

88A. Belle Grove Rd.  
Welling, Kent.  
Monday 9/11.

My darling,

Well I haven't written the other two letters but I felt I must scribble a line or two to my booz-y-booz. Love me, angel? Cos I love you!!

What was it like turning out at 5.0 am. This morning here? Ermm. I hope your trains were running to time, and that you managed to get back to the Goppings in time.

I had fun getting to work this morning. Ha, blooming, ha. Knowing that I had to get a season ticket I left a few minutes early, but was it any good, did I get to work any sooner? No! Hurrah for the Southern. I waited a solid 35 mins for anything on wheels to so much as show its nose around the corner! Yes it was almost 9.0 before we slowly chugged out of Welling station. At Lander Bridge we all tumbled out and then along with about 50,000,000 others

I quered my eyes to the indicator, and watched the usual procession of Cannon St. trains go by, exuding more and more blue-nosed passengers who wanted Chair X. What a scramble! I finally reached the office just after 10.0. - still it made the morning lovely and short. Quite like old pre-war days.

But I was worried in case you may have had the same experience, cos I know the Navy don't take such a light view of late arrivals as does the jolly old C.S.

Darling I went down to the Vicarage this evening and confirmed that 2.30 on the

12<sup>th</sup> is OK. Yippee! Darling I can hardly wait - another 5 weeks - no 4 weeks and 5 or 6 days. Cor! Golly! By the way, there is another wedding following ours at 3.0. So we must impress on everybody that they must be punctual. Especially the car-men. Rotten if we get mixed up with another couple eh? I suppose I got married off to the wrong man! There. Still, I don't suppose I'd say "I do" to any old Tom, Dick or Harry, eh angel?

We get organ music and the two

Wedding Marches but no hymns. The vicar  
was quite a jolly chap and considered that  
hymns were "OK". if you had a choir to sing  
them. By the way, he has a son in the Navy.  
His wife plays the organ at the ceremony.

Mum & Gerald have gone off to the  
Licks & left me to myself to get on with my  
trousers. ahem! It is coming on apace!  
Thank heavens. With any luck we may be able  
to get married on the 12<sup>th</sup> after all.

Y'know darling I got the queerest feeling  
coming away from that vicarage this evening.  
It may have been the chat I had with the  
vicar that suddenly made me realize that we  
are going to be joined together in God's house,  
to travel through the rest of our lives together,  
Sharing all our joys and maybe a few troubles.  
Darling I'm so happy,

I hope I shall never fail you in  
thought, word or deed sweetheart,  
Cos I love you, forever,

Close

xxxxx  
xxxx

Ms. L. H. F. Westwood,  
c/o Mrs. Oppie,  
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Midx.

