

Firewatching
Wednesday.

Darling Liz,

I have just reread
for the umpteenth time your
letter, which as I said at lunch
time in my bacey note, put
the meaning back into life
for me.

Its no good, angel,
if you ever go abroad and
keep me waiting months for
news I shall just go like
a broody hen - and then
what will the Ministry of
Supply do? Inter alia?

I have been smacking my lips
over a piece of Lucien's pie and
salad at the Pavians, (we
aren't allowed to go far from
the building nowadays, and
even have to get special
permission to go out at all!!)
in company with Joan Laitie.
Oee whiz! I've nothing to
grumble about. After building
up her hopes at the fall of
Italy that Johnnie would
soon be home, she has heard
not a word 'from him, and
after enquiring at the War O.
learns that he has most
probably now been transferred

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to Germany.

Still Joan's motto must be "Never Say Die" because she is now looking forward to his repatriation from Germany. He is wounded, and has been in hospital for over a year - so there are good hopes.

Did you read about the wounded boys who recently returned from Germany? The pictures of them being greeted at the ports just got me. I tried to imagine how they must have felt at seeing England again after being prisoners.

So you are still at the same spot on the map? Did you read about the two recent Naval battles off the coast? I was shocked when they announced the loss of a cruiser & destroyer off the Channel Islands as a result of enemy light coastal forces. I reckon it must have been foggy and they whizzed out of the blue. Probably a lucky shot, for Jerry but not so good for us.

However our M.G.B.'s let 'em have it on Sunday night off East Anglia. H.E. Boats

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Sunk and 7 damaged - quite a party!! I bet the lads celebrated when they got back!!

If Jerry is starting a Channel offensive I guess my hubby will be a busy man. Oh sorry! You are already. What a lucky thing we planned our weekend at the right time eh?

By the way, you will probably have received my letter by now, telling you that the phone call last Wednesday would have been wasted even had there been no delay. So its just as well you gave

up trying - it saved you the price of a pint.

Writing letters for other guys is all very well - and if you have the replies to read I shall doubtless find some new ideas in your ^(I wonder) protestations of love to me - but just watch out that you don't get involved in any breach of promise cases, &c. A fine thing!! I only hope these dobashes (?) appreciate my hubby's undoubted wit and genius.

I love it, and him.

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Really I'm beginning to feel as though I'm writing with Dark glasses on. No more of this Capri Blue for me. Well it was either this or ruled pads & I do so hate following lines on paper. Don't you? No rude remarks now about me needing them. - despite the fact that I've had a Shandy tonight I guess I can walk straight.

Darling do you think you'd have passed me up if you'd heard that I was a drinker of pints? Come on

man, give!! That's a direct
Come-on to all the sweet things
you've ever wanted to say to
me.

Ho-hum.

Yes. I'm inclined to agree
with you that my acting
would knock 'em in the aisles
(conceited so-and-so), if it
weren't for "me noives". In
real life I've put on many
an act, and got away with
it, only the trouble with that
kind of acting is that there's
no applause, and no bouquets
over the footlights. It has to
be seen & not seen if you get me.

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I was interested to learn from Dot today that somebody wants the Adelphi Players to put on some shows for the troops - in and around London - and if we do, I shall certainly try my hand at a few small parts. I know I'd enjoy trying to entertain the lads, it's only the thought of critical colleagues, and people like Gordon & Eley sitting out front that makes me squirm. Wouldn't you?

I gather that you are not sorry that the film makes passed you up.

I made some more enquiries about your baccy today, and when I have finished this serced I will drop a line to Tobies (1) asking after the first lot and (2) asking if they will take an order direct for a further 8000. (I am quick to understand that it must be through a tobacconist).

Dorling, you've no idea how thrilling it is to even dream of being carried over the threshold of our own home by my beloved man. The war seems to be never-ending at times, and when they talk about Japan my heart just sinks into

my boots. And then along comes a letter of faith and love from you, and I realize that if you can keep a bright dream of the future then I shouldn't worry. After all it is you ^{who} ~~that~~ are doing the fighting. I'm only keeping the home-fires burning. Only don't let the fire-watches know!

I'm absolutely broke this week, roll on Saturday (pay-day). Quietly math is bad enough without extra pound notes to help pay electricity bills. Still I'm absolutely determined not

to draw on the allowance or
from the bank for that matter.
How do you stand for cash
doing, has that back pay been
made up yet?

And now for that letter
do Tobies cos I hate to think
of my cherub without his
smokes. Must feel as I do
on the last week of the sweet
ration when I am coupon-less.

Hoping to hear from you
this evening if there isn't fog
on that line too.

I love you so much, honey,

Love

xxxxx
xxx.



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