

S.S. "ETHEL RADCLIFFE,"

Alexandra Dock No. 1,

Lpool.

6.10.40.

Dear All,

I thought I would just write one more letter, just to let you know how things are going.

As is usual these days, I will start with the war news. I have not heard one bomb or gun-shot since I returned here! Only twice have I heard Jerry over-head!

Friday morning, senior sparks and myself had to do another account of wages to see that nobody drew more than they had earned.

You'd be surprised how many ask for more than they've earned! In the

afternoon, I went up to the Marconi office to give in a signed receipt for a new emergency aerial etc.

While I was there, I asked the R.O.U. man about the 3/- a day for 12 hour watches. He said it was a temporary arrangement between the

the Marconi company and the Shipping company, until it is possible to have three operators on board. It only applies ~~for~~ to those days when twelve hour watches were kept. So for two weeks at any rate, I was earning £4. 15. 4½ per week! In the evening I did some lettering, and before long, was completely detached from the surroundings, and very contentedly happy. What I would do ^{up here} without drawing, I shudder to imagine.

The old man has been ~~in~~ in a rare stew about not sailing. He says first the Admiralty are on at him about it, and then the shipowners. Naturally ~~as~~ he can't help it. Believe me, we're not the only ships in the cart! A month ago to-day when we came in! They nearly made us sail Friday night without any D. G.

Tich has not been well. He is home-sick, fed-up with the ship, food and steward. He says his mother is

is worrying about him. He has had to go up to the Federation doctor, but he only said "stay in bed, you're a bit run down." If he is not better by Monday, he may be paid off, but the old man doesn't want to because he likes him.

Yesterday I was given the job of fixing on the contexts, or whatever they are, to the crew's gas masks. I think I'll apply for a job in the council offices at home! The old man is excited because we shall definitely go to Swansea if we finish by Tuesday night. That's our last chance. Nobody seems to want to go out light-ship this winter — can't think why!

Jock and I went ~~to~~ up town to see "The Lone Wolf Strikes," and "The Green Cockatoo," as it has been so quiet these last few nights. We just reached the docks when the warning went, so we were lucky or we would have been stuck up town/

town for the night. I had told Jack in the afternoon that I didn't want to go ashore, but he wanted to, and nobody was there to go with him, so That's the worst of it. It becomes a sort of obligation.

I hope my pen soon turns up, because its agony writing with this one, as you can probably gather.

For the first time since I've been on board we have had pork for dinner. I must admit it was very nice, and the seasoning was a treat.

I suppose you will be annoyed if I don't tell you exactly how my health is, so I had better tell you that I have had a very slight cold for the last two days. The toothache has not troubled me at all, which is probably why I am so happy.

I think I mentioned in my last letter, that the second mate had recently been married, and had his wife ^{was} on board. She was /

was supposed to go back Saturday night, but they phoned through to the education authorities, and they said she could stay for the week end, so the old man isn't the only one that's excited.

As I write this letter, rain is simply dropping ^{down} on a very dull and depressing scene. Fortunately I am unable to see any of it because I keep my black-out up permanently! The decks are strewn ~~over~~ ~~strewn~~ with ashes that once constituted the 1,000 odd tons of coal that we loaded on in Hull, and which took us to the States and back. Lying along the gunwale and across ^{the} hatches, are odd lengths of electric cable which will some day, ~~be~~ I hope, form part of our D.G. Added to the scene of confusion, are puddles of rain water, unable to get away because of blocked rain pipes and irregularities in the decks.

6.

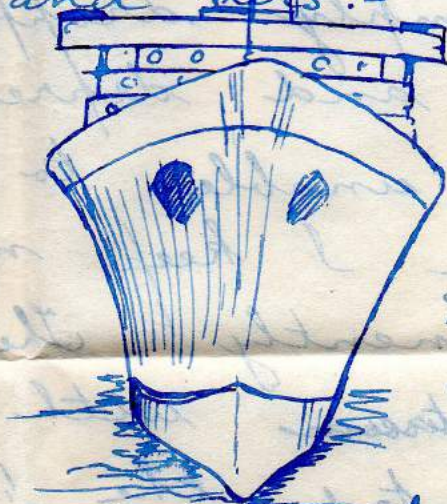
Lying on the opposite side of the docks, is one of the Ohlan boats. She's a nice job, and will do anything from 18-20 knots — probably more. She has a bow, in miniature on the same lines as the Queen Mary. Here is the difference between the Ethel's bow, and hers:—

5,163 gross.



Front View of
E. R.
Light ship. (Cargo).

9,000 odd tons gross.



Front View of
Ohlan boat.
Semi-light ship. (Cargo)

Now do you wonder why we only just do 9 knots — if we're lucky? You see now how false an impression gross tonnage gives you? Because the drawings are roughly to scale.

Well I must make this my last page, or I shall never finish, so goodbye,
Your very affectionate son
and brother Len