

M.T.B. 764

Thursday.

Darling,

I lose no time in recording that being back aboard has just one compensation - it's better than being in a Burma jungle; other than that I can find no joy in my present situation. The Irish Mail lived up to its name - there could be no doubt that it was the Irish Mail - even the babies cried with a brogue. I could smell the peat and much of the bog throughout the trip which was as peaceful as Beauford Sq. on a Saturday night.

As the day drew on I got hoarse
& hoarse + right now I'm back
where I started. Tomorrow I shall
tell the M.O. that, in my opinion, the
only cure is 14 or 21 days sick
leave in the South, say London,
preferably Welling Kent. I'll
tell you what he says if the
room enough + if the censor
will allow.

Everybody aboard is very
sympathetic towards me, + I've
had some nice shipmate
sentiments expressed concerning
me. Others who didn't know
of the real reason for my leave
asked me if I'd enjoyed it!

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I really don't know what to say to that one. To say that I have enjoyed it sounds so heartless - yet ----- what would you say, chum? I only know that we're two young (ish?) people on the threshold of a married career & that we can't help but be happy in each other's company. Mother's passing marks the end of an era that was an inspiration to me & to all that knew her - I have profited, & shall in future profit by it - now that she is gone it is useless to mourn because she still lives in us &

She is just as much an influence
as ever she was. It is an
uncanny fact that you are so
much like Mother in mind, character,
& body; Somebody deliberately ^{switched} _{my}
Object in Life from Mother to Wife
& to let either of you down would
be a mad, ungodly act. And
I think it would be letting
Mother down if we failed to be
happy - thus to be sincere, I
must say that the last 7 days
have been the happiest in your
company, altho' otherwise, they
have been the most unhappy.

I come back to find
everything just as it was when
I left - which is just as it should

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be on a well-run boat. The radio still goes + if you're listening to "Itwa" tonight I shall be listening with you - aint science wonderful? The sun slap-bang into a belly full of work, but that won't hurt me, rather will it help to get over that period between leaves. The show establishment will see me very little from now on because I'm not in the mood + doubt if I shall ever be in this region.

I'm feeling awful tired - remember the dawn this morning, sweet? Forgive me if I seemed quiet this morning - there's something so

Symbolic about the dawn - it gets me
at times. I guess I was still
feeling Mother's death & I was
minded that my friend Omar
had a word for it.

The Moving Finger writes: &
having writ

Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
shall lure it back to cancel half
a line

Nor all your tears wash out a
word of it.

Well, in *The Chronicle of us*,
dashing, I wouldn't wish a
single letter to be obliterated.

I love you
Ker

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