

94

Bombay
9.11.45

Waring,

My, my! I have got a lot of mail to answer. Ad came in a lump as usual + covers 10-115. I'll now get down to a little high pressure writing designed to cover all points.

The matter of the flat takes my eye right at the moment. Nice going, darling, + in between very moments of rage I think sympathetically of those slaving away at all that curtain, carpet, floorscrubbing etc detail. Don't, for goodness sake, baby, do anything in a flurry + get yourself all tired out - exhaustion can play the very devil with the health + I'd sooner take a park bench than have you worked up. But I suppose you're feeling just as I do, that it'd be grand to have the place all fixed up ready for our Grand Entry - if I were home I'd be chasing around like a blue-nosed fly.

Thanks for the V. Furniture pamphlet sweet. I can't suggest any additions yet - I guess we'd better wait until we've settled in - altho', how about the kitchen cabinet idea? Is Mrs. Gyford the Sill Lady? And will she continue to do the chores around the place? Nice arrangement if so.

But talk of home coming, Honey, is an echo of mine. I think I'd like to see you in the best of the I. Plus Glamour that you can muster. I'm not

knowing your every-day ailments, my Precious, but after all these months I'd like the Meeting to be the Event of the Year, so pile it on beautiful, pile it on. I'm certainly not sure how & where it'll happen because the reports we receive about landings in the V.H. are very conflicting - I imagine, after sifting the guff, that it'll be at dear old Waterloo that the invincible will meet the Indesistible, & Waterloo should be insured to scenes of that sort by the time we give out on a love scene under its majestic roof, (have they put it back yet?). When is all this going to happen, did you say? Well, I'll write at the weekend about that because today & tomorrow may see one or two moves in the right direction & I'd like to give you the very latest news - news that is not likely to be altered the next day.

I've had no pipe yet, baby, but the mail has been so much delayed for the past 7 days that I'm not getting worried just yet. Incidentally the £10 draft hasn't arrived either. Yesterday I went into Lloyd's & enquired about it - they haven't had the instructions from England! but a big mail has evidently come in in the last day or two & maybe all will be tele that in the next day or two.

Ray position, etc. Relieved I am to hear that one lot of sugars have arrived, but relieved I am not to hear that the big one hasn't arrived - should be there by now. But I suppose that the dockers

are holding up the delivery of freight - it surely must be in England by now. After that comes the single rug to Davis - so now all on their way, so far. But as soon as the cash rolls in I shall send ^{me} to write to Davis, and I am looking out for something super in the G. & S. line for us. Did you have to pay for the 2nd parcel? And what did you think of Davis's rug? It's awfully difficult to choose for other people & I'd like to hear that I haven't bought a lemon.

I shall continue to buy tablecloth - I don't suppose there'll be too many of that sort of thing around & they plentiful & cheap out here. No. 7 parcel with bed-sheets & gloves etc. was sent on the 4.9.45 & that should be with you now, & you'll be able to give your verdict on the quality of the Indian sheet. Once again, baby, don't forget to ~~say~~ give a forthright opinion - I ain't so hot at judging the quality of that sort of material. Day before yesterday I sent off a D.P. with two sports shirts, a couple of knick-knacks for you, & two wallets. I bought the wallets as presents for Dad & Albert so if they arrive before I do you can take them down with my compliments.

The big Mametania causes much comment in the bay. All day long, & most of the night, too, hots of service people stand by the waterfront & look out to the monster lying two miles off shore. Their thoughts

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The big Mauretania causes much comment in the bay. All day long, & most of the night, too, hosts of service people stand by the waterfront - & look out to the monster lying two miles off shore. Their throats

4

are too obvious to describe. I know that I stood by the
Laternay + other evening + gazed with eyes that reflected
all the longing I've ever felt. I tried a shot of the
lines in its dress of floodlight, but I don't think it'll
be a success - not enough detail. According to the news-
paper there are a couple more super lines due in after the M.
has left, so maybe the transport position is getting into
stride.

Yesterday I went into Bombay, ostensibly to buy
films, but actually to get out of this place camp for a few
hours! In the afternoon, on the strength of news that a
consignment of films were in town, I travelled up & down
the town telling the tale - but I was unlucky & the films
weren't in. However I did get a nice new leather case
to put my new toy in. Bang went all my reserve
leaving a nice R4 to hold for meals - my cinema seat
was already booked. At that time I was alone, but
in view of the cash situation I felt that it would be
safe if I searched for the others, & so I walked some
more in the direction of a little Indian store where Jim
had declared he would visit. I found him & the
rest there buying carpets - Jim ordered a very, very
nice 6x3, persian style, which was sold at R75.
I liked it so much that I asked the bloke to get
out another from his warehouse for my inspection when
I next visit town with the necessary stuff.

The R4 went in a splash meal - pork
chop, fried potatoes, crisp fried onion, runner beans -

followed by boiled fish + chips - washed down by coffee. Fred wanted to shop some more so we wandered along to a shop that has always satisfied us. We were shown some silk squares - Paisley design, I think it is called - + some rayon stockings. The squares were R6 4/8 - 5/2? + the stockings R4 4 1/2 - 5/2? Next month I'm going to buy you a couple of squares + a couple of pairs of stockings - size 9, I believe. The stocking situation has improved in the last month - previously they were utility stuff but now look the real McCoy to me - they're British make.

The film was "Music For the Millions" at the Super-Looper Metro. The whole was spoilt for me by a taste story - even in the middle of a moving + lovely orchestral number the bloomin' child star had to peep in with a bit of Hollywood whimsy + she muck up the atmosphere. Not disappointing - even J. Durante was overshadowed. I learned my lesson - in the afternoon I looked up for "George White Scandals" - I know where I am there.

I wrote to Mike during the week. He had asked me to get him a pair of those oriental slippers - you know the type, rather ornate - no heel, just slip your feet into them - + I had to confess that there wasn't such an article in Bombay! This is a queer city - as cosmopolitan as any place in the world I should think, + the result is that there is very

little, what would be described as representative Indian stuff to be had. The merchants cater for western tastes, or perhaps we Westerners have been bamboozled into certain illusions about the East that were never really true - not in this case, at least. But I repeat that Bombay is a queer city & is, perhaps, as much an Indian city as Piccadilly district is an English colony.

I finished off the first post in my Konkani night before last, & had a wonderful time trying my hand at set pieces. The props were your portraits & my hat, plus various pipes, books & drinks. I can focus down to 3 ft, & maybe they'll turn out O.K. My idea for future activities is to collect snaps, album them into various themes & build up a library. These present efforts can be stuck into a "Visit to India" album. We'll have "Pubs I Have Known" - "Wetaway Towns" (Vol. I + Vol. II coming up) - "Out Dumb Friends" (Hussie'll like that) - & so on running a gamut of experiences. In the Secret List we'll have "The Body Beautiful", unless you think a peep w' two will achieve a party. As you're going to take part in this game I guess you'll have ideas of your own; let me have them will you Sweet.

There's a rare old party going on outside. The gang at the end are leaving with their ~~hat~~ bottles on Monday & they've written up a farewell do. It's likely to go on until

I

the small hours of the morning, so either we in this cabin go to bed with something stuffed in our ears or we join in - I don't know what'll happen yet - can't say I'm in shape for a bath tonight but you never know. It's very difficult to concentrate on a letter - the noise really pushes every thought out of your brain;

Every thought, did I say? There's one thought that never would push out. The very thought of you. That portrait you sent me was the finest thing I could have found in a million years of scientific research; it builds me up every time I look at it. Actually I'm talking about the gallery of portraits - I always take 'em all in at one glance, & get an impression of me, my wife, my lover. And when I'm away from the cabin I've got a little Polyphoto of you in my wallet - it's all part of a well-laid scheme to have you on tap, as it were, every waking hour of the day & night.

Blat this party! Still, you can't blame 'em.
I'll sign off now, darling. Know something?

I love you

Les

On Active Service

POST OFFICE ~~MARITIME MAIL~~
Mrs. Westaway
88(A) Belle Grove Rd.

Welling

Kent

England

Received

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16.11.45