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H.F.S. BRAGANZA.

Hello Baby,

So your old man's on his way at last. I suppose the best way to give you the guff on this travelling business is to start at the beginning & go on from there - by the time I come back you can get the lot bound & suitably titled. This letter is to be posted as above so that I needn't use the air mail paper - keep put me on my honour not to say anything unreasonable so I'll have to be very careful.

The journey to the [redacted] was

eventful, in that never in my whole
Naval career have I been
so ~~in~~ a depressing draft.
It wasn't so much the fact
we were going places but
that organization broke down
& we had very little to eat
for 24 hours. You can imagine!
To make matters worse for
Jim Fisher, he banged his
eye on the window-sill & cut
open the skin - he fainted &
splined & was generally in a
bad way - he's O.K. now, tho',
except for a beautiful daisy
lamp, (black-eye to you Sweetie).
Things were also made to look
pretty grim from my point
of view because of a return
that throat trouble - 2

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Suppose it was brought on by all the shouting I did on Monday night. I don't think it'll be as bad as before but it's damned inconvenient!

Since we arrived, life has been very interesting. The boys - & I include myself as one of the boys - have settled down by now & at the moment have but one single thought - to write home. The trouble is, we must be brief on all subjects that make up an interesting & informative letter so that many in the land that scratches the head. Later I'll be able to spread myself about, but for the moment the saga of Wetaway's Travels has to get

off to a slow start. (I've just
told Jim that his accident is
recorded herein - he nearly
threw off + begs you not to
inform Muriel). George is beside
me, had at it but like the
rest of us, he scratches his
head in perplexity.

When I phoned you on
Monday I determined before
getting the call through that
I would be brief and to the
point. I would tell you, in
a manner calculated to leave
no doubt in your mind that
I loved you, that I would
miss you, & that any son of
yours is a son of mine (how
the hell does that last bit
sound to you, honey? When

wondering how to put it I thought that phrase pithy to the point, but I know - anyway, you know what I mean (sugar, the little spray will be the apple of his father's eye). As I was saying, I determined this - did I get it over, darling? Was I sufficiently emphatic? I couldn't be too emphatic, that just ain't possible.

Starting this East- great war adventure makes me feel that this period of continual separations is quickly coming to an end. Honestly sweetheart, I feel very much better now I'm actually on my way - let's get the affair over & come

back to home & beauty - the way
the news reads it won't be so
very long now. I want you
to promise me something, darling,
if my letters ever get depressing
please kick me to death in
your reply - I want to regard
this as the draft to end all
drafts, & on that basis I can
look cheerily towards the
future.

Don't forget, neatly, to send
in the weekly editions - you
can use the above address. I
hope, as we proceed, to send you
more interesting stuff, but
whatever I send, A.I. priority
goes to allowing space to tell you

I love you
fe

EXAMINER 3573

ROYAL

NAVY

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Correspondence in this envelope need not be censored on board. The writer is liable to examination by the Postal Censor.

Following Certificate must be signed by the writer:—

I certify on my honour that the contents of this envelope refer to nothing but private and family matters.

Signature
Date only
R. W. Estlin

[Several letters may be forwarded in this cover, but these must be all from the same writer.]

Address:—

*Mrs. L. E. Bessaway
88(A) Belle Grove Rd*

*WELLING
KENT.*

received
H. H. 4-5

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MARITIME