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TOMMY IN JORDAN:

Dear Mum: This is Amman - and you can take it from me that it's ruddy hot! Me and the boys have settled down all right. There's plenty to see, of course. We've had a look at King Hussein's palace, where the flag's at half-mast on account of his cousin who was killed. The chaps who look like Russians are Circassian bodyguards - shook us a bit, that did; we thought the Cossacks were here! I feel sorry for young Hussein - he went to school in England and seems a decent sort of chap, but he's on a sticky wicket, sort of.

I've got to know some of the Raf Types - Flying-Officer Evans from Aberystwyth, and an Erk called Olive (that's his surname, I mean) who comes from Remagate. He's a card, that bloke.

Then there's Stanton, a Senior Tech from Manchester. Some of us have been to look at the old Roman ruins - used to be a theatre, thousands of years ago, and still could be, I reckon. L.A.C. Styles - he's from Brum - took some smashing pictures.

The local money takes a bit of sorting out, but if I had all the lolly in Jordan, I wouldn't take on that young King's job. I spotted our Ambassador calling on him and it made me think - what'd happen if we pulled out? Reckon we'd have to take Hussein with us?