

Mess 18

Home.

Tuesday.

My darling,

For I must go down to the sea again' - another blooming ferrying job! Tarmouth to Doble this time. I shall be up in town en route to Liverpool & tomorrow & probably I'll be able to ring to at least & tell you all about it, but if the Navy are up to form in these matters they've arranged it so we've got 5 minutes to get across London. At least it's a break from the ghastly monotony of

this place, altho' the chances are I shall miss the opportunity to rip up the line on Sunday, (Saturday's definitely out, darling). But you never know, sweetheart, so don't despair.

Oh those boozes! They never let up for an hour. To think one of them may be true & we don't know which one. Maybe they're all

true & their bondships are playfully changing their minds twice daily just to confuse a poor wretch. I bet you thought I was going this week - eh, honey? Did you think that our week-end was the last? Poor darling - Poor me - poor us - BLAST!!!!

The lovely Spring-like weather

has completely unsewed me. I am
no longer capable of standing up
to the slings & arrows of outrageous
fortune with any degree of aplomb
or fortitude. I'm as nervous & jumpy
as a kitten - as snarling as a
stallion - as emotional as a school
girl - and as soulful as a spring
poet. I moan & groan with
anguish. My dreams disturb my
sleep. I am in love.

I'm no Adonis, my sweet,
just try me the next time you
get me in your arms - that
encirclement of enchantment, the
bounds of which encompass all
the charms of Venus, through which
no evil may batter - Shakespeare
called it the hills & vales of pleasure

Where a hunter may wander at his
will - he wasn't kidding.

All this'll give you a rough
idea of my feelings at the moment,
baby, & if you're not in sympathy
with the mode of expression, my angel,
forgive me my one & only, because
that ol' black magic or something,
has me in its spell. I love you -
Set it? —

I love you
Ker

PORTSMOUTH &
7 20 FEB 1945



Mrs. Lee Hartman

So Ministry of Supply

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St. Westminster

10000000 Rd.

S. W. 1.

Sweetheart

Just in case you take
back, am popping into

Chichester this afternoon,

Clark