

The Flat.
Thursday. 29/11.

My own key,
Sweet person. You know you really are a
- a nice man as some modern emancipated females
might say - you are wonderfully thoughtful
and tender.

Looking back over these past
months of separation, I realise just how vital
a part of my life has relied on your letter,
and their never failing fund of love, humor and
common sense and philosophy. Mainly the
evening that I've pushed my key in the door,
feeling weary, sometimes depressed, sometimes
bubbling over, but always with that wish in
my heart for a little blue envelope to be in
the hatch for me.

And despite all the hardships
and even illness that you've gone through, you
never failed me - there was always my dose
of uplift, of tender words, to roll away the
present and take me back to your beloved
arms. Oh how wonderful it will be to
curl up in the comfort and joy of your strength
and let the world go by for awhile. Wonderful
to be able to show you with warm, loving words
and caresses just how much you mean to me.

Oh, darling, do you think
you could rub that nipp on your head fingers &
make a wish. It would be heavenly to have you
here this evening before this lovely fire, with

hours heavy record of delightful music from the movies in the background. In a short while, if we could spare the time and attention we could listen in to youth talking on "Must Sex be a Problem", and after that laugh together at Anna's obvious nonsense.

After that, since the radio does not offer any further top-notch entertainment, we could turn in early. Must get our beauty sleep. Chhh. darling.
Ooo...ooo:-

I realize that this might well be one of the last letters you will receive before you set sail for England. Then will come a barren period without words between us, and then then the famous meeting at Waterloo.

Imagine if you can picture our home as it will look when we have moved in and had our V-furniture all delivered. Should look really charming if my imagination serves me right.

A fitting background for a scene of such love and happiness as must seldom be enacted in this world. We lucky people.

Good night poppet. See you soon.
If its love yours after, I'm
Your Girl.

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Polmn.

P/mx. 500221.



Mr. H. W. F. ...



Miss. Braganza.

Central Forces.

BOMBAY.

INDIA