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88A Bellegrave Rd.

Welling Kent.

Randay. 9.4.45.

My darling

Had a letter from you this evening sweetheart, quite unexpectedly. Its queer that each time I steel myself

for a long period of waiting - and each time somebody at the office warns me of a silence of at least 8 weeks, along comes a letter of love from my hubby just to fool them. Yah!

This one is ho's. and still doesn't tell me in so many words all the things I'm curious to know. However I do try to read between the lines, and after the 5th or 6th perusal of each screed something breaks through the clouds & hits me. That bit about the V.I.'s stopping - cute idea honeydumb.

I rather gather that you are having
the time of your life at the moment,
living almost in a film set. And
oh, darling, how I ache to be there
with you. It sounds so heavenly
compared with this war-weary world!

Anyway my sweet I'm glad to know
that you're enjoying yourself & I hope
that you enjoy every moment to the
full & store up all the memories you
can to help you through the period
away from home.

That food menu sounds good.

And here was I dreaming of a slim
husband coming home to me one day.

Dad, please, weigh yourself on
arrival - or if you do, don't, please,
advise your wifey of the result. The
shock might do for me, when all
Geri's V-bands just left me cold.

³ So there are all sorts of entertainment
aboard too. eh? I can just see you
taking your hand on the old joanna
if you get half a chance. Though
maybe you, even with all your flannel
might fight shy before the experts
aboard.

One thing that sucks me! -
"Wandering minstrels stroll the decks
playing to the groups of quips & gals
taking the sea air. There was I
imagining it was a stag do, and
I am rudely awakened to the fact
that there are women aboard that
packet. I have to forcibly push
away from me visions of couples
strolling the deck in the moonlight
with romantic music floating out
over the water. Please,

darling, don't let your love go wrong.
This poor little girl has only got
one heart & that was given up long
ago to a certain husky hero. See,
honey, keep on loving me.

You'll never guess what I did
at lunch-dine. - went over on M.T.B.
at Westminster Pier. It is Navy Week
this week, and you bet your wife
was not gonna miss that attraction.
It is a D-boat - terrific den in
front of your last number - and I
got a terrific thrill standing in the
bows and feeling it rock beneath
my feet. I inspected guns, torpedo
tubes, the bridge & other I went
aft & asked one of the maddocks
'if I could go below to the engine

room. I explained that I had a special interest as my husband had been an M.M. aboard just such a packet, (what a nerve!) Anyway he said he'd go blow to the chief. I said no, don't bother, but he went.

Unfortunately 'Chief' was sorry but if one came below the rest of the eight seers would want to - so he was sorry but it was no go.

I would very much have liked to examine those quarters which housed my darling through many a perilous night, but it was not to be, so I had to console myself by gazing down the hatchways, where there were a couple of lads flaked out on (?) bunks. - one of whom ~~it~~ in true sailor fashion, hailed me with "Kase hi, there" - at

which I beat a hasty retreat.

But what little ships they are, when you get on 'em. Gsy-bitsy ladders everywhere - not a difficult matter to go overboard on a windy night I reckon. And don't they just bristle with guns. Whew! Can't say I'd like to be in the engine room in an action. Must have been pandemonium!

'S a matter of fact, there were accounts in tonight's papers of some E. & M.T.B. fights over the weekend - and I was not sorry that you were out of it. One M.T.B. was hit in the engine-room & sank, and another was rammed & sank. Course we sank & set on fire several of the enemy in return! Good boys!

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And now comes the surprise. As I made my way to the gang plank to quit the M.T.B., who should I spot but Harry coming aboard. Yes, your brother Harry, of all people! We were both amazed.

He, poor chap, has been a bit under the weather it seems. He's been down with bronchitis & fibrositis & has been advised by the doctor to have all his teeth out. He had just had a few out at handbath before I met him. - So you can guess he was not looking quite his usual bright self. He asked how you were, & how long you'd been gone and the usual questions. Drop him a line, darling, will you if you get a moment?

Jackie too has been confined to bed with measles. Poor Jack.

So they've evidently had a rough patch for a while, but all are quite cheerful again now, and even more so because of the grand news, and lack of bumps.

Yesterday evening, I went down to Plumstead for the first time since you've been gone. They were all upset about your going, especially pop, and I was jolly glad you had written separately to him. He appreciates an occasional letter. But really he looks very fit & is his old bright self when he gets going. I gave them your address so mail will soon be arriving thick & fast. Aun' Don's is going to send you

9 The Daily Mirror, local Rag and Sunday papers, so you'll be well looked after for news.

I saw Nevil & Philip for five minutes. My stars that nip has grown. He doesn't toddle now - he really walks & is quite tall for his age. Though he was shy at first, he gave me quite a hug & kiss before they departed.

Edgar it seems is an ops. at the moment & has not had any leave since we saw them at Xmas. He has been saying lately that he thinks he will have to stay put in the RAF for a certain time now he is commissioned - and I rather imagine that it's similar to what you expected if you'd taken

an engineering commission. He
quite thinks he will have to
go abroad before its all over. So
who knows, you may meet up
away from home?

I was sorry to miss Tom &
Joyce yesterday. Apparently they
had 36 hour passes & stayed the
night at Pinner, but had to
leave at lunch-time. It seems
that they are still a pair of love-
birds. Good luck to them! I
only hope they follow our good
example & stay that way. Eh
Sweetheart?

Its a few days since I
wrote to you & it is surprising
how the news picks up.

" I am afraid I have a disappointment
for you darling. We didn't have any
luck, and it seems that we must
wait until you come home before
we can have our Sebastian. I
Suppose really it would have been
a miracle if it had come off -
considering what an upsetting night
that was and how my Jimmy
behaved for the next few days. So
I'm afraid circumstances should be
happy & contented for that miracle
to take place.

I knew on Friday evening, by
the light that was going on inside
me that it was not to be. And
all day Saturday I went around
bent slightly in the middle, feeling

as though I'd been kicked by a
mule. Just wait until you
come home again sweetheart. We'll
be so wondrously happy, our baby
will be born right out of Heaven.

Oh how I'm longing for that
day to come along. And parties
will make it all the sweeter. Keep
our love shining brightly inside
you darling while you're away,
and we'll live happily together
ever after.

I love you

Wifey

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