

8

H.M.S. BRAGANZA.

?/?/?

Hello darling, Did you get the last seven
effusions? Hope you did because I want
you to realise that the work of this
journey is over & that from now on it's
plain, if not, sailing. I'll now start
another saga without the faintest idea
of when or where it'll be landed.

We've reached the most interesting
part of the voyage now. I'm afraid,
once again that you'll have to wait
'til we land before I can give you
details but I'm sure the censor won't
mind me remarking that we're moved
at the moment in a scene calculated
to make any gloriously technicoloured
film look very pale & washed out. It's
a place of amazing contrast, some of them
amazing, some of them sickening, but
all of them so utterly different to what
I've been used to seeing that I
cannot help but agree with Kipling

all due to the weather & the idleness, & it soon blows over. We all miss our wives & sweethearts & homes, we just haven't gotten used to the parting yet & it's dangerous to have time to brood over matters. The usual remedy is a sing-song - chat makes you forget completely; it just ain't possible to think of anything else when this mob start singing. The other people usually join in but they don't seem to have that navy flair for letting yourself go - some swelled-headed blighter

sometimes wants to sing a solo & we have to be very rude in order to get over the idea that it's a free-for-all & not a drawing room concert. I'm glad now I didn't bring the guitar because it wouldn't have been any help - I've known this crowd to drown a full-sized band.

Up to this point (or the one we just left if you like), we've had to rely on the radio for our news. We had it relayed over the loud-speakers

twice a day. But I didn't realise until those last seven days how meagre & unsatisfying a radio bulletin can be. You miss the news behind the news, if you know what I mean, & the bald statements just leave you gasping for more. That's how I found it, anyway. However, when the ship anchored we had the opportunity of getting a newspaper from the shore & we just lapped it up. I got the right perspective on the war situation again & as I see it, the affair is as good as over. I expect to hear any day an announcement that the European War can now be considered at an end except for mopping up & when that happens I'll be waiting & hoping for a jolly old draft back home. I'm more than ever convinced that this commission won't last long which is O.K. by me - how say you, lovely one? Being aboard ship I wasn't able to gauge the effect on public sentiments of the death of F.D.R. - on

think these letters between us are going to
ease the situation considerably. You
just wait 'til I get the camera -
letters with illustrations - that's me.

Well 'bye for now, baby. Keep your
love warm + your powder dry, +, who
knows, before you can say "Sebastian"
who'd be a-knocking on the door
but that great Lover, that paragon of
husbands, that Claire-crazed man

BJ.

04 ACTIVE SERVICE

8

POST OFFICE
RECORDED
MARITIME MAIL

Mrs. Lee Westaway

88(A) Belle Grove Rd.

Walling

KENT

ENGLAND



16.11.48