

Harrogate,
Yorkshire,

31-5-42.

Dear Mum,

This week has been another lucky one with the mail for me, with a total of 7 letters - one from Hazel and three each from you and Dad and Joan. Yours were all written in March, and filled in the gap between the March 9 and April 8 air-mail letters which had already turned up. The oldest one in the bunch was one from Joan, dated January 20. I have been checking up, and I don't think there is a single letter missing up to no. 24 of yours, so that is highly satisfactory; in addition, as I have mentioned in earlier letters, both my socks and the cake have arrived safely.

I do wish Dad's razor had reached him in time, but I think it was sunk all right as I posted it myself in Vancouver; probably it was held back because it was a parcel, whereas the stockings I posted at the same time went by letter-post and just caught the mail back.

I was very pleased with the snaps which came in one of the letters, as they certainly came out very well. I expect there was a batch of mail for Tom at the same time, so probably he will have them too by now. Joan's January letter enclosed a snap of her folks, so it has been

long enough on the way — over four months.

As you see, I am still hard and fast in Harrogate with about as little prospect of shifting as has the Rock of Gibraltar. However, I figure something is bound to happen soon, and in the meantime life is not too bad. There have been quite a few invitations in the mess for officers to go out a-visiting in the district, but up till yesterday I stayed put. However, yesterday there was a tennis party at Lady Illingworth's home, Markington Hall, so for the game I volunteered and had a very nice time. It is a lovely old house set in wonderful grounds; there were two good grass courts, and a remarkable afternoon tea was not the least feature on the programme. Maybe there is a war on, but you would never have noticed it there.

Actually, now that there is no immediate prospect of catching up with Tom, a little longer stay here might not be too bad, as there are some interesting items coming up; for instance, visits to factories and that sort of thing. Of course, I shan't be able to tell you much about that, as if we are able to look at these places they will be very "hush-hush." However, it should be what the guide-books call "very instructive," so I hope I am lucky.

Censorship of my letters from home has

robbed me of one little item of news, as some time ago I had a letter from Joan in which the censor had cut out a reference to where Keville is now stationed. In this latest batch she again mentioned the place, and again the censor chopped it out, so I guess it must be highly secret and I shall just have to curb my curiosity until after the war. Meantime, I don't even know what Service he is in.

So there were rumours around that we might be going back home from Canada? Well, as events happened, it would have been a very good thing, but it just didn't work out that way. We have heard, since we arrived here, that some of the chaps from the later drafts have been sent back to New Zealand but we stand no chance because those who have been over here longest will go back first.

During the week we had a lecture by what the newspapers would probably call "a very reliable source" on the war situation. It's another of those highly hush-hush things as far as the details are concerned, but I know it would have cheered you up quite a lot if you could have heard it, too, for though not over-optimistic it was definitely encouraging.

I don't remember ever telling you anything about our pay over here. Well, in me you

behold the possessor of a cheque book and—
actually a bank account to go with it! Yes,
all our pay goes directly in to any bank
we decide upon and we draw out of it to
suit our own requirements. We receive 14/6 a
day — £5-1-6 a week to you — but it is not
so much by the time we have paid mess
fees, laundry and so on. However, Father
need never have worried about my being
short of money because ever since I left
home I have managed very well "on income";
even if I did end up at Saskatoon with
only ~~an~~ five dollars to my name after that
trip across the Pacific, it was plenty and I have
never since reached such a low level.

I am wondering about my driving licence.
I see it expires at the end of June — not that
it matters a great deal, but I would prefer
to keep it up if possible as it may be of
use again some fine day. Do you know
what the arrangement is? I expect Mr Daine
knows what happens — could you ask him
if you see him some time, please?

That's the end of this budget, I think,
so I will call it a letter with love
from
Arnold.