

India  
Sunday. 27/5.

Hija baby. I had to use the old Papyrus  
paper for a change - the Air Mail's completely  
used up - but I'll try & give you the same  
value for money. Had a letter from you  
today that cheered me - as usual - & made  
me deviate from a hard & fast rule so  
that I got down to writing on a Sunday  
Afternoon instead of getting down to more  
unconscious habits. When I say it made  
me deviate, I mean that as yours was  
the first for 5 days the receipt thereof  
was sufficient to send me into that  
happy delirious mood requiring outlet  
which again means writing to you.  
Your loving husband is glad to  
note that his effusions are appreciated,  
but really, dear, it's quite easy to  
write a lot - I've gotten into the habit of  
thinking in terms of paragraphs to you  
so that I store my next writing to  
you in my mind throughout the day -  
all I've got to do is sit down & let  
it come forth in ~~the~~ form - nothing  
to it. If I fall off in quantity, baby,

It's because I ~~the~~ haven't moved about outside the camp much & so I can't give you any scenic & travel talks which usually allow me to write indefinitely.

Swimming. I'm sorry to report that opportunities for the old aquatics will tail off as the monsoons approach. In the sea little animal & insects collect & they sting & affect ears, etc. Fellows have received some nasty complaints from this cause & so Juhu Beach has been put out of bounds for a few months. Also the currents become dangerous. Of course Beach Candy will, I hope, remain open but the trouble will be in getting there whilst rain-bound in camp - the only alternative seems to be the water tank we use in connection with our work which, at the moment, is rather dirty, but will clean up as the rains come. This week we haven't made our usual trip to the pool because on Saturday we were too tired (not used in the sarcastic sense), & today we're all duty watch & can't leave camp - very annoying. I hope

3

that the rains keep off to enable us to get one in next week.

I don't think, honey mine, that anybody's going to worry if you ask me to send you something. But he they're much too fond of getting a customer to think of consuming things like that. When next I go into town I shall definitely look out for a bag they very plentiful + I should have no trouble at all getting you a pig skin. Other things I shall look for as well because in spite of what I've seen + reported there surely must be some bargain in this money-grabbing country. The right store to visit is the Army + Navy stores which is in the Waboo district in the waterfront - there all prices are strictly controlled + are based on a fair profit from Indians + Europeans alike. In the Indian stores the prices drop for natives + are raised up to 100% for Europeans! That's why I've had so much bother in getting a camera - they're obtainable but the price are sky-high unless you let an Indian buy for you. Arant has tried but so far the selection has

ben pool - however, he's loaning me his own camera for a while & so I hope to do a little pictorial work shortly.

In the meantime here's another snap of your love-doped hubby taken at Break Candy - next to him are James (with beard), Harold, Bob, & George who seems to have been pushed out a bit - dunno how that happened. That patch on me shoulder is a developing fault - so dinna folk yesel' lassie. The water behind is the kiddie pool & the main pool is in front of us - I'll get a snap of the whole lay-out as soon as I can. The strangest part about bathing in that pool is the fact that it was early ~~was~~ May yet the water was about 75. The deck we're standing on is crazy-paving & was damped for the occasion - had it been dry the picture would have been one of four whirling dervishes - those stones get very, very hot & are more than our bare feet can stand. I can see right now the amusing picture of a sorepous bathing

5

belly coming off the grass very sedately & stepping on to a dry portion of the stone - the heat didn't work through the soles of her ~~red~~ red-tipped feet until she'd taken two or three steps, but when it did -- boy! She lost all her poise, ripped smartly back to the grass & had to sit down whilst sympathetic admirers rubbed away the pain - her grimace were pitiful to behold & the whole affair quite spoiled her entry & undoubtedly, her whole afternoon. All of which just goes to point out the moral that you can't fool around with natches. Of course, as boys have no poise to begin with so the contortions we practice can be as ludicrous as you like just so long as the old tooties aren't burnt to a cinder. I think you'll notice that my hair is a little on the short side - believe me, please, that's the proper thing in this climate - in fact I have it shorter at the moment. Do you see any change in the form? Just before assembling for the picture I'd weighed myself & found I'd lost a

stone - yet, as you can see, there's still  
a lot of healthy flesh to be seen, (+ felt  
if you were only around - ah me), &  
I'm just the same right now.

Regarding that bit about bad  
news darling - don't ever be afraid  
of telling me the truth about any  
situation at home, what I do not  
want to read are the incorrect  
or incomplete versions sent to me by  
other people. I'm quite capable of  
sorting my mind out to meet life's  
problems & I only worry when I  
can't complete the picture & have to  
make up the rest from my imagination.  
Edgar's illness was typical - I heard  
about it from Blanche who gave  
me the most hysterical version - it  
was full of wrong information & left  
me completely in the air gasping  
for some relief & hope which didn't  
come - til a week later. I reckon  
I know how you feel at home now,  
darling, & I believe that you're as  
stable as could be. You haven't said  
much about Mum but surely she

