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H.M.S. BRACANZA

Darling,
I'm changing this one
- maybe it'll get through &
maybe it won't so I shan't
write anything of import.
Life goes smoothly along - plenty
of food, plenty of spare time, plenty
of good company & entertainment
galore. Edgwe's tribe are around
in force very much out of their
element but good fun. I feel
fine, look fine & do fine. We
Navy blokes know our onions
in affairs like this - more racket
than that.

Main trouble is lack
of personal accommodation. The

capers of us in the morning when we wake are unbelievably intricate, + washing = a pantomime. Fellows have to come to an amicable arrangement for dressing - there just isn't room for two men to put on their coats at the same time. However, there's bags of time to work it all in a cool: no panic.

Our main occupation throughout the day is the endeavour to get news - there's a current of extreme optimism running around + we lap up the most fantastic rumours. You'll know just what my prayer is, dearest, so you can guess I search for information with bated breath.

I suppose, with all this divertissement around, normal

men would find it easy to
forget, for the time being, all
about their loved ones and their
real lives. I can't be normal,
for at the back of everything
I say or do is the thought &
& image of you living every
moment with me - it makes
me feel ten times happier than
I should if all the plans &
hopes & love I have wish for
you were mere casual steps
along a busy road, & if you
were a misty being, vaguely
in the background & something
to bring forward at convenient
times. You're real & live & vivid
to me sweetheart and I feel
your presence wherever I go. I'll
spend the rest of my life thanking
you for showing me the meaning.

of true & faithful love. We shall
be together forever.

More later, honey.

Hubby.

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ACTIVE

SERVICE

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5. 4. 45

Mrs. Len Westaway

88(A) BELLE FROVIE Rd.

WILKING

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