

Poppen Wednesday

M.B. 710

Sunday.

Hello Sweetheart,

This is what I call an opportune moment for writing, the first I've really had all the week. Even so there are interruptions, but if I can't get away a decent section today, then my powers of concentration are slipping. Part of my anxiety to let you know all about it has been relieved by phone calls but somehow they're not very satisfying to me - I can't say in 3 minutes all that I really want to say. It's all very well to talk about "How's Joan?" "How's Jim?" "How's Dave?" or even "How's my

lovely?" - does it seem to get at  
what I want to know. I like to  
ramble on & on & on about how  
much I love you & how much  
you love me - it takes time & can  
only be done on a divan in  
front of a fire, or some similar  
location. I like to write, too,  
write as I think - right at  
the moment I'm missing you  
like hell & so the above is  
written accordingly. It's taking  
all I've got not to jump ship  
& run up the line to you. I  
wonder what you're doing as I  
sit here in the cabin - preparing  
dinner, no doubt, & I hope, thinking  
just a teeny bit about your sailor  
husband whose heart is miles away  
from N.I.B. 710.

In your last letter, honey,



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I believe you asked for a long letter about our first fortnight at home. It's a little beyond my powers of description to explain how much I loved every minute of it. It was like riding through a storm - its calm waters - the responsibility of sailing on is still there, but the outside influences which make the task unnecessarily hard have gone & it's entirely up to you whether you make a success of the trip or not. That room of ours, darling, is here to me - & when I come home or leave from you or there'll be just that little extra spring in my step - you know what I mean, dear.

This writing paper is not quite up to my usual standard -

I've had to borrow it from one of  
the lads - but I'd said the  
heads to get a letter off to you  
today because I don't think  
you'll worry much what kind  
of paper I'd use.

Wouldn't it be lovely if  
I could write about forthcoming  
leave, eh? I'm afraid that  
worked out for a bit - if  
nothing untoward happens (that  
about the best way I can put  
it), I shall be waking you  
with a kiss every morning  
in 3 months or less. But I  
shall be very unlucky if I  
can't get in an occasional  
weekend & that'll keep us  
going won't it, sweet?

I want you to do  
something for me honey. You

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probably have heard that  
the Service men are to have  
Chevrons ( $\hat{\wedge}$ ) on their arms.  
Each chevron counts as one  
year service in any place -  
Home Guard M.F.S. etc. - &  
I shall be due for 3 or 4.  
What I want to know is the  
date I joined the Home  
Guard - the Guard Room  
can tell you so if you'd  
please ask them I can  
put in accordingly.

I don't care about the  
heat - it's a wonderful world  
when a man has a woman  
like you - you come over  
me in waves, sugar, &  
it occurred to me the other  
day that it's a pity we're  
actually married now because



if we weren't I could  
plead with you in letters  
to marry me - with our  
marriage as a fait accompli  
I feel I'm missing a lot  
of lovely kissing - sort  
of selling myself. Still, I  
know that I shouldn't  
shuck up in the selling  
matter because even tho' we  
are married I've still to  
~~make~~<sup>keep</sup> myself worthy in your  
eyes - it's most important  
to my happiness that ~~we~~  
there shouldn't be the teeny  
weeniest frown on your  
sweet brow on my account.

Darling, I felt after  
our last phone call that  
you were worrying about  
me a little. It's probably  
going to take you a  
little time to get used

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to hearing about action again  
but honestly well there's  
absolutely nothing to worry  
about beyond the normal  
risks that are taken every  
day by every body including  
you, because I can take  
an awful amount of care  
of myself & nothing's going  
to happen to me. I don't  
mean that I've got an  
special Dieter watching over  
me - it's just that as things  
are I shall be O.K.

The baby situation  
has eased & I've been  
promised unlimited amounts.  
I've been promised that  
before ~~it~~ & I don't believe  
it until it comes but in  
the near time I have some  
ciggys to carry me through.

I think now that the time  
has come to call a halt.

Every page of this letter has  
been edged at great  
loss to my dignity - every  
sentence has been written  
to the accompaniment of  
hammer blows & assorted  
mechanical noises - my  
belly is rumbling from lack  
of food which has just  
been placed before me - my  
pen has run out of ink  
& my pipe in somebody  
else's ink both are numbered.  
But all this will not stop  
me from making the  
categorical statement that

I love you  
less



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Mrs. Mrs. Westway

Co. Minister of Supply

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Dr. Westway's

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S. W. 1.

After this  
first home  
leave