7

must be feeling stronger in mind now  
that all sounds of war are gone &  
the sights of peace have returned. The  
thing we are up against is her mind  
isn't it, darling? - we have agreed  
that she can be supplied with the  
material things - & when you leave  
to take up our new home I would  
like the move to take place without  
any sense of bitterness on Mum's  
side or sorrow on your side. The  
move must take place, we know, &  
I'm sure everything's going to be O.K.  
I do so want life to ease down  
for you now sweetheart, because for  
the past 6 years it's been gradually  
winding you up to meet emergencies  
that have taxed you to the limit. Yet  
throughout it all you've remained the  
sweetest, most lovable being this side  
of heaven & it's not fair that any more  
wishes should shake that adorable  
frame. That's why I'm pleased beyond  
words to read that you're stepping  
out & about, all off your own feet  
& without any husband to urge you on.  
It's a grand sign that you're

regarding your own well-being as of  
first importance & so, ~~is~~ paving  
the way for the both of us to step out  
as an independent couple whose ideal  
is a new life under new conditions  
What a ~~bad~~ tragedy if we had to alter  
our ways to suit other people! Far  
away from you, dearest, I'm in the  
impotent position of a non-participant  
in your physical life, & daily I  
pray inwardly that no Devil in  
disguise will get to you & upset you  
until I can get home to battle  
beside you - for I don't doubt  
that there are going to be plenty  
of people along our way who will  
view our love with the greatest  
envy and, as is the way with  
some of them, try to destroy what  
they can. I'm no Great philosopher,  
so I haven't the key to Eternal  
Happiness wrapped up in a sentence  
or two - all I know is we stand the  
greatest possible chance of being happy  
for the rest of our lives if we run our  
lives in our own way - our love for  
each other would never let us go wrong.



2

Having delivered that I now  
turn more directly to you. When you say  
that you're "looking in the pink" I go gee,  
I positively go gee. 'The very thought  
of you' ..... Oh, it's not right that  
I should be away from you - it doesn't  
accord with any law of decency or  
equity. This damn war - - -  
No hum, it won't be for years - it won't be  
for ever - I suppose I can keep stable  
in mind until I come back to you.  
But nobody's going to make me like it.  
As you very properly say, however, the time  
of my return will be a time for merry-  
making + general jollification all round +  
you may brook us a table at a swell  
joint ~~at~~ in the Great Metropolitan  
with the full knowledge that ~~the~~  
will be a hot time in the old town  
that night. Yes dear.

The heat, the work, the distance  
from home, the conditions, the country in  
general do make tempers very brittle.  
I won't pretend I'm a little white saint  
in this matter, for I'm only human, + in

our cabins, & in the camp men are becoming boorish & hard to get along with. I think my first sentence can be modified a little. I think this tenseness can be attributed to two main reasons (a) a persistent outbreak of stomach trouble & (b) a lack of money resulting in the men being compelled to stay in camp throughout the week. The stomach trouble is a mild form of dysentery that Cuy's men have for about 3 days & practically everybody has it & follows up a clear spell by getting it again. (I've escaped it & I believe that's due to the extreme precautions I take including a dose of T.C.P. internally twice a day - ~~there's~~ no reason why I should get it). Next Thursday is pay-day & that'll break the monotony & help to liven up the lads. There's no doubt at all that we're all worn-out & weary, & whilst we realise our obligations nevertheless, it doesn't make things much happier - that applies to all the services I've met out here. It is to be hoped that whatever Govt. is in power

now or in the future that Govt. doesn't relax its efforts to get the Japs finished, because if it does I wouldn't like to be in those Minister's shoes when the Cuds come back. The trouble with India is that nobody in India is interested in the war, so that anything we does in an inspired patriotic moment is taken in a <sup>spirit</sup> ~~gesture~~ that immediately ~~depresses~~ dampens me and our. We feel that ~~we're~~ we're weak, & the natural follow-on from that is a drip about the necessity of us coming out here at all. It doesn't really get us down to any extent - as I say, the main reason for the recent lowering of morale is physical - in fact we believe that our particular tickets will come along sooner than the rest, but the other services are not so happy.

But life here has its very funny moments. The other day was Harold's 23rd birthday & we had a bottle or two to help celebrate it. I'm not boasting, when I say I've forsworn liquor - I don't even drink my tot now - & so whilst I joined in the general noise I didn't join in the drinking & neither

and George to any extent. At the finish  
of the evening Harold was horribly drunk,  
B5b was awkwardly drunk & ~~B5b was~~  
Jim was just drunk. Whilst Jim went  
to bed like a gentleman right away,  
Harold had to be carried from cabin  
to garden, and back again, and  
back again, and back again, with  
the added encumbrance of B5b  
tailing along with well-meaning but  
utterly useless offers of help & advice.  
Whilst George tried to gather up the  
remains of Harold & place them in the  
correct order in his bunk, > tried to  
persuade B5b to undress & likewise  
sit to bunk, & when he took umbrage  
at our suggestion that he couldn't  
undress himself, he had to drop the  
pieces & come to my help. From then  
on our time was occupied in  
administering pills, smelling salts, water,  
general assistance, & such. From the  
time that Harold felt sick, B5b wanted  
to talk "man-to-man" & Jim fell  
asleep, to the time when all were  
securely lashed inboard with nets  
tucked in, nearly a hour had gone by

+ Leo + I had time to flop down with sheer exhaustion + laugh our blooming heads off. The whole affair might not sound funny to you, baby, but believe me as a diversion it was as good as a tonic + we all - including the drinks - felt better for it afterwards.

I'm reading a lot just lately. Just now I've got Galewether's "Forsythe Sage" + very good it is too. It's your favourite too isn't it honey? I must look around for a nicely bound set of volumes for our library - or maybe you can find a set in England. I could read that book again + again. I haven't a great deal of time for reading but I've found a new joy in joining the recently opened library + getting some good literature into me. It's making a big difference to my peace of mind - I know that - I can boil up over some silly thing + then start reading the Sage - I immediately simmer down + I'm at peace with the world. It's wonderful & from now on

Your silly old hubby's going to open  
his big mouth less & read more & then  
maybe he'll be able to speak some  
sense when he does open his B.M.

Good night, darling, God bless you.

I love you

R

23

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