

W.H.S. Kendrew.

27/7/46.

Dearest

I didn't think I'd be able to write to you tonight - we've a Captain's inspection tomorrow and everything has to be just so, as usual we leave everything to the last minute - but many hands make light work (as they say) and here I am lying back in my bunk with a bag of maltosers by my side utilising the last half hour before 'lights out' by scribbling a few words of cheer, love, and kisses.

I got a letter from you this dinner hour, (12.30, we're not sooty here, it's dinner not lunch) and I want to clear one point arising therefrom before I do anything else. I do not wish that ours should be a "ping-pong" correspondence. I'll try to write as much as I can, darling, but above all I hunger for your letters large

or small. You can have no idea what they mean to me - when the leader is giving out the mail all eyes are popping and necks straining forward for "news from home" and my eyes are the poppiest, and my neck strained further than anybody's. You see, sweet, it's the only pleasure that I get. My like and fancy in the matter of fun are well known to you and down here there is literally nothing that comes up to that standard - the boys in the hut are nice enough but they are not my type, (I don't mean that in any snooty way - everybody has a "type"), and we can't get going as the gang at home would.

I'm not complaining - I ~~don't~~ am content to relax quietly, or do any chores that need doing, to pass the time but in order that I shall not become morose or dependent I must hear from home and especially from you. So don't forget, darling, even if you merely write "I love you" on a bus ticket and send that it'll do quite well until something better comes along.

By the way, I might not have told you before that you must on no account mention the name of this place - if you're found out by the Censor you won't be able to get it.

I've got another requirement. I'm sorry to keep on worrying you like this, honey, but it's just impossible to get anything in this dump. I want a steel or metal chain for my identification disc - if you can't find one or Tom they'll let you know what is required - nothing elaborate, just a plain chain.

Speaking of being able to get nothing I now come to the touchy subject of photos. I know I promised to let you have one of me in uniform but I'm blown if I know how I'm going to get it. The only likely place closes down before we can get ashore - hence my continual worrying for odds and ends - and I'm afraid I'll have to wait until I get back to civilisation. However, I'll keep trying - you know me.

I'm saving some chocolate for

you sweet so you may get a parcel
one of these days although I might
have to wait until I come home on
leave. There's tons of it here - they
don't seem to worry about rationing.

Weather's brightening up - just
about the time we start marching
up and down - aw! how I sweat.

How's the health these days. Are
you going to bed early? You'd better -
I don't want to see any rings around
those lovely eyes when I run down
the platform to you - and don't try
to tell me that you look like a
dying duck - I won't believe it. You
were lovely before but, by golly,
when I see you next time you'll
just knock me out - don't be afraid
when you see me stagger, dastling,
just turn around for a minute
and let me get used to the
sweetness that's been denied me
for so long

These are the only days I shall
ever wish to hurry and finish.

I love you
Les.



Miss Claire Pitcher
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