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The Flat,
Thursday.
16.8.45.

Dashing mine.

lots of water has passed under the bridge since Monday night - when I last wrote to you. You probably heard the wonderful news, long-awaited here, of the final surrender of the Japs on ~~Wednesday~~ Tuesday.

That day seemed like a week, people were so keyed up. The newspapers printed extra editions - all specials, but everything they had to say was unofficial & was denied on the radio. However at midnight when yours truly was snoozing in utter oblivion, the declaration of world

peace was made by Mr. Atlee at last.

Unfortunately they had ordered half staff at the Ministry so I had to go in on the first V-day. At Welling, as before, there was no special activity at all. But the Strand was like Beresford Square on a Saturday when I arrived at 9.0 am. There were hundreds of barrows selling red white & blue buttonholes, rosettes, streamers, paper hats, flags & other colours galore.

Besides being V-day, it was the day fixed for the opening of Parliament, and Trafalgar Sq, Whitehall, Parliament square & Millbank were

teaming with people. loads of smiling
bobbies were strolling around & seeing
that the people took up their stations
along the pavement in the right order.
Now I wished I could have stayed
& watched the procession, cos I've
never seen that ceremonial parade!
However I travelled in a bus right
down the lined roads.

It seemed that few other Civil
Servants were working, the place
was deserted around our office block.
It being Wednesday I had purchased
without any trouble a copy of the
A.P. & I spent the first half-hour
at the office perusing the adverts.
I had the feeling that in view

of the peace holiday maybe I could get
in first before the Wallace Heaton
sketches snapped up the available
bargains.

The advert. that especially took my
eye was - Kodak 35mm. F. 4.5. 1/150th.
da. etc. - new. £15. & I wrote off
post-haste. Had the post office been
open I'd have sent a telegram. As it
is better was the quickest action I
could take. The only thing is that I
have an idea these cameras may be
sold before the advert. appears cos I've
written off after a number now & we
don't seem to have any luck baby.
Still we'll never say die. Anyway
with the war over the trade will pick
up quickly & there'll be thousands

of RAF Cameras soon for sale.

Incidentally I noticed the other day that all R.N. Yachts are being rounded up for return to their owners ~~of~~ & some will come up for sale by the Admiralty Disposals Section in due course. May be worth following up the honey? In view of your continuing you for the sheet in the wind. Mail probably be home long before they get set to anchor them off & maybe you'll pick yourself up a little bargain. Be good to set sail around the coast together eh sweet? I'll have to polish up my nautical knowledge.

On Tuesday evening I played tennis again & had a marvellous game. It really is invigorating to race around a court & knock hell for leather out of a ball - certainly it was a grand way to let off steam & get the pent-up feeling out of the system. Waiting for the final peace news as we did for five days was a little disturbing to say the least.

I arrived home after my game, very hot & sticky - so find - guess what! - two bundles for Britain on the table. You darling you. I couldn't get them open quickly enough it is is exciting receiving presents from all that distance! And the sight of

printing & signatures on the outside
Send things up & down my spine.
There was no duty payable on either
parcel, although one had been opened.
I gather that was the one sent direct
by the store. Your beautiful
Canvas one was completely intact.

I say those cigars are something
aren't they? Corona Coronas. huh?
I can see that Westaway Towers is
going to smell very fragrant on Sunday
afternoons! Yum. yum.

And the sight of all those other
lovely things - fruit & tea, &
creams & hair grips. Such luxuries,
and I could just hug you.

Having reached that wish, and
going into a dream of the wonderful
days that are to come - I was rudely
brought back to earth by the sound
of a motor horn, and was invited
for a spin into the country by
Linn, Vera & her Wellford.

It is now awful late, so I'll
tell you all about it tomorrow.

Be good, precious lamb. Wait
be long now before you'll be joining
the rest of the gang at home.

Need I say I love you.

Cos I DO,

Clare

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