

The
BIRTHDAY

OF
A LITTLE

PRINCESS



MY DEAREST LITTEE MIREILLE

I have not vergotten the 13 th. of september. I know it is your **BIRTHDAY** and so I come to tell you a story.

Once upon a time there was a little princess, who was so beautiful and charming that she was beloved by everybody. All people who watched her dancing could never in their life think of anything more lovely than the impression of her moving musicaly among the most pretty flowers in her own little garden. She just like a flower herself. As I told you my darling, everybody loved her so much and her mummy who was really a very nice Queen was so happy and grateful when she saw her little self dancing for her and daddy

— THE KING.



THE QUEEN always wondered why her little princess, while she was dancing pleased with her self looked with her two big black eyes in one eye-corner. Nobody ever knew and she never told why she did so.

But both her mummy and daddy thought very often about her „black-eyes-in-the-corner,, and came to conclusion that she did so for her balance while she turned round and round - jumping and flying like a BUTTERFLY.





One day, as they all were happy together there came a big big thunderstorm with bright lightnings all over the sky, followed by very noisy bam brrrr ummbum bum.

THE KING SAID:

that sounds rather like war!



And up he went on his white horse which brought him far away from his beloved family to a very big camp where many other men were anxiously waiting of him to come and fight against those barbarous enemies who were at the shores of their island.



So they fought many a big battle and saved their children and mummy's life at home. But the King couldn't come home to his daughter's fifth birthday and he was so sorry about that he wept bitterly a whole night on hill there was no more water left in his eyes.

But he wanted to tell his little princess a fairy-tale and he wrote to her the story I just told you.



The end of the story was like that:

One day the war was over, and the KING could leave that silly old camp which he didn't like at all. He came home quite suddenly and unexpected and all were so happy so happy as never before and enjoyed being together again as long as they lived. . . .

This is the story for your birthday. I am so terribly sorry that I can't be with you and mummy. But one day my little darling MIREILLE I SHALL BE BACK JUST LIKE THIS KING AND WE WILL BE SOOO GLAD TO BE TOGETHER AGAIN AND I WILL GIVE YOU SO MANY MANY KISSES !!

your daddy

JURIP.

Huyton 3. Sept. 1940.

