.S.

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They're very serious matters, d'ya
realise that? You as my proxy,
(supposing that I'm not there to do
the dirty work mesel), will have
to haunt election meetings in
order to get the guff on what's
about. And when you put that
X on the Ballot Paper I want
it to be in the right place -
like my heart. I remember you
saying at one time that you'd
like to have a go at this
parliamentary business, well now's
your chance to get in at the
bottom, as it were. What you
want is a Policy - like "bigger
& better babies" or something

equally up the feminine alley. If I had the time & money I'd have a go at it - but there it is, 'men must work' & I must leave politics to the moneyed few. But with their money must go at least a soupçon of sincerity else I, for one, shall find time off from my daily labours to put in my oar.

The pièce de résistance of the whole governmental set-up to my mind, however, is the Social Security Plan. Now that's really something to chew over. Its benefits were to rich & poor alike so that such people as we, darling, shall get our share of the ackers. I haven't delved into figures because

Successive parliamentary debates
 whittle + amend according to the
 forcefulness of the loudest speaking
 politician - I shall await the
 final bill with interest - but it
 does seem that large families
 are to be encouraged, if money
 can be any encouragement. What
 they have to offer in the way
 of increased ~~kind~~ of Human Kindness
 + accommodation for many babies
 remains to be seen but I think
 I speak for you too, mum, when
 I say that an extra 5/- or
 two will not send us wildly
 prolific. When we ~~get~~ grow
 too old to dream, or do anything
 else, they're going to make us
 independent of Institutions (or "lumps")

as they were universally known in
my young days), & I can imagine
that the night clubs, & other places
of entertainment calculated to
revive memories of youth, will be
cloc-a-bloc with Durbin & Jones
cutting a rug with pocketsfull
of 'that stuff' given to them
by a benevolent & understanding
government. I shall enlarge
on this theme as time goes by
- when I've summed the matter up
I shall let Mr. Churchill have
my views - lucky man.

Meanwhile I've gotta get
me beauty sleep in.

Goodnight little mother,
daddy loves you

Fez

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