

Salisbury,

11-7-42.

Dear Mum,

Once again I can start a letter by telling you that more N.Z. mail has turned up for me. Five letters this time - two from Joan, one from Hazel, one from Auntacthie and one from Vic. Hazel's was written half-way through April and included snaps of the neices in birthday raincoats and what-have-you, so she will be pleased to hear they arrived safely. They are very good. Vic wrote after having been to see you in April some time, and included an indoor snap of Joan and I before I left home - remember? He treated me kindly, but didn't treat Joan at all well as she was too close to the camera and consequently a bit out of focus. However, it was good to see that it came out at all.

It has been another very quiet week, the principal news being the change-over on to a real aeroplane, which is jolly nice to fly. Last night I went into Salisbury to do a spot of shopping, as we finished up early in the afternoon. It was my first trip into town since we arrived here, and I was going to see "How Green Was My Valley" by way of a celebration, until I saw the queues forming up. That settled the question, and I caught the

next 'bus out to camp. The English seem to queue up for everything and like it, but it is not my idea of how to spend a pleasant evening.

An item for Uncle Wattie - haircuts in this country range from 8d to 1/6, and I have not yet had a haircut in a swivel chair since I came to England. Maybe there are some decently modern hairdressing saloons around, but if so I have yet to find them. Fortunately, although they stick to four-legged chairs, they have heard of clippers - electric ones, at that.

We are flying at a subsidiary aerodrome now, and have our own private bus service to and fro each day. It is a sort of half-way finished station, so we have lunch in the shelter of a big marquee each day. Green peas and new potatoes it was on Thursday, too, and, to cap all, gooseberries! There is quite a good cook in charge, so it was just like Spring at home. Which reminds me that, since it is past midsummer here now, by the time this reaches you it will probably be Spring again in Sunny Hawke's Bay, so that's one more season's good things we'll miss.

Met a staff officer in the mess here the other day, an elderly chap who comes from Te Kuiti. He left New Zealand in 1914 and made his home over here; he said

he had been home once or twice since. He seemed particularly interested in Dameriske, as he knew people there and at Greenmeadows, but not the Fredericksens.

I was pleased to hear that your letter from Mrs Steeres in Saskatoon turned up. She was a jolly good sort, and I guessed you would be hearing from her as she had said she would write to you.

Well, Mum, I hope by the time you read this you will have had your holiday and will be feeling better for it. I am waiting now to hear how your financial problems straighten themselves out, too, as that is a big item.

And that, I think, is about all for this time, as in this quiet corner about the only news that ever happens can't be included in letters home. Till next time, then,

love from
Arnold G.