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The Flat.  
Friday. 10.8.45.

Dearest Leg

Well everyone today has got those end-of-war jitters. The news came through at lunch-time that the Japs had surrendered - with conditions and from then on apparently there began fun-and-games in the West End.

I must admit that we did very little work in the office and yours truly just bubbled all over the place. It is generally expected that a complete surrender is now only a matter of days, even hours. So you see honey a few more weeks will see you packing for home. With no regrets, huh?

Of course there are suggestions

that you Navy boys would have become  
so attached to the Indian countryside  
to that you'd be loth to tear yourselves  
away. But I don't think that at  
all likely, at least in our case. Eh  
dohie?

So get to work & sponge down  
that ho-ho. the suit, polish your  
shoes & get yourself a clean collar  
Cos you'll be stepping down that old  
gang plank quicker than that.

Don't worry honey, I'm not  
building myself up for an awful  
let-down. I realise that official  
plans take a while to get into action  
& it may be a matter of months  
before they get around to group 35.

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But at least now we can begin to  
count our chances & it is just a matter  
of being patient until our number comes  
up. Who would have thought last week  
even that such a thing could happen?  
But the Atomic Bomb with its ghastly  
effects, followed by the Russian offensive  
has just put paid to all Japan's hopes.  
All I say is thank heaven it came  
before the invasion. — always presuming  
of course that the complete surrender  
is on its way. As it surely must  
be!

Apparently all up the Strand,  
Aldwych & Kingsway work stopped  
at lunch time, and the people just  
tore up papers & flung them out of

all office windows. I generally went  
mad. Certainly when I came home  
the floor of my bus was ankle deep  
in tickets & paper, and there were  
crowds of people thronging through  
Lafayette Square & sitting on the foot of  
the Column.

I felt as though this is where I  
came in, cos it seems only like  
last week that the VE celebrations  
were on. It's a rotten shame that you  
are away still doing. Some how I  
thought the Lap war would drag on for  
years, and that you would be home  
long before it was all over. Still if  
VJ. day comes while you are still  
overseas, angel, will celebrate it apart

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And save up all our excitement for our own special celebration when you come home.

I hope your canteen manages to do you proud in the matter of liquor, honey, Cos last time was a dry night wasn't it? Here in England the beer situation has never seemed to recover and most pubs seem to be shut for one night a week, or some of them just open an hour late. And cigarette queues in the mornings are quite an everyday sight. In fact I'm not sorry that I'm a non-smoker.

Still with the war now almost over, we'll get right down to the

business of pushing the world back  
on its feet again.

And now here come Pat & the  
Sanderis down the road and that  
means no more writing tonight.

See you in my dreams darling.

All my love,

Clare

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Polmon. L. A. Debra...

Plmx. 500221.

Mrs. Braganza.

Central squares,

Bombay.

INDIA

