

The Flat.
Sunday, May 13.

Darling one

The end of our first peaceful Sunday! And even now it is hard to realise that here at home the war is over.

I awoke early this morning to find the sun streaming in the window, and I suddenly had the urge to put all our domain in order once more. Since the flying-bombs started last summer, everybody has lived a kind of 'downstairs' existence, and clothes and valuables have been packed away in the most unexpected places.

Now at last we can snip them all out into the sunshine, without danger of losing them.

So I jumped out early & climbed into slacks & a blouse, with a scarf around my hair and proceeded to spring clean our home, before breakfast. It really does look sweet & bright when the Carpet has just been brushed & the furniture polished! I felt quite proud when I'd finished.

After breakfast I turned out our two wardrobes & had all your suits on the line. Must look after your civvy clothes, seeing that you will be discarding your uniforms in a few months. I know I shouldn't tell you this, but I bought some more wool balls on Saturday and these are now liberally distributed in all your pockets.

Well! You can't be too careful.
- I can hear you saying "Ugh!"

I really felt tired by the time
I sat down to lunch. - apart from
the hard work it was a simply
broiling day.

Later on we dressed ourselves
up and went over to see Joan &
Frank. We walked across the lake,
and I discovered that the boat is
open! You can guess where I'll be
going next Sunday.

It was simply heavenly in the
Park. The trees are huge & green,
and there was a glorious sou'west
wind blowing across the grass.
The lake has been drained, and
all local bomb debris is being
chipped into its bed, making a

new surface over the weeds. I suppose they intend to fill it again and have boating, with less risk of people drowning.

Some of those lovely sun-trap houses in Danbar Road were a picture - with streamers & flags and bunting strung up and flapping in the breeze. Really gay & festive. I wonder if they will keep these flags out now until the whole war is over?

You should just see your namesake these days - she is growing into the sweetest little girl with sandy curls & violet eyes. She mutters unintelligibly all the time & says 'Tav' to everything you give her - or she gives you.

5 She can walk quite steadily now with very little support - she has yet to take those first few steps alone.

I spent an hour with her in the garden in a deck chair, and very absorbing it was too. She was intensely interested in the trees, the grass & the roses, and when she tired of their glory she could always return to the wonder of Auntie Clare's nose. Poor me! But she certainly is a cute kiddie & if any Snaps are taken I will send them along for you to see.

By the way honey, remember writing to me about that rug. Well the very next day, Bill our messenger came along & told me that

his daughter had received a Sheep-
Skin from her hubby in Sidney.

It came by parcel post through
the Naval Postal Service, and she
had to pay purchase tax amounting
to almost the stated value of the
skin. You evidently have to
state what you paid for the
article.

So there you are, darling, if
you get the opportunity again, and
if you've got the cash, just consult
the old Navy as to ways & means.
Incidentally these 2 P.O.'s enclosed
make up the £10 you requested,
and I hope they have arrived
before you went quite broke.

On the way home tonight we

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met Jeff of the red bumpalows &
he inquired after you & sent his
regards. He, in company with
another gent. was just about to step
into the Cook hop for a pint.
Thirsty weather this.

You ask whether we had a
victory tea at the office. Well
we were all set on Monday, with
a bottle of cocktail, but unfortunately
the news did not come through
until late in the evening when we
had all departed.

So we drank to the event
upon our return after the holiday.
On Friday Clip, R. Lorne, R. Jones,
and we three girls went over to
lunch at the Pavilion, and really
it was good fun.

And so endeth the weeks of rejoicing
and I guess we shall all return to
hard work again this week.

Nobody forgets that there are
thousands of boys still far from home
& fighting - and I think that is
the reason why the celebrations
although gay & bright, had a certain
sobriety about them. People did
not completely let themselves go.

We are sure that until you are
all back home. And may that
day be soon.

And so to bed, darling, wishing
you could be coming with me. It
would be so heavenly to fall asleep
in your arms once more,

I love you,

Clare

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Polmm. Lt. Wehrmacht.

P/mx. 500221.

HMS BRAGANZA.

COASTAL FORCES.

BOMBAY.

INDIA

