



TREE

HOORAY.

NEXT WEDNESDAY.

DEAR UNK.

THINGS I'VE LEARNT.

I'VE LEARNT TO FIRE A RIFLE

AND I'VE LEARNT TO AIM IT STRAIGHT

I'VE ALSO LEARNT THE MAIN IDEA

AND THAT IS - HOW TO WAIT

I'VE LEARNT TO WALK WITH SWINGING ARMS

WITH UPRIGHT MARTIAL GAIT

I'VE ALSO LEARNT THE LESSON

AIRMEN HANG AROUND AND WAIT

I'VE ALSO LEARNT TO RISE AND SHINE

AND NEVER BE UP LATE.

AND AS A SIDE LINE ALSO LEARNT

TO STAND ABOUT AND WAIT.

I'VE ALSO LEARNT TO THINK ALONE
(AN IDEA UP TO DATE)

BUT OVER ALL - I THINK I'VE LEARNT
THE MOTTO - JUST YOU WAIT.

I'VE LEARNT TO WASH AND SEW AND DARN
AND HOUSEWIVES EMULATE

BUT THERE AGAIN - IT ALL BOILS DOWN
TO HOW LONG YOU CAN WAIT.

I'VE LEARNT TO DO - JUST THIS OR THAT
OR HOW TO CONCENTRATE

ON DOING NOTHING BUT THE SAME
OLD HANG ABOUT AND WAIT.

SO IF MY FUTURE LETTERS LAG;

JUST GET THE IDEA STRAIGHT

TAKE LESSONS FROM THE SERVICE AND
LEARN HOW TO BLOODY WAIT.

FOR PETES SAKE DONT READ ANY MORE

3.



NOTICE WITH RELATION
 AND A CERTAIN MILD RELIEF.
 POETIC PERORATIONS HAVE
 FOR SOMETIME, COME TO GRIEF
 NOW SURELY ALL THE BRILLIANT THOUGHTS
 ARE NOT COMPLETELY DEAD
 THERE MUST BE SOMETHING RUNNING ROUND
 MY DEAR FRIEND ASHTON'S HEAD.
 I'D TAKE A GUESS AT WHAT THEY ARE
 BUT MIGHT BE RATHER RUDE.
 AND DO NOT WANT TO CAUSE A ROW
 OR OTHERWISE INTRUDE
 UPON THE SACRED SILENCE THAT
 FOR SO LONG HAS ENDURED
 AND FIND OUT TO MY CHARGE
 THAT HE'S NOT COMPLETELY CURED
 (STILL GAME? R.T.O. THEN).

I TAKE IT THAT "OLD RAILINGS"
IS THE KEENEST IN THE SHOP
TO GET INTO THE SERVICE
AND HE HARDLY LIVES TO STOP
TO SAY GOODBYE TO ALL THE LADS
HE'D LIKE TO BE AWAY
BUT IF I KNOW THAT BLIGHTER
HE'D BE BACK AGAIN NEXT DAY.

SO HARRY RUMBOLDS DOING FINE?

WELL THAT IS NICE TO KNOW.

A FEW MORE WEEKS IN THAT THERE JOB
AND HELL HAVE POTS OF DOUGH.

DOES RUSTY STILL GO OFF HIS NUT
AND WAVE HIS ARMS AND SCREAM
HE DOESN'T? WELL I TAKE IT BACK
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAM.

I WONDER TO - IS ARCHIE IN
HIS HOME GUARD OUTFIT SEEN



STILL HOLDING BACK THE WICKED HUN
FROM NUMBER TWO MACHINE.

AND DEAR OLD DAVID EVANS
DOES HE STILL THE LAGGARD PLAY
AND ROLL IN HOURS BEHIND HIS TIME
ON EVERY OTHER DAY
WHILE EDDIE HUNT

WORDS FAIL ME.

(MARVELLOUS AIN'T IT).

THIS NONSENSE STRUCK ME WHEN I FELT BROWNED
OFF SO I JUST THOUGHT OF YOU POOR SUCKERS
(THE SPELLING IS RIGHT) WORKING FOR A
LIVING WHILE I LAZE ON A SUNLIT BEACH
WATCHING A NINETY MILE AN HOUR GALE
KNOWING HELL OUT OF THIS HUT I'M SUPPOSED TO
SLEEP IN TONIGHT. AT LAST WE HAVE GOT

RUNNING WATER IN THE HUT. IT RUNS
STRAIGHT IN THE DOOR AND PUTS THE FIRE OUT.
NOT ^{THAT} THE THE FIRE IS EVER GOING - BAR
GOING OUT. THE BLOODY COAL WOULDN'T BURN
IF YOU BRIBED IT. NEVER BEEN ON IRON
RATIONS SO LONG NOW THAT MY STOMACH HAS
STARTED TO RUST. I BELIEVE THE BOAT HAS
MISSED THE BLASTED ISLAND AND GONE
CHARGING STRAIGHT ON TO AMERICA - IT HASN'T
BEEN SEEN FOR FOUR DAYS. WHEN HE DOES
SHOW UP THEY'LL FIRE ON THE PERCHER AS
AN UNKNOWN VESSEL. THERE'S ARE TWO SAME
BLOWES LEFT ON THE ISLAND - THEY'VE LOCKED
THEMSELVES UP FOR SAFETY. I'M STILL FROSE.
I USED TO WONDER HOW THE NATIVES
LIVED ON THIS ISLAND - NOW I WONDER
WHY. ABOUT ALL THEY CAN GROW HERE
IS OLD. "NARFI" STILL SELLS BEER - BUT

7.



NOT TO ME. I'VE HAD SOME, THAT IS
MY LAST RESORT. POISON. THIS IS ONE
OCCASION WHERE MR. HUNT AND I SEE EYE
TO EYE. TO DRINK IS DEFINITELY DANGEROUS.
I KNOW A BLOKE IN INVERNESS WHO WANTS
TO COME HERE - HE WANTS LOCKING UP.
WELL THIS IS YOUR LOT, WHY IN HELL
I WRITE TO SUCH AN UNAPPRECIATIVE
AUDIENCE I DON'T KNOW - MY INHERENT
GOOD NATURE LETTING ME DOWN. TELL
BERT SMITH I'LL BE WRITING
SOON. REMEMBER ME TO FRED. COOPER.
KISS THE GUVINOR - I COULDN'T STAND
IT. LOVE TO ALL AT HOME
YOUR LOVING NEPHEW
PETE.

P.S. OVER.

P.S. DOES BRAGHAM WORK THERE NOW OR
IS HE STILL ON NO 6?

P.P.S. TELL BROTHER GEORGE THERES
A FELLOW HERE FOUGHT IN THE LAST
WAR. HE'S A DECENT BLOWE OTHERWISE.

P.P.P.S. TELL BROTHER JACK ID LIKE
TO SEE HIM. — IN CLINIC.

OH AYE

Pete

/// . / ... / ... / ... / ...
KNOW WHAT IT MEANS?

YOU'RE RIGHT IT DOES.
