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Bombay.

31.7.45.

Darling,

It seems to me that every time I start off a letter to you lately, baby, I have to say a few words about cameras - must-get-boring to you. But I ~~do~~ don't intend to let cameras come before more important things - first things first - that I write, with hand in heart, I love you.

Now to cameras. That advert you described, honey, was a honey - it really was. If you managed to get that camera or something similar I'd be very satisfied. I had a chance to get a Voigtland brilliant, with f7.5 lens not 4.5, in Bombay at f14! Give you some idea why I'd like to buy in England.

Reading your 64, sweet, it occurred to me that with everybody making post-war plans we two are a little behind in that respect. Of course

the course of our life has been so damned uncertain for the past 2 or 3 years & we haven't really been able to plan. But now the demobbing plans have gone ahead so marvellously, & are likely to improve, we have the prospect of being able to get down to this business of Home Sweet Home plus all the extras, in the not too distant future. I won't prophesy because it'd be heart-breaking to build hopes too high & have them dashed so low, but you can read for yourself that it's highly improbable I shall be here next Spring. Therefore I'm beginning to get the feeling of freedom again & it's a very nice feeling to have. She started, once again, to want the Westaway Kitty & try to figure out what we can accomplish with it. I scan English newspapers for housing news & change-over positions. I get into a real panic wondering whether we can afford a completely new wardrobe from top to bottom, or whether we'll have to make do & mend for a while - I don't worry either way, but I'm annoyed if I can't

get the figure to check up. I still
 have that great urge to sail on peaceful
 waters - I haven't said much about
 sailing lately but that's because coming
 out here has knocked the enthusiasm
 out of me for a bit - when I come
 home you'll see me delving in the
 Yachting World once again. A car?
 well naturally - but the Purchase Tax
 will have to come right off, & Mr. Ford
 will have to start his industrial blitz
 on purchase price - his £100 Standard
 Ford before the war was a bargain &
 it had the effect of waking up the
 British manufacturer to the need for a
 cheap car for the 'everyman'. All this
 planning is very jumbled in my mind
 & I've written it in a jumbled manner.
 If I mention a home & children last
 it's not because I give them low priority,
 it's because I take their importance
 for granted. I calculate that we'll
 be able to do all we've set out to
 achieve & there'll be a little spare to
 cater for anything that may be thrown

out way in after-years. Love is all, but
 money is a welcome luxury, & we're super-
 duper lucky to have both. One thing,
 baby, I do not want to live in Woodhill
 or Plumstead under any circumstances -
 the money I foresee is sufficient to
 make me state categorically that I'd
 sooner we lived in a hotel until we
 could be accommodated in a district
 to our liking than accept the best-
 that W. or P. could offer. I hope I
 don't sound too much like the heavy-
 handed husband, sweet, but luckily,
 I know that you don't care for the
 locality so I don't anticipate any
 difference of opinion. But oh my
 darling, how I do long for our own
 fireside with the big easy chair & the
 soft carpets & the fire light, & the long winter
 evenings with you - it's funny that I too
 miss you most of all when day is done,
 but I guess that the work day is taken
 up with the stern business of earning a
 living, & making the home fit for living
 in, so that love is less personal but
 damned useful for making those activities
 a pleasure. It's only after work that we

can afford to look at each other at leisure & in comfort, + get down to the ever-wonderful play of personalities that in our case always results in a perfectly staged love drama with an inevitable happy ending.

Next Saturday we're all going for one of our bi-monthly outings into Bombay for shopping & pictures. This sudden spate of activity is due to pay today being pay-day + thus we have the necessary cash to do these things. Most of us will be buying more parcels for Britain - you'd be surprised at the pleasure it gives all of us to buy goods to send home - honestly we've nothing else to do with our money, & shopping out here can be great fun, especially the bargaining part of it. The film we shall probably see is "The Sign of the Cross". I want tell you how many years ago I first saw that because I want you to retain some illusion of youth concerning me, but it was a damned long time since I'm going to be interested in seeing how

they've tilted it up. I haven't decided yet what I shall send you, sweet, but I think that as the grub situation seems to continue grim in your part of the world I couldn't do better than send a little tummy fodder. The time I am in a nuisance, but if I mail parcels regularly you should be soon getting a monthly parcel.

Sweet + pretty Claire: 65 is also to hand + I've had a luffly time reading it the lunch-hour. Right at this moment you should, if the weather's kind, be sunning the body beautiful by the sea waves. And if the weather's not kind you should still be raising that sweet little bosom more than somewhat whilst taking in large doses of ozone. All that is very good + beneficial to boot so that at any time I expect to open a letter from my beautiful which literally fills the cabin with the atmosphere of salt + sand.

As I have yet to shower, + after that I shall nip down to the cinema to see Charley Hangerford in "The Carterville Ghost"

It rather looks as tho' I shall shortly have
 to pack up this letter, which is a pity because
 I feel like writing on + on. But you under-
 stand, don't you baby, that an occasional
 break from the confines of the cabin is
 good for hubby's morale, & you won't mind
 if I dash away just this once - huh?
 Whilst under the shower I shall try &
 conjure up the spirit of you to accompany
 me to the cinema, & if we can find a
 cosy little spot in the corner the next two
 hours should be highly diverting. What
 the rest may think when they see me
 embracing & kissing, empty air is not
 my business - if they can't see the vision
 that I see it's too bad. So it's so long
 for a while, sweetheart - pick me up later.

Your ever-loving hubby

Ke.

Petty

De Active Service

POST OFFICE

MARITIME

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50 received
8.9.43