

AIR MAIL



Mr & Mrs R Abbott,
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ENGLAND



My dear All,

Once again the time has come for me to write you and tell you just how things are going or not going as the case may be.

As you will observe, we lost our way across the Western, and finished up about two thousand odd miles off our course! Still, why should we worry? The temperatures I know would make you envious, let alone the "glorious, enchanting balmy nights;" and as for the literally overwhelming and brilliant sunshine, the scintillating azure blue of the sea, and the who's kidding, you or me?

You know, the more times I write home the less I seem to have to say - not that that worries you of course - but it does seem that I should be able to write about something, even if it is only a description of the gunlayer eating his soup!!

The maths books have² come in for quite a bit of use so far, and are far more interesting than anything we had at school, mainly of course because whereas at school we might have had one of the almost "proverbial" types of question about how long it would take a man to cut a lawn if the lawn was so big, & the lawn-mower had such & such a base (allowing a certain overlap), and the man walked at such & such a speed, in these books, instead of lawns & lawn mowers, its walls & bricklayers — get me?

Well, seeing that a joke is about all we live on these days, may be the following will at least serve to bring a smile to your lips, if nothing else. It comes from the "World Review" mag. One of the local bigwigs, returning after a couple of weeks' absence, learned that a certain old man in the village had lost his wife, and went off to pay a visit of condolence. 'I'm sorry to hear you've buried your wife.' 'Oh?' 'I'm sorry to hear you've buried your wife.' 'We had to. She died.'

I've been wondering quite a lot, whether or no — as they say in Yarmouth — my old "beastly clatter" has returned safely — I hope so. It wasn't until I was half way thru' this letter, that I realized I was intending to send it A/M, so you must forgive scrappiness. If it weren't (as they also say in Yarmouth!!) for the lack of space, I'd write pages — I think. As I write, the persp. is dripping off me in buckets (soon be starting an iron-monger's). I feel as though I must look like a block of ice suddenly put into a temp. of about 200°. However, its very nice. And now I shall really have to close, and write buy some A/M paper in meantime, until the Cheerio and the best to everyone, including the Evanses!

Your ever loving son & brother,

P.S. I'm like the Colonel — a hard nut! *Les*
P.P.S. The watch is still as good as ever. *avez-vous beaucoup du chon.*

BRITISH MERCHANT NAVY CLUB

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