

68.

Bombay.

9.9.45.

My Gorgeous Little Peach,

If you want the
dullest pin-up I ever did see! I'll
marry you all over again when I get
home. The Air Mail today brought me
an Eye-ful that was out of this world,
& I've done nothing else but gaze 'n
gaze since I got 'em. Really, baby,
it's quite evident that you're a
photographic type in or out of clothes,
& writing, for now, purely from a
technical viewpoint, I'd say these
pictures are 100%. You'll gather
I'm mad out 'em, & chassa fact.
Make as many allowances as you
like for prejudice, parting & love & I
still say they're the tops. I agree
with your choice of grading - 'matter
of fact the third one does seem
a bit forced & I don't quite get the
idea of the pose - but that me I
look at 'em with a critic's eyes
than a husband's which makes 'em

Whole thing a success. I like the hair, too. Told you I liked the wind-swept style, didn't I? And your figure's superb, darling - don't know why you knock it - you wouldn't like to have your chest pointing like a pigeon, hm? The stand-up pose shows everybody there's no trick of the light & stance to give that trim effect & your legs are beautiful. In fact these photographs confirm all I've ever told you & written about you - you're lovely, you're sweet & you've got vitality. I'm simply crazy in love with you, sweetheart.

For being such a good girl, & a dutiful wife, I decided today, after thinking for a bit, to do something for you, & it all starts with yesterday's trip to Bombay.

When you wrote me about the fur coat, sweet, I immediately thought of that handbag I'd promised you so long ago. I know

jolly well that when a gal gets some-
 thing in the super line she needs
 a lot of little extras to complete the
 effect, + it did seem to me that a
 new hand bag was an essential
 extra. I thought so much about
 it, in fact, that altho' I'd had no
 intention of going ashore on Saturday
 I decided, nevertheless, to nip to Bombay
 & have a good look round - I
 don't think I had any idea of
 buying a bag then, for funds were
 low, but I'd sound the market.
 (I'm just trying to prove to you that
 I'm a man with a me track mind
 where you, you darling, are concerned).

It so happened that Fred
 Hensley had a rush ticket for the
 New Empire, (Danny Kae's "Wunderbar")
 + so everything was fitting in
 nicely - it might be a very worthwhile
 day's trip. So we went + I
 started to look around. . . but out
 of things he went - arguments &

bargainings were rife that afternoon. But the shops that had the good bags ^{had} the high prices, & those with the low prices had the trash. Funny, but all bags were made of the finest leathers but on some the finish was atrocious & the designs were of the "novelty" type - no good for my sweet. Towards the end of the afternoon, when feet were tiring, & spirits flagging, we wended towards Crawford Market on the off-chance of seeing something better. We found four hand-bag shops in a row. The first three were Indian shops & had the usual styles. The fourth, to our amazement, was run by a white woman, a very chic French woman & I went in there with more hope - I mean, with French women you get taste, *ness pas?* And so it turned out to be. I told her from the start that I had a very lovely wife, who had just bought a nice new fur

coat - brown - & I wanted a hand-bag to match - I didn't want any Indian aboriginal unless she could show me something with class & distinction. Without further delay she showed me some Canadian-made bags - "Jewel" is the trademark - & I fell in love with 'em.

Now, at this point, sweetie, let me digress, & write, as usual, about my indecisive nature in these matters. When I go looking for anything in the artistic line I'm cursed with a taste which is about elastic as can be. This looks good, or that looks busy, according to my mood, the picture I have in mind of the general effect taken with the article's surroundings & what my idea of Art happens to be at that particular moment. When choosing your bag, baby, I pictured you in your new coat, with something brown peeping under

the skirt, and cheery stockings with elegant shoes to finish off. In your head was a Creation, & maybe, you'd managed to get some new gloves, or more unlikely, those I've sent you were good enough. In my mind you were right up to fashion-plate form, & you had to have a bag that fitted in to my picture. I was shown one that fitted in like a dream & I snatched it up without further hesitation - I didn't even haggle over the price. What you'll think of it, sweetheart, I don't know for certain, but I hope you'll like it - if you don't, put it all down to my crazy imagination.

Now about this something I intend to do for you. In the ordinary way I'd make it up into a D.F. parcel to be sent by parcel post. But that way'd take over two months + so I'm going to send it to you by Air Mail - it'll be

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posted tomorrow - Monday - & it might arrive at the same time as this letter. What is big hearted about that? - well the postage & stamps should tell their own story!

Other high-lights of the trip was the acquisition of a roll of film & the picture. Walking wearily passed the Regal we were hailed by a crowd of the lads who told us that film were in town. Away we chased & each got a roll - 120. I borrowed a camera today & took 8 snaps in the camp & cabin - should get 'em next week.

The film was really good. I think he's a very funny man & I laughed a lot.

Today, with your air mail packet, (in good condition, by the way), we had another ship's mail in & I got an enormous amount of newspaper stuff, including the A.P.s. Tonight I shall read the lot & get up-to-date with the news.

Should have gone to Beach Candy
this afternoon, but I had an awful
amount of dshoeing to do, anyway.
I wanted to get down to telling
you what a wonderful girl you
are. I've had another look inbetween
writings, & I've been struck by the
nice soft effect of printing on what is
called "Contrasty" paper - it deliberately
softens the outlines. You have got
rounder in the face, haven't you sweet?
Hi-i-e. When the other Cude had
gone out the cabin to dinner I
kissed you - that imagination I
told you about - just ran riot.

Oh yes - I find a place that
sells sugar in dinky little 5oz
packets - cube sugar. I don't
know whether it's black market
or not - you can't tell the difference
out here - but the shop will send
it to England in a food parcel so
I'm going to visit them in a week
or so. This firm is that which
sent the first food parcel to you

+ as that arrived O.K. I suppose it'll be safe enough to rely on them again.

I simply cannot go any further without mentioning Blessington. About decorations, when the time is ready could you not have the walls, etc. done to your own idea? I believe that's usual, isn't it? Another point that occurred to me - if the walls were badly damaged I should imagine they'd re-arranged those floors - is that the case? Or is the room lay-out to be the same as before. I'll surely give them a chance to put a new carpet in the bath-room - I remember that the original was a very cheap business. I think, too, that it would be a good idea, once you're installed, to enquire about installing a phone. How about the curtaining material - want any, honey? Lastly, if we're going to make all this fuss about a two roomed flat what are we going to be like when we move into our

bungalow with all the latest gadgets?
I suppose it isn't the size of the
place that counts, it's the fact ~~that~~
that it's own own home, be it ever
so humble. One thing, more, I
suppose that 9x9 the sent will be
O.K. for these rooms? No knobs or
corners sticking out to prevent it
laying properly? Better get some
felt for it, darling - eh?

Don't bother any more about
Savings Certificates, baby. I'll wait
until I get home & then see the
position. You're quite right, we just
don't know what calls we'll have on
our ready cash - when I asked you
to convert some money I had no idea
how things were going to rush up
on us as they have done in the
past few weeks. Of course after my
leave I'll have a few quid given me
& that'll all be put into S.C.s - I
think they're the best bet. The interest
on our war damage claim will add

a few quid - good. I duss
about my post-war credit position.
That last year's income-tax muck-up
has rather put me in a tight spot
for enquiring about P.W.C. - I
might get away with that £40
or so if I keep my mouth shut.
Anyway I've already got a few
quid in ~~the~~ P.W.C. certificates - ~~the~~
haven't I?

So you thought I'd be away
for 2 years eh? Heh, heh - wouldn't
believe y'r ol' man, would ya. Heh
all knows all - that's me. Told
ya I'd be back before you knew.
Course, I'm not back yet, worse luck,
but it won't be long now - just
waiting for the word. Gosh! the
next two or three months will go
hellishly slow - keep rattling away
about speeding up the de-mobbing
money - I'm sure the Govt. can do
better than they are - the Tanks have
got a million men out already +

both countries have the same difficulties.
How are Tommy & the rest faring about
getting out? - near their time surely.
I want to hear that the middle 80s
are on their way. How will you feel
when you open my letter which tells
you I'm coming home? - how will
I feel when I write it!

Coming back to your portraits,
darning - & I'll do that regularly every
night - I do want you to know
that they've made a wonderful
difference to the way I take life
out here - they're so much like you,
so much like the way I see you
in my mind every day. You might
be not be able to appreciate all this,
dearest, but believe me, it is so.
You're the sweetest & most lovable
angel to have them done for me.
With these photographs, & with the
knowledge I shall be able to fold
you in my arms very soon now,
I can be much happier.

Your lover,
S

Mr. Arthur Service

MARITIME

POST

OFFICE

Mrs. ~~W. D. M. A. I. L.~~

887th Belle & Ross Rd.

Walling

Kent

England.

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Received

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