

7364652 Cpl Meddewey R.I.,
137 Field Ambulance,
R.A.M.C.,

North Western Expeditionary
Force,

c/o Army Post Office

8th May 1940.

my dearest mother,

Again the old bulletin —
fit and cheerful. About as uncommunicative
as the communiques from the Western
Front used to be "nothing to report";
which, of course, may hide a multitude
of events. Ah well, I am not trying
to be subtle; I am pretty fit and fairly
cheerful.

For once, I have something to
talk about in my letters. I have had
it on my conscience for some time that
I may not be pulling my weight in the
war. I am doing this job to the best
of my ability, but I still have the
feeling that I ought to be, shall we say,
"having a smack". It is not that
the R.A.M.C., at least a Field Ambulance,
do not do valuable work, and in danger
too. We take risks.

Still, to come down to brass tacks,

What I have had in my mind was that I ask the C.O. to put my name forward as a candidate for a commission (provided of course, that he considers me worthy of the honour). ~~I~~ If he did, I don't see that I should be qualified for anything but the infantry. I know that you ~~wouldn't~~ wouldn't like the idea. I know too that you look forward to my doing big things in the future. But if Germany should win (which she ~~can~~ will not) I should never get it off my mind that I, unlike Harry and Frank, was not in the actual front line. So I ask you what your opinion is. It will, of course, weigh heavily with me.

Anyway, think it over, and write me.

No more news so, ~~all~~ my love to all of you, and may I be with you soon, the sooner the better.

Your loving son,
Ronald

Wm. Whit

xxxxxx