

Petty Officer L. Westaway
M.T.S. 710.

23/3/44.

Darting, a most disappointing evening - bah. I had three attempts casting over on boat to get to you by phone + each time I was baulked. The first phone was evidently connected to a H.E. bomb because the operator wouldn't touch it - the second was quite openly out of order of a phone broken in two in any guide - + the third kiosk was zealously guarded by a pongy who had booked a long distance call + was prepared to wait all night for it to the exclusion of all other callers. In this busy the number of usable

Work is limited, & subject to
the whims & fancies of the
Man then, after the third
attempt, I was - in Naval parlance
battered.

Had I really had something
to tell you. Not very world-battering
perhaps - not news that would
make headlines ~~to~~ in the least
important of daily newspapers -
not the stuff to cause any
fluttering in the hearts of the
most nervous of persons - BUT
definitely of interest to you & me.
We - you & I - demand very
little of this world of other men's
poison - our meat. Actually,
this will come as no surprise
to you because I intend to
phone you tomorrow willy-nilly
& when you read this letter
you will already be in that
frame of mind which does it

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Quite know how to take it all.
Let's see - today's Wed. - you'll
probably get this on Friday.
You'll be saying "On that dope
having me on a piece of string?
am I going all the way to
C - just to sit & wait &
wait + chew bed spreads?"

"I know this much, if he
doesn't turn up I'm not going
to just sit around. I'm going
down into the bar + get
myself good + tight + if an
any captain says ~~anything~~
~~the~~ "hiya" to me I'm gonna
say "hiya" right back at him -
no else". Well there's one thing,
if I don't turn up there'll be
at least one pretty girl running
around uncorted + that'll be
something quite unusual for C -
I know I've --- heard
other bloke talk of the death

of presentable women.

In case sweet, my phone
gabble is 'a little' confusing
perhaps I'd better wait all
I know about the joint.

The 'Fleur de lis' is in the
main High St. + any body
will tell you where it is. I'm
afraid I don't know where
the railway station is, so you'll
have to find your own way -
but there ain't my baby the
braing one? (I remember the
look on your face as you left
the train at Weymouth, before
I spoke to you - I hope you
won't be ^{at} chocca this time).

I've written the manager
& confirmed the booking. If
you let me know the time
of your train I'll try to meet
it but I dunno about that
as I expect you'll be arriving
in the afternoon.

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I'll also write to Hua about it but he's expecting 72 hrs. this weekend & we'll probably miss him - pity.

I wonder honey, if you could remember to 'jack' some foolscap or quarto size paper. I need it to send in my best papers of the comm. course. And I should be orfully grateful for any scrap paper you can grab for practice work.

That's all I can manage tonight, honey child. Hint we got fun?

and love,

Lee

WHD

RECEIVED BY
23 MAR 1944

OFFICE MAIL

Mrs. Les McTearney
to Ministry of Supply

Can. RF - R. 241.

Dr. McTearney H.E.

Hoseperry Rd.

S.W. 1.