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W/T Section
Block H Room 7.
R.A.F. Station
Horsham St Faiths
NORWICH
NORFOLK.

MONDAY.

Dear Mum & Dad. & all,

as usual I have to beg your forgiveness for not writing. But I have the good excuse that I have been busy, and it is really true. I have been working all hours. Anyway I should have an half day off tomorrow. So I am going out to tea to Mrs Micklborough. I

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went there to supper last night.
(Sunday.) I had a lovely
time and supper too.

The weather has been
simply broiling the sweat has
poured off me in buckets.

Well its dosnt seem
likely that I shall be home
home yet, about 2·3 weeks.
It is a good 5 hrs travel.
Nevermind Ill make it if I
have to walk.

As I have told you
previously the job is very interst-
ing, The kites I work on
are Blenheims, they are not
bad. as regards speed

I think I will have
to ~~buy~~ buy some tools

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plies etc. Because I have to do quite a bit of repair work. inside the plane.

Perhaps you are thinking the writing is bad, well its because I am writing in a field that accounts for that

I expect I will go to the band - practice to morrow I really look forward to these as you know.

I dont think I have told you before, that this place is a second flanders (FLANDERS) there are poppies everywhere. When I look out from my window this place looks like some mythic carpet of rare pattern

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The field I am writing in is covered with them. The aroma they transmit is indeed exhilerating and inspires me. There is a silent zephes gently brushing the heads of these bienials and the ghostly fingers of dusk are weaving there patterns quere and wonderful in the sky. The trees pointing heavenward in a vain effort to reach the far beyond there long gnarled branches giving them there megesty almost divine; A lowly cot in the distance with a wisp of smoke ~~curling~~ drifting from its chimney meanders in the air in no definite

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direction. The sleepy corn to my right seems to say good night as in the dim light of dusk it wavers in the wind whilst on my extreme left there is small bundles of hay, the ~~effects~~ results of some age worn characters. With pipe in mouth and deep set eyes, the betrays of age and old hat slumped on his head, he slowly trudges to his home in the crest. His footsteps gradually diminuate to the soft crescendo of a nightingale. But alas it stops as if dead, all is quite ~~once~~ again but

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for the soft rustle of leaves and corn, — peace. — this England of ours.

Sorry to have kept you but I could not help it. Well to get back, I hope Joe gets on OK with his trumpet he should do OK if he perseveres.

Well sweat hearts all, My bed is calling, sorry the description is so weak. I have lost that skill I had at school

Cheerio

Love always

John