

Salisbury,
2-8-42.

Dear Mum,

There was quite a haul from the mail-bag this week, with another letter from you and a "Journalist," as well as two letters from Joan, one from Mr Rivers and one from Vic. The "Journalist" had in it one or two items about chaps on the late "Daily Mail."

There was a dance on here a couple of nights ago, and as I was amongst those not present, having gone early to bed, it took the mess staff a long time to locate me when a 'phone call from Tom came through in the course of the evening. The result was that the call kept on coming through until at a quarter past midnight I was hauled out of bed to answer it. Of course, by the time I reached the 'phone they had managed to lose Tom, so back to bed I went, frightfully pleased about the whole affair. Tom rang again last night, and this time we actually got through to one another. It was a bad connection, but better than none at all. He is on leave at present, and will still be on leave when I get my week off in a few days' time, so there'll be big doings.

Also in my mail bag was a letter from a nephew of Mrs Riack's, who said that she

had written mentioning me; they live in a London suburb, and he asked me to visit them so I must try and look them up. The name is Bathwick, in case Mrs Riach has ever mentioned them to you.

The aeroplane we are flying nowadays has been pretty much on the hush-hush list up till now, but as all the papers recently have had articles about it and photographs of it I gather the ban of secrecy has been lifted, so it should be O.K. to enclose the clipping I'm sending, just to let you know what it is like. There was a newsreel round a week ago with shots of the 'plane in action, so maybe you will see that at home one of these days.

There really hasn't been a great deal doing for me to record this week - just one day after another, with pretty much the same thing going on all the time. There was an exception this week, though, in the shape of a few exams just to finish up with. However, I hope these will be the last we will have for some time to come.

If there is no hitch in the arrangements for our leave Tom and I are going to try and get a day or two at Stratford-on-Avon, where I believe there is supposed to be a Shakespeare festival or something like that. The Shakespeare

Memorial Theatre there has quite a name, so it should be worth a visit. I flew over it on a cross-country a week or two ago.

Evidently Tom has mentioned that we were in with Ian Speirs, from Invercargill, for a while. He was in our course at Canada and was also at Taiari with me, but now like everyone else he is in a different part of the country. You would get on fine together as he was just as much pro-Invercargill as you are.

I, too, remembered June 14 as the anniversary of our going into camp at Levin. Tom and I didn't think then that a year later we would be over here in officers' uniforms. By the way - if you haven't by this time heard the record I made in Detroit, it must have gone astray, which is a pity. Also you have not said anything about hearing the record we all made before we left Canada; it was to have been broadcast in New Zealand, but maybe there has been a hitch with it, too.

Well, the news supply is running short this week so I'll close for now until next week.

Love from
Arnold G.