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88A Belle Grove Road,  
Wellington, Kent.

Saturday 28.4.48.

Taking mine

I feel sure you must have arrived by now, and are probably sweating in the tropical heat. It is very difficult to picture sunshine this week, cos in England we've been shivering all week in the teeth of a hot westerly wind, and today on my way home from the station it was actually snowing!!!

No wonder we English are hardy creatures! We need to be so face up to our climate. Why last week ~~and~~ I felt overdressed in a summer frock!

There was an extraordinary

report today that Germany had offered unconditional surrender to the British & U.S., but not to the Russians. And we had turned it down - as we can only act for all three powers as one. But it doesn't make sense to me. If they surrender unconditionally, what does it matter to whom? The word 'unconditional' means 'without proviso' surely? I don't get it.

I guess it's the old political viewpoint again. Mustn't rub Russia up the wrong way. But we can let a few more thousand good boys die for the cause. Ugh. It makes me sick. This world of ours strikes at Jesus, and human nature above all.

Don't worry, honey, it's probably

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just a touch of indigestion coming  
out! I'll feel better when my  
tea settles down.

This has been an exceptionally  
busy week at the office, and I  
quite literally haven't had a moment  
in which to day-dream. There was  
a panic to-day about the  
definiteness of 'the emergency' in  
contracts, and we had to wade  
through all our stuff & pick out  
cases which might need tying-off  
properly. Quite a job, but it  
certainly shows the way the wind  
is blowing.

You see, darling, you'll be  
home for an English summer next  
year.

Joan, Frank & baby came over yesterday & are staying the weekend. You'd hardly recognise your namesake now, she is growing into such a little girl - no longer is she a baby.

She loves to stand up, and is never still for a moment. You'd die of laughing when she tries to walk. Frank holds her up by

reins & she stabs off. Her legs go at a terrific rate & she looks for all the world as though she's had one over the eight. I curled up watching her. She gets too excited to take things slowly, and looks just like a marionette, slightly tipsy, going into a violent tap-dance.

5. She's terrifically lovable too. Her arms go round your neck, and she feels so cuddly and soft.

See, honey, we'll have to have a couple of babies some day when the war is over, and you come home.

Sam & Frank have gone off to Laven for a dinner and show, and Lesley Ann is fast asleep upstairs having tired herself (and incidentally her Auntie Clare) with her antics this afternoon.

I thought of going over to Cuffley Towers this evening, but it looks so wintry outside that I decided to stay in by the fire, write to her - bless him! - and do a bit of knitting.

Sunday.

Did I tell you that I had a phone call from Cully last week?

She is still travelling up and down from Brighton every day, and as she does not work on Saturday mornings, she has the whole weekend by the sea. The coast is getting very crowded, but she says that her end of Toron is pretty quiet and she loves it.

We are going to have dinner tomorrow evening at Veeraswamy's, so you can think of us eating Indian food & paying after the dozen. It is several months since we met, so we both have lots of news saved up. She wanted to know all about my hubby. Where you are & what you are doing and how long you will be

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away.

Cully the man is still somewhere in the Middle East, and is just as bored with the place as ever. Though I believe he has an A.T.S. girl with whom he goes around and has fun. It is rather a small post where he is stationed, and terribly boring and monotonous.

Incidentally I've been reading about your new home, and was interested to read that it has a University. I wonder if they will allow you boys inside - maybe you'll be able to use the library & reading rooms there. I should imagine that in many ways it will not be unlike any Western city. I don't know about entertainments though. Is there a cinema?

In any case I daresay there are plenty of service clubs where you can play darts and snooker & generally get together in the evenings.

I am expecting to receive the first of our regular mail this week, and from then on there should be no long periods of silence. Though for me honey, there has been no gap of more than 4 days, so I can't grumble.

This is one of those completely lazy Sunday afternoons by the fire, and it takes me back to a few weeks ago when you used to pop up the line quite regularly. Ah me.

Love tomorrow, precious.

having you always,

Clare



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