

Pomona Michael Williams

P/MS 50023

29/7/46.

Mem 147

C.F.B

My dear Leg, how very nice those matters.  
Such a long letter from which Clair so kindly sent one from  
London! Poor lad, you must be in a bad way, it is a  
wonder I did not receive one of your letters to your wife!  
You must be more careful. Your letter was very welcome for  
I have been thinking of you this last ten days. Paying off  
a V<sup>o</sup> Boat. A hell of a lot of work it entails, down in the  
engine room. The Chief Mechanic went home leaving the  
heavy job for me to carry. But not to worry as we say here,  
soon it will be over and then I shall be landed for  
C. om. part - in matters! God it is hot here but  
at least a dry heat. Phenomenal heat, they say. South-  
gate weather one old hand told me and it seems  
is expected to blow off!

But what do you think, one way or the other of  
his harassing time I sat down and wrote a short  
poem which I sent to Peggy. Peggy sends it to the  
executive before review, the Editor accepts it. I can  
tell you was amazed, never thought for a moment  
I published it. The inspiration was the memory of  
being tied up one night to a beam in the middle of

the Adriatic between Ancona & Venice. Day-light  
be well! You are not very keen on poetry  
though. Peggy is having a jangle time with the  
bees, so have been so savage that she has had to  
get rid of them. Her visit to London was very short and  
contained much literary business. The results of  
which should be shown shortly.

Stanley Kenyon asked me to remember him to you.  
I go school with him sometimes. He is, what shall I  
say... much "improved"; he smokes a lot & drinks  
his lot! I spend most of my time finding cold  
drinks and sitting down in the cinema near a  
fan. The flat, properly called Street Street is really  
a dirty, noisy stupid place. And thats the  
matter. Still, I'd rather stay here ..... no, I  
would like to see India only it is so far away  
from home and mail service is good here.  
See a lot of George Pickett too. Did you know  
his Dorset woman had not long ago? But  
life is not congenial to my mind and spirit nor  
to my creative genius! I have found a nice  
English guest house up a rabbit hole up in  
the island a low large cool house where I find

a real English cup of tea! There is plenty of cut  
in matter; the usual hotel's supper is steak,  
two eggs and chips! But I wish I were back  
in Ancona or Venice. Really you are missing very  
little in the Mediterranean, you must remember that  
war has swept right through Italy. There are not  
many amenities outside what the service offers. Though  
Stanley had a fine time in Rome. Rome. Florence.  
Naples. Trieste those are the only places that can  
offer you much. Nothing in the Atlantic was pleasant  
enough and the Gratitude of the Information could not be  
it.

Would like to hear Indian music and particularly  
would like to see Indian dancing. Have you read  
Penguin to India by Foster? ~~with~~ I wish I could  
make a pile of a nice Indian rug. What do they cost,  
you might be able to get me one, eh? I know a friend of  
mine who has got an Indian rug and worth some-  
what and I'd love to have a lot of silk & his  
name. He sent Peggy some nice shade of  
light at her request!

Although I don't write I must say I'm glad

labors got in. We must have a change and let us  
say it was historically necessary. We have to  
get out of the rut. Wish 'em luck. (I'm sure  
they cannot be worse than the Tories anyway.)  
I think you will agree with me. And I don't like  
Blom nor Morrison, how do you spell his  
name? Demoralization! I'm trying to get out  
under the B scheme. Don't know what will  
happen. Peggy seems to think I will be home  
soon. She has consulted Mr. Planchette. Too  
long to tell you all about that - its automatic

writing. Mrs. Planchette says I was over in  
November. Lots of the Planchettes' writing has come  
true including telling me I'd "go foreign".

Must go out have a shower bath. I'm  
fully it's getting dark already. You will  
be hot as hell or curing mosquitoes just now.  
Goodnight and goodmorning to you. I wish  
I were with you - at times. Well write & thank  
Aunt Best wishes. Take care of yourself  
and hurry up the photographs. Yours Mike

CHEETAH 24/4/45

31.7.45

P.M. N. Key testimony.

3/4/45 BO221

Mike Colez

W.M.S. Bonyanga

(Central Forces)

Bombay.