

Mess 18

Tuesday.

Darling,

I suppose the teleprinter
did say something about disconnecting
us tonight - huh? At 2 before the
kiosk I had a most disgusting
feeling that I'd made a ~~costly~~
ghastly mistake & run out of ^{before}
I need - the line was awful & I
hope you heard me ducky. You
got the part about booking up
at the Hereford, I suppose? I'll
write tonight & confirm same &
all that remains is for the gods
to give us lashings of luck.

I remember you saying
on Sunday that you'd take a
poor view of any typewritten letter
that I might send & that you
like to see my squiggles. The
trouble is, honey, that writing

in the Navy means, to me anyway, that only a bus conductor could make any sort of list that looked good - at present a very rickety table is causing this effort to be just a conglomeration of squiggles, & it's very unsatisfying to a man of my artistic mind. A typewritten letter may lack the personal touch but at least it's readable, & whilst I'll concede you the point, I'm afraid that future correspondence to all & sundry will be in the modern manner.

All sorts of buzzes are going round the base about foreign & other drafts. The most unlikely people will slide up to you during the day & whisper something to make your ears flap, & the general trend of buzz seems to be that they're not in a hurry to send us away. All this

is very nice hearing + I wish I could confirm it in some way - impossible to do so, of course, but before long sheer weight of buzzet will compel me to believe it. For the past few weeks we've had a succession of lectures telling us all about various foreign lands of which they are a native + they paint a lot of lovely pictures designed to make you think that any place but England is a Garden of Eden. They can't fool me, or any other sensible bloke in my position, + they can keep their Gardens for somebody more appreciative. All I want to do is stay here with my beloved, + if they let me do that I'll have no more grumbles in the Navy, come what may.

The weather down here has been cold enough to shake a brass monkey + unless I sit on

the fine the damned if I can
keep warm. All available sweaters
have been called into play &
I go around looking like that
man in the Michelin tire advert
but unlike him I don't bounce
when I slide & hit the concrete.
I was thinking of putting my
name down for a game of sugar,
but the sight of that snow
made me think again.

Look out for that weekend,
sweety, & bring your landing
shoes. And maybe we'll have
a jinky or two. Huh? You
darling.

Love 'n kisses



GOSPORT
10 45 AM
10 JAN
1945

Mrs. ~~W. HANTS~~ ~~Stansby~~
So Ministry of Supply

Don. St. — R. 241

Ct. W. W. W. H. S.

Horselany Rd.

S. W. 1.

