

59.

Bombay.

21.8.45.

Darling, ^{just} Having had a batch of airmail from you, honey-lamb, this letter is going to be very much more ready than it might have been because prior to your letter's arrival I was feeling a little bit chocha. As it now is I feel on top of the world & ready to begin with No. 73, (how come you're so far in front of me?).

With this discrepancy of one week between us it's mighty difficult to keep track of things. (Anecdotal for instance. I wrote some days ago, (No. 56 - some system, eh?), saying that in view of the war position it would be better to hang fire in sending one out to me - now you're writing telling me you're going bell-for-leather after one. How the first flush of good news is over I realize that if you had sent one out it would be O.K. because a pukha air-mail parcel - under 4 lbs - gets here at the same time as a letter sent airmail

Anyway, I won't be home as quickly
as all that. But I won't change
my mind, sweet, or I don't want to
confuse you & have you ask with five
in your lovely eyes, what sort of a game
do I think I'm playing? - I still say
that if you haven't yet gotten a camera
for me then it would be better to leave
the matter. If you have managed to
get one, I think we can revise my
original statement without too much
bother, (wink, twinkle), & you could be
an angel & ask the Post Office if it is
possible to send it by Air Mail so's to
reach me in a week. How about that?

Point is, baby, that I still think a
camera would be great fun out here,
but this business of going home is so
uncertain that I don't know what to say -
except that this business of going home
is good-on whichever way you look at
it, & if a camera gets tangled up
somewhat along the line it's tough, but
it's still good-on about going home.
What I'm sorry about is all that
dashing about you've done, sweet,
& maybe to no avail - still you probably
know quite a lot about cameras now - eh?

Hey! you've got me wrong. I ain't
 so sure what I wrote in 10.49 now,
 but whatever I wrote I now certainly,
 the most certainly, didn't aim to give the
 impression that I wouldn't appreciate
 a picture of you in a swim-suit. I
 think I was endeavouring to prove
 that a fellow in love with his wife, (that's
 me), when regarding other women, looked
 at them on a higher plane than a
 sensual st' one - looked for character
 more than figure - but when it comes
 to viewing pictures of you, my precious,
 I know all about the character, & I'm
 left free to concentrate on the figure. Now
 this year photograph which just had
 took is going to be the topic of this
 wife-starved husband is going pop-eyed
 from looking at it for hours on end. You
 can send it out by Air Mail & that
 minimise the response. Let me say one
 word about your amazing courage
 & fortitude in having it taken - I'm not
 being sassy, sweet, I really do think
 you've got all the nerve in the world to
 strip off in front of a camera like that,

especially since it's hardly an everyday occurrence for you. How did you feel? How's about earning a little pin-money modelling? I'll do my best in the portrait line, but I don't think I've got const-enough to go into a studio + pose in a pair of bathing trunks.

Thanks for sending the cash, sweet. I haven't got it yet, but there's still a lot of mail overdue & it may come tomorrow. Of course now I've sent the carpet it ain't urgent, but the Carls who lent me the £200 might need their money - ha. Then again I've got a lot more to buy, haven't I darling? Don't forget to let me know the sequence of carpets, as it were - I speak from now on all we need are the smaller type - & am I wrong there & do we need another large one? Might as well get the lot while we're about it. Also, when I next go into Bombay on a week-day - that'll be when the cheque arrives & I have to go into town to catch flights open - I'll nip into Whiteway bairdland & look into the linen situation. Haven't bothered about that so far so I don't

Know what's what. Don't worry about worrying me about shopping, by the way, I really enjoy it, and of course, I'm not subject to the same heartaches in shop out here as you girls are in the U.K.

I assume that up to you to see if you hadn't changed any credit into Savings Certificates - that right baby? Just as well at the moment - but I don't anticipate any big calls on our bank balance after this so from my end there'll be nothing to stop you transferring some money. Naturally, you'll be better able to judge after reviewing the situation from your end + I leave the matter in your hands. You astounded me with that advert about an Indian carpet! Surely it didn't refer to the type I'm sending home? My goodness! How I hear things like that I'm tempted to buy up any amount of carpets for sale in the U.K.

Dunno about you, sweet, but I take all this atomic bomb stuff with a pinch of salt. It was as much a war of nerves against the Japs as anything else - it paid the Allies good dividends

to lay on the agony pretty thick. As for
post-war prospects - if you could hear the
talk of service men, as I've heard it, you
wouldn't worry about the scope of possible
future wars. We're all pretty fed up with
it, & as for the next 20 or 30 years it'll be
the sewing men ^{or women} of today who will have
the real power in England. I don't believe
that talk of war will be raised above a
whisper. The education of future
citizens will be on peaceful lines, of
that I'm certain. We'll live for today &
tomorrow, dearest, according to our creed,
& if I'm wrong & they still want to bring
war down on their heads, they'll do it without us.

