

112

H.M.S. Baganza.  
Sunday 16th.

When you read this, baby mine,  
I shall be  
steaming slowly but surely across the Arabian Sea  
in a westerly direction to take the first on the  
right, then left, then right again northwards to  
Dear old England. I embark on Wednesday  
on the "Rajah", an escort aircraft-carrier, & it's about  
time too.

Honestly, it shakes you the way the  
navy build you up, throw you down & then sling  
you up again to new heights. When I wrote the  
last letter I knew there was something in the air  
but I thought it would be fairly ~~casual~~ & I'd have  
time to breathe. Not us! A flash, a gust of wind  
& a yell, & Saturday found us running round  
in circles trying to get sea into some kind of  
order, & trying harder to get quarts into pint pots  
— we were detailed for draft into Baganza at  
10.00 hrs this morning. We're told that it's a  
panic draft brought about by the Commander  
here grabbing the "Rajah" from under the noses  
of the R.A.F. who were pondering purchase

on who they could find to go on it. But  
bloke took it over + then sent out panic calls  
for eligible ratings to sail on it - we were there.

I'm writing this in a hurry, Darling,  
because there's a lot to be done by us + the officials  
- medical pay, various routines + at least two  
years arrears to clear up with all I need. This'll  
go on for the next three days so I can't guarantee  
any sort of a letter after this'n before I leave +  
I must say all I want to say here + now. I  
don't know how long the journey will take, for  
it's a heavy wagon + may call in at a couple of  
ports - I'd put a safe time at 3 weeks. The  
ship is scheduled to dock at Greenock but that's  
not certain, + we certainly won't know for sure  
until we near the shores of U.K. + get signalled  
to a port. Our previous arrangements still  
stand Pat - wait for a 'gram or phone call from  
me, but if you're able to maybe you can tap  
the Admiralty for estimated time of arrival.

I can't expect to get any more mail  
from you before I leave; by the time the 7.15.0.  
have finished re-directing 'I'll be away', + there  
must be a whole stack of letters for me. But you  
can repeat it all in my shell-like ear when I

3

meet you, My Angel, & no cracks about shells & oysters.

I must hurry away now, dearest - in any case I couldn't write a coherent letter if I had the time - I'm much too excited & the feeling makes back of my stomach. Before I go, tho', I must emphasise that today's climax is all I needed to make me the happiest man in ~~the~~ India for am I not about to journey into the arms of the most wonderful girl in the world. In approximately three weeks from now Audrey will be able to view me in the flesh & take what action you think appropriate - makes you think, don't it?

This is a "goodbye - hello" letter & I've waited a long time to write it - now I'm doing it I'm conscious that it's a poor effort - but all I'm anxious to do is get two ideas over to you, sweet

- (A) I'm on my way home!
- (B) I love you.

Les

Mr. Arthur Jarvis

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