

The Flat.

Tuesday.

My own doing

Do you ever sit  
all alone & suddenly well up  
inside with such happiness that  
it snips a lump to your throat.  
Sometimes I think I'm the luckiest  
girl in all the world.

I've got the most  
wonderful hubby - ideal in every  
way, and he loves me, as I  
love him. I could just hug  
you this moment, but 7000  
miles is such a stretch! And  
when I look at my calendar &  
realise that you have only been  
gone a few weeks I wonder!

I can stand months more of this separation.

And yet, darling, other people have taken it - some of them four or five years of it - so surely I shouldn't wope over a few months. We have such a wonderful new life to look forward to together, and here at least, great strides will be made in peacetime reconstruction.

You know, even when you were in terrific danger three after three in the Straits, and later in the invasion, and then later when flying bombs were sniping sudden death to hundreds in London, I never

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doubted in my heart that we should come through the darkness safely. Because, darling, I feel that we have something to give to the new world. We are two intelligent, forward-looking people, and the world is going to need plenty more like us in the next few years, if peace is to come out of the chaos, and towns are to be rebuilt out of the rubble of war.

So many people in the post seem to have passed along the side of life, like so much flotsam & jetsam - making no effort on their own. But I

Think the millions of men and women who have been personally involved in the war do not intend to let life slide by in the future. This horror must never happen again.

The Navy has certainly been in the news for the past few days, escorting in the U-boats & E-boats that are steadily surrendering and coming into Allied ports. It must be quite exciting, & I wonder if Bob, at Felixstowe, has seen any of the cremains.

Last night I received a letter from Pat & Max, inviting

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me down to Thorncliffe for the weekend. They said they had heard from you - and I wondered whether you had suggested that they keep your place alive while you're away. If you did, sweet, then you're a thoughtful darling and I owe you one more hug and kiss. You certainly have some solid friends here & between them they are taking wonderful care that my life should not become <sup>too</sup> lonely and empty while you are away. I don't want to change from the girl you fell in love with - that's why I go all

out for fresh air, exercise, and  
laughter and all the things that  
keep people young & gay.

I expect you are finding  
life very busy these days if  
you are working everyday in  
the shops. What do you do?

Do you do a kind of five or  
six-day week of regular hours  
say 9- to 5- ?

In the evenings I gather  
you Sumbathe for an hour  
and then retire to your  
bungalow to chat about home  
& England, or to write letters.  
And one or two nights a week  
you go to the canteen & listen in

1 I was interested to read about  
the Ensa show dating. More  
especially as it was first-rate  
entertainment. Hope you get  
plenty more like it.

I wonder if they elected you  
Vice President, and whether you  
are now drawing up plans for  
the conversion of your own  
canteen on the lines of that  
luxurious RAF lounge that you  
described? Let me know  
wait you?

I'd like to emphasize again  
that all your letters come by  
air - so the cessation of the  
airgraph service makes no

difference if you just send off  
an ordinary letter as often as  
you can. Please, sweet, don't  
hang onto them for a week  
before sealing 'em down, cos  
those precious blue envelopes  
are my salvation at the end  
of a hard day at the office.  
Yessir!

By this time you must have  
started to receive the postal  
orders I have been sending,  
so I trust that they will help  
to keep you & the other lads  
afloat until pay day. I did  
not draw on the bank honey,  
but managed it out of the allowance



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book. The bank ac was definitely wobbly in March but it has stands around £36, and will go up steadily £12 a month. I don't intend to draw on it at all, except to convert it to National Savings from time to time. OK?

The allowance will mount up & pay for my summer holiday, & later a new winter coat. I told you, didn't I, that we are going to try to book a week at Hastings. The whole family are going - Joan, Frank, baby, mum & I. Don't know what it will be like, but somehow will scrape up some

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