

47

Bombay.

24. 7. 15.

Dadine,

Tonight is not the best of nights for writing. The flies are deadly - We even got to wear a hat to keep them from swarming in my hair, & to read, or lay down, we've got to get under the nets. Consequently, a casual observer watching me writing at this yere desk would imagine I have a chronic nervous condition, seeing the jerks & waving of arms - he would also wonder where I found the time to do any writing. But we just started up a dirty big ceega & maybe they won't be able to stand the stink. The atmosphere too, of the cabin is a little heavy, & I don't mean the weather. We've had no mail now for 5 days & poor ol' Bob still hasn't heard from his wife - his trouble rather weighs heavily on us. Luckily, he had a telegram today from his father-in-law - Law which merely says "O.k. as writing" or words to that effect - it doesn't really tell him a lot. However, I guess that with a batch of mail & a flit gun we'll

2

manage to drive away the heeby-jeebies
& maybe tomorrow will see us as bright
& peppy as ever - yours sincerely
Esperance.

Oh, I nearly forgot, to add to the general
effect Jimi got dia - what's its name &
Geo has a violent cold in the head through
getting his feet wet on Saturday - we do
have fun.

I've been meaning to tell you for the
past few letters of the name of the ship we
came over in - I don't think there'll be any
harm done after all this time & you might
be interested. It was the Mauritania - the
new one, built in 1939 to replace the old
one which was broken up - you can imagine
what a lovely ship she is, new & built
for the luxury trade across the Atlantic.
I believe I read somewhere that she was
being fitted out for peace time work - we
must have a trip in her one of these fine
days, darling, & I show you where we
used to bunk & play - I think it was
originally the 3rd class cocktail bar. She
was the biggest ship ever to go through the
Suez & there wasn't much space spare on
either side. Certainly nothing smaller than
a rowing boat could use the Canal at
the same time, & I remember wondering

how they were going to arrange things. I guess they had it all planned out long before we got there - anyway, there was no other traffic.

I bet you'll have a few snaps taken of yourselves down at Hastings, eh honey? Hope you've got me of the lot of you desporting in the briny, (those wandering street-photographers are still going strong, aint they?), because you know what I think about you + young Joan's got a nifty lil' figure too - all helps to decorate the place up. Then ~~why~~ there'll be one of you strolling along the prom, + maybe we can ramp a susceptible + presentable young man to take a few more - don't tell me there aint such a thing around, but if he has it got a camera then his not-much use is he? - or is he? !!! But with things as they are it's ten to one even the street photographers have gone out of business + I'll just have to be content with a lot of descriptive writing - don't leave anything out baby, even the S.Y.M. for I'd be glad to read that the men in Peace-time England haven't lost their eye for beauty. Of course it's all over by now

4

perhaps, but I did intend to tell you, ~~that~~
alot' you probably already know, that the
Seaside ~~isn't~~ isn't much fun without its
provocative glances in the prom. in the morning
& its flirtatious passes on the dance floor in
the evening - if you're already without a
permanent male escort, that is - & unless
Baby cramps was style the glances & the
passes should come your way in confusion.
I want to hear that you've abandoned
yourself to the Seaside Frolic - there's
nothing like it for restoring the war-
battered nerves & getting those old blood
circles running round at the rate of knots.

God, dear, I do miss you - & I
miss your influence on me, too. I try
hard, & I hope I'm not slipping into
splat dash or uncouth ways, but I want
your presence around me all the time -
a breath of the Feminine to remind me
that there are some clean, sweet, honest,
worthwhile things in life - looking & living
out here in the filth & intrigue I'm apt
to forget it occasionally - not for long. It
true, for there's always your spirit to
bring me back to you, & every thing about
you, but a shower never seems to cleanse
me, & whilst you'll always win, there is the
everlasting battle between Good & Bad.

5

I've long realised that man without woman
is a lost being - wandering around with
no purpose in life, no settlement & no interest.
It is man's most natural instinct to mate
& having mated he remains with her for
evermore. When they're torn apart there's
always trouble & sorrow. Isn't it natural
then that we two should feel this
parting bitterly? We were, literally, torn
apart & I can't be the same man until
we're together again. It is symbolic of the
purity of our love that the sorrow I feel
at being away from you, darling, is
based on the loss of companionship, &
your spiritual qualities, far more than it is
based on the loss of the more sensual side
of love - my body doesn't crave for your
presence in my bed, but it does crave for
the sound of your voice, the touch of your
lips, the nearness of you, & for your love.
And to be honest, baby, after all that I
should want to lie with you for, physically,
I miss you, too.

'Bye for now, angel.

Adoringly

R

ON. ACILLE SERVICE
POST OFFICE MARITIME
Mrs. ~~WAZ~~ MARIANNE

88A Belle Grove Rd.

WELKING

KENT

ENGLAND.

(47)

Received
4.8.46