

3090.

Dorothy
30/10/5.

Darling.

I've had 10/- + 10/- to take +
so I'm well up in the doing, coming +
going of my dear beloved - this I
I like to know above all. Nostalgia
crept up on me as I read about you
meeting the gang + it's nice to read too that
I'm still remembered. Love Lil' Dory!
The only gal there without her hubby
- faint right. Thanks you again for the
daily paper, sweet - very welcome +, so,
I haven't been called upon to pay extra
postage.

Reading about the V Furniture
brought the thought of home right slap
bang into my mind again + I dwell
longingly on the picture of one flat. I
approve the purchase, honey, + I think
you're right to inspect the stuff before
delivery. Regles has always struck me
as the no. 1 furniture shop in London

3090.

Bombay.
30/10/51.

Deary.

I've had 108 + 109, to date +
so I'm well up in the doings, comings +
going of my dear beloved - this I
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but they might have brought up the occasion when all of us _____ but then they're all involved in that & I don't suppose they'd say anything in front of their wives. When dragging up would reminiscence of poor dear little Sebastian then all fail to realise that he was a sensitive little thing & quite incapable of coping with overweight morons who could find nothing better to do than laugh at him - he had a soul, did Sebby, & I know he felt hurt at the chatter that went on.

When I told him a tear came to my eye & if those cruel, cruel boys say that was because I choked ^{with amazement} when the man offered £2 for Sebby then I can only state that they have hearts of stone. When they took Sebby away he cried a little, too - I know because as he crept away with his new master a line of water marked his way all down the road. Sniff!

Last night - now don't laugh - I sat down to start to write a short story.

I really believe I felt an urge & having read in numerous books & autobiographies that it's the urge that matters I thought it might lead to something. So I grabbed paper & pencil & wrote. First of all let me say that how any author can write a whole book in script is beyond me because I felt all in after a few pages - a letter is different, one stops & starts at will, but a story is just a sheer grind with a pen & my wrist felt quite weak.

I feel difficult in describing the story because it's there is the life of five men in a cabin - their characters are to be worked out in conversation & flashbacks + obviously, the five men are we five. I won't say that it's true to life because I'm putting in an ending & I don't know the ending yet, do I? Again I have to describe my character & that's an awful business - I can alter the names but as I'm writing it I'm now putting myself, & for the sake of the story I might have to amend me a little for good or bad. I don't know yet because, to be frank, I haven't thought

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out much of the plot - it's such a devil
of a job depicting characters by small talk
- I mean it entails so much writing +

honestly I get bored. I wish I had my
typewriter with me. I had equals at
first - my conscience said that it was
cruel to write about real people behind
their backs especially as drawing such
characters seems to bring out the bad side
more vividly than the good, but I
got over that by telling myself that it
was very unlikely the story would ever get
into print, that it was just another way of
passing the time & no different to thinking
about them, & that anyway even if one of
them did read it they'd hardly recognise
themselves if the character was at all
uncomplimentary - that's human nature.

My big problem is to find a good climax
- one that makes it worthwhile plodding
through some of verbosity, (for I know
my way of writing - I can't alter it +
wouldn't if I could. If I write it because

I like to write, like to form words & phrases,
(if I'm to be forced to cut down then I'll
lose all my enthusiasm). To help me
> "acquired" a book called "Good & Bad
English" by "John O'Hodan" & Frank
Whittaker which is a very good summary
of all the pitfalls to be avoided in
English - IF you wish any improvement
in my style & grammar from now on
put it down to that.

Tonight I go to the camp cinema
- never a dull moment lately - tomorrow's
pay-day & I'm going ashore to shop.

Thursday? Stop me if I don't stop in &
write some more. No time these days
to stop & stare & think - if I get to
thinking too much I grow worse,
not to say clocca. But it's not easy
to stop thinking about you, dearest,
in fact it's impossible - I know it's
agony to be apart from each other but
relief is coming - soon we'll be together.
But waiting is Hell!!

Yours own

Les

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