

And there I'm stuck. Why? Because  
# this position in a deck chair is so  
comfortable that inertia has set in &  
I am unable to think with that dash  
& verve you expect from me. The sky  
is cloudless & very blue - the sun blazes  
down - there is no wind - it is hot. Further -  
I've had a large dinner, not so long ago,  
& who can write under such circumstances?  
I can!

Really, I'm feeling slap-bappy. Since I  
last wrote to you the demotivating news has  
flashed from mouth to mouth gathering  
in intensity & interest until today, at this  
time, we aren't quite sure whether we're on  
our way or actually in England. I've  
sifted the wheat from the chaff & even  
then the residue looks unimpressive - I really  
don't know what to make of it. The one  
piece of news that does seem to be more

if possible. The ~~imp~~ inference is that my Group must surely be on its way very shortly - but, my goodness, who would have thought it? Various subsidiary & supplementary buzzes tell us that Groups up to 31 left Chembur Camp today for embarkation on the Empress of Scotland, due to sail next Tuesday - you'll be able to check up on the arrival of that ship thus giving possible credence to the buzz. Regarding this camp, & explaining why out early groups haven't moved so fast, we learn that Indian reliefs are awaited, but that a move in the right direction is expected any day.

All the preceding guff is pernice from Heaven - I'm inclined to believe it all. Believing, too, that there can be no smoke without fire, I say there must be a terrific blaze somewhere in H.M.S. Brajanza for I haven't told you the half of it - I base my news on 25/75 basis of true buzzes to false. Of course we must realise that lots of the Cads

stuff - & we in checkmate. Well at least  
have to clear up some of the mess. That  
will undoubtedly delay our return. Searching  
for a reason for all this panic did come  
to the conclusion that the Government are  
building up a back-hander for the Opposition  
when the next debate on Demobilisation takes  
place. Just another political trick, but in  
this case we gain.

George (31) is like a man deranged,  
in fact we're all slightly whacky. But  
first concern is the gathering of rabbits &  
25lb of foodstuff. It wouldn't be a bad  
idea to give me a list of food that  
would be of the greatest use to us in the  
flat - not much point in me bringing home  
food that is, or will be, off the ration -  
eh, my little Turtle Dove? From letters  
sent by the lads already home & out, I  
assume that Pompey - dear old Pompey -  
will be the place where all the denning

any leave added to 3 weeks leave will be so much cash - can't see myself lasting any longer without a job, in fact, I can't see the C.S. allowing me longer.

The weather has broken - last night there was a terrific storm & this morning, (Sunday), the sky is overcast. It probably means that this afternoon trip to Jukwa will be a wet one. Then the sun will return in time to give us a sweltering time in the workshops throughout the week.

"Roundi" are over & the camp relaxed - the sight of a clutch (bevy, huddle, swoop, smart?) of gold braid so early in the morning is very depressing, especially when one is certain that their one aim is to decide all the efforts one has given to cleaning & squaring up the place. In every ward room there is the motto "Never give a sucker an even break" - for "sucker" read "natcho".

Last night I went to the camp cinema because of an attack of ennui & saw Ray Milland in the "Ministry of Fear". We have

a chronic inability to project on a level plane, & both are out of focus. I think I must have been feeling chocea last night.

It's funny, but the best-news always has a rebound, & my reactions are equal & opposite. Up in the air - down in a hole. My trouble is, I think, mistrust of The Powers That-Be. I tell myself that all is right & proper if only T.P.T.B. will play up in the right & proper manner. And then I think of all the times they've play quite opposite to what is right & proper & I tell myself that this time will be no different to the rest. This time it matters so much to me - to us. If only I could believe that the Int. H. was telling us the truth, & if it was the truth, if only those promises would be carried out to the letter & in the spirit. Actually, abstract activities on my part are a mass of contradictory ideas

If you dismiss this paragraph as the outpouring of an idiot - you will say, after trying to sort it out, "so what, is it good or bad?"

To try & conclude is difficult because, at the moment, I'm in one of those moods - the weather might have something to do with it - but if I stop analysing & picking holes, I'm left with an instinctive feeling that the outlook is brighter than ever before, & if I stick to precedent I'd rely more on instinct than on any psycho-analytical solution - I've always found it better.

I've just re-read the above & discovered I haven't mentioned demobilisation once - I didn't occur to me that it was necessary - what else could make such a play with my emotions? I wonder if you'll take it for granted that that was the subject - I bet you will.

Lethargy has entered my bones & I'm setting very low in my correspondence to other people. Lately I've had letters from nearly all our friends & relations & I

stone - I like to be mentally alive at least.  
I can put that state down to the weather,  
too. An oppressive atmosphere around  
me, day after day, & through the night  
makes me eat avidly of the hotter food  
& me is drugged - the feeling, I'm sure, is  
just as potent & real as any given by  
opium. I've noticed that a person  
domiciled out here is somehow different  
to a European - movements are slow &  
hesitant, they look glassy-eyed; in  
my opinion they're merely opulent  
beachcombers to a greater or lesser degree  
of opulence. I shall miss the sun  
but the keenness of English weather suits  
me better.

Tonight I shall go to the Aurora  
& see "Three Caballeros" - I have to get  
out of the camp ~~at~~ at every opportunity  
- this final period is the worst I've ever

~~escape~~ but I do have to make an effort to relax. I find it best to keep as quiet as possible, & not to enter into arguments, for sooner or later, tempers will rise. But if I can leave the camp & mix with the crowds, see & hear something that allows me to forget the Navy, & generally indulge in an orgy of escapism, I'm fairly happy & relaxed. Altho "nerves" covers these symptoms how dangerous might the position be if prolonged, yet it would be impossible to make the authorities realise how inexorably they are crushing a man's soul. They don't recognise the existence of a soul, anyway. I have our love to keep my perspective in focus, but how awful it must be for those who have "no love, no nothing" - I know of these men, married & single, & they are very unhappy creatures indeed.


But November will soon be



there will be very little else to consider in the Naval business. This is one of those times when I want to be an unwanted man, redundant, so that they can say we don't want him, he's no use, send him back. What do I care what they think - what do any of them matter to me. (said Admirals & Captains must stir uneasily when they hear what little regard the average water手 has for the Naval system once the grim business of war is over - if they have sensitive feelings they must feel hurt - what a shame. Mike said that the job he enjoyed most was the bearing out of engines from I boats at Malta - "may they rot in Hell" he said, & I echo his words. It's one thing to feel the comradeship of a ship's company & glory in its battle efforts - it's another thing to stand by, when the battle is over,

force that a ~~big~~ tyrant can muster.  
One feels that the glory of the past is  
dimmed by the shadow of the tyrant  
- where is the appreciation? - where is the  
understanding between men, that helped  
so much in a tight corner? - where is  
this tolerance? - unless ~~the~~ covered by  
a regulation in an Admiralty Fleet  
Order the existence of these three  
Qualities is ignored. Thus I am  
"one body" to the Drafting officer &  
my release is governed purely by his  
Whim. He could keep me here for a  
year on one pretext or another if he  
wanted to - I will not say such  
a ~~and~~ tragedy is at all likely  
but what a power to wield over men!

Back from Duke much refreshed  
bodily & mentally. I couldn't write  
abstract stuff now if I wanted to - feel  
much less choiced. You'll know how I feel,  
dearest.

I adore you,  


On Admiral Service

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