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Bombay.

8.8.45.

My darling Baby,

I'm sorry to have to report that your hard-wooded old man is, at the moment, feeling like nothing on earth. Of all things I have to do & get a cold in the head, with a belly ache thrown in for good luck. That, I fear that I shan't be able to put all the rest into the letter as in the usual way - you know what a cross old bear hubby gets when he's bed-ridden - especially belly-ache! I've been to the sick-bay today & had the usual horrible dose shoved down me - that, coupled with salt-water nasal douche, are beginning to make me wonder if the cold, etc. wouldn't be better unchecked. Still, in two or three days I'll be O.K. & I'll serve to teach me that Indian weather can be quite as treacherous as English.

Now's the time for me to have the
'Ministering Angel' tho', + lardy-lardy how
I would appreciate your presence around this
bug-ridden joint. You probably know
it already, honey-child, but let me say once
again that I miss you like it hurts, & what's
more, I love you.

Certainly sounds good-uh at Hastings
Sueps. By the way, how did you react to
the car ride down? I have the impress-
ion you^{were} not too happy in enclosed
cars so maybe you'd gotten over it now, eh
sweet? Just want to know so that we can
buy the right type of car - a snappy coupe,
what? Get plenty of air with those if you
prefer it, & it can be snugly enclosed when
we put on the Rit's - yuh, yuh!

Ouch!!! Oh dear sweetheart, be
a patient angel & let me have it at just one
pice - huh? Just for tonight - tomorrow I'll
feel in the mood for a nice long one - maybe.

But I aint too sick to realize
I love-love-love, you-you-you - very much
indeed - yes, ~~more~~, very much



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Received
18.8.45

~~54~~ 19.8.45