

Mess 18

Hinner.

11.45.

Dearest, The favourite song or
ditty in camp here in Spring
will be a little late this
year. This agreed by all,
or nearly all, the new year
will see a lot of chasing
round the world in search
of Spring. Latest flashes
indicate that the search is
not likely to begin very
early & maybe we'd yet
see the first flush in England's
green & pleasant. All is
conjecture nothing is certain
except life, love & death & of
the first two I can bless
the good one that both have

been showered on me to have
of W.M.

I've indulged in the
dangerous practice of looking
back this weekend & I
centered my ponderings on
the last two weeks. My
goodness, darling, what a
flop I can be at times -
you must agree - working on
the hypothesis that nobody's
perfect you surely must
see me in a very dim light
on occasions. What a baby!
I really don't know why I
act like a juvenile idiot
Stomach ache? - so what.
In my present frenzy of
feeling for you, sweetheart,
I'm in the mood to indulge
in a surfeit of recrimination

over a leave which might well have been our last days together for years - it hasn't turned out that way, it's true, but that's not 'the point'. Guss is a great love, a marvellous love & it should be so all the way.

The other side of the matter must I suppose be considered. Spiritual perfection will always be spoiled to a degree of by material circumstances & we certainly come up again the aforesaid M.C.S. don't we honey?
1944 was a year to be remembered for its run of luck that bordered on the putrid stages.

I spent the last two hours of the old year sitting in front of the hut stove & thinking on these things. When the new year came in, with the noise from the harbour & camp, I felt strangely happy as tho' the hoots & yells & bangs & clatters were chasing away all the bad things of the old year & welcoming a wonderful future in the new one. I really felt that dearest one, & I've been a happier man ever since.

I phoned you this morning because to hear your voice is the 1 pleasure of the day. It was a very short pleasure, angel, but

I'll repeat the dose again & again, as long as possible, & one day I hope to get you alone so that I can get the talk going on more informal lines.

Sorry about the pencil, meets. pi, but my pen's way over the harbour in my case & I'm on the other side doing a spot of work - well, not right at the moment perhaps, but that was the general idea when we set out. I knew, however, that "work" meant "loaf". So I prepared myself with notepaper, reserved a seat before the canteen first & here I am, at 13.30 hours,

Starting in.

I've had to re-rig myself
with hammock & kitbag - the
other I left on the boat -
remember? - + the big
difficulty was the cash
because that outfit costs
quite a lot. However I
spun a yarn to the bloke
& got all, except the
kitbag, free. I had a
letter from John Boscott -
he said he intended to
send the hammock etc
as soon as possible
but I've since learned
that he's over at Ostend
now ~~and~~ he had no
leave since I left - maybe
I didn't do so bad after
all. I had another letter

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from 700 - they're in the
shed & pretty decent also
with no beam. A further
filling to a depressing time
to the news given by an
office bloke that my draft
is one of the best that
has been sent & I'm lucky to
be on it - maybe.

I haven't seen
Blanche yet. I wrote to
her explaining my absence
up to now & said I was
due away any day. The
truth is I don't want to see
her at present because her
actions at home rankle
& if she ~~discussed~~ discussed them
I should speak out &

cause a scene. Maybe a
little time will soften my
feelings towards her - I
have some regard for her
& I don't want a lifetime
~~of~~ breach. If you think
it sweet, tell Davis not
to mention me at all in
his letters to Blanche.

Thanks for the note
to Naval Accounts. I've
put in a request to see the
Captain (it's as complicated
as that!) & with your
agreement with me I shall
spend a pleasant few
minutes with the authorities
getting them to agree. ~~to~~
~~to~~ They certainly

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take great pains to protect
the wife's interest, which is
just as it should be. Do
not draw the full allotment
until you hear officially from
the Navy - any discrepancy
can be more easily squared
my end.

I mentioned the noise
in the harbour last night. It
was terrific - every ship in
the water opened up with
something & on land the
population had continued to
make an equal amount of
din. It kept up for a
half hour after midnight, &
you could almost feel the

exhaustion of the tin-makers
as they ~~make~~ made their
last toot or bang. It was
a brilliant night down here
with stars in everything, &
the harbour these days is quite
~~also~~ a sight with its lights
& movement. After midnight
I left the fire & wandered
down to the edge of the creek
in front of the base - there
was only one person I could
be joyfull with & you had
to be telepathised in solitude.
Remember speaking about it
on Thursday night? I
wonder if I contacted you,
sweetheart. I sent you
love & wishes for the best of
new years.

11.

On Saturday, when + if I
come up, we'll go to - show
before going home & you
shall choose it. Think of
what you'd like to see, baby,
& we'll see it - all I want
to do is sit in a nice
warm place & hold your
hand - if it were Abbot +
Castello I should - tell
concentrate on the hand
So don't be influenced by
my tastes, darling, but
just go ahead & pick
your fancy. Chances for
the weekend are pretty good
So cross your fingers

Bye for now honeychile.

I love you so

Les

Mrs

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