

Live Guard.  
Wednesday.

Sweetheart,

First and foremost I must deal with your thrilling letter which I received first post this am.

I'm so glad you have found a beautiful spot for your camp this time, angel, - who could help loving country like that? Let you wish you were on a six months course now don't you honey? I wonder what luck you had last evening with billets. If you can manage to fix up a weekend haven for two very happily married people that I know of, I'll give you an extra hug when I see you.

Wonder what the idea is of making you report in for a couple

of hours on Sunday morning? I'm  
rather glad you are getting your  
weekend duty done with right away,  
cos that'll leave you free for the rest  
of the course. I shall follow in  
hubby's footsteps and volunteer  
for fireguard on Saturday night and  
get my weekend over too. Then I  
can come up to Town with you on  
Saturday evening - maybe we will  
manage to get an empty carriage -  
whoopie!!

What about lunch on Saturday  
angel? I hardly like to spring  
that on Joan - do you think  
you could exist on a lobster salad  
or Summit. In that case I  
could get a tin of something from  
mum and ask Joan just to get  
in a salad. Anyway I'll pop  
over and see her on Friday evening



to arrange everything, and also  
turn up the bottoms of your tiddy  
trousers an inch. Gee, darling it  
will be nice to see you in that  
rig again. You gorgeous brute. you!!

Sweet things you say. I too  
have ~~been~~ a lovely warm feeling  
inside after last Sunday at Havant.  
Nice mussy man! Funny you  
know, the return journey came so  
quickly that as we flashed past  
the fields that I had passed  
that morning it all seemed like a  
sweet dream.

how for me. -

On Tuesday I spent a jolly  
day - learning what fire-fighting  
really is from a couple of old

stagers with 30 years experience of  
London Fire Brigade.

In the morning we had  
lectures and talks in a small  
room and then a lovely cup of  
tea (chiefly, I think, for the  
benefit of the lecturer who must  
have been pretty dry after talking  
solidly for an hour). In that  
time I had learnt to recognise  
the various types of incendiary bomb  
and the fires caused by them  
and which fire-extinguisher to  
use and how they all worked.

After the cups we were all  
given dungarees and gumboots  
to get into. Luckily I had worn  
my slacks and sweats and a  
turban so I managed to get  
into mine quite comfortably.

Through some of the older



women had a hard struggle -  
also some of the glamour girls  
who had worn pretty frocks and  
suits.

I must have looked comical.  
The crotch of the dungarees came  
down to my knees! and the  
legs finished with about a foot  
or so to spare! This I doubled  
over and shoved into the gumboots  
which were also about size 11  
and were in danger of being left  
behind at every step I took.

We had to then file  
out into the yard and saw a  
straw fire put out with one  
extinguisher and a petrol fire  
put out with ~~the~~ another - all  
very exciting! After that we were  
divided up and a funny old

boy shouted at us for some 10 minutes and then took those of us who weren't too scared into what he called his fire hut.

Inside, he explained, there would be several fires which we were to extinguish. Six of us went in together, crawling on our tummies, and ~~choked~~ choked by the smoke. He made us get up from the floor where it was fairly clear and take in the smoke, and then get down, & stand up, and move round, and get up, and lie down, till we were quite used to the smoke and had got over that dreadful desire to turn and run. When he thought we'd had enough we were allowed to crawl out into the sunshine again with eyes streaming and grimy with



dust.

Then we had a go at a  
frailer pump, and were taught  
how to hold a 'branch' and  
direct water at pressure into  
the heart of a fire. Knowing  
how light I am on my feet I  
studied with care exactly the  
position of his feet and body  
so that I could help myself  
to keep steady, and when my  
turn came I imitated him as  
best I could, bracing my back  
leg and resting on the hose, and  
was quite surprised to find it  
was not so bad after all. He  
seemed pleased with my effort,  
and gathered the girls around  
to look at me, and all the  
time that jet of water was

getting larger and larger and  
thicker and thicker as the  
pressure went up and up. Poo  
me!! I wondered when he was  
going to ease her up - if ever!!  
He even suggested that he could  
go to the pictures and leave me  
and still find me there when  
he came back. I thought  
"Heaven forbid!" He didn't  
turn that water off until my back  
foot in its wet gumboot was  
beginning imperceptibly to want to  
slide back.

But I was proud of myself  
cos I had realized that its no  
good just being able to stand it  
for a few seconds, you have to  
make yourself comfortable and  
waste of the hose so that you  
can pump in the water for



hours if need be. (Afterwards he explained that generally you have two people holding the branch and another two behind to take the weight off the hose.)

We broke off for an hour and a half for lunch - and then went back for more lectures &c.

Gee was "tired when it was all over".

In the evening I went to see "Lost Horizon" and thoroughly enjoyed it.

And that's all for now,  
pidgeon,

I love you,

Close

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Am  
looking forward  
to Saturday with  
eager heart.  
All love and  
Clas



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