

66

Bromley.

Darling,

Wrote 83 & 84 before me & all
very nice reading it is too. In view of
its importance I think I'd better re-gance
at 84 first & get down to discussing
dear old Blessington. So —

By the time you get this you'll
have had my 64 which says in so many
words, (so many!) that I think the
idea of moving back to Blessington
is good-oh & you go ahead with
it. Now, of course, I'm in receipt
of a bit more inf. & the outlook
appears even more rosy because I think
15/- a week rent - extremely reasonable
& way below the amount I expected
to pay. I assume that my 64 will
make you decide definitely in favour
even tho' I mention snags like sharing
kitchenette. I remember now that we
were not entitled to share next-door's
kitchenette which will now be out
our, (Queer turnabout, aint it?), &
at Mrs. Gilford - letting it as a self-
contained flat we shall have the
same amenities. Still, if the snag

doe wise sweet, don't hesitate to snap
up the white floor because I'm sure
you agree with me that seclusion
& privacy are worth any amount of
money. There are one or two more points
which I'd like to bring up, but before
I mention them, baby, let me emphasize
that they make no difference to our
acceptance of the flat - they're merely
bridges to be crossed when we come to
them. The old flats had a housekeeper
who did all the hard work on the
stairs, hallway, etc. Is Mrs Gifford
making the same arrangements?

Hum - that's only one point & I have
no more to bring up so that's that
- I'm completely satisfied.

You've done a good job, darling,
& it all goes to show what a brainy
little wife she got - I'll do business
with you any day. Of course she
knew about the buying shortage,
& your story of the re-housing bureau
only confirms how lucky we are to
get a place. I think it's certain
you'll be moving in a while before
I arrive on the scene & you'll need

assistance with the heavy stuff. Don't forget to call on the gang - those lugs are full of surplus energy & they'll be glad to help - you know that. I shall write to Jim telling him about it and, having no cause for honeyed innuendoes between friends, I shall ask him to use his bullocks to good purpose. If you & Mother plan things right you should be able to get the 2 rooms at 88a. Let about the time for moving to Blessington so that I can send all letters & parcels to B. You won't be lonely, there would you sweetheart? I would like to start boasting of "my place".

If we stick to just the two rooms I suppose I'd better hold my hand in carpet buying & transfers to other woods. We wouldn't have room for any more, surely? Or do you imagine they'd store well without damage? Well, you'll know how you want the joint laid out so I await your views - I ain't no bocher for me to get 'em. Blessington the second will certainly get off to a

better start in the furnishing line than
B. the 1st. Remember the packing case
table, & later, the too-dinky-for-words
effort! And the gas cooker? With
utility furniture we're not getting off
with a very grand bang, but it
isn't too bad when you come to think
of it, & we'll make the place look
like a Hollywood drawing room after
the trimmings are installed. How
many chairs are you ordering - 4
to match the table? I read that
V.F. may now be bought in mahogany
which may commend itself to you
as being a richer tone.

I promised I'd write about
US in my next letter, didn't I.
Perhaps I can be excused for not
getting down to it tonight, eh sweet?
All the blessing lin' business is
frightfully important, donchoo think? -
& you do want to hear what I've
got to say about it so's you can
go to Mrs. Giff. & say you've
loving husband - all for it & will
she please close the deal. However
when you mention things like

photos in bathing suits I've got to get away from the hundred affairs concerning prosaic things like utility furniture or concentrate for a bit on the thought of you in a swim-suit - or out of it for that matter. What have I done that a perfectly strange man should be allowed to view & pose my wife in a state of semi-nudity for half an hour whilst I sit here & sigh - & sigh! You say the proofs are "not bad" & that we are you "really liked". That means they're all Squashwood & you can't bid me otherwise - rush 'em out here as quickly as possible, boss, & blow the expense. I wish to heck they could make photos three dimensional - that way I could get me mitts around you & hug 'n squeeze so's you'd pop out of that swimsuit like a banana out of its skin. How about having a sculptor "do" you in alabaster - life size. Don't go to Epstein he'll make an awful mess of you - accentuate the wrong parts so that I'd imagine I'd married a cart-horse!

You surprise me when you say that posing is hard work. What sort of pose ~~was~~ was it for Peter's sake? In one, I assume, you hung by your teeth from a tray edge bar & cracked nuts with your feet - In two you were standing on your hands & reading "The Times" - In three you came out of your shell, (but not, I hope, your swimsuit), & gave a representation of a perfect swallow dive in mid-air - I bet that was strenuous to hold for three minutes. Seriously, ducks, I am surprised to

hear it was no piece of cake to hang on to a seemingly relaxed position as a log, (didn't the back hurt?), or some such pose - or for the heat, it's a good job I didn't want you photographed as an Esquimaux-man?

Don't worry about the expedition. I did intend to get a new pair on my return so you can quit kicking yourself black & blue. Can't have my baby looking all bruised just because the P.O. fall down on their jobs. If I needed them out here enough to be concerned I'd soon

Get me a pair out of my own pocket. But, incidentally, the Navy show up in a pretty poor light when they refuse to give a bloke specs because he doesn't need them to see where he's going.

I gather you're glad about the large carpet, sweet; & I'm glad you're glad.

There was a bit of excitement in the camp last night & this morning. Two of the lads got draft hits back to U.K.!! leaving today!!! They were police being released under the G scheme & their departure caused a bit of heart-burning among the early group men & those poor blighters who've already been out here over 2 years. Nobody seems to consider that police regulars are all that essential & they'd have felt a lot happier if these two had been bricklayers or somebody like that. Still we all wished 'em luck - the lucky stuff. Of course their case started all sorts of wild rumours about other cases & everybody feels that at least Cheetah II is not a forgotten company to give you an idea of what we have to put-up with in the way of information

Let me tell you about the "Times of India" today. It's the best Indian rag printed but it's still Indian. Mr. Atlee made a speech yesterday about demobbing & he said, a propos of optimistic reports, that around the middle of May it was contemplated that Group 21 would be out by Xmas. He went on to say that now that the Jay was well over things would be speeded up & a monthly review would be made, etc. ^{some} in those lines. The 'Times' spreads a bloody great headline across the front page "Group 21 out by Xmas"!!! You can imagine what the Groups up to 26 felt like when they read that - of course, when we read the speech it was obvious that they'd got hold of the wrong angle. But these demob reports are only printed for the Service man in India since nobody else is interested, & I wonder if the 'Indian Journalist' does this sort of thing intentionally to annoy us. It would not be considered unethical for them - these boys are the world's worst.

I've seen the "The Princess & The Pirate". Don't think I told you about

it but last Friday I went, on the spur of the moment, to the Aurora, a local cinema well, about 5 miles away. We sometimes run a lobby in for the 9.30 p.m. performance if the camp projector is being repaired, which is very often. It was funny, wasn't it.

Honestly, honey, what good am I without you. I'd just this moment taken up your photo to study inbetween paras or a whacking great horse-fly settled on my forearm - if they sting you it means a bump the size of an orange for three or four days. So I cups with you + I brings you down with a lightning movement just as he was poised for the kill - he ain't a gonna sting no mo'. If you think I've ill-used you, darling, you say so + the next time his mate 'lights on my forearm, + I'm looking at your photo, I'll just let him sting me. That's LOVE for you.

One of the boys due to go back any moment showed me a terrific slip'n'knicker set he'd bought for his

lady-love - it was black with a sort of
white lace effect at the top and bottom.
I thought to mesel' Wo ho! + I had
him give me minute particulars as how
to find this shop. He had other
things like that, too, + I was very
surprised to hear that he + his lady-
love are only "walking out". Times
have changed, haven't they. What
would you have said if, after knowing
we only a year, I presented you
with a very sexy looking slip 'n'
knicker set and stuff like that -
absolutely, maybe that would've been
chicken-feed to some of my antics, but
you should have locked your door.
Just couldn't resist me, could you sweet
boy, am I a wolf.

Tell ya this much, I just
couldn't resist you. Would you mind
writing me a long letter telling me what
it is that you've got that no other
gal has even a smell of - explaining
in detail all your loveliness + general
build-up. Will you do that for me
darling?

I thank, + love you.
Les.

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On Action Service

MARITIME

POST OFFICE

Les Peres A

Mrs.

88A Belle Grove Rd

Welling

Kent

England.

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