

On board H.M.S. Rajah.

Friday

21-12-45

Dadling,

Get the heading? On board, ackchooally
on board the damn thing, 'board for old Blighty's slaves'.
We sail tomorrow at 11.00 hrs via Aden + Port Said.
+ we are due off Mekeeness on the 11th Jan. It's fairly
certain we'll dock at Chatham + not Greenwich as
first reported. That makes it very much easier for
blakes like me with rabbits ~~go~~ galore + what's
not promising, nuthink, on account of I ain't yet
acquainted with the Captain yet, + might be able
to manage a run up the line in the night that
we dock - as an old sailor's missus you'll understand
that everythin' depends on the exigencies of the service
+ it might easily be that I'll steam through Blackborth
Station without a stop bound for dear ol' Pompey!

This year packet ain't bad at all, in fact
it's all right. It was fitted up as a trooper by the
Yanks, +, as usual, they've equipped it on standards
that make the British Admiralty shudder + wish that
the Navy's going soft. But we happy chappies are
all for this soft life, altho' don't go getme, the idea
that it's another Mauretania. This trip we're
strictly purser, strictly under Naval routine +
there'll be more pipes, routine, + parades than that.

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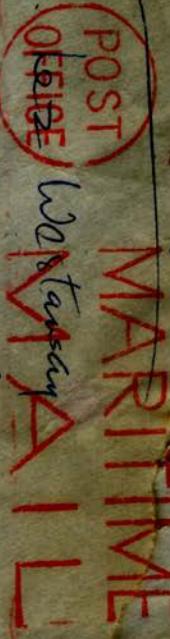
However, this is The Trip, & none of us are going to drip about any of those inconveniences that in normal times would make us frantic. I'm told that there are no restrictions on the use of a camera & you take full advantage of an interesting voyage.

You had absolutely no mail for goodness knows how long - since about the 5th - but I put that down to the rotten mail situation, the moving about we've done, & the fact that round about this time life must be pretty hectic for you, my sweet - the one or two that I did manage to get away are probably lying in some forgotten Mail Office to be re-directed at someone's leisure. The point is, with the lack of news all you'll be getting for me, darling, is going to be one grand surprise - it makes me feel all the more eager to come home, to share in the happiness of home.

I'll need to finish now, Baby, because the mail goes ashore shortly, but you'll be most likely hearing from me along the route. As I near England, I shall be looking out for you, dearest, imagining you waving from the Cliffs of Dover, seeing you on every buoy we pass in the Solent. There'll be no rest for me until that first kiss, no relaxing until we are alone. I need you badly, sweet.

I love you
Kris

In active service



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tee

London S.W.

England.

(date written)
21/12/45