

Poppy Westaway
M.T.S 710

Sunday.

Dearest,

Here we go again - back to the old routine of writing & longing & waiting. Today I write with a very heavy heart - I just couldn't get away from the boat today, in fact I shan't be able to get ashore at all & things have altered around here so that it looks like next week end is out as well. A further blow is that the new change shortly & it may be that I shan't be able to phone on Wed. I hope I may be able to get to you on Tues. afternoon if my luck is in. You can see, darling, that the Navy is adept at boosting you up with leaving & then flinging you down with disappointments and

I can only hope that by now you've learned to take it - I think you have.

The air aboard is charged with dynamite - it's very difficult to adjust oneself to such an atmosphere after a fortnight of heaven. These things have to be,

I suppose, but you'll have to give me a few days to get accustomed to it all - a few days before I can think & write normally. I never thought I could find such peace of mind as I've had for the last two weeks. When that chappie wrote "be it ever so humble ----" he knew what he was talking about - I wonder if he had in mind the same sort of home as we've got with the same sort of wife as I've got - impossible, there's nobody quite like you.

I've just realised that we've just had our first taste of really

living together. How did I make
 out, honey? Am I satisfactory
 as a husband, as distinct from
 a lover? Do you think I'll
 fit in with your ideals?
 Silly to ask, I suppose, because
 it's all a matter of adjustment
 to varying circumstances, but
 I'm scared stiff of making
 the first impression in a bad
 light - we haven't got the time
 to spend years in finding out
 each other's idiosyncrasies - it
 should be right from the start. In
 my opinion I think we've already
 laid a perfect foundation for one
 of those married lives that they
 say, we walk in Heaven. I
 won't say any more about last
 fortnight - let's keep it as a
 wonderful memory to talk about
 in the years to come - to tell our
 children how happy we were on
 so little.

I arrived back aboard about
15.00 hr. The lads had saved
me a bunk so I'm living aboard
for which I'm very grateful. The
Bucey situation is grim - if you
could manage a $\frac{1}{2}$ lb, darling, it
might save a decline in your
husband's morale at a later date.

I've again forgotten Edgworth's phone
number & address - can I have it
please? I love you. I come back
to find that a whole stack of my
laundry has gone astray - it's a
race against time to find it
before we leave. My other writing
pad has "disappeared" - could you
do your stuff, - sweet?

Keep smiling, angel, 'til your
daddy comes home - then you can
laugh right out loud & belly
laugh with you.

anything, lucky, love-sick
R

ON ACTIVE SERVICE ABOARD

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Birmingham Rd

5.3.44

Mrs. E. Westman

% Ministry of Supply

Mr. Westman's Hse.

(No. 25 - R. 241)

Harrogate Rd.

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