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to leave home!

9.5.45.

Dating,

Another two letters from you today & in one of 'em I thought you sounded just a teeny-weeny bit fed up. Were you angry? I do hope you don't have those spells too often, honey pie, because if I thought that I'd be very unhappy out here - however, being human, I guess you can't help getting low sometimes, just as I do, & if you can manage to shake yourself out of those moods as soon as you get 'em then that's as good as you can expect - eh, sweetie? Take me, for instance, yesterday morning I had a helluva woogie on - which is one way of saying that I was in a bad mood - low & real depressed. I dunno what it was - I had a feeling that something was wrong at home, which was a silly basis for a mood when you're 7,000 miles from home, & of course, once I start in there

journeys into the Pit I imagine all sorts of things that could have happened. All that morning I tossed & turned mentally making my face look like thunder & my general behaviour unbearable to my cabin-mates - in fact, after an hour or two of it they made a concerted protest & asked me to either die outright or make an effort to come around to normal. Luckily for them & me, that day was V Day & the signal had come "Splice the mainbrace" so that at 11.00. I had two bits of rum - that did the trick & I was able to face the day with a brighter, if slightly blurred, outlook. Now I'm not suggesting that you should take a $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of rum every time you feel chosen, sweet heart, in fact - I think it was very cowardly of me to take that way out, but I do suggest that every time you get that way you just sit down & scribble a note to me about it, just any old note that you can include in

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your next letter to me & when I get your letter I'll add up all the check notes & see what they come to - after that I'll get down to some serious philosophising & maybe we can work something out. I'll be good for me too, don't you think baby? By now you should have had some letters from me which give you an idea of what goes on with me out here, & maybe you've formed some opinion of what my reactions are likely to be - well whatever you've decided, darling, & whatever you may decide in the future whilst I'm away, let me tell you one thing that overrides everything, human nature notwithstanding - when I get back I'm going to prove to you by deeds as well as words, that a pair like us can strive for a better world, can work like niggers to that end & really get results, yet can live in a world of our own where love & happiness is our creed & the philosophy of Jesus Christ our only ruler. I believe that with all my heart.

Now to continue the Bulletin.

Yesterday was V Day. In the morning we had a victory parade when all the naval ratings & officers for miles around assembled on the local barrack square to hear the Captain say his little piece. You can imagine what he said - it was the usual stuff, finishing up with God save the King & we all dismissed with relief at having been released from a parade with more than the usual amount of flannel. A walk back to the camp, a double tot, a dinner & so to Bombay.

We had arranged to meet our Indian friends, Anand + Singh, in Bombay outside the Regal Cinema at 6.30 & in the afternoon we went to Breach Candy for a swim. Whilst there I had my usual weighing session - I now go 14st 5lbs which is 1st 4lbs less than when I was weighed in England! There may be a discrepancy ^{between} & the English

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+ Indian scales, but even so, on the Bread
Candy scales I have noted a drop of 4 lbs
per week. If I go on at that rate I'll
be a skeleton in a year. But maybe
it's just as well I drop a little - eh
necessity? At 6.30 we met our friends
+ they showed us part of Bombay. The
most interesting + refreshing spot -
Malibar Hill from which you can see
all Bombay laid out like a map - it's
quite a climb. On the top are the
Hanging Gardens which are lovely, +
they include some of the best topiary
art that I've ever seen. Under the hill
is the main reservoir for Bombay holding
3 millions gallons of water. Down from
here to eat + watch the victory illuminations
goes in brightness + colour as darkness
descended.

In India, or Bombay, the
only people who are really hot up about
the end of the European war are the
Europeans - the Indians are not
interested. However, the Bombay

authorities had really set themselves to do justice to the occasion & the whole of the main thoroughfare & the statues, Gateway of India, etc., were floodlit. They also rigged up a train with fairy lights & illuminated designs which ran round the town followed by every vehicle in the place - so it seemed. All the population turned out for it appears they enjoy any excuse to make whoopee in the open air & the cars made as much noise as they could to give the illusion that everybody was happy. But you can't really tell whether the average Indian is happy or not & there were so few Europeans in our quarter that we felt a little out of things. Believe it or not we didn't have one alcoholic drink all night, & I broke a vow of 5 years' standing to get drunk on 1 night.

About 10.00 we started to go back to Singh's flat which is at Dada, 10 miles from the centre of Bombay. Previously we've never attempted

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to use the train in Bombay because they're always packed to + beyond capacity with a very mixed collection of natives. This time there were no taxis or buses to be had so train it was. The funny part was that whereas we expected to have to keep apart from the more scented of the Indians, it turned out to be to the contrary - they kept away from us, even to the extent of deliberately leaving empty seats near us + standing with the poles further down the car - we felt proper pariahs. We left Singh's place at 12.30, caught a lorry, landed in camp at 1.00 + as-parked - Whomp!!! Man, were we tired!

Today, naturally, we're back on-the-job, doing our little bit to help the Japanese war along, + feeling among ourselves that it shouldn't be long before we see the shores of dear old England again. What I'm waiting for now is news of what form demobilisation is to take + what chances

there are of Civil Servants getting back to normal. I expect to hear an announcement on that matter in the near future, but I guess you'll have your ears open to the buzzes around the office, won't you honey, & maybe you can give me news. My, my - what a day that'll be. Maybe I'll be able to give you the date of my arrival in the U.K. & to port, in everything, & when we come alongside you'll be there, far ~~below~~ below on the quayside waving & yelling - at the wrong bloke - ha, ha - because I'll be the one further along the rail waving at the wrong girl. Of course I might come home by ~~sea~~ air in which case it'll probably be a snap journey & you won't know I'm coming - I'd just walk in on you, gasping for breath, having run all the way from the station with bit-bag, hammock & three suitcases full of presents from the East. If I've got enough breath left after kissing you

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for half an hour, I'll tell you to get the
old tuxedo pressed & the shirt & ties
re-specially prettied up on account of
we're going places on a little I might
say all of our very own. Mind you,
I'm not taking into account the fact
that you'll be a little surprised to
see a small, brown, wizened man
in place of the brawny husband you
said bye-bye to, because, after all,
I've got to rush you off your feet
before you've time to protest. Anyway,
you'll have gathered by that time
that St. West's still the Great Power
of the age & what he lacks in weight
he's gained in intensity of purpose.
By the next morning, you'll also
have gathered that it ain't quantity,
but quality that counts. Yes, it.

If you're interested in a little
sordid financial matter I'll tell you
what action we're going to get out
here. Firstly we do not get the action

90 R. per month previously given by the Indian Govt. - that's been washed out & we feel a trifle disappointed to put it mildly. What we do get is $1/6^d$ per day plus $2/6^d$ in the £ on our total wages including allotments & Tripa's badge money (which I get in July). That means I get approx. 160 R per month at present + 194 R when my badge comes through. We've got to live through this month with 70 R so we should feel like very rich men next month, if we get our proper whack.

I'm not sure whether I shall bank with Loyds in Bombay yet - it's a great bother getting it out because the bank closes too early for me. There's a campaign on now in the camp to get our hours reduced to 4 p.m. (we work 8.30 to 5 with an 1.15 hrs for dinner - I always thought you got your head down in the afternoon in the hot countries!) & if that comes through I shall

be able to get into town in time. Also I want to have a little (or a lot), cash in my pocket to snap up any bargain that Anand might bring along in the way of cameras. He's promised to bring me very shortly - one that his photographic pals have sorted out for me - & altho' he insists that it's not necessary to pay the money there & then I wouldn't like to get in debt. It's difficult to make these Indian pals of mine come down to my financial level - they deal in thousands of rupees.

Tonight, darling, I feel a wee bit tired & I ~~but~~ think I'll turn in now. Shall I send this lot off now, sweet, or shall I write some more tomorrow? Send it off now? O R ten. - have it come with all the love that one man is capable of in this world

Fido

(A. K. a Latin scholar, indeed - whatya think I am)

POST OFFICE

MARITIME MAIL

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17.5.55

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WELLING

KEENT

ENGLAND

ON AIR SERVICE