

My Dear Family:

It seems to me that many days have passed since I last wrote to you. I have been enjoying myself to the limit of my ability to do so in the absence of Cary and you all. I would give anything in the world to have all of you here. The country is heavenly, the people couldn't be more kind and international relationships are completely cemented. The days fly by. I have never had more work. Even those hectic days in the desert were nothing compared to the telephoning, meetings, arranging, ordering and supervising that I have been doing for the past ten days. I haven't done as much moving around the country as before, but there is enough to see within a few miles of the camp to keep me in a constant state of wonder. A week ago Sunday John Morris and I started out for a walk. We hadn't gone very far when a slight snow came along to interrupt it. We stopped at a lovely old farm near by under the pretext of looking at the house. We had a splendid afternoon. The house was built sometime before 1620 by a wicked old cuss who was later wounded at the battle of Shrewsbury. It is of the whitewashed stone type with oak frame that is unpainted. The walls are well over a yard thick. The beams in the cellar are of $\frac{1}{2}$ oak trees and solid as iron. The paneling, staircase and floors are the original ones. All have the rich well worn color of good leather. The house was complete with ghosts both dog and human. After being shown through the farm we were invited for tea. Home made butter, toast, cakes, real cream, and hot tea made the day complete. It was a great time. Yesterday also being Sunday, I took myself to horse and had an excellent but slow ride over the neighboring hills. My hostess was the Mayors wife. She and her oldest boy showed me the sights of the country. I had borrowed some boots, britches, and a mare off the local tobacco dealer and was set for anything. The latter is a fine citizen. One of the supreme conservatives who believes that the internal combustion engine was the ruination of the world. After seeing the life as led here I can see his point. Every one has a horse, either for driving or hunting or hacking. For an hour almost every evening I sit in the pub with the "boys" and have a share of their life. The Mayor is the Lord High Everything, and his following is about complete. The only more homely person in the town is his wife. Between the two they have beget some very handsome pinkcheeked children. The butcher, the fruit dealer, the quarry manager, and several prominent farmers complete their group. They run all sorts of charities, manage dances, and plan for the homecoming of their boys. They have taken us under their wing and there is nothing too good for us. I lost one of the gloves you gave me for Xmas mother, but not for long. The next morning one of the local Bobbies rode out to the camp on his bike to deliver it to me. How he knew where it belonged is beyond me. It is the little things like this that makes the life here so pleasant. On the ride Sunday we reached the highest point in the county. The day was misty and with the height sufficed to take me further away from the war than anytime since last being with Cary. We could see 8 counties from the spot. Last night I listened to the radio and went to bed. I miss but do not regret the commercial announcements on the radio. The programs are excellent, but they do not have the high class news casts that we do. The weather has been much like that of home. Cold, damp, with a touch of snow and fine clear days. I hope to be able to bring Cary back here for a month of complete rest sometime after we get settled down. A letter from Peggy came today. I will answer it on Wednesday of this week. It was good to here from her. She is the first beside you and Cary to write. This has been an extensive letter, one of the longest of the current series. I have a very little bit of work to do and then I am gone for an hour before going to bed. The town closes down tight after ten o'clock. Saturday eve Carl and I visited an R.A.F. officer's mess and enjoyed ourselves drinking their scotch, playing darts and snooker, and just talking. They were fine boys. It is good I think that we are on their side and not against them. They looked like they might be pretty rough in a fight. Best love to you all. I will V mail again this week

Gik → Family 19440200
Kington, Herefordshire, Eng.
Trans

Loves Kington people. Walker
to Harris Court (not named)
and love it. Rode with Myer's
wife. Borrowed horse and bit
from tobaccoist. Horses very good.
Enjoy evenings at local pub.
Warmest of welcomes from all.
Custom to Misses commercial
He and Carl Doffman visit RAF
mess. Starting to get mail.

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