

93.

Bombay.

6.11.45.

My Love - my Own,

After a barren period, when even the mosquito refused to speak to me, I did today receive No. 113 from thou, thus preventing a temperament of outbreak - which would undoubtedly have involved the Admiral himself. Blast the hail people, & damn their hides! - I wish no good of them whatsoever. If were your words smoothed me down to a polished surface & at the moment tho' sunny I am not creamy.

What's this gang of ours doing?

I aint goin' to have my wife drinking, her ever-loving hubby under the table. When the wine & hop-liquor flows freely, I want to be the last one to slide gracefully to the floor - here to join my one & only who had found, as how previously, that her legs (nice legs) had given up their natural function of supporting her. What a disgrace it would be if the positions were reversed - I absolutely forbid you to drink more than 10 pints in any one night before I can get home & get a bit of practice in.

Is there any possible, conceivable way I can get me grips on you tonight? What a triumph of mind over matter it would be if

Known laws were discounted, & by fiddling with the Fourth Dimension, or something, I could do a bit of spiritual transporting & surprise you. These are you just preparing for bed - gazing at the portraits of hubby & sighing - & wishing. Off comes the last of the coverings & - Wham! - ol' True-Blue here, judging the moment to a nicety, was flying in on a wing & a prayer, & without further preamble, he does his best to prove that life is indeed a bowl of cherries.

I don't care what anybody says - a drop of carnal lust is what makes the world go round & right at this moment I'm as lustful as a stallion. It's that Four photo of yours, my Beautiful Doe, that does all this. It's framed now in Chromium plated seductiveness & it's by my bed right now - I look at it, I ponder, I wonder, I imagine, (lawdy, how I imagine!) & I think. You can say what you like, that figure of yours is, my Sweet, is quite definitely seductive - people say, after looking at it, (they don't say it out loud, but I ain't a dope), "I wouldn't mind being alone with her for a few hours" - it's the swelle outline that does it. In my mind I run my hands up & down from top to toe - I can feel every curve & the skin is smooth to the touch. I've stripped that costume from you night after night - if I'm not careful it'll be worn out & I'll have to close the frame from the

public gaze.

Funny, darling - or is it? - that I don't mind everybody looking at you in a swim suit. They do look, you know, long & often. I'm proud to show off my wife & give them some idea of the beauty I've managed to hook - to use a phrase. At the pool I'd parade round with you to show off your points - Given any encouragement I'd ask you to pose & turn about so that they should miss nothing. In the dance floor I'd willingly lend you to an experienced dancer so that your grace should become evident to the crowd - your dress would be of the exotic type (maybe a bare midriff - eh?) to accentuate the position. I would stand by & let you talk to the intellectual master so that he could meet his match in the cut & thrust of a roue's campaign. And at all other times I would ask that you would be mine above so that I might drink deep of the well of holiness in peace & solitude. We were meant to spread some sunshine around, dearest, but I claim the rest.

No talk of prosaic matters tonight, honey, I'm not in the mood, I love you, desire you, cherish you, worship you - I can think, now write, of nothing else.

Lee

~~In Active Service~~

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~~to~~  
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Received, 14.11.45

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