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M.S. Braganza.

Darling,
In case you're confused let me explain two things - (a) I'm not allowed, at present, to give dates & (b) security 'black-out' for all mail to be posted at the moment is very severe. However, as this letter will most probably not be posted until very much later I believe I may relax the restrictions a good deal - for instance, I may say that I am now aboard ship. Any mail that you send me will be collected at journey's end so that I'm in the hellish position of not being able to hear from you for a time. Maybe I can now give you a better picture of how things stand with me.

Firstly I must state categorically & without exaggeration that I've never in all my life been treated so well in the matter of food, tobacco,

confectionery and all the other things that wartime has made so scarce & expensive.

A typical menu is :- Breakfast - porridge or cereal, eggs, (repart, eggs $\frac{1}{2}$), & bacon, cheese, marmalade, coffee - butter ad lib :-

Dinner - normal food piled high, fruit & custard, cheese, bread & butter, coffee or tea.

Supper - Salad, fruit, cheese, bread & butter, coffee. At the canteens, every

day, you may buy cartons of cream wafers & biscuits, American & English cigarettes & tobacco - 20 for 1d, 6d per 20g -

in addition to pipes, fountain pens, clothing, soap, & anything else rationed or unrationed. It's fantastic. There are cinema shows, stage shows, concerts

impromptu entertainments - every night

a band of "Wandering Minstrels" stroll the decks playing to the groups of

guys & gals taking the sea air. The

set-up is on the scale of a Ritz &

coming from a naval barracks

it's like being in fairyland.

There are all sorts of celebrities in the company - one outstanding member is Freddy Mills the boxer - and some of the jam sessions I've been to wouldn't disgrace any of the best American efforts. It's music, music all the way & I'm in my element. Today I bought a pair of bathing trunks at the Canteen & all I'm waiting for now is the sun.

Today also I went to a discussion on "Divorce - should it be made easier". I want bore you with the arguments sweet, but I thought you'd like to know that the mental side of your lover is being attended to. I'm going to another one in a couple of day's time. Edgar's notes seem to be very keen on this sort of thing & I'm all for it.

I hope you're getting a general idea of life aboard, honey. You'll probably gather that the sea doesn't seem to come into the picture a great deal, & you're right. Except for a stroll round the deck occasionally I find no time to gaze at the deep, blue ocean

and I can quite easily imagine myself
in some Grand Hotel with all the
amenities. Maybe later conditions will
alter - probably for the worse I can't imagine
this pace being kept up - & maybe I
shall have to toughen myself to become
more of a sailor & less of a lounge
room lizard. If that happens you'll
hear all about it.

Tonight I'm in a Whist school
so goodnight baby - all my love.

NEXT DAY

The weather is cold & very windy
& it's not very pleasant walking around.
The trouble is, we are forced to remain
on the upper deck for 2 hours every
morning to allow the messmen to clean
up below & it's very tedious waiting
around. It bothers on the Navy to
start any entertainment & our crowd
can usually be depended upon to
keep the mob amused. We had a
giant skipping rope this morning &
fun was had by all.

FLASH. I'm told that if I hurry I

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can get this letter off, so I'm going to close
& rush it to the orderly room - I'll keep
the envelope unsealed & if it's only a buzz
I'll write some more. In view of what I
said in the beginning you'll have to
draw your own conclusions my sweet.

Tris of love darling - be good. ~~It~~
I must just put in that the news that
V bombs have not been heard for 5 days
has cheered me more than somewhat.

I'll see you in my dreams

fy.

P.C. 90.

P.C.

P.C. 90.

Mr.

Arthur Service

(5)

Mrs. Lee Wataway

857A Belle Grove Rd.

Walling

Kent.

received
5-11-45