I suppose you've seen the Daily
Mirror cutting that Denis sent me? - all
about Groups up to 35 being home by
the end of the year. It's just another
one of those lovely buzzes that we going
round & round, & sending my head
round & round, too. I wrote giving
you my views on the B scheme didn't I
before? (No. 56 - my secretary says so), & I
wonder what you think. The prisoners
in the camp who have accepted B
release are still here & likely to be so

7

for some weeks yet. When they do go they'll only be a few Groups away from the latest A release - maybe they'll even go home with one of the same group as themselves, yet the A men will get about 6 weeks more leave than the opposers & will be rid of the Navy for all time. But I must - Carol knows what I'd do if the Regulatory Office sent for me & said I could go home on the B scheme - it's the sort of situation that would send me wacky - I think the urge & desire to be with you again sweetheart would be too strong to allow a refusal - but wouldn't we be mad if my number came up even a month later - look at all that lovely leave we'd be picking up & what if a sudden deterioration in the Naval position in the Far East demanded my return. I've learned that nothing is impossible in this job. But would I refuse a B release? Car! A Young Man's Crossroads!

Interesting about your ex-schoolmate Sweet. Lucky her, with her flat. Tell you what about the shoes, ducks - you peel off your stockings, sit down &

put your lit' toes on a sheet of paper, & cut round your foot. Send ~~it~~ ^{the pattern} out to me with a description of one or two of the designs that took your eye at your girl-friend's flat. I would like to get you a pair or two & maybe if I had something more definite to go on I'd be happier about the affair. I intend to send you more silk, or maybe a length of suiting material - let me know what you'd like, baby, (length, width, colour 'n' so on), & I guarantee to get it in Bombay.

Have been telling you about the hairy boys getting attached to the Indian country-side? Noney! They're right in a sense - I've got quite a lot of the countryside attached to me & it definitely is both to take itself away. I tell you this, if I were offered £20 a week to come out here after the war I'd refuse it with scorn - I'm a fervent supporter of the slogan "India for the Indians". I can't understand how women stick it! Of course in the town, & in a good class district, living conditions are fairly good but the climate, etc. are awfully bad for the skin. We ladies are never free from skin blemishes - prickly heat rashes, mostly - & the poor little ones only

Wren. office nearby has an awful time trying to hide her because, being the only female available for officers' use, she had to keep her appearance as tidy as possible. I think the Service girls who volunteered to come out here have had their fill - they won't be sorry to get back.

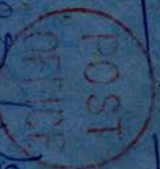
I read your paragraph about the lumber road tearing up paper & strewing it all over the streets just after cleaning the cabin out. May I say that, far from being a silliness, I think it's disgraceful to act in such a half-witted manner. It's purely an ape of the New York custom & maybe they like it over there, but I think of the poor road-sweepers who have to clean up the mess & of the awful conditions of the streets after a paper storm. I can quite imagine that when in a few months the blokes come back from the East, they'll be damned lucky if they're not shoved in chinks for dropping their f---ing paper in the gutter - as for getting drunk - well! I can hear the magistrate now - ...!!! Still, maybe I've got an attack of some-
 papers over missing all those V celebrations. We certainly will have a V ABCD: 2+T Day all of our own, & if any so + so

tries to censure me for getting tight I shall
be just in the mood to make a little
speech which should cover all the points
that brought up.

Well, anyway, be everything as it
may, the whole outlook looks very, very
sweet, sweet, & I aint complaining. I
dont know where or when, but not so
very long from now you & I are going
to come face to face, (I like your face, it's
nice), & what happens from then on is
really with the gods. I mean, I imagine
what will happen, & I know that I'd
like to happen, but I've got an idea
that just before we clink I'll buckle
at the knees & faint from sheer joy - or,
& this is more likely, & a nasty old chief
will yell out for me to fall back in line
& something about I aint out of the
Army yet, & I've have to be content with a
peck in the file dashes part. But all
that must come to an end, & later
on there'll be just you & I & no chief or
nobody & I won't be content with a peck.
I shall be described, & free, & in love, &
alive with my beloved, & eager, & ardent
& so very happy.

Lez

De Active Service



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Walling

West

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59

Received
28 8.45