

of Sea. W.H.F. Westaway
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Class 147 - Top Division
H.M.S. Glendower
% G.P.O. London.
17/7/42. Friday.

Dearest one,

We're all resting today - we've been inoculated and you've allowed 24 hours rest after it. This writing may occasionally shake because of my belly laughs from the lads in the Chalet who are carrying on a rum-p'n awful because of their arms. Mine is not so bad, but the night is young and anything might happen.

All this week we've been running backwards + forward in preparing ourselves for the training + life in the Service and there's still a lot more to do - well, at least, there's some more to do but the worst is over.

If you read the gang's letter you'll see that I'm now in uniform. I think you'll like me in it, honey, (you'd better like me in it or out of it, but you know what I mean); I'll try and get a photo of myself and let

let you see for yourself - although it won't be long before I'm home again.

What I didn't tell the gang is that they've made me deputy clan leader. It doesn't mean a great deal - in some ways it's rather a burden because all the ~~the~~ sticky jobs of accounting and list making fall on to me - but it might be of some help in the future.

I've settled down with a gradually lot of lads in the chalet - one of them is a professional acrobat and he entertains the walks to the mess deck by doing flip-flaps and hand springs, etc, all the way along. He even tried it with his swollen arm but I believe he's sorry for it.

Since I last wrote to you in full we've had a pretty good idea of the kind of grub served out. It's not terrific by any means but I'm satisfied - it's varied and one gets plenty of veg. and other green stuff. The only trouble, from my finicky point of view, is the sight of a rather dirty cook sewing out spuds with his hands - but that's not general.

Regarding my personal and private matters, I'm certainly not alone in my yearning

for my loved ones. Every body's in the same boat and I've decided, right from the start, that the only way to carry on is as cheerfully as possible with an occasional melancholy thought of home. When that thought does come into my mind it burns there, and it takes a good yell from the Instructor or a bit of horseplay from the lads to put it out.

How about you dearest? Please don't fret. It'll only spoil that lovely face, (I'm looking at you now, and it is lovely, how I wish ---), and it won't do any good. When we are married we'll wake up for all these heartbreaks. I shall be a better man - it's useless to deny that I've led a very sheltered life and I've never been able to prove myself to be a man in the true sense of the word - this life will wake or break me and I'm not afraid of the result. So you'll try to remain happy, won't you honey? You'll see, things will get better later on when your husband-to-be has made himself worthy of you.

I want you to realise that the only thing ~~to~~ that causes me ~~the least~~ to grieve is our parting - there is nothing in the life here that troubles me in the least - I can take it

in my stride.

Let me have all the news from your part
of the globe. How's Joan + Frank? Mother? Is
Gerald around? How's the office? Can it still
run without me? Incidentally, will you please
pop along to Tomelove and give him & the
rest my regards.

Has the ring caused any comment yet?
Does it look alright? Does it fit? What
was the bill? I must pay that.

Do you - tell love me? That remark
is just a "come on" to tell me all about
it once more. Love mine, darling.

I have a bloomin' job & with the hat.
You've got to be careful - you can't have it like
this ~~it~~ it's got to be straight.

Jack! the arm's aching a bit now but
I think it'll be O.K.

Bye for now,
you angel, you,
Liz.



Miss Claire Pitcher
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Welling,
Kent.