

Boulton.

12.12.45.

Today, my Dear One, is, in the words of the song, 'just another day wasted away, waiting, & longing'. And so were the last two days, & so, if I'm any judge, will be the next two days. My darling, if you could realise just how chocca I am at this seemingly interminable delay, you'd marvel at the restraint I show in these letters - concerning the way I could pour forth, in vitriol, the highest degree of invective & plain, ordinary, everyday cuss words - but that sort of outlet doesn't make me any more contented so - blow it. I & you know the difference between happiness & contentment - the former covers a broader field than the latter, & whilst the general outlook makes me feel on top of the world, the immediate prospects of doing what is the most important thing in my life at present are nebulous enough to make me very restless.

I've just read your latest letter, sweet, (dated 4th Dec - ~~11th Dec~~), & it makes me realise what a trying time you are having. Don't worry about me worrying about mail, honey, because I can guess how you're fixed - so long as one pops along eventually to tell me how the land lies in the matter of love &

business I don't mind. But I fear for you, my poor Baby, when you read this, & the preceding few letters, & maybe, (altdo' God forbid), the succeeding few letters, & reckon you're going to read some startling stuff about sailing. What a hellish situation it is to be in the hands of other people who carry out my business in their own sweet, dilatory manner. Damn their eyes! If they'd only tell me something, no matter how small or insignificant, or even, disappointing - so long as we knew what was going on, & what was being done on our behalf. You can put yourself in my position, can't you Pet? You can realise how I feel, & then sit back with a little 'none' of sympathy on those sweet lips & wait with all the patience you can muster for the final letter which says 'Anchors' Aweigh'. Oh, if I would only tell you when it will be - I've given up guessing - so off the best an I that I all I can say about my previous calculations is that they might be true, (I've heard nothing yet to disprove them), but, also, that they might be out by a week or more.

You may say, Honey - as I could say in my lucid & cooler moments - that a week or so ain't going to make all that difference, in spite of wishes & hopes for an earlier release. That's logical &

clear thinking, & it might well be, that if they came
 along, & said that it had been officially stated that
 I'm sailing on the Mauritania on the 5th or 9th of Jan.
 (Ship & date is correct, by the way), I should be able
 to have a quiet swear to myself & then settle back to
 resign myself to the wait with the comforting knowledge
 that it was all definite - I would know exactly
 where I was. But again I cry to the heavens -
 I don't know! - it might be tomorrow, but I don't
know! Somebody or other knows - they must do, for
 they don't embark 2,000 men on the spur of the
 moment - it must be planned well ahead - Why
 the hell, with the war over, & men & country crying
 out to be reestablished in a peace-time state, &
 with censorship a thing of the past, why the hell
 can't we be told? Sorry, Pat, - this is it
 the whimpering of a petulant boy, but the heart-felt
 cry of a man with a wild temper, who really isn't
 in a fit state to write to his ever-loving wife,
 she who is waiting at home for her ration of love
 & kisses, & ought to go put his head under the
 shower before starting to write. Ah, but it wouldn't
 do any good - I'll be in their wood until they
 let me go - now that it's all over, & the Navy has
 turned from a fighting machine into an institution
 of flanneling old women, I want to get out of it
 as quickly as it's possible, back to where I belong.

From your point of view, darling, you mustn't be influenced by my feelings. The bald facts still are that I'm on draft awaiting the word 'go' - all the rest of the guff that I pour out is an indication of my state of mind which is brought on by the circumstances surrounding a very peculiar & extraordinary state of affairs - I've never been depressed before.

And the main reason for the writing of such guff, is, as I've often pointed out, because I have to relieve the pressure; I think I have some cause to drip, & you're the one person in the world I can write such stuff to. When I ~~call~~ call you 'poor Babi'

at receiving these letters I'm not commiserating ~~for~~ the bad news they might contain, for, of course, the news is good, but ~~at~~ because you're being forced to read drips instead of cheery lines - funny, I didn't realise before what a helluva temper I've got.

I won't keep on, dearest - I'll finish up by declaring that as the time for our reunion draws near you mean more to me than ever before - what have been just dreams for the past nine months are about to come true - any true lover will understand my impatience, altho no one could possibly understand the degree of affinity we have for each other - that is our mystery for all time.

Were you here I would kiss your feet, your hands, your lips ————— Ah, I love you,
L.S.

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