

Bombay.

29/6.

Darling,

When I opened the letter I got from you yesterday I wondered what I'd got. On ~~un~~ unravelling it I could see that you'd really made an effort to get your message across to me, & I did a little chuckle to myself as I pictured you, without a last piece of paper to finish the letter, wondering whether, as a last resort, you'd simply have to raid the bathroom. But I want you to know, honey, that I don't care what you write to me on, & if you say "big-hearted cuss", to that I can only reply that if you care to say that to me when I land home in your lap I'll smack your little chuff for you. Of course, when I get down to facts, I've got to say that a letter like that from my baby is a very nice little present to plop in my hands, & I had a pleasant half hour, after I should have turned to, reading, & re-reading it. This business of writing & receiving mail is a thing I'd like to see continued even after we're back again in the same bed, & we can save on stamps because all I need do is hand mine to you in the morning before I go to the office, & you can hand me your reply in the evening when I return. Naturally we'll speak to each other, too.

In view of your placing my weight as front-page news, as it were, I should report, sweetie, that I'm going up again & I now weigh 14st 11lb. All this is very disconcerting for I cannot tell from one week to another whether my No. 6 white suit will fit me or not - the margin is very small &

another couple of pounds will mean that I shall have to go to the ~~Dance~~ next week in a white shirt instead of full evening dress. When you consider that I shall be an official at that function you can imagine my state of mind. This latest upward trend is due, no doubt, to the cooler weather & the increased rations I've been yaffling this past week. But if it continues upward I shall have to diet - one simply must think of one's figure.

I was pleased, and gratified to see that I had married a woman of inaction, when I read that, without any prompting from me, you had thought it necessary to find an outlet for your indignation over my revelations concerning our treatment out here & consider writing a letter to a person who has a greater influence in these matters than you or I. May I point out, wondrous me, that the information you send in a ~~Sunday~~ paper on the flying out-part of Sunday papers is just another example of Governmental flannel, for whilst it might be true that, say, the R.A.F. get such favours the poor bloody Navy get Sweet Fanny Adams - the latest date of any Sunday Paper in this cabin is May 6th! However you have been an angel in sending me the latest clippings & these I have read with avidity & responsiveness too.

Er - we appear to differ a little on politics, don't we honey-lamb. Now, I take that as a healthy sign. Having pondered over the matter to some length, & having come to a decision, I see no reason for changing my mind - similarly, there no doubt that you too, have studied the position from the three main angles & you have decided which

way you'll vote & I don't suppose anything will change your mind - that's how it should be. Of course, it's hopeless to discuss such a vast & intricate thing as politics in letters - I've got to be on the spot to have a true picture of the scene. Maybe, if I'd been at home I would have decided differently because the hundred & one aspects of the problem would have appeared to me in different forms. However, the reasons I gave in my letter to you will tell you why I voted they & I stick to 'em.

I wrote to Edgar yesterday. From what I hear from him, & from a recent letter from Doris, he really is worried about his post-war prospects & in my letter I tried to reassure him. I honestly think he stands as good a chance as any man to enter the higher grades of the C.S. - I told him that his commission wouldn't count in the clerical grade, but if he entered for the Customs & Excise, (& I understand he's been studying sufficiently to get him on top line for that exam), the vice versa part of it would surely be affected advantageously if the Board knew he had been an officer. He's afraid Muriel won't be able to manage on a sort of money, & as the maximum is only about \$5, I don't suppose they'd have a lot to spare for pleasures if they had a place of their own - but I think he's worrying needlessly about Muriel's ability to keep within the family's budget. Still, I told him that you might be able to get him some more definite information & I hope you can, baby.

Tomorrow is pay day - I should be getting lots of back pay but - knowing the Naval Pay Office of old I never expect back pay & then I'm never disappointed when

it doesn't arrive. But, anyway, surely I'll get a normal month's pay? - in that case the five of us are going into Bombay again &, after the usual afternoon's stroll around the markets - Crawford Market this time - we shall go to the Metro & see "Basking Beauties" which has been running 11 weeks in town. You'll notice we go for the glamour - we don't bid ourselves, we know what we lack.

Will you blame me, sweetie-pie, if I say that some times, when thinking of you & love, I regard you from the physical angle & disregard the spiritual for the moment? It's not very often I do it, & when I do it's usually for a good reason and at an appropriate time. After all, when we first met & not-knowing each other's minds, the appearance of each of us had something to do with us rushing together & gradually welding into one. Anyway, for whatever the reason, I conjure up a picture of you & regard it purely from a form point of view &, boy, what a form! Am I a bad boy? Honestly, honey, I can't help it - I love to have the power to regard your lovely body & features, & say to myself "that's my baby - all mine". Then at all other times I think of you as the live, intelligent, squibbating lovely with a heart of pure gold, with a hundred other qualities making up a love-bundle I shall cherish for ever.

Adoringly
P.S.

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