

14908385. Pte. Shepard. D.

"2" Pltn. "A" Coy.

17. Para. Batt.

No. 6. R.A. Practice  
Camp

Seangbridge

Brecon

S. Wales

Barb. My Darling, Thank you for both letters.

You are really a darling writing so often - it makes a hell of a difference ~~off~~ to me, and I mean that.

Tomorrow you go on leave. Oh, Barb, you don't know how I want to see you and here am I stuck in the middle of nowhere.

We are having a hell of a time. For three days I have been soaked completely through. We go out into the mountains every day for battle training, and every day it teams down with rain. Apart from this when we come to a river (which, by the way, aren't rivers any longer - they are ruddy torrents) we cross them by the simple method

of wading. Today I have waded through seven different b---y rivers, three times I had to swim part of the way. Sorry about the language, honey, but if only you could see us in the morning, creeping out of bed and into soaking wet clothes, you would understand how I feel. Still, it's no use moaning and although it's tough, I am as fit as a fiddle - not even a cold. Getting quite a little "jargon, aren't I? And about this "inescapable appeal which is so obviously" mine, do you really think I have it. I mean, a feller likes to know what he has or has not!!! I'm leaving myself open for a whole series of subtle cracks there - do your worst, woman!! And as for the "lettie d'arrows" I just couldn't write one. I admit ~~that~~ defect! (That should allow you indulge in quite a bit of self-satisfied gloating and smirking - or does those wonderful features seem to twist themselves into so common a grimace??) It isn't words that have me beat, I still as glib as ever - it's just that I haven't the nerve. Maybe one day I'll tell you

a lot of "lush". At least, I can't be blackmailed for word of mouth. At this point, I feel I must lodge a very strong protest about being accused of being the type who goes bald. I object to this form of abuse, Miss Francis, and I sincerely trust a recurrence of such insults will not be forthcoming.

Well, darling, I must close now. I'm really dead tired and, honestly, that's no idle excuse. Anyway, I actually like letter-writing when I'm writing to you. That's about the nearest I'll ever get to telling you just what I do feel. That sounds a bit mixed up but I hope you understand.

Behave, darling  
All my love  
Diamond.

P.S. Will you be gone back on the 15<sup>th</sup>? We get a 48 then. I am keeping my fingers crossed.