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Hokkaido.
Wednesday. 1.8.48

My dearest

Well so far home. The weather has been warm with sunny intervals, though most of the time the sky is pretty well clouded over. In fact several times I have thought it would rain, but the cloud seems to blow away inland.

We spend the whole day & evening out of doors, walking or taking our ease on the beach, and we are all looking better for the rest. Fairly tanned & a wee bit fatter the lot of us.

The place we are staying at lies back rather far from the beach, unfortunately, so we have a bus ride down & back each time, but it doesn't

Take many minutes & there is a pretty good service. Baby has quite captured the hearts of the other holiday-makers, and she attracts quite a lot of attention & trothip along the promenade yelling "Daddy" at every male in sight.

Funny how men seem to like to be singled out for attention by babies, and to quite swell with pride when called "dad-dad" by a strange kiddie.

Yesterday morning Joan & I took the plunge & actually had quite a good long swim in the sea. The tide was coming in, & we had quite a long wade to do to get to a few feet of water. Brrr! Was that sea cold as it lapped nick-by-nick up our legs.

We soon took the plunge, though, & struck out for a motor launch that was lying off-shore. The ice cold took our breath away at first & then we soon began to gasp & didn't want to come out at all. While we were swimming around, a rowing-boat came along, with a petty-officer rowing inside. I asked him if he were a Chief aboard one of the M.T.B.'s, and he said "maybe", and we asked how far off shore the boats were, as distance is so deceptive across water, and he said "far enough". Pretty was nice for a sailor, what?

However he did ask us if we'd like a tow for awhile, but knowing what

Sailors as we decided not to be taken too far from home.

It was a grand swim, & we continued to glow for hours afterwards.

I am sitting writing this in the garden once more, and it is amazing how peaceful it is here - just the sound of the breeze rustling through the apple trees, an occasional bee humming by, and gentle music floating out from the radiogram indoors.

This is the ideal garden for us to have after the war. It is almost completely lawn, with a narrow bed of flowers all around, and a few fruit trees at the end. What could be nicer? A few deck chairs to lounge

away a sunny afternoon in the shade
of an apple tree for a picnic tea?
Send good-oh to you too?

This place is quite small - the
other guests consisting of a business-
man, wife & 16 yr old daughter, and
a young married couple with 1 yr old
baby. The business man & family
came from Leicestershire & he is quite
an amusing chappie at meal-times -
in fact his queen us some real laughs,
and his faint north country brogue
just adds humour to his conversation.
He fishes most of the time, though
this appears not to be much of a place
for that sport. He did say what really
skate & sea-bream there was to be had
at Littlehampton & I seem to remember

That you & the other lads had quite a
good time fishing when you were
stationed there. Remember our lovely
weekend at Arundel. darling? I
guess that most of this South Coast
will hold sweet memories for us in
the future. We have certainly had
some wonderful times together.

It is surprising how different this
holiday seems from all the ones I
have had with you. Then I guess
it is not surprising! I do miss you
so darling. I could never be completely
happy anywhere without you.

And I'm longing for some mail from
you - I shall just eat the letters on
Saturday. I love you sweet. Clare

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