

69

The Beach.  
Sunday, 29.7.45

Looking nice.

This is heaven! Or as  
near heaven as I can get, away  
from home.

The tide was way out  
when we arrived this morning, &  
rippling in gently across the sands.  
There's quite a stiff southwest breeze  
blowing & white clouds are scudding  
across the sky. Its surprising  
how one can sit still in a bathing  
costume & not feel cold. I suppose  
it is because the sun comes out  
regularly every few minutes and  
warms us up.

The only diversion so far

This morning has been a flotilla  
of D. boats which came roaring  
up the coast, & have taken up  
these stations some distance the other  
side of the pier. I believe that  
they are open for inspection ~~by~~ the  
public & I think I'll take a trip  
out & go as one when I get the  
chance. What a job for the sailors

huh! I guess its just a stop-gap  
until they are sent out East, and  
God do I wish that you could be  
'Chief' aboard one of 'em. I guess  
that if there's a break in the rain  
today you, my pet, will be heading  
for the silvery sands of that Sulu  
Beach - or Beach Candy.

Monday

Fraid I shall keep putting this letter down, with a baby & whatnot calling attention from time to time my writing may become a little disjointed, but you'll understand.

Yesterday afternoon we spent sunning in the garden in deck chairs while baby had a nap for an hour, and lying there relaxed I could feel all the strain of the past weeks just drifting away. I feel really on top already, and we are all quite janned this morning.

We had some tea in the afternoon in Larkes. Those places are always comfy and useful at the seaside & I guess we shall pop in

and not quite frequently in the next few days. And of course, Ice Cream is in full swing. These days - but I'd. for a blob. Shopping isn't it?

Surprisingly enough for the time of year, the place is not overcrowded though there are quite a number in swimming all the time, and Joan + I intend to join them & also to buy one of the paddle-boats for an hour.

Last evening the woman of the house offered to keep an eye on baby & as she went down to sleep peacefully we risked it & all three took a bus down to the beach, & a stroll along the prom. Unfortunately the Pier is not

open net - in peacetime I used to  
love strolling around a brightly-lit  
pier, playing the Sideshows + watching  
the sea breaking in at the end. Oh  
boy! won't it be heaven when  
things get under way again! We'll  
have the grandest holiday ever.

After a cup of Chocolate + Sandwiches  
in Lokes we walked right along the  
front. All the lights were on +  
blazing brilliantly along the coast for  
miles, + far out to sea there were  
lights twinkling, from what I guess were  
ships. It is wonderful to see everything  
coming to life again after all the  
blackness + secrecy of the war.

The tide was out, and I longed  
to get down to the water's edge and

to walk right along the sand, with  
the waves lapping almost up to my  
feet. I don't think however, that  
I'll ever grow up as far as the sea  
is concerned, and when we take our  
infants away for their holidays you  
won't be able to tell the difference  
between mine & mine.

I'm going to close down here  
& post this off & start another rambling  
epic this evening.

Saw the postman wished he  
could be bringing a blue envelope  
from Bombay for me.

Love you angel.

Clay



WHEN I'M WITH YOU,  
THE SKIES ARE BLUE.

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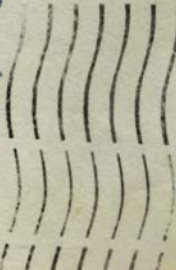
you every  
angel.

All my love

Close



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