

Mrs Gurdgeon
36 Garibaldi ST
Plumstead

Monday 22nd

Dear Ley.

many thanks for your letter, I was so pleased to hear that you are still in Blighty, I had been wondering how you both were; I had a nice letter from Claire she was hoping to come & see us on Sunday but when it started to snow again I didn't expect her; you're got to be very brave to leave the fire these days, and incidently the workman chose Sunday afternoon to put the windows in; they had every window frame out together, of course it was like living in the street. Joyce & her boy friend Douglas were here for four days. The workman apologized to both of them; he pulled down the blind & told them he would do the job as quickly as possible. Douglas is going into Chatham barracks prior to going to the Pacific, he says he will be away about two years, so of course he will say 'Goodbye for ever' to Joyce, because she will be married to Tom before then; he is a very nice boy, but Joyce can't have all of them. We were expecting Tom to knock on the door as we didn't hear for nearly three weeks; but the letters had got held up. He says, ~~that~~ he has had to hand in his home address

also his nearest railway station; he felt very pleased about that, because he says it means they are getting his papers ready for him to come home. He has finished his 4 1/2 years overseas; it stated on the wireless the other evening that no man would be doing more than 4 1/2 yrs overseas. Yes I am hoping you will be at the wedding, Muriel & Tony were down last week. Edgar is in Derby at the moment, but only for three weeks; One of Muriel's brothers, is very ill in Italy; one of his lungs has shrivelled up. He will never have good health again. Dad still has 'crying spells, the better weather seems to depress him; He has to come in to a cold house every morning, Other winters he has come in to a nice fire & hot breakfast. Him & I miss Mum terribly. Blanche wrote & asked me if you were still in Gosport, but I ignored the question when I wrote back. We had several Rockets over the week-end; another one landed in Herbert Rd again. I do hope Old Stalin keeps on running; I bet your old barracks is cold. I know its cold turning out at six in the morning, in the cold cold snow, the only consolation you have, is that the bus is full of people turning out the same as you. Well Cheerio dear, All & Joy send their love look after yourself, I hope you get the week-end I'm keeping my fingers crossed. All my love Doris

H.M.S. Hornet
Gosport.

mess 18

P/Mx 500221

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arrived