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Dombay
25/5.

Hello darling,
Tonight's piece of literature will, I fear, have to be shorter than normal. I haven't decided yet, but I think I'll have to get down to some jobs of make-do-and-mend - weeks have gone by & still buttons hang by single threads, flesh shows in the most unlikely places & turn-ups must be made to turn down. Tomorrow night I shall be going to an EMBA show so I've got to write tonight - can't let more than ~~be~~ one night go by without sending a Billy-doo to my lovely. So I get out the ol' deck chair again, light a cigar & settle down for an hour or so.

I had a letter from Doris today in which she reports continuing good progress by Edgar but, typically, says he's still looking poorly "because

he's lost a stone" Huh! He's lost over
a stone but you not looking poorly -
young Edgar, like me, was getting a
little on the tubby side so it won't
harm him to lose some. If I'm
going to come back to Croy St.
the Gaunt Stranger I want to see
a few of the old familiar faces looking
a little less like balloons. But
don't you worry, darling, everybody
in the draft has dropped in weight -
it being the usual thing when
coming to India from England.

I see that the big news is
the forthcoming election in July
& I'm eager to get some news
of policies, candidates, etc. But here
I know nothing except the little
I glean from the radio - I desperately
need the English newspapers which
are expected in a few days. Even so
they'll be anything up to a month
old which is very tiresome - the
naval authorities here are scandalously

lack in making arrangements for
 our mental & spiritual welfare & I
 can't be able to rely on official
 sources for my information. I'd
 like you to send me clippings
 by air if you will, sweet, on any
 aspect of the election that you
 think will interest me - important
 speeches & suchlike. Of course being
 away from England is a great
 handicap to deciding on's policy -
 it's like buying & running a sheep-
 farm in Australia after reading a
 pamphlet in England. As I see it
 now the Conservative platform is Free
 Trade & Capitalism, the Labour
 platform is State Control, & the Liberal
 is nothing in particular. That, literally,
 is all I know about each party's
 policy & it's certainly not enough for
 me to make a decision. I think
 that the Labour Party has made a
 great mistake in forcing a general
 election before all the forces are returned

to the U.K., because if it's so difficult for
me in a great modern city to vote
in a proper manner & usefully then
how much more difficult will it be for
those in isolated places? The next
Government will not be a truly
representative one, altho, in spite of that,
if the people at home make an effort,
it will probably be the best possible, &
certainly better than the decrepit bunch
in Parliament now. The words

"Capitalism" "Imperialism" "State Control",
etc. are merely catch phrases to appeal
to particular sections of the public —
each is meaningless until fully expounded
by the candidate when the intelligent
voter can make up his mind what
they imply & vote accordingly. Therefore,
honey, until I can read Mr. Churchill
or Mr. Atlee or Sir Archibald Sinclair
on these subjects I have no more idea
of which policy to back than the man
in the moon.

That's enough of electronics matters for a while - later on I shall enjoy spreading myself out, for nothing is better for getting the right angle on a difficult problem than discussing it with another very intelligent person - eh?

There's not much variation in this daily routine in the camp. We're all waiting for the monsoons to disperse a little of this heat, altho' they tell me that the humidity is a bit terrific. Still, if only the temperature would reduce a little it would help to get rid of this feeling of languor that's gotten into us all. Even the Comanches recognized that we needed a little relief in the workshops & took $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of the hours - $\frac{1}{2}$ hour! Luckily our health, generally speaking, hasn't suffered, it just means that until we get used to the heat we're not normally energetic. Another factor prevents most of us from getting away from the camp - it's been 3 weeks from the last pay day which was only a casual anyway. In my case

I'm saving the cash for cameras & such
like & I've no inclination to waste it -
truthfully I'm placid enough to carry on
reading & writing until I get a strong urge
to go ashore or I've got a strong enough
reason. Truthfully too, I get the greatest
pleasure in the world from writing to you,
real pleasure, I mean, pleasure that makes
me eager to finish my odd jobs & get
down to the table. Tonight I'm annoyed
that I've got to be pulled away from
the pen, but - honestly, sweetheart, these
other buttons have got to be secured, or
else...

So, with a great love in my heart,
I say good-night to you, angel, &
~~before~~ for the rest of the evening I
shall be sewing & thinking of you
& us - very, very pleasant thoughts.

Old Faithful:

22

Received
1.6.45

M. Acton
Mrs. Acton

POST
OFFICE

Service
MARITIME
MAIL

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Wellington

Leant.