

Mess A.

Hornell.

Wed.

Darling,

There's certainly a lot of truth in the saying that you can get used to anything in time. I've gotten quite used to this foreign idea, but I put the matter on a par with getting used to castor oil - it leaves a very nasty taste in your mouth. I'm helped by a whole camp full of blokes in the same cast - they've got used to the idea too - at least you don't hear that wail that used to go up at times, eric it was, and you don't see groups of 'em

dressed in sackcloth throwing ashes
over themselves. Of course, they
still get drunk and go wild
once in while but that might
be boyish spirits.

I phoned you today in
anticipation of a blissful few
minutes. If I caught the
inflections in your voice aright,
my sweet one, I'm correct in
assuming you care more than
somewhat for the old man -
huh? Did you catch any
inflections in my voice, honey?
Plenty there. Positively dripped.
With 'em I did - the door of
the kiosk was open, and the
waiting girl looked at me with
interest when I stepped out -
she evidently thought I had
something there.

I am a fit man again, eating and drinking my fill with the best. I even managed a portion of your pud. the other day - the Tummy gave a little twinge, a sort of swan-song, and from then on decided to behave. So on Saturday, my gal, if I get up, I should be scintillating with wit & general bonhomie. I may even be heavy-eyed and jowled what with my recent efforts to make up for those terrible days when I couldn't eat - I likes to fill me boots.

I saw a gruesome picture in the Base last night - "Murder in Thorton Square", with Char. Boyer, etc - you may have seen it - didn't you? The husband, by suggestion and tricks, convinces

his wife that she's crazy so's he
can get the family goods. The
hero comes along later to
unconvince her. Point is, be
there a wife so daft that
she can be treated that way -
if I were villainous enough
could I convince you you
were crazy - eh, sweet? Ten
to one you'd throw me out
on my ears. Chas had no
trouble at all - she was
balmy anyway. Just thought
I'd mention it.

No more tonight, sweetest,
except to say

I'll always be in love
with you.

Chas

SPOR
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HANTS

Mrs. R. Westbury

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Opp. Westminister Ho.

Hereford Rd.

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