

Mess it  
Gus Hornet.

Monday.

Dearest,  
They're at it again - Blood tests, x-rays & all the paraphernalia of the groping medical who's completely in the dark. Actually they are a little more forward in their efforts - they now strongly suspect bronchial trouble altho' how that can affect the throat I don't know. Do you remember how I used to have coughs for long periods in the winter months? Well that is a pointer to the trouble & it's very

likely they'll treat me for that -  
incidentally, I haven't had a trace  
of a cough this winter. So,  
honey, for the next week or so I  
shall be at the old game of  
hanging round hospitals & I'm  
not looking forward to it one  
little bit.

Somehow or other, sweetly, I  
didn't like having you one little  
bit last night - not that I like  
having you at any time but  
last night I felt like I did  
when I left for Glendower - I had  
that same feeling of dull anger  
at the people & circumstances that  
stopped us from being together  
for all time. For me, I suppose  
I'll come around to the sunny side



Sooner or later + kick myself for  
 letting go of myself - self control, that's  
 what you need these days &  
 plenty of aplombs, whatever that is.

The journey down last night  
 wasn't funny - I got a seat on  
 the 12.15 alright + arrived in  
 Pompey at about 12.00. All  
 places of rest were full of reclining  
 matchsticks - I walked a mile or a  
 half to discover that there were  
 no more boats over to the Hornet  
 before 0630 + was therefore faced  
 with the prospect of walking the  
 town for 3 hrs. - it was raining  
 & blowing a gale! Luckily, I managed  
 to find a billiard room with a  
 few cushioned seats & crashed  
 down in that. Whilst it's only

fair to say I was chocca nevertheless  
I'd do it every night to get a chance  
to see your lovely little figs.

(I heard the news this morning  
from a late arrival that late trains  
were charged by naval ratings  
feared of being asleep if their  
weekend, & the police had to  
use their batons - a hit on the  
naggin would have finished  
every thing for me I should have  
crawled back home to you  
dorking, & cried mesel' to sleep  
in your lap).

Love later, angel.

I love you  
K.

PORTSMOUTH & SOUTHSEA  
7 45 PM  
4 DEC  
1944



Mrs. L. B. W. W. W. W.

to Ministry of Supply

Can. 2F - R. 221.

Dr. W. W. W. W. W.

W. W. W. W. W.

S. W. W.