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Good Friday  
Easter Saturday

Sweetheart

I have been thoroughly spoiled this morning - breakfast in bed - a real egg & bacon, quite a luxury.

Shame we couldn't have been breakfasting together at the Hereford, but there you are, and it couldn't be helped. So hum!  
Which reminds me to tell you that I dropped them a card, cancelling the reservation, just in case you had not found time in the rush.

I wonder where you are right at this minute - somewhere

When the skies are blue & the sun  
shines brightly I've no doubt. I'm  
awfully curious to know when  
you weighed anchor & set sail,  
and how long you are gonna  
take. But I guess I shall have  
to be patient.

It really is just as well  
that this holiday came in the  
middle of the wait, cos I shall  
be so busy enjoying myself &  
visiting people that it will tide  
me over to your next letter.

We have not made any  
plans; Joan Frank & baby are  
staying with us - so I expect  
we shall go to a film this  
evening. J & F are shopping at

the moment, and yours truly is  
going to take baby & Laddie for  
a walk when I've finished  
writing to my one & only. Kiss  
your little white cotton stockings!

I have sent off one letter to  
the new address, and it really is  
nice to have a home for my mail,  
though I wonder if that is the  
Ship, the new base, or maybe a  
base at which you will call on  
rare. Oh me! Telegraphy will  
certainly help the cats.

Braganza is a Spanish or  
Portuguese name isn't it? Surely  
there was a queen Katherine of  
that name in history, and I  
believe she married one of our

knips. Gee whiz my history  
is hazy. You must try to  
educate me by correspondence,  
honey.

The war news is still hot  
stuff, though there is a blackout  
on news from Macy's front.  
Most people go around saying  
that when the b.o. is lifted it'll  
be announced that he's in  
Berlin! Can't say I'm that  
optimistic.

One thing is certain though,  
he must be doing something about  
the rocket sides in N. Holland  
cos I haven't heard one of the  
wretched things all week! Good-o!

Mum tells me that there have been occasional warnings in the night - but honestly I haven't heard a thing - reckon I must fly to another world in the night.

Talking of other worlds. Everybody has been speaking of blond George this week. You have read, I expect, that he died. He has had a very full & eventful life, as I have learned from Morgan at the office. Being a fellow countryman he would naturally extol so great a man.

We had to work yesterday of course - poor Civil Servants. Trains were empty & everywhere

were signs of the holiday spirit. People hurrying about with suit-cases, and crowds waiting at Charing Cross for the Steam train to the coast. Not that we did very much work at the office.

Mr. Farnie was away & there was very little to do. - So we jived, had innumerable cups of tea, had a long lunch at the Coventry St. Cornerhouse (four hens), and on the whole passed a very pleasant day.

Cliff came in about 3.30 & told us to push off around 4.0 in ones & twos. - and this we did with pleasure.

The sun was blazing out of a deep blue sky & I was

Thinking, as always, of my docking.  
More especially as I crossed the  
river - because it was high  
tide & quite choppy & that  
elegant ~~Walter~~ Bridge &  
Walter  
The buildings in the background  
were shining white.

That sight for you must have  
be quite commonplace to you -  
white buildings sparkling in  
the sunlight. You are bound  
to come back as brown as  
a nut.

Everybody has been asking  
after 'The Big Man' or 'The Admiral'  
- your two most common nick-  
names at the office. I was  
making a collection yesterday for

a presentation for Mr Paton who  
is leaving next week, and I got  
quite dinking jaws from telling the  
same tale & answering the same  
questions about you.

Well darling, haddie is  
looking at me gloomily & wants  
to know when we are going  
'walkies'. So I guess I ought to  
close down for awhile.

Take care of yourself, sweet,  
and remember your baby loves  
you with all her heart.

Bob

P.S. Need I add that I'm missing you,  
so much, and have started talking  
to your photo. - at least I say  
"Hallo sweet", to it whenever I go  
into our room. xxxxxx





BEXLEYHEATH  
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CHETAH

P/MX. 500221

HMS. BRAGANZA

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