

44

Bombay

17.7.45.

Darling,

A wild blustery night 'taint fit for man nor beast. There's a flicker in camp tonight but I aint braving the elements to see Alan Ladd in "huckleberry Jordan" - I've got an idea it's better than the weather. I've done a lot more dhobeying + a little more clearing up around the place, + altho' it's getting near your wee-loving hubby's buddy time I think I'd be an ot' meany if I didn't use up the last hour in penning a few words of cheer to me ot' Dutch.

There isn't much in the way of news to tell you honey, neither can I think of anything interesting + informative to tell you - the brain's a bit weak tonight - so I'll tell you how much I love you, shall I? How much do I love ya, huh. - well it's about time these clever blokes invented some gadget for measuring emotions like love - a sort-of loveometer - so that lovers like me can give their beloveds some idea, in positive form, of the extent of their passion. I'd welcome an invention like that because then I could prove absolutely, me + for all,

that in me you see the Greatest of them All
 - with me at the instrument the pointers would
 whirl round & round, finally marking the
 thing to pieces, & if they cared to make an
 extra specially strong me for me I'd mark
 that too. That's how much I love you.

And why do I love you? If I said,
 because you're you, that'd sound silly - of
course you're you - couldn't be any girl else
 would you? - couldn't be Betty Rouble, she's
 a bit on the tubby side - couldn't be Veronica
 Lake, she reminds me of a nail file, a bit heavy
 & pointed - couldn't be Pat Kirkwood, she's
 got too much teeth & her figure's not so hot -
 couldn't be Francis Day, what a bore! & that
 hair! anyway she's not 'naive' - couldn't be
 Kath Hepburn, she's too damn moody - you
 wouldn't be any of these, or any of the rest
 of the female pop. of the world - you're
 just the most unique little bunch of
 loveliness that ever did, & it's all in account
 of you having everything the others haven't
 got that I love you.

Mind if I dwell on you for a bit?
 Get you sorted out, as it were. I'm told
 via Muriel's letter to you that you looked
 definitely attractive with your hair all

down your back. Funny thing - when I
 used to watch you combing it out I must
 have remarked how I wished you could
 walk around with it hanging down like
 that. I believe you had some technical
 objection to offer, but if you want to please
 your hubby when he comes home just you
 let it loose for me - one thing, I could
 kiss the back of your ~~head~~ neck in public
 & nobody'd see me - eh? Then those lips,
 too - save up your preciousst lip-sticks
 to adorn the most kissable of 'em all for
 when Jimmy comes marching home - he
 wants his cake, & he wants to eat it, too.
 What the light of those Classical features
 don't do to me! And if there's any eye-sight
 left I'd like to stray southwards - just
 turn around for a while, will ya honey?
 The curves of those shoulders & back, belong
 in an artist's studio for a man who could
 record perfection - I want to grab your
 arms in my two hands & press - - !!!
 But then I'd spin you round & give that
 gorgeously subtle outline a chance to show
 off - you're not a sweeter girl, darling, you
 don't have to be, for your figure the curves
 are just right. You've probably got on

Some outfit that clings to the waist - huh?
Remember how I was always patting that lil'
chuff - & how annoyed you sometime were?
I couldn't help it, baby - how can any
man with eyes & feelings keep his hands
off - if I hadn't come along you'd have
some found out what a delectable middle
portion you've got - from other swains - I
defy any ardent wooer to be alone with
you on a sofa for ten minutes without
a tussle coming off - make it two. Now
that I have come along, of course, you'll
have to be content to take my word for it
- the "other swains" have had it. Now
where was I. Oh yes - your waist, etc.
That's where the piece de resistance begins.
Those legs! Oh, oh, oh!!! You know,
of course, honey, that it was the sight of
a generous length of silken hose that
first put me on your track. When I
used to follow you from the Lanchester
Club I used to say to myself - "legs,
ease up a little, not too far behind, not too
close - have you ever seen such lovely
ankles? - are those calves perfect or are they
not?" - (+ on an windy day) "m. umm, yes, yes!"
And let me tell you, my Queen, that since

I've been the privileged spectator of many a disrobing scene I've never once had cause to alter my opinion in the slightest - my opinion being that if you'd continued your dancing + gone on the stage, even tho' you might have - altho' you would definitely not have - been the corniest dancer the public would still have flocked to see the Girl with the Two Million Dollar legs. Feet? I've kissed those ten little toes too often not to know that they're the perfect appendages to perfect stems.

What price the glamorous girls & pin-up girls now - eh? Well, I'll tell you, sugar, I'm not "putting it on" when I write all this - you can't fool this ol' rone - he knows a fine figger of a woman when he sees one + he's done more than seen yours. Besides, he doesn't have to try & fool you - I guess a woman's quite capable of figuring it out for herself (get it?), + you know as well as I do that if you had all the silks, satins + scents + so on, that the "decorative" class of girl gets you'd be able to raise an appreciative gasp in any hotel lobby - at it is, I remember when we used to make our entrance into

a crowded Richmond Bar at the Norfolk
 the eyes of the menfolk went straight to
 you, & it didn't need a student of human
 nature to see that when they looked you
 over they were wishing I wasn't there. I
 like to imagine you walking along - you
 stand out in a crowd because of your
 carriage & the spring in your step - I
 imagine you in sleek evening gowns
 - tight at the waist, naturally - & it does
 me good to ^{see} watch the effect as you
 glide down an avenue of watchers -
 they think you're "sweet & lovely". I
 don't think you're sweet & lovely - I know
 it.

All this is yours to date. Before you
 write next, angel, just have a good look
 in a full length mirror & let me know of
 any additions or improvements, if any.
 (I don't think these possibly could be, but the
 way I read the adverts, even a bar of soap
 - if it's lusc - will send an old lady of 90
 out of the bath looking like she was 20,
 & I don't know what you've been up to
 since she been away). In the meantime,
 & for all time

I love you,
 R.

Mr. Arthur Jarvis

POST OFFICE MARITIME
No. 2 Westbury
No. 1000

Welling
Kent
England

444

Received
Oct. 7-45