

Mess 18.

Hornet.

Saturday.

My darling,

Wasn't easy was it?
Who was the dope who said
parting was such sweet
sorrow - nothing very sweet
about it, it just throws
you down to the depths.

I shan't dwell on it dearest,
except to say that I
never thought I should
feel the need for you as I
do now + as I see it the
feeling had better wear
off a little else the Navy

will find that I'm of very
little use to them.

By the time you get my
letter you'll have found that
I couldn't manage to get
up this week-end but
I'm told that next weekend
I shall leave Sat + Sun off
so watch out for me honey.

This afternoon I shall
write to Blanche, etc. altho'
I'm in the very worst mood
for writing to anybody
but you. All I want to
do is sit in a chair &
stare ahead. The stomach
has behaved since I took
that potion with only one
lapse, & I have great hopes

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that it'll be O.K. in a day
or two. That gland in my
neck has gotten a bit
sore but I don't think
it's very serious. I'd mention
my corns but it sounds
~~so~~ so much of an anti-diman

I can't write much more
in this letter sweetheart, with
my head full of buzzes,
my heart full of aches &
my stomach full of
butterflies. By the time I
come to write again I'll
be better fitted mentally
to make with the snappy
correspondence, (sorry no
phone, sweet, out of order).

I shall definitely need
the letter for redrawing the
allotment. When I went to
the Pay Office today to try
it on without the letter

they nearly lynched me for
alleged cruelty to my wife -
the women certainly let me
see that they consider me
the worst kind of husband.

Also, angel, she forgotten
my ——— In does it matter,
I'll check it next weekend.

I'll check something else, too,
eh?

Love
J.R.

Mrs.

to



Ministry of Supply

Gr. 2 F - R. 241.

At. Robertson to Ho.

Harrogate Rd.
S. W.

