

mess 18.

Tuesday.

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I've just returned from a swim. I've fed well, drunk well, & the pipe is going well — well, well.

Speaking of pipes, the Dunkirk I left at the Attack has been sent to me by me oppo so all is right again.

I managed to get back to the Hornet without being found out, which all adds to the general feeling of contentment within me at the moment. No ~~feeling~~ sign of a draft yet & a reasonable hope of a short week-end up the line next

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Saturday, (unless the feds in the Drafting Office are even now cooking up a hash similar to the one I got last week!). I've even managed to write to Garibaldi St. this morning all outstanding obligations leaving me free to write to thou and nip ashore to the pickers - in that order.

Have wrote back a few days ago. He's already applied for a Portal & agrees with our views. He's also very intrigued with the matter of Civil Service Exams. So darling, if you can manage it, perhaps you could send him one of those booklets you spoke about which give the guff. He's failed the Glider Pilot course

It is now in general training
& hopes (sic) to go abroad
& get in the thick of it (!).

Finally, he'll probably be on
leave on the 20th, ~~the~~ the
date which, d.v., marks my
period of hopefulness in that
connection.

Again & again & yet again
Old Man Divisional Officer kept
drumming into us that we the
draftees are the luckiest people
in this 'war'. We're all going
to a land of milk & honey.
I wish he'd shut up. A
sea of blank faces greet
his sallies altho' the eyes
speak volumes - he says he'd
love to go & afterwards it's
generally agreed that he's
the best b- to go. But

it does seem that you need
not worry about my welfare,
sweetheart, in fact, if I were
you I'd try to get the idea
that your old pot 'n pan's
going out for a prolonged
holiday - ha, ha.

You're a wonderful wife,
honey-child. Even if I didn't
love you so much I'd have
to admit that in a sense
you've a technique that's really
solid all right, in fact. I
suppose I should have said
you're a wonderful lover - you
make with the old sex
appeal in a way that brings
out every bit of Adam in me.
I wouldn't trade you for a
dozen Lana Turners. I look
forward to the day when

5

it won't be necessary to send
name to the pictures before
we can get down to
fundamentals. MEMO:- Settee
to be specially re-inforced to
take abnormal loads.

Every time I read the papers
or listen to the radio news, I
get the gen on more & more
pre-fabs. It's most confusing -
I can see us being in a honey
of a quandary when it comes
to deciding on a house. One
thing, their construction is such
that a clever man like your
husband could quite easily
add to, or take away - given
a couple of days notice we
can easily tack on an extra
room for a visitor & the
garage can be enlarged as

the children get old enough to
have their own jalopies. I
have one fear - we may wake
up one morning exposed to
the vulgar public gaze, junior
having risen early & got to
work with his Tiny tot's tool
set which an ever loving papa
gave him to shut his mouth.

Sufficient unto the evening...
...etc. Keep tuned into this
wave length & you'll soon
get the idea that

I love you
R.



OSPORT
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17 JAN
1945
STANTS

Mrs.

Wentworth
c/o Ministry of Supply

Can. 71 - R. 241.

Cpt. Wentworth
Horseferry Rd.
S.W. 1