

Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.

Patrons:

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.



FISHERMEN'S INSTITUTE,
THE QUAY,
BRIXHAM,
S. DEVON.

January 8th 1941

Dear All,

I am writing this letter in a proper old country mission, which is situated on the main road — in fact the only road!!

The train wasn't due to leave Paddington until 1-15 am which was rather fortunate as I did not get there until 12-15 am. At 12-45 I decided to have a drop of sleep, and then the next thing I knew, we were at Exeter. After that, I had to stay awake, in case I missed the changing station. I had to change at Newton Abbott, and Cheriton or some such place. I arrived eventually at the one-eyed

station of ^{2.} Brixham. It was
pitch black, and I was
thinking that I would have
to wait on the station until
daylight before venturing forth
but as it was so ~~called~~
cold, I decided to try and
find the given address. I
asked a dairy farmer who
was on the station, and
he gave me instructions. The
road he showed me wound
downhill in zig-zag fashion,
eventually leading into the
main street of the village.

I only had to ask one
person where the place
was, and in I went. It
was only just opened, so
the chap inside showed me
to this mission, where I
have had a thundering good
meal, and where I have
been able to keep warm.

As it is nearing 9 am
now, I will pause a while,
and let you know the address
to write to, as soon as I
know it.

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6.30 pm. ABOARD.

As I was not needed to sign on until 2pm, I went for a walk over the hills. You can see where I ended up by looking at the post card of Fishcombe Point (least I think that is the name). It was very nice, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Returning at 11.30 am, I bumped into the new 1st & 3rd operators due to join the same ship. Seeing as we couldn't sign on, we decided to get something to eat. At about 1 o'clock we bumped into the 3 officers whom we were relieving, and, believe it or not, one of them was at Chapham at the same time as myself! However at 2.30 we were duly signed on, and we learnt the reason for

the others ^{4.} leaving. Apparently this old man is awful, and speaks to one as though you were dirt. These three got so fed up apparently, that they decided to leave.

Eventually we got aboard, and here I got the shock of my life. The accomodation is simply terrific. A first class passenger cabin could not be better. How strange I shall feel after the dear old "Ethel". The only slight drawback, is that the cabin is not my own. I have to share it with the second, but then he is a very decent Irish fellow, who is taking his first trip to sea. The 1st. too, seems a very decent kind of a chap, so I am really very lucky.

It is hard to describe the luxury of this cabin. My bunk is not really a bunk, but a full-size (double) fixed bed. Along one bulk-head there is a very large

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desk, which suits me fine.
A very nice large washing
basin, with fittings, and
running water, adorns the
other bulkhead, and next
to that is a chest of
drawers and cupboard
combined. From there we come
to a nice wardrobe suitable
for hanging coats etc., which
brings ^{us} back to the ~~bed~~ bed again.
All the woodwork is a light
gingery coloured, polished veneer,
with strips of dark wood to
divide the surfaces into
panels. The port-holes
are very large and are
really windows as they
are oblong, and can be
raised or lowered by a
handle, as in buses. The
boy, and most of the crew
are Chinks. I understand
that they are O.K. if given
no lee.

a. 6

I don't think we shall be going anywhere very interesting, in fact we might even go to somewhere where I have been before! In a way, I hope I do not stay on here too long. The food as I understand is excellent. It has certainly started off well; the evening meal being Roast pork, besides soup, fish, and dessert!

Well, I am sorry I should have to leave home in such a hurry, but there you are, there's a war on, and it must be won, so that's all there is to it. Give my love to all, won't you, and tell them I wish them all the very best and hope to be back again soon. So far the present, au revoir,
Your ever loving son & brother, Len.

P.S. WRITE TO:

L. A. ABBOTT, 2nd R.O., M.V. Carelia
C/o. ANGLO SAXON PETROLEUM Co., Ltd,
110/113, TAVISTOCK ROAD,
PLYMOUTH.

I should write one or two when you receive this, and the others as you feel inclined, because it is unlikely to reach me here.