P/O MORLDIGE A.B. J9762

R.C.A.F. OVERSEAS

ENGLAND

May 15, 1942

Dear Folks,

Just to make sure I write this letter on time I will start to right about now. It is Friday evening & the time is 0620. I have just returned from a little visit to the dentist where I made quite an impression. In fact I made two of them. One upper & one lower. No I haven’t lost half my lower teeth also I guess it was a matter of routine or [?] While on the topic of general health my cold is a lot better. In fact I can safely say, with my hand on some wood, that it is gone.

While I think of it and just to make my letter somewhat along the letter-home style keep the cigarettes coming will you please. We are rationed to thirty a week whether we can smoke them all or not. That is 4 2/7 cigarettes a day. Subtract that half cigarette for butts, three for a man’s three bumming friends & you only have one cigarette a day. Much more of this arithmetic and I’ll be a cigarette or two in the hole. I still have more pipe tobacco so fall back on old faithful. My roommate is out of cigarettes and sure reminds me of Ernest. You know “What’s yours is mine and what’s mine is my own.”

Nothing has happened in boring life that I can write about. No new excitements except common blackout occurances but we won’t go into them.

Now let me see where were we back home. Oh yes, the first letter of the two I received today told all about some bug army train crammed full of little gadgets which thrilled so many people, including the Morlidgs & especially Georgie, that it was an hour and one half but in departing. Tut tut what is this army precision coming to. From the sounds of things that train must have been very much like a circus. The stronger sex seemed to enjoy the sturdiness and all that stuff relating to the machines while the weaker sex seemed to appreciate the sturdiness and all that stