

54.

Bombay.

10.8.45.

My own sweet,  
I'm awfully sorry I didn't write yesterday, as promised, but yesterday was without parallel for sneezes, watery eyes, headaches & vits to the heads. Today there is an amazing improvement & I'm fit for work - altho' the authorities don't know that & I ain't going to tell 'em until I've had another day on my back, (in case the Censor reads this I'd better say that I'm only kidding - I'm not really fit for work - eh-huh). So there we are, kiddo, heggikine has temporarily succumbed to the hidden dangers of India but he's had ol' Man Constitution rampaging around & the nasty little germs are being driven out by the millions.

A great fillip to health was a letter I received yesterday postmarked 4th Aug! That's pretty good going & when you pass by the G.P.O. you might pop in & congratulate the P.M.G. I'm damned glad you got the kind of holiday you deserved, honey - good sea weather, no worries & a chance to relax,

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A great fillip to health was a letter I received yesterday postmarked 4th Aug! That's pretty good going & when your passing the 4.2.0. you might pop in & congratulate the P.M.G. I'm damned glad you got the kind of holiday you deserved, honey - good sea weather, no worries & a chance to relax,

my way back to Croy St. It wasn't very hard. I was in the middle of a very interesting argument with the bank manager on whether he should lend us £1000 a year when it came to me that I should be writing some more. Of course coming fresh from an argument like that it's only natural I should write about houses & money, 'n' stuff. I guess there aren't many people to whom a "place of your own" means as much as it does to us - can't be so very many else the world would be ringing with the sounds of a vocal explosion traced to English couples in search of a house. I guess, too, that right now you're tramping around looking for the Make-shift (how's that for a name?), & getting plenty of exercise. But Oh looking forward to a couple of years during which time we plan to watch - a pleasant, easy-dreary couple of years calculated to make us feel right at home with civilian life & England - to give us a chance to wait for better opportunities in comfort - to give us the chance to have ourselves a slice of that care-free happiness-life that more stabilised people afford when their domestic affairs have passed the teething stage.

Oh honey, honey, wney - what is  
happening tonight? Since ten-time  
buzzes + rumors have been flying round  
the camp that the Japs have jagged  
in. Now, at 9.0 p.m. they tell me that  
at 9.30 a News Flash is coming through  
telling us that they have accepted  
unconditional surrender!!!!!! So far  
I've remained very cool + calm, yet all  
around me the signs + sounds of a camp  
awakening to a celebration are becoming  
more more insistent. But I fear  
that I shall be on my back for the  
rest of the night because that'll be the  
easiest way to escape the deadly dangers  
of liquor on top of a queasy stomach.  
I await the news at 9.30.

9.30. So it's over — the whole rotten  
business is over, finished. I'm too full to  
write any more, darling, except

I love you,  
for.

54  
received 19.8.45