

H.M.C.S. "Dunvegan"  
Nov. 22nd, 1942

Dear Tom and Edith:

Your parcel came today. I had more than a suspicion that I had left the pen with you; the comb I was not so sure of; I usually lose about three a week.

Tonight I am duty watch and the mess deck is quiet, with only half a dozen of the boys sitting smoking, and talking and writing home. I shall, with luck, get almost caught up on the past trip's correspondence. I had intended to write you before I received your parcel and note. I regretted that I had not the opportunity to say goodbye before we left, but it was not possible.

It is perhaps as well that you did not accept my invitation to the ship's dance. Not that we did not have a good time. But it was certainly not the stately, pleasantly formal affair that I had pictured. There was a good deal of slipping away to the lockers and rooms for a drink, and as the evening progressed the laughter became louder, and though never rowdy seemed always to be hesitating on the verge.

Well, my skeptical friend, do you still believe the Libyan communique are unfounded? That the picture we have is incomplete? It is great news, is it not. I came into port to find that even on the critical south Russian front the Germans were retreating, and the news of the Japanese naval ~~saicab~~ on the Solomons was fresh to me. It should be only a matter of time before Italy is knocked out completely and the Mediterranean is once more an Allied front.

My wife has gone to Calgary to spend the winter with her sister and brother-in-law. There is a very good skating club there and she will have plenty of opportunity for progress.

I took your advice about using the flash back method in the story I was writing and having completed the first draft can now see how, by bringing the middle to the beginning and extending the beginning throughout the whole, I can produce a completed story. And I have labelled it anew--"Till Life Shall us Part!"

Edith, I often think of your table, particularly when we are well at sea, and the cook has given us a dinner, which though graced by the title of fricassee of beef, is still stew. But not that alone; quite apart from your prowess as a cook, you are a very gracious person.

For your hospitality in Liverpool, thank you once again. When the opportunity next presents

itself, I shall drop you another note. Till then, the  
very best of luck, and the good wishes of,

Yours,

*Charles*