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The Flat.
Sunday. 19.8.45.

Dearest
What a cell that you were flat
on your back the day the big news
first came through! Of course it was
not the end of the war until the
following Wednesday, but I bet you
had some celebrations that first weekend.
Here in London certainly, people let
themselves go for several days, and
when the official V5 day came along
it was almost an anti-climax -
if such news could ever be so named.

See darling, its hard to realise
that it is all over! Already an

Announcement has been made that a further quarter million men will be demobbed this year - total 1,100,000 in Class A and 100,000 in Class B. At the moment, however, there is no knowing how this will affect the groups in the different Services, but a statement is expected by the Dept.

This week.

It won't be long now, darling, and I'm already planning on that homecoming. I intend to work like a nigger on my wardrobe, and our furniture & possessions, so that everything is in apple-pie order ready for that long leave we shall have.

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I have a week's leave in hand, and I intend to take that when our flat turns up - so that I can do all necessary spring cleaning and supervise the removal & spend a couple of days putting things in place.

I'm going really excited about this "Make-shift" of ours. I feel sure that will be fixed up before the winter now. If I don't hear by Wednesday I shall ring the Agency as instructed.

So poor old key has had a queasy tummy! I do hope you are back on your feet & a normal diet now.

Sounds as though it was a painful
& uncomfortable spell & I hope the Man
Constitution put paid to all the game
York Suite.

Yesterday evening I saw a very
amusing film called the "Daughter's".
A play on the ascending in Washing-
ton, and very hilarious, if a trifle
impossible. Wisecracks by the 1000,
and three super glamour girls - Ann
Sheridan, Alexis Smith & Jane Wyman.
Don't miss it if it comes Banbury
way - its good for a hundred laughs.

Today I concentrated on that
black winter coat which I cut out

5
year ago. It is now shaping well
& will be ready for wear in a
week or two if I stick at it. What's
more it might not look too bad. I'd
give you my opinion when it is
completed. (Did I hear you say "about
time")

After lunch I walked over to
the Drive and had a pleasant time
chasing Wesley Ann around the place.
Sweet kid!

Fancy Mike writing poetry and
having it published. The Wilbaird
Children should certainly be literary-
minded. I must say that the sea
in the evening has a dreamy effect

as we do, and I imagine that
that peaceful atmosphere would move
anyone to poetic thoughts.

Which reminds me that you
have never done anything about those
humorous articles you intended to
write. Surely there must be loads
of material out in that country! How's
about the first of the series? I'd
enjoy reading something in your very
Damon Runyan style.

Don't ever forget old Omar's
philosophy - make the most of every
minute of every day, darling - coz
the time will never come back.

Did I tell you that Ken Wellard is also going to have a crack at the Exec: exam: when he comes out of the Army? It seems that everyone these days thinks the Civil Service is a good bet.

More news of the gang - Bob Greene has married - a girl that he met when stationed at Woking. By the by I told you didn't I that Jim Lawson was also married? He met another girl after his engagement was broken off & they were married in July. Everybody's doing it.

Another thing that everybody's doing - that is, looking for a car.

Sau & Gus also want a jalopy & it
looks as though we'll have a fleet of
'em between us all.

Albert made me laugh the other
day when we were talking about cars
- Said you'd been soaked in petrol all
your life - in fact that probably wasn't
prickly heat you had, but the Indian
Sun soaking out the gasoline from
your veins! Could be?

How's the weight, darling, steady
at 14 st.? 'S good. Take care of
yourself, honey. You'll be back in
my arms before you can say "Bye
Bambay!"
Love you,
Clare.

P.S. The second 2 p.o.'s.

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