

M.T.B. 764

Thursday.

Darling,

Everybody else in the cabin is writing letters + I really don't see why I shouldn't. Of course I know why I shouldn't really, because I've got some clerical work to catch up on - Oh dear Oh dear, you've no idea of the work involved in being the most important man aboard. But seeing as how I've had two letters + a packet of mugs from you today sweetheart I think it's only the decent thing to do to write + say I love you + thanks for the memories.

One of your letters was really a
long one I mean really a long one.
Nice. But I'm afraid honey that
I won't be able to emulate (the
words that boy thinks of!) you
tonight on account of what I
said above. Just enough time
to sit down + write "I love you"
a couple thousand times + leave
it at that.

The S.I.P. + Colliers are very
welcome in the mess - more like
that please. Reading through 'em
one is certainly with the idea
that the V.A. is in there pitchin'
but I suppose it's only natural.

Tomorrow, Friday, I intend
to beared the Skipper about a week
- end

I dunno what the chances are but I'll have a go anyway. In the Andes you never get anything unless you ask for it & when you ask you ask for the maximum so that when you've whittled down it ain't so bad. Waste of time waiting that bit really because if I get it I'll be amongst you before you get this letter - still, if I don't you will at least know that I tried & you'll see that the thought of another 1000 mile journey, (is it all that much?), doesn't deter me in the least.

Went into D — a the other night — just to see what the natives were doing in their

local haunts. My goodness! I
read in a local rag that a
Churchman had been severely
censured for going to a dance
at the age of 83 (don't ask
me why he went), but if
that Church Board were to visit
this place any old time ~~to~~ they'd
find more matters for censuring
than that. Of course you can't
understand the language, but
you know what they're getting
at - it's the same the whole world
over. Naturally ol' Leg, (straight +
narrow) We'taway eschewed (is that
good or is that bad?) these
sawdy attractions, nay, lawdy
attractions, but if I find you

5

in the arms of that yank again
I shall know where to come for
struce, & I mean struce.

Passing thought: I wish they'd
hooky up with the idea of Third
Dimension in films - I went to
the camp cinema to see Betty
Grable in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady",
& in the bath tub scene I climbed
to the roof to try & see over the
rim of the bath, but it was
no good. No fun.

Coming back to yee-oo,
my little prairie flower, I would
like to say this

I love you
R.

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