

P/O/M/M L. WESTAWAY

P/MX 500221

H/M. DRAGANZA

COSIAL FORCES.

29/4.

My darling This is a privilege envelope
I can say what I wish, within obvious limits,
without my words being censored. In fact,
I've used this envelope because I have no
other at the moment, & I don't care in the
slightest whether the censor reads it or not -
if he does he, (or she), might get some idea
of what a love like ours means. I use
these small efforts to give you some notion
of how my mind's working these days, altho'
when I think about it these pages could
hardly do justice to a terrific subject like
love.

Being with four married men I get
many variations on the theme but it seems
to me it's the same essentially, the whole
world over - we all think our wives are

the most wonderful gift in the world, & we all think & say, that to be separated from her is the worst experience men like us can have. Last night there was a full moon, & to watch that coming over the hills & rising in the sky made me feel that of all men I was the luckiest - Who else could see that moon & feel, as I did, that under it, tho' miles apart, were two souls working in such perfect harmony it ~~could~~ is inconceivable that there could be two such other souls in the universe.

Separation at times seems to me to be the least of our worries. At 2 o'clock I heard a prelude of the wonderful truth of the saying that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" - by George it does! Out here I can concentrate on nothing else but you, & every time I ponder I get nearer & nearer to solving the why & wherefore of love - but it's surprising, don't you think, how much of the problem eludes & defies all attempts to solve it. One loves & is loved & that's that.

It's enough, most of the time, to just know & realize that there's somebody in the

World who cares where you are & what
you're doing. Then at other times it isn't
enough, & you moan inwardly with
anxiety because that somebody is it dead
in the flesh beside you to hold in your
arms. I may kid myself into being
realistic, but a realist has a very
mechanical mind & I feel so vividly
human which rather puts a spanner in
the carefully calculated works of a
made-up mind. I can be happy enough
with you in my thoughts but I don't
want anybody to ask me to put you
conveniently away in some storehouse of
the brain to be called out at will. You're
always with me, darling, & if the effort
to keep ~~completely~~ sane about the matter
is too much on occasions then I take
that as a tribute to our love.

Keep loving me sweetest.

ks

SECURITY: THINK - BEFORE YOU WRITE !!

BY AIR MAIL

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED
THIS CARD WILL BE SENT
BY ORDINARY MAIL

14

"BLUE TRIANGLE"

AIR LETTER

received
4.5.45



I. A. F. F.—1089 (TRIANGLE)

M. LIZ WESTAWAY
88(A) BELLE GROVE RD.
WELLING, KENT.
ENGLAND.

NOTE: This airmail letter card need not be censored
Regimentally. It is subject to censorship at the Base.
The following certificate must be signed by the writer:—
I certify on my honour that the contents
of this airmail letter card refer to nothing but
private or family matters.

Name: P. H. Westaway
Rank: Petty Officer
No: P/MX 50221
Written in: English (Language)

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