

The Beach.
Thursday, 28. Apr

Darling ~~hey~~

The sun has really shown its face today & we are sitting here scorching on the beach. This is just the day for the seaside, and the crowds of holiday makers are lazing away in every recumbent attitude. Oh boy!

The sky is as blue as blue & not a sign of cloud & I reckon that the rest of this holiday will just blaze away. It's the kind of weather that everyone dreams about for holidays, but I must say that I find it a trifle overpowering. Reckan

I can now vaguely understand how you felt when you first arrived in India. ~~So~~ All the time you can lay on a beach, well alright, but the idea of doing any strenuous work at this temperature is just killing. No wonder you lost two stones in weight.

You know I'm longing to get a letter from your Sweetheart. This week truly seems as long as a month - due mainly to the fact that we just get straight out about as soon as meals finish. I am really feeling twice the woman I was when we came away - and I was fit enough then.

Saturday
Sorry I had to break off -
the paper finished & I had no more
until now.

The sun has not stopped
blazing down since Thursday morning
the sea has hardly a ripple, just
blue & sparkling with tiny white
capped waves washing in to the sand.
Simply glorious.

Frank turned up early last
evening & we all went to a dance
at the Pavilion. It was a special
star evening - with a Quick Step
Competition & a display of dancing
by two world-famous champions.

I really have never seen

anything more breathtaking than the grace with which those dancers floated around that hall. They were absolutely in harmony & rhythm as though glued together and with wings on their feet. It must be just heavenly to move like that, and it was an memorable last evening for our holiday.

This morning I had an appointment with a photographer - Yossir at last I've done something about that pin-up you have wanted so much. And believe me, it was quite the most strenuous & interesting half-hour I've spent in a long time.

I felt a wee bit self-conscious about backing for a picture in

bathing costume as most of the portraits in the window were of the glamour variety - soft lights & drapes - but knowing that I would have again picked up carriage once the sea side atmosphere was left behind I was determined to do right by my honeylamb.

So, punctually at midday today saw me ascending the stairs clad in swimsuit, button-through frock, and with hair all loose, all ready to smile at the birdie. But there was certainly more to it than just that, and I found out that modelling is a very strenuous way of earning a living. We started off with me posing in

front of same background. He got the effect of full-length & then the man was Switzer with an idea & brought in some props - a long box & a grass kind of rug on which I climbed & sat & leaned.

We finally decided on three poses & if they all came out OK, & I send you one of each, you'll realize just how hard your baby worked. It really needed concentration - bend your right knee slightly, lean back more, head up, eyes here, humour in your expression, now hold it - for about 30 secs. While lights were moved & switches clicked & I strained every muscle. The man seems to know his stuff & I hope they turn out well darling and that you like them. What price now

bashful wifely now? Eh? Put it
down to the freedom of the seaside
atmosphere drawing all inhibitions.
& certainly would never have done that
in Taow!

Traps arrive in 10 days so it is
not so long to wait as the Polyps
were. With any luck they'll arrive in
time for your birthday.

This afternoon we all got into
bathing suits & made the most of
the last day here. Frank had
borrowed a camera & took several
snaps of us & we paddled a built
sand-castle & generally had a
wonderful time. I reckon that it
would be heaven to have a couple
of bungalows by the sea one near

and get the whole gang together -
you can have such glorious fun by
the sea with mixed couples - even
the company of Frank today made a
different kind of atmosphere.

I feel absolutely fit as a
fiddle & I've acquired a tan
& shine to my hair. It really
feels as though we've been away
for a month. Sorry if my letters
have been a bit spasmodic, sweet,
but I'll really set down tomorrow
& write a budget.

All my love, darling, always,

Clare

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Polun. L.H. Westland.

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Mrs. Braganza

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