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The Hat.  
Friday.  
2:5. 1945

Sweetheart.

I think I should first of all record that it is five years ago today that you first plucked up courage enough to say some "It's about time" immortal words angel and I'll remember that day all my life as my stepping stone to happiness. Love you, you great big wonderful man.

Well, everybody in England expects the news to come through at any moment now, and there's a terrific undercurrent of excitement everywhere. All the buildings in Whitehall are having floodlights erected on their balconies, and there's a score or more getting ready.

to light up the houses of Parliament.  
Generally the old place is getting itself  
ready for the celebrations & I  
reckon for all its bombed buildings  
& stabby paint d' honden will  
shine.

It is really lovely to travel on  
buses with clear windows, gradually  
all the scrim & net is disappearing  
from windows, & the daylight  
streaming into unaccustomed dark  
corners is really dizzy.

Fancy never hearing a siren again!  
Looking back we can hardly imagine  
that never again need we listen to  
a whistling bomb, or go into a  
shelter, or wait for a flying-bomb  
to finish its dice. It seems  
incredible that it is all over!

How I wish your mum could

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have been here still. I guess that very few families will not bear some scars as a result of the past 6 years. And all of us have grown older, and wiser, and lost a lot of illusions. But I guess that in a year or two, when the last of the boys is home, and life settles down to peacetime happiness the war years will seem like an ugly dream.

It is surprising how quickly people adapt themselves to change of scene & life.

Well you're an absolute angel with letter-writing! I had an airmail (dated 29/4. h. 12) and the second part of the saga "Saga of India" (dated 25/4 h. 13) tonight. So you see I'm only a week behind in my news of your doings.

I only hope that all my mail has now reached you & will come in regularly & consecutively from now on. Poor old George! I do hope he has heard from home by now, its so awful to be without mail, isn't it? I do hope Eve has been writing & has not waited until he arrived. Surely she wouldn't do that?

I'm getting a terrifically vivid picture of life in India, during, & now Saga is definitely going to be filed away in the Westward album.

I see that you are working with some Indian naval chappies, and I agree that the educated ones are extremely cultured & intellectual people. I wonder if you will be able to visit the Bombay University

5/ while you are there. It would be worthwhile cultivating these fellows, because they know their country and its ways which otherwise you might spend a long time & experience getting into. It is always good to be shown the ropes by one who knows.

I see that you are exploring possibilities of the shopping centre, and I will certainly make enquiries at the Post Office tomorrow about sending you some cash. Guess if you have a P.O.S.B. there, I could arrange for a postal draft. Anyway I'll see what can be done, Sugar.

I'd love to have pictures of you honey, with or without a crowd, snaps or studio-portraits. They'll all be treasured & join.

The gallery around our room.

The film position here as you know, is pretty hopeless, but I'll make a note of the numbers & keep my eyes skinned honey. Maybe with the end of the war here, the numbers will improve.

You should have fun making the bungalow like home, and I'm so glad to know that you are sticking with Jim & George. Between you, you should get a good idea of life at home.

The pool & that beach you mention sound like the real thing, and when they open Jansen Park in a week or two, and I'm sunbathing at weekends, I'll be imagining you doing the same. The idea of you joining a polo team

1 Sounds hot stuff. - Should keep you in good shape.

The last page of your letter was exceedingly shaky & I got the impression that you were not feeling well. Maybe it was getting dusk or sunpin. and you were trying to finish off in the half-light.

I don't like the idea of the lousy feeling you get under your mosquito net at night. I want to sleep in there with you, and show you that while we love each other as we do, there's no need for either of us ever to feel lousy, however for you may be from my arms.

I remember that during those months of malaria I had when

you were an 'ops' I found that  
one way to get to sleep was to  
close my mind to the present or  
future & just relive the wonderful  
times we had when we first met.  
That first air raid when we  
sheltered in Runstead Common &  
really got to know one another,  
then the Lewisham night, and  
all our lovely strolls over the  
Common in the twilight, and  
our bus rides to the office. But  
I never got very far - next morning  
I couldn't remember at what  
point sleep overtook my memories,  
but I know I dozed off with a  
smile on my face.

All my dreams & memories of  
you are happy, Sweet.



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FLASH. - The radio brings me back to earth with the announcement of the surrender of all Germans in Holland, H.W. Germany & Denmark. That only leaves Norway & the Centre bit and Czechoslovakia. Any moment now, darling, the bells will start ringing the peace in.

Did I tell you that last week I nearly got Littlewoods right? At least I only dropped 5 points (3 wrong) - so you may find yourself coming home to a fortune Sunday Chickadee! We all have a flutter on it at the office - it makes a bit of fun.

I received this week a request a brochure from Hastings.

I thought it might be a good place for us all to stay this year, the journey is not too far, and I don't think it is so blitzed or crowded as some holiday resorts.

I hope to pin Joan down this weekend & make sure when, & who, is going. The weather has got to brighten up considerably during the next few weeks, if people are to get any sunshine!

I was glad you have heard from Guy - no one at home ever gets a word so you are among the honored few. Not that I blame him, I expect with Pat staying there he finds little spare time to write letters.

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I phoned Vera the other day, and am going over to Cuffley Towers sometime this weekend.

Vera's "brood" as she calls it are going on fine apart from a few mishaps. Tim badly cut his finger on the lawn-mower & also playing polo with the rest of Gordon (what an honor!) he received a kick in the ear which resulted in a perforated ear-drum. Bad luck that, just when he was playing for a really fine team.

Vera is also a bit fed up because Sue has to go into hospital for 3 weeks for an op: on her navel. Such a shame, poor kiddy.

However as I tell Vera, once it is put right she won't have to worry over it again.

They had received a letter from you, as also have the folks at Plumstead, and you generally seem to be spreading good cheer around honey. Like a fair, as your sweet billets-doux. D'ait I know!

I could just scribble all night doing, but its getting dark & I must do a little washing & ironing tonight & darn the eternal stockings!

I've a feeling that tomorrow will be V-day, and oh! how I wish you could be here now so that we could celebrate peace night

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together. Wouldn't that be  
something! reckon we'd paint  
the old Town red, & crawl into  
bed in the early hours, more than  
slightly merry. Eh?

Never mind sweetheart. Our  
day will come & it will be  
all the more heavenly for the  
waiting. We'll show them then  
what Joy can mean. And it  
won't be long now pigeon-pie.

Keep the old colours flying  
& the love in your heart warm,  
I'll pray for you, & us,

Clare

PTO

My measurements: -

Bust 32".

Waist. 25".

Hips. 36".

Stockings size 9.

Shoes. size 5.

Quite a little person really.

Remember?

cl.

21  
LONDON, S.W.1  
9 30AM  
5 MAY  
1945

POST EARLY  
IN  
THE DAY



Po/m. L. H. Westaway.

P/mx. 500221.

H.M.S. BRAGANZA.

CASUAL FORCES.

BOMBAY

INDIA