

Sunday 2125
27 May 1945
Kingston-Lacy

Our new APO 519A means nothing except that our P.O. is now on the Continent, because so few of us are here on this island still.

Dearest, Dearest Margie,

I have been so blue and morbid, I just simply could not write to you, my darling. If we could only know where we are going, when – if we are going to the East or not, it wouldn't be so difficult. Many hospitals in our neighborhood (southern England) are being alerted – getting orders – some to Continent, some to East direct, some thru States to the East. But we sit on and on – sometimes I am hopeful & sometimes most despondent. If I could only know and make up my mind to it and strengthen and harden myself to another year of exile. The only time I am not miserable is when I am asleep or in the depths of a murder or such a story. I try to forget you, home and all our girls during the day.

Please don't think me stupid, weak and childish. I admit to all three but I hope each day to be snapped out of it by tomorrow – that tomorrow has now been several days on the way. It would probably be better for you if I didn't write at all when I feel like this, but you must have a letter now and then. My heart and my mind are with you – not here. Probably I'll be happier – tomorrow! Tell Mother I'll write tomorrow. My love to you & all the girls.

Always, for better or worse, I love you faithfully.

Ted

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Kingsley Lucy

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Flo.

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