

(26) c/o N. J. Army Base Post Office,
Agar Street,
London.

27-4-42.

Dear Mum and Dad,

There was considerable excitement on Saturday night when I found five letters and a "Journalist" waiting for me in the mail box - two from you, two from Joan and one from Hazel. The latest was postmarked March 9, which made it quite recent. Joan enclosed a clipping from the "Tribune" - so we have been making the headlines again. It was good news to hear that Father's operation has been of some use. It will seem odd to be back at the Tourist again after so many years, Dad. I'm glad my bike is of some use, and it is certainly much better employed going to work with you on top of it than it was hanging up in the motor-shed. Wear it out if you can, but I think it's good for a few more thousand miles yet; you will add quite a bit to the old cyclometer total before you are through, I guess.

Now, Mother, your principal worry in life seems to be that I should have a cap which is "some protection for my eyes," so you will doubtless be pleased to hear that I have it. Actually, we have one of each - one peaked cap and a forage cap. The latter is far more

comfortable. Whoever told you about black socks was quite right, but my blue ones are going to come in handy when we eventually get posted to a station, as we are issued with an Air Force blue battledress for service wear. The socks which you say are on the way have not yet turned up, but most things seem to get here if one only waits long enough.

Hazel writes that she is sending some tinned stuff, which will be very welcome. Hope there is a spot of chocolate amongst the goods, as that is a real luxury. Please tell her I was very glad to get her letter; I wrote to her while I was on leave, so she should get that before very long. This is to be sent air mail, so should turn up a little earlier.

You make my mouth water with your talk of peaches, grapes, plums and so on; this is the right time of year to be at home — we will have to see what can be arranged for next season, as I miss my fruit.

We were to have spent a fortnight with the Army, studying their tactics and so on, but at the last minute they decided they didn't want us, and took a bunch of Canadians instead. So here we are back to this game of waiting for posting to a station. Two months now since I have flown — wonder if I can

remember how?

Among the casualties of the war there is one which I regret very much; granddad's pocket-knife is lost. I lent it to someone in Canada before we left Saskatoon, and as far as I can remember he didn't return it, so that is very sad. One can't seem to travel in the C.P.R. zone without losing odds and ends every so often.

So Bob Heath has been having fun and games. They don't like low flying in official quarters, but I know he would. By the way, some time when I am in London I may be able to find out his address and perhaps drop him a line.

You have been wondering, I see, how my camera partnership with Henry Cotton worked out; well, it was very satisfactory. He was still in hospital when we left Saskatoon, so he bought up my half, and I acquired another camera. We had a very simple scheme, and it worked 100%. I haven't heard any news since of how he is getting on, but he must be well and truly out of plaster by now, I should think.

This is a short effort, but there is really nothing new in the air, so it will have to be enough for this time. 'Bye-bye.

Love from

Arnold.