

17-5-42.

Dear Mum,

As you will see by the address, we have shifted camp considerably since I last wrote, and are now in Yorkshire. Harrogate used to be a health resort before the war, and is quite a nice place, although from our point of view it is not much of a step forward as it is just another centre for us to sit around in while awaiting posting. Tom has been posted and is to leave on Tuesday for a station where I believe they have single-engined trainers, but up to date of writing the Air Ministry appears to have forgotten about me.

You will be pleased to hear that the socks you posted months ago have at last caught up with me, as they arrived at Bournemouth just before we left. I heard there was a parcel somewhere in the town for me, but it had been sent to the wrong place and I spent hours trudging round from place to place, determined to get those socks (as I guessed it to be) before we left. Very nice they are, too, thank you very much — I have a pair on at this moment. I should write to Aunt Emma, but am not at all sure of her address, so in case

my note goes astray perhaps you can thank her for me whenever you write to her. As near as I can remember, she is in Westminster Street but I can't even guess the number.

Three letters turned up yesterday - one from Joan, one from Lin, and one from Vic, who was looking forward to spending a week-end on "Mrs Christensen's meals" after a long spell of camp fare. The letters were dated March 5 and 6, so your air-mail one of March 8 got across a good fortnight quicker. Just the day after Hazel's cable there was one from you and Dad, written away back in January, in which you mentioned posting a birthday cake; it hasn't turned up yet, but I'm trusting that, like the socks, it will catch me up before too long.

Did I ever mention taking some snaps of Mr and Mrs Ford in Ottawa? I left the film to be developed and posted on to me from Chicago, but it went astray somewhere and I am afraid all my good work may have been wasted.

We are doing lectures every day here now, but whenever there is some spare time I have been keeping the old mind occupied by going in for a spot of boating and tennis. There is a very nice little spot

called Knaresborough three or four miles from here, where there are boats, punts, canoes and so on, on the River Nidd. It is good exercise, and I've been out there several times during the evenings, as of course it is light here until very late. After that it is a nice walk "home" to the hotel. We have also been around the countryside a little, and have seen York Minster, a very famous cathedral, as well as Ripon Cathedral and the ruins of Fountains Abbey. York Minster has a circular staircase in a narrow tower, which winds up and up for 265 steps; I'm afraid you would never make it, and Hazel's knees would have knocked together for days afterwards. There were a couple of Waafs on the way down as we were going up, and one of them was scared stiff.

I hope there's somebody around to look after you, Mum, as I can't get home to do it myself, but I expect Hazel is on the job. Poor old Father; how I'll miss him when I get home and find him not there to welcome me. I'm waiting anxiously for news, but expect it will be weeks yet.

In the meantime,

Love from

Arnold.