

On board H.M.S. Rajah.

Friday.

21-12-45

Dadling, Get the heading? On board, ackchooally
on board the damn thing, 'bound for old Blight's shores'.
We sail tomorrow at 11-00 hrs via Aden & Port Said,
& we are due off Messess on the 11th Jan. It's fairly
certain we'll dock at Chatham & not Greenock as
first reported. That makes it very much easier for
blokes like me with rabbits ~~with~~ gloves & winter &
ain't 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 everything depends on the exigencies of the Service
& it might easily be that we'll steam through Blackheath
Station without a stop bound for dear ol' Pompey!

This year's 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 blunder & sigh that
the Navy's going soft. But we bappy Chappies are
all for this soft life, altho' don't go getting the idea
that it's another Mauritania. This trip we're
strictly pussers, strictly under Naval routine &
there'll be more pipes, routine, & parades than that.

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 &
I'll take full advantage of an interesting voyage.

She had absolutely no mail for goodness
knows how long - since about the 5th - but I
put that down to the rotten mail situation, the
booming about we've done, & the fact that sound
about this time life must be pretty hectic for you,
my sweet - the one or two that you 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're get-
ting ready 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 quay we pass in the Estuary.
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
for

In Actua fencia

POST OFFICE ~~MA~~ MARITIME

12 Messinglin Bet.

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London S. 5.

England.

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date written
21/12/45