

Miss Gladover  
2/7.

Hello honey,  
Here I am again - old faithful.  
I'm a messenger in the office tonight  
with plenty of nothing to do so I'm  
wiling away the time in pleasant  
fashion.

First of all let me clear the  
air a bit. The letters from wifey - I  
get them all honey (at least I think  
I get them all), but as you know  
by now, I'm a very verbose sort of a  
writer and to cover every point in your  
letters and at the same time or to be  
more precise ~~at~~ the same letter (see  
what I mean by verbosity) <sup>venting my business</sup> is not  
practicable - by the time the next letter  
become due to be written there's some-  
thing else to write about. So, darling,  
I think your idea of numbering is a  
good one and if I spot a gap in  
the numbering I'll let you know.  
In the meantime please don't think  
that I ignore your news items - I

lays 'em up like a cat lays up milk.

And now another request, (are at you getting fed up with my cagging letters dawking or do you think it a labour of love?). It concerns the M.D. job I'm after. I keep get scraps of information from various blokes who have been before the board and I don't think I shall have any difficulty of the questions they ask me are of the same standard. There is, however, one snag, and that is algebra. I haven't touched that part of mathematics for a long time and I'm a bit rusty on general principles. I wonder, dear, if you could get for me a small handbook or booklet on the very basic principles - I saw such a booklet on the bookstall at Charing X, it was for the lads in the A.T.C. - kids stuff but ideal for my purpose. I don't want anything large or detailed, I want to be able to read it in one or two sittings and be primed in the elementary stuff. Am I being too troublesome, honey?

Mother sent me a parcel today with scissor soap container, (thank heaven), sweets, chocolate and tooth brush. It's very sweet of her, and of you too if you had any hand in the make up of it, but I wonder, sweet, if you could tell mother very diplomatically that I can buy all the sweets and chocolate that I want here and I'd much rather she kept it for herself. Also I wanted a tooth brush container - I took 2 brushes down with me, the Navy gave me another, and Mother's make 4. I hope I don't sound ungrateful, I really am thankful for such sweet people to help me.

Nobody has spoken to me yet about a commission. Those that have obvious qualifications, (they give you a questionnaire when you arrive), like degrees, O.T.C. etc. are given an immediate chance, but we were told by the Captain at his lecture to new entrants that ~~school~~ education is not an essential factor, (thank goodness for that), but

that you are observed during your period of training and in your subsequent period of service, for signs of a potential officer in merits. I've got two minds about the matter. I'd like to be an officer but I'm wondering whether it's not just swank, in any case saving money would be out of the question and you know how essential money is to us. Again, a commission might help me when I come back to the office but that's debatable. ~~You~~ I may only be drafted as an officer to certain branches of the service and those branches are not to my liking - I want the small craft. As an M.M. I pass out, (if I pass out), as a leading seaman with excellent chances of getting a Chief Petty Officer in a year.

I've given it a great deal of thought, a little prematurely perhaps, but if I am asked at any time whether I wish to consider a commission I shall be expected to give a sharp and definite answer. I think it will be "no".

I'm learning new values of money. I've entirely forgotten my civil pay and I genuinely consider myself broke until the next pay-day Thursday. My only regret is the lack of bacon - we don't get our issue until the 1st of Aug. and I can't afford to go into P for any - they don't sell it in the canteen.

I'm very sorry to hear about Laddie - I do hope they find him

later - much later

I was brought to a very abrupt stop last night by the Chief Petty Officer + so 24 hours have elapsed.

I've just come back from the cinema - 'Andy Hardy's Private Secretary' - and I liked it. I've had a marvellous time today - lovely weather interesting lectures a glorious swim + sunbath and then pictures.

It doesn't leave me a great deal of time tonight to finish this letter to the length I'd like but I especially want to get it

Off by tomorrow morning post-9am  
an account of the algebra book that  
you're going to get me - aren't  
you, honey?

My gosh! this position a bit  
awkward for writing.

I had a letter from Jim  
today together with yours, you  
darling, you, and he still doesn't  
mention the baby officially - am  
I supposed to know? I think  
I'll leave my comments on your  
letter for another time - I can  
go to great lengths. I would  
~~mention that~~ ~~you~~ ask if you  
are kidding sweet, when you say  
that my pty fto is "good" - can't  
imagine that - what about that  
tongue - huh?

I had a most interesting  
experience in the canteen today. As  
I explain above, pencil count in  
the life and I went to the  
counter for 10 weights and a  
dinky bag - total 8. All I had

7

~~As~~ as me was 7d and I regretfully and mournfully showed the 7 pennies to the girl behind the counter and said that I'd have to forego the Milky Way. "Oh, you poor boy" she says, "you can owe me the 1d until pay day." "Thank you, ma'am" I says and goes away as pleased as punch with me 10 weights and me Milky Way ~~clutched~~ clutched tightly in me sticks, and. To what depth have the mighty fallen - eh?

The sight of a hutmate returning with a wet shirt from the washing room reminds me of a query in one of your letters. By 'washing' I mean washing clothes, dopey, (honey, sweet, darling, dear one), and I do a lot of it.

I've stuck your small photo in the lid of my dilly box or attache case so that every time I open it there you are and I make smacking noise with my

lips to indicate kisses and then all  
the blokes say, "here he goes again  
for Pete's (not always "Pete's") sake  
shut up" and that brings me to  
earth again

Now I must really tail off.  
I haven't the slightest difficulty in  
penning the words to you, darling,  
they just flow and flow. Then  
the time or light limit approaches  
and I have to apply the brake  
so here we go on all four  
wheels - gradual like and then  
- whoop!

I love you  
for,



VICTORIA 2626

4, Vincent Square,

S. W. 1.

13th July 1942. 194

L. H. Westaway.

To

Mr. Dennis L Collier,

L.D.S., R.C.S.,

for Professional Attendance.

Received  
With Compliments.

£ 17/-

Thanks:

D. Collier



Miss Claire Pitcher

88 (a) Belle Grove Rd.

Welling  
Kent.