

Mess 18

H.M.S. Hornet.

Thursday.

Dadling

Last night was taken up with writing to Harry, Dixie, Dad & You - that there was no time left for my lonely which made me very sad - but what could I do? The night on the ball tonight tho' & if fate & my messmates are kind I might get through a considerable amount of writing.

News first. Actually there is no news to write home about -

no fresh news, anyway - & things are
very static. They haven't discovered
my paper yet & so theoretically I'm
still on the sick list & ineligible for
draft - but - they've just offered me
a draft to the west country, base base,
which I shall take on Monday if
I'm declared fit by the doctor. It's
a problem, the draft sounds attractive
but it means flanneling over the
sick bay to forget all about my
case (I'm perfectly normal now in
voice), & they might be sticky about
it. Failing the draft I shall be
up on Saturday afternoon also
even that might be cancelled due
to the imminent draft. In all
very topsy-turvy.

3

I haven't been up to Maudie's place since she been down here but I suppose I'd better carry out my duties tomorrow night - I don't enjoy these visits. I found a letter from Harry when I arrived back & he wrote caustically about her - I think the lady's in bad favour.

Et tu, an' Jesu? Your last letter tells me you're in fine fettle after ~~the~~ Bournemouth which is jess fine, an' 'ab me can fine. If I can get really settled down Devon way it looks like I'm going to start a campaign for the Spot Wives, and I'd

don't think you'll need much
encouragement to join the movement
in a practical way. It might
not be Devon of course but wherever
it is the principle is the same - it's
the nearness of you that matters

I wrote to Dad & casually,
in a P.S., mentioned the sewing
machine. I've got it out of him
yet - he really doesn't want it,
he's just a silly old hoarder.

By the way sweetie - note the
new mess number but I don't think
you'd better write any more up to
you set this until I see you, or
write you what's what.

I've given up worrying about
this place by now - in the long

5
You're either adaptable or you're not -
I was afraid at one time that I
was in the 'not' category but I guess
it's all a matter of time.

There being a piano in the
mess & there being also in the mess
a talented player I, of course, must
have a do - which I've had. When
I looked back the talented player
had left which just goes to show
you the jealousy which exists between
artists. After piano playing episode
men of years standing in the mess
said that in all their years they'd
never heard anything like it - my
new idea of only playing every other
note must have caught on.

But, as ever, in barracks

Privacy, quietude, etc. is impossible,
and certainly it's impossible to concentrate
on this letter. I'd like you to know
that for love of you I'd climb the
highest ocean & swim the mightiest
mountain - or something - but to continue
writing in this racket would
result in failure, nothing but
the trashiest kind of literature.

Therefore, ma' baw, I love you.

On Saturday if I set up, I'll
continue with you along the lines
found successful to date - know
what I mean?

Love 'n kisses Joe J. J.





Mr
The Ministry of Supply

Gen. 2E - R. 241

Capt. W. L. Minors R.C.

Wingfield Rd.

S.W.1.

