

27

88A Bella Grace Road.
Welling Kent.
Friday. May 11.

Dorling mine

Well honey, there
are still crowds of people about in
Lawn & the place is still decked
with thousands of flags.

Oh how I do wish
you could have been home for
these celebrations. I've missed
you so! Somehow this was a
time when loved ones should
have been together to share the great
happiness. And the only thought
that has kept me from pursuing is
that you will be home for the
real V. day. That night will
see Dave go really crazy!!!

And was to continue my diary.
I told you all about the fun I
had in London on VE night. But
I don't think I described in detail
the journey down. The train,
which was one of the many
relief trains run by an over-worked
& exhausted railway staff to cope
with the tremendous crowds, was
absolutely packed to the eyebrows.

I caught it by the skin of my
teeth & was thus able to hang
out of the window. Just as well,
because the heat was almost
unbearable. Everywhere had been
like an oven all day!

Remember that fateful night
of Sept 7th when the blitz started?
Well there were almost as many

3 bonfires glowing all along the route. Only this time people were not putting them out in fear, but dancing around them & piling on the bombed debris that was burnable. It was a glorious sight, and the kids must have all had a wonderful time.

Fireworks were exploding, and hedges & buzzers & rattles were creating as much noise as possible.

Abovehead I think every searchlight battery in London was doing its stuff. The long beams of light were weaving backwards and forwards over the city in fantastic designs & webs, and occasionally they would meet overhead in a gigantic cone.

Anybody coming out of a

pub & gazing upwards would have felt just a little dizzy. But it was wonderful to think that never again would those lights be searching for a Gory raider!

Simply crowds of people got out at Wellin, and though it was midnight there was an accordion playing outside the Italian hotel & a dance was in progress in the road. Every house had its bonfire & there was a terrific blaze on the Grande Car-park.

See did I feel tired, and did my feet ache from all the dancing & walking! I slept the clock round.

Wednesday was spent pretty quietly at home & mum & I went

to the films in the afternoon. In the evening there was a lovely broadcast programme giving excerpts from Churchill's life & recanting some lines from his wartime speeches. Mum was not very interested, but I was enthralled - the readings were all by Ralph Richardson & Robert Donat (two glorious speakers). I lay funny down on the divan & just let all the beautiful words sink in.

Truly, Churchill has a wonderful command of the English language & a great & deep love for this grand nation of ours. You can bet I'm proud to be a hardener these days!

Thursday we all went back to

The grind & spent the day
recounting our experiences of the
holidays.

All day long aeroplanes sweep
over at low altitudes, bringing
prisoners of war home & letting
them see good old London as
the way. What an experience
it must be for them all. I find
it hard to believe that all the
misery is over at last & that
Europe can go ahead building and
restoring herself to former beauty.

Here tomorrow, Angelina, and
I'll be dreaming of you & longing
for our little grey home in the
West,

All my love,

Clare

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