

67.

Bombay.

7.9.45.

Your Great Thing, Your ever-loving hubby
is rushing to pen a paper out of schedule
to compliment you on your acumen &
initiative, & to state, without 'ifs', 'buts',
or 'of courses', ^{or} any other qualification
whatsoever, that he thinks the sense of
your new coat is good-sh, splendid,
& just the sort of thing he'd expect from
a smart & fashionable wife who wanted
to do herself proud for her own only.
Further, I like to haste to assure you,
my fine featured Fatima, that far from
considering you extravagant I think
you don't spend half enough on yourself
all of which you know to be my true
sentiments having expressed myself
in the same strain many times in the
past. You're going to look good, babe,
& I must search & research through the
Bando Centre for a suit worthy of the
occasion - if they can manage a nice
line in brown or light blue chalk stripe.

double breasted, etc I think I'll be satisfied. I don't suppose you'll be likely to spoil a trim ship for a halfpith of tea, darling, so I expect the accessories to be up to standard. I'll search around for a brown leather handbag to go with the outfit — — I'd like a nice, new leather at all — well just one kiss then. I think that brocade stuff might go with your coat, sweet — maybe it will — I dussso.

You got Dengue Fever too, huh? Me? — I'm batty these days. Got no interest in my work in the Navy — all I want to do is get back home. There's absolutely no work of any importance to do + I + the rest, just sit about all day talking of things pertaining to England, home + beauty. I have long periods when I just sit + stare ahead — I ain't depressed or anything, I think the whole affair is the best ever + I can't expect to be in any way yet awhile — no, I just sit + think all about you, + Blessington, + what will happen at the Dengue Centre, +

What the Customs will let me land, &
 what foodstuffs I shall bring home,
 & what money I shall get from various
 sources, & whether there'll be any chance
 of a B scheme release, (prolonged thought
 over that one), & what you'll look like
 when we meet, & whether you've still got
 that little more, & how the bill I'm
 going to carry all my gear home, &
 what gear I shall have anyway. Then
 I sort out all the bugs & rumours &
 reports in my mind & get the wheat
 neatly tabulated & the chaff flung out.
 And then I think about our Holiday
 & where we'll go & what we'll do, which
 leads me to wonder whether my dress
 suit will fit me now that my
 outline is reduced, which, in turn, leads
 me to thinking about my wardrobe
 generally & wondering what suits are
 fit for wear - I mostly conclude at
 this stage that I ~~shall~~ simply must
 get me a new suit from, maybe,
 Freebody's.

We can see, you see, that that

Quite a lot of thinking & no wonder I
sit & stare ahead.

I mean, you alone take up a
good forenoon from about 9-12
with just a teeny break for chalk.
Hately, I've been going over those first
months together & wondering what
would have happened if ---! Have
I ever told you what a shock it
was to me to see that ring on the
3rd finger on the second day? You
might not believe that, but it was,
& I had some bad moments before
I began to realise that the Other Man
was not such a hot favourite after all.
You confided in me, & cried --- I
felt like hell because there was
little I could do to help you & I
wasn't so sure then that that wobbly
feeling I had whenever I was near
you was, in fact, love --- I hadn't
experienced it before. You may
laugh, precious, & say that I'm just
saying that for effect, but really &
truly, after I'd met ^{you} began that
wonderful journey to our present. Starts

I knew I was under the spell of a girl who was the first to end all girls, + bore no resemblance in any way to any friendship before. She often wondered what you really thought about me in these early stages + whether you had any idea of the outcome. After the first Bournemouth holiday I knew what the only outcome could be, + I sweated to fear that I'd put my foot in it by forcing the issue a little more than somewhat. I was afraid you'd judge me as a philanderer, + I hesitated to declare my love + intentions in case you weren't sure or felt that I wasn't sure. Long before the second holiday I knew, without a shadow of doubt, that until I'd opened my heart to you I should be in an agony of suspense - yet I hesitated - I can't explain why I hesitated - I knew I was due for the Service, + I had funny ideas about "not coming back" - marriage + war just didn't seem to go together. As the holiday approached I planned

to tell you under the most favourable
circumstances. Bournemouth was, to me,
the ideal spot, and the time? — well,
frankly & honestly, sweetheart, I hoped
for a repetition of those heavenly nights of
the year previous. Remember how the
lady of the house wanted to put me
downstairs, or you upstairs? I was
dead against that arrangement — it
would have upset my plans. I
wanted to tell you on the first night so
that the rest of the holiday would
be as happy as possible, & that's how
it turned out. Were you too disappoint-
ed at my hesitation to ask you to
marry me as quickly as possible, sweet?
How the devil did I imagine that I
would hold out till the end of the war
— what foolishness!

All that period seems so very
long to now, dearest — you're mine now
for ever. No regrets? — good.

Your lips are now pressing to
mine, darling, so intensely do I feel you.

leg.

Dr. Active Service

POST OFFICE MARITIME MAIL

Mrs.

~~W. A. M. S. S.~~

W. A. M. S. S.

MAIL

88(12) Belle Grove Rd.

Welling

Kent

England.

67

Received
15.9.45