

85.

Bombay.  
18.10.45.

Dad,

I've got a whacking great supper in me &, physically speaking, I just aint in condition to write - but in view of the fact that today's mail brought me two of the very best - 104 (?!!!) & ? (!!!) - the spirit, this time, is definitely much stronger than the flesh. Let us settle the domestic matters first.

In the matter of choosing furniture my pet, & especially V Furniture, I am quite intent to stand by your judgement. I, too, would like me to be there with you when it comes to buying the stuff & if I had any ideas, I'd argue with you 'til closing time. But with V stuff the design is settled for us - as for the colour - well, medium oak sounds O.K. to me. As for the payment - check - as you know I've ~~op~~ opined that it is better to pay by instalment, but

if that means waiting too long for delivery  
(as it evidently does in the A.H. store)  
then pay cash by all means.

I've already delivered my judgement  
on cutlery in Bombay & you go ahead  
& buy in London. I think we can  
leave the buying of a canteen for a  
year or two. After all, the box affair  
is purely a luxury - in my experience the  
cutlery goes into a drawer for everyday  
use. When we're thinking of setting  
up our real home then we can look  
for the tiddly effects. By the way,  
mention of a drawer leads me to ask  
about cupboard, etc. capacity in our  
Blessington Kitchenette. If there is none,  
or very little, will the Gath couple  
buy a kitchen cabinet? Is the gas  
stove to be one of the streamlined affairs?  
My, darling, when I think of it, you are  
going to be a busy little woman - wish  
to goodness I could be there.

When you next speak to Mrs. G.  
will you ask her if it's in order to  
install a telephone. If it is will  
you get in touch with the appropriate

3

Dept. & order me - you will? Whacks.  
I want a phone regardless of expense because  
its usefulness will give us the maximum  
amount of pleasure & anyway, a phone  
number on our visiting cards will add  
to our social status, & will be a great  
help in flanneling the proper people.

I'd better get the usual depot dope  
off my pen before going in to tell you  
what kind of a gal we are. The dets  
have started to trickle out of the camp,  
but the best piece of official news is  
that all groups up to 30 will be out  
of here in 2 or 3 weeks - maybe a month.  
That was told to us by the Jimmy who  
had just come from a meeting with the  
Capt. of Brazanza which is our parent  
depot. In view of this information I'll  
chip off a couple of weeks from my estimate  
- it might be Xmas yet! It looks as  
tho' they're getting rid of us in groups  
of groups, & if they decide that the next  
batch is 31-35 then I'm the lucky one.

We've had news from Colombo that 36s  
have left here for U.K. Jimmy didn't  
deny this, but dragged up a forgotten  
snag that the Navy have a priority list  
of grades & Colombo might have released  
a grade high up. The every reason to  
believe that M.M.s are not far behind.  
Tu tu tu tu tu dududu.

Now let's leave this home-making  
business for a moment & get real personal.  
You said, baby, that you didn't know how  
you'd live without me these last 6 months,  
& the answer is you haven't lived. The  
kind of life you were meant to live,  
my Precious, is all in the future & you  
ain't going to live it without me. Don't  
your man, Angel, & it's my business to  
see that you never regret it. I'm not  
one of these modest, white-blooded lovers  
who is content to gaze wide-eyed at his  
mistress from afar & murmur his  
declarations — we're a red-blooded couple,  
we are, whose love is as obvious as  
Duante's nose, & we'll take the strong  
wine & the red meat of life as tho'  
it were a cup of Ovaltine & a Biscuit.

We're a strong pair, you & I, physically & mentally. You can expect to live with a husband who can come out quite creditably after cutting his way "through a wall of human flesh", yet who will not disgrace you in a battle with the intelligentsia - & I can expect to live with a wife who is quite capable of crowing me out of bed in the morning to get a cup of tea, & who will shine in the drawing room as a hostess "with brains and charm n' dear".

We'll live with a flourish, dashing & leave meanness & pettiness to others if they want it that way. Money doesn't enter the argument - rich or poor it would be the same. We shan't starve, & we've learnt that a dish of spam & potatoes is food for the gods - we also know that the gods eat caviare & pate-de-foie-gras so-o; if possible, we'll eat that, too. We'll taste of all the musical dishes & come back so full & satisfied that we'll flop into our utility chairs with our mental bellies

extended with goodies. We'll delve into the society of men & women & see what they've got to offer us in the way of spiritual wealth - if they're a dead loss we'll drop 'em. We'll patronise the arts & crafts in an effort to discover, or re-discover, the beauty that was lost in the hellish years & what's more, we'll find it & take it into our own home. No silly squabbles, no storms in tea-cups, no nasty sarcasm, no petty wickering - everything with all our heart & mind whether it be a full-throated argument or a love scene.

The Naval machine is a bottomless Pit, but it has taught me the value of sincerity - there's good in most things. In a life of death & destruction all matters are reduced to ~~a~~ <sup>one</sup> common denominator, or, perhaps, two - one is either a man or a mouse. I like to believe I came out of this war a man, & I like to think that I have been sincere in all things - one had the choice, man or mouse - there's no inbetween that I know about, & if there were he'd be a very indecisive specimen - at least a mouse is a mouse.

I

So, my Sweet, in "Civvy St" I'm able to apply some of this hard-won philosophy to the problem of living a life, & that's where I discover the value of sincerity. For I'm able to tell you without fear or favour of a Plan that I am certain will work out, & of a promise that I shall fight for my love & my life with everything I've got - there can be no two ways about it; it's a grand feeling to be sure of a thing & to know that one means every word. I have gained just that extra forcefulness of purpose to be able to do all this.

We two are on the brink of an Adventure & the journey starts as soon as I can get home. In some ways it's a pity that the result is foretold, for there can only be happiness at the end of it, but perhaps we can well do without the sweets of surprise, & the pleasures of a gamble, and stick to a sure thing. I know how to make you happy, Honey, & you know the same for me. But maybe we

would experiment - hm? What do you think? A new thesis on love to stir the emotions round & round - but will they settle back in their old order? - or is the new order better? Or, less dangerous, a new approach to sexual matters - less dangerous because, to my idea, there is only one logical approach - but it would be an evening's argument.

Yes indeed, the future looks rosy to me. The beauty of it all is there's no difficulty about it - all that is needed - & this is essential - is love & understanding, & maybe, mutual tastes. We have an abundance of all this  
life is good!

Lez.



On Active Service

POST OFFICE

MARITIME MAIL

Mrs. Post Westaway

88(A) Belle Grove Rd.

Walling

Kent

England



85

Received  
26.10.14