

100. !!!!

Bombay.

23.11.45.

Dearest,

I celebrate my century with a feeling of goodwill to all men & one woman in particular - That particular woman is further singled out for some high pressure love emotions, & whilst one doesn't necessarily require a certain of letters to work up such feelings, the realisation that "neither rain, nor hail, nor sleet, nor snow", nor the Navy, have stayed this willing hand of mine from pouring out my heart to my ever-loving wife, is conclusive to more than the usual daily quota of lovey-dovey slap-happiness. Do I make myself clear?

Today, too, the gods were kind & sent me ltrs & ltrs of mail from you, Doris, Dad, Uncle Tom Huskey in all. A few days ago we read a signal that indicated official regret at the recent delays in mail - due to everything from cyclones to civilian air passengers - & information that from now on the "deliveries would return to normal" "normal" is the operative word - it certainly did return to normal & we haven't had a smell of mail for the past four days! I don't like getting mail in a lump - I like it spread over the days - ah, well, I suppose they do their best.

So you studied the pictures, eh sweet. Don't credit me with too much skill - compare them to a professional effort & you'll see the poor light & shade effects in mine. However, I'll improve with age. You didn't study 'em very well, Ducks! I dunno about

Geometry, 'n Shadows 'n all that, but the time the snap was taken is clearly indicated by the Terminus's clock - heh, heh. Can't give you any marks for that.

I've managed to roll off another spool, & that's been taken to the developers, but I don't think I'll send any more home - I'm having enlargements done of all the worthwhile negatives & they're far too large to put in an ordinary envelope. The little contact prints - $2\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{3}{8}$ - don't do a good snap justice - I've included one or two herein, & when you see the enlargements I think you'll agree that I'm right. The street scene, (one I haven't troubled to have enlarged), is of ~~the~~ a mongoose fighting a snake - not very interesting or edifying. The other is one of those set pieces I arranged to experiment with light & exposures, but the enlargement is quite good. This little Ikonta of mine is a very good camera - I imagine it's had a rough time in its life, judging by the dents & knocks, & general condition, but it works perfectly & is obviously a sturdy job.

If you really want to read up on the subject I strongly recommend "The All In One Camera Book" published by The Focal Press. I have it - I won't say I bought it because that wouldn't be true, for, believe it or not, I tucked it under my arm in a bookseller's place in Hornby Rd intending to browse over it, & after walking round the shop I passed out into the street with the book still under my

am quite unconscious of the fact! When I got down the road & discovered it I blushed for shame but decided that I might as well keep it. It is written in easy-to-understand language & in spite of my Oxford Manual & various other literatures on photography, if you read, mark & learn you'll know just as much as I about cameras at the end of it.

I do hope that electrician Johnny can fix us up with the points. I was thinking of heating the place. What's the coal position - do you think we'll be able to get our ration? I would probably do the jobs when I get home but the Elec. Co. don't encourage ~~students~~ to fiddle about with their wiring - anyway, what would you do for heat in the meantime. Naturally, of course, & here I'm stating the downright obvious, you most definitely must not move into the flat until that matter is cleared up to your satisfaction. If the kitchenette has any wall space at all I think I can fix up all the cupboard & shelf space that we require - time & patience, that's all we need. I shall address all future parcels to No. 12 Blessington Rd, Lee, ~~Co. Dub.~~, altho' I don't think there'd be many more - if any. I'm collecting now to take home with me, but there might be a few items to send by mail.

Yep - I want you to drip with glamour. You want frighten me, you gorgeous hussy, & you can

put on all the war paint you like. The cult of the
 Out of The Ordinary is carried to the Hth degree out
 here & whilst you're likely to appear out of this world to
 me my reactions will be pleasurable rather than startled.
 This really brings me back to something you wrote about
 photography. You said you didn't think you'd be a very
 good model - my dear Claire, with all things you
 only take out what you put in & corsets, uplifts &
 foundation garments notwithstanding, I declare right
 here & now that no gal fools me, or any other discerning
 male, with a synthetic figure, & when you knock
 'em for six with those hips & that pair of legs, not to
 say the rest of the ensemble, the clothes are merely
 gilding the lily. I know very nicely that I've got
 you in the flesh, but usually I'm too close to the
 subject to get the full effect as might be seen by
 others - the ol' Keeping Toms! - & my idea in recording
 a few suitable poses is to enable me to recline back
 in the chair & wallow in it. The only ~~other~~
 alternative to that arrangement is a willingness
 on your part to strip off as the fancy takes me
 & pose for hours in front of me - you don't think
 much of that idea eh? - I thought not - nothing
 else for it then, is there? Of course, certain
 technical difficulties will prevent any early attempts
 at photographing the human form divine - the Ikona
 ain't quite the job - but I'll get around to it, never
 fear, so you'd better start polishing your toe nails.

The arrival of the table cloth puts the delivery of parcels bang up to date. The next one - sent 16.10.45 - is a little parcel of goods for Peggy which you may open, inspect, & put away like a good little wiper. With that comes another food parcel - I'm blessed if I know where you're going to stack it all. Yesterday I went ashore, drew a casual payment of R100, & went to town. I look alrighty how the money does flow - it's really hopeless to try & keep it, & I would do with ten times the amount I receive just for the odds and ends I'd like to buy for us - not to mention knick-knacks for other who, I'm afraid, will have to be sadly disappointed if they expect me to arrive home, as from a pleasure cruise, with the treasures of the Orient as presents - I'm fearfully sorry but that it is. But, with the position as it is, I was afraid that I should have no time left to get ~~my~~ mother's carpet, & so, with the casual payment clutched tightly in a hot little hand, I went down to the Bokkara Palace & arranged for a 6' x 3' to be sent off to her - a green affair. Having money in my wallet is fatal, & the afternoon was the inevitable shopping round leaving me hot & broke.

I bought an album - after hearing that such things were difficult to get in the U.K. I also bought the remaining items of my food stock - at least I thought & swore it was to have been the last, but the Naafi today comes out with some 616 tins of Pork tongues & I just couldn't resist one. When we throw a party they'd be so darned sick

of parts tongue they'll swear off it for life.

I intended to get those half dozen pairs of stockings, ("I'll give you a pair if you'll let me put 'em on you"), but the cash was low, the feet hot, & the stomach empty, so I left it for another time. Plenty of 'em sweet, so don't worry - I dunno if they're the real things or not, but they are F.F. & they look fairly silky, so I guess you'll find 'em for 'em.

I suppose you'd like me to finish up with the latest demobbing news, eh baby? Can't give you anything definite, Honey, but the buzzes are coming in most satisfyingly, & they tell of moves in the Right Direction. I still say I'll be in Braganza in the first fortnight in Dec., & the next weeks should bring forth the real dope. Oh, & I saw George in town yesterday - he doesn't think he'll sail before the 29th - been a bitch or somepin. I suppose if it weren't for Xmas I shouldn't be straining at the leash quite so much, but would be content with an as-soon-as-possible draft - or would I.

And that's all for tonight, Pet.

Love in kisses,
leg

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