

Robert Wentaway

P/MX 500221

U.T.B. 710

Wed.

Hello darling,

It would seem that your ever-loving husband will have to wait 3 or 4 months before he can start on the royal road to a commission. The general opinion seems to be that your old man qualifies in everything - "scholastic attainments" bearing, character, record etc. - but an engineering background. However, the engineering people that be consider that all that is needed is an intensive course in various maintenance jobs on other boats - therefore, for the next few months, I am to follow round the engineering officer in my "spare moments" + gain the

necessary experience. The position is complicated. "Spare moments" are few & far between on this packet & anyway after a night's operation I shouldn't be inclined, or even able to concentrate on a full day's work. Then again, I've applied for my Acting Chief Petty Officer's grade which I shall get in due course. When I get it I, or the existing Acting Chief on the boat will have to be drafted off the boat. The only obvious solution is to be drafted to a base where I shall get the necessary training - but will I meet up with officials who think I'm as good as these bloke seem to? I've never lost anything by bidding my time - I think the same routine is called for this time.

Spring is here & summer cannot be far behind. Maybe I'm the prosaic kind but at

this time of the year my thoughts
turn towards light underclothes.
I'm awfully sorry, sweetheart, but
if you had to work in a
temperature of 90-100°F you'd
think the same - now wouldn't
you. Therefore, my angel, will
you please send me all the
summer underclothes you can
find upon receipt of which I'll
send back the winter woolies.

Of course when I say I
think in terms of sweat at
this season of the year I really
mean that such thoughts are
forced upon me in the working
hours when noise & stink put
all other thoughts out of my
mind. BUT I have my other
moments & with them come other
thoughts & what those thoughts are
are nobody's business but
yours & mine - see what I mean?

In the mess tonight the talk centres around the 'swain's' impending marriage with a local Wren. He's this way & that way about it but she's definitely this way. He couldn't rattle two pennies together & altogether he's the most worried man in the Navy. Naturally all the lads are all for it & his being driven inexorably towards the altar - he being married off by his own pals. I mention it because I'd like to you to picture me sitting back here, taking it all in, smiling at the remarks made by unmarried persons on the sacred subject of love not daring to say much due to their habit of referring to me on such occasions as "an old married b -"

Oh going to ask the skipper for a short weekend this

week. There's a ⁵ 50/50 chance of
getting it. IF I get it I'll
be up Sunday to Monday
morning. And will I be a
happy man - car!

Get the picture? Look
nice? Hung 'em right? Got
the easy chairs? Book shelves?
Curtains? Love me?

Oh I do love you
for

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Capt. McIntosh R.E.

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6 APR 1944

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