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Darling,

En route! — there appears to be an opportunity to write off a snappy one ("Keep it short - repeat. short...") & get it back to you so here goes. I say again en route - & it's not the happiest or the most comfortable sea trip I've taken & I think the majority of people aboard are of the same opinion. Today were more used to the motion & more faces with the necessary amount of colour to indicate life have appeared on top - altogether a brighter atmosphere prevails.

The high standard of grub has not been kept up - it was not really possible in the first place. I always had the idea that the galley thought at first that we were fare paying passengers but that

Somebody tipped them off to the fact that we were only naval ratings causing apoplexy or a keen desire to "know them". However, it's still bearable & at least the canteen is still no illusion.

A favourite saying in the Navy regarding one's fondness for damed is "my love for you is worth 4 tins of Bluebell". It's significance or humour, or otherwise, lies more in its application at the opportune moment rather than in ink (you think that more likely, huh?)

But I wondered how I was going to value my love for you - in this mercenary Navy one is expected to value all things! Although nobody has ever been known to go above 6 tins of Bluebell - it's rather scarce y'know. In defiance to those who think that there's a limit to all things I say, my love for you is worth a million tins of Bluebell, say two million. There.

I miss you like hell, honey.

[Signature]

