

Nov 18

Monday.

My dear one,

Last night was a bit of a tussle. You've probably read of the train accident at Esher, & I hope you didn't worry - if they hadn't stated the time of the train in the papers I'd have telegraphed - phone 0-0-0. again, & guessed that there was delay to following trains. There was - my hand! how I chased out of Pompey station to catch that last ferry back to Horsham. I made it & all's well, but I wouldn't have liked roughing it that night - so near. To ease your mind, dearest, I have it been discovered as a

defaults, a breaker of ship, a general
nere-do-well - the authorities here
are particularly easy in their
restrictions & I make sure
before jumping that all tracks
are covered as far as possible.

It rather looks as tho'
the last buzz is the correct one -
I'm sure that we've finally
nailed it down to points
East & from what I hear
it's not at all bad. Conditions
are as pleasant as one could
wish for, & if the climate suits
you you're lippy. That's what
they tell me, anyway, & for
my own peace of mind I'll
believe 'em. The first lot
have been granted an additional
7 days leave - starting from
today - & we in the course have

been told ³ that ours will be
granted next Monday. Good
news, eh honey? There's just
one snag, ('ah-ha', I hear you
remark), that is I might be
called out for a special job
which will last a week, in which
case my leave will be 'delayed'
that long, but I'll get it in
the end. Of course, Sweetheart,
you mustn't forget the biggest
snag of all which, like the
poor, is always with us - that is,
the fear of the 'Pie-head Jump'
being forced on us when we
least expect it - you know
what I mean - but I honestly
don't think that'll happen
in time to spoil leave.

I couldn't see through
the window again last night
so I hope you weren't sore

if I ~~wouldn't~~ didn't wave back.
Darned annoying that window -
I was always taught at school
that glass was opaque & what's
more you could see through it.
Well I'm right here to tell 'em
that there's some types of glass
you can't see through & the
kill-joy railway companies use
that type for their carriages. I
did think of waving anyway,
because I thought you could
see me & would wave back,
but the other people in the carriage
would look to see what I was
waving at (to whom I was
waving) & unless they've got
special kind of eyesight they
wouldn't see anything either
& they'd think I was about
to throw a fit, & as the train
pulled out you'd be concerned,
nervous, at the thought of

my having ⁵/_{to} fight my way
to town. So I didn't waver.

But all the above doesn't
mean that I didn't want, not
only to waver but to jump up
& out of the carriage, grab
you & sit back precisely
to where we were a couple of
hours before. That's the sort of
a situation that's right out of
this world & my gosh, how
true that is. It shows what
regimentation can do to a full-
blooded man - it can actually
force him to leave his ever-
loving wife in a cold, dark
railway station & travel un-
comfortably to a cold, dark
naval camp, there to remain
for a period only known to a
total stranger. The Greeks had
a word for that sort of Balminess.

+ I bet it was rude.

And that's all for tonight,
honey-bunch, but not all I
could say - Oh no, by no
means. This subject of love
needs many pages of very
closely written stuff, before
you begin to set the idea -
one of these days I'll write
a complete discourse on the
subject - when you've added
your remarks we'll bind
it in leather & gold &
keep it for our children. Eh?

Yours truly, (+ I
means yours - truly)

L2.

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30 JAN
1945
HANTS
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Mr. P. R. 2
The Ministry of Supply

Am. 21 - R. 241.

Mr. W. A. T. H. H. H.

Hereafter Rd.

S.W. 1.