

Parrogate,

24-5-42.

Dear Mum,

This week I know I have a couple of items of news which will buck you up quite a bit. To take them in order, in the first place last Monday, just after I had sealed up my last letter, my birthday cake arrived safe and sound, having followed me over from Canada. You wouldn't know just how much it was appreciated, either, for of course it was just choc-full of things that are rationed here. The tin had suffered considerably on the way over, but it had kept the contents in beautiful order. Fortunately the cake arrived the day before Tom left on posting, so he had a taste. By a curious coincidence, too, it was the day before the 21st birthday of an English chappie who is in the same room, so it fitted in fine for him too. And as for me - well, I appreciated it none the less although it was a little late for my birthday - that didn't affect the flavour in the least.

I have been wondering, by the way, who addressed the parcel for you, because it had quite plainly "L.C.B. Christensen N. C.," and of course you know my initials better than that, and so do Joan and Hazel. Tom

had a look and reckoned it was a C, too.

I had a note from him yesterday to say that he has landed on what appears to be a very good station, by the way.

The other item is that your air-mail letter arrived on Thursday - one written on April 7 or thereabouts, I mean. There was one from Joan, also written then, as well; and since the latest letter before that was March 9, I think air-mail must be quite a bit quicker.

There was a big long letter from Dad, the longest he ever wrote me. Of course he didn't say a word about how he was feeling, but I am wondering if he knew something even then. We were told at Bournemouth that there was not any chance of our being recalled home, and that in any event those who had been over here longest would go first.

It was good news to read that there are a couple of parcels on the way. As I have said before, we certainly do not starve here, but any extras that come along are more than welcome by way of a change. I suppose the one you mentioned having posted will be here in about a month.

I have started sending you and Joan three or four snaps every time I write, as I figure that way not so many can go missing.

as if I send a whole bundle at once. A good idea, yes-no?

I have been continually forgetting to tell you about a strange little coincidence on the trip across the Atlantic. As I think I told you, I had a cabin with three Aussie officers, one of whom was a day younger than I! Yes, sir, my ^{20th} birthday was on April 8, and his was on April 9.

Before I forget, if you want to write to my Mrs Steeves in Saskatoon, in case her letter has gone down, the address is: 338, 8th Street, Saskatoon. Her initial is J. In his letter, Dad said that Gallieno had been wondering whether I managed to locate their friend in Kitchener; maybe I told you in an earlier letter, but it won't hurt to mention that the town was off the main line and I couldn't reach it in time. However, a friend of cousin Jill's in the Bible Institute at Chicago knew the name, so she came from Kitchener, and was going to let them know she had seen me.

This afternoon I hiked out to Knarsborough to take a look at one or two little spots there which I haven't previously seen. They have a petrifying well where a steady trickle of water flows over a ledge and petrifies objects strung on a wire underneath. They have a weird collection of specimens there - a collar

and tie, a couple of bun hats, gloves, and even a stuffed pheasant. There is also the cave of Mother Shipton, a prophetess who lived about 400 years ago. I think she had one or two good guesses, but the old girl was a bit out as she prophesied the end of the world for 1881. Anyway I don't think much of her choice of habitation; it would be very draughty in winter.

To-day is, as it happens, Whit-Sunday, which is a great holiday for the English. They were crowding the river to-day, and the little Nidd was absolutely crawling with boats, canoes, punts and what-have-you. It has, for once since we came to Harrogate, been moderately fine. After the long spell of good weather at Bournemouth we are now having all the showers and clouds which traditionally belong to April. The weather-man evidently made a mistake last month, but he is more than making up for it just at present.

There is little else either exciting or interesting on the go in Harrogate, so for now I'll call it a letter.

Until next time,
Love from
Arnold J.

P.S. - I haven't tasted soup like yours since I left home. It had better be winter when I get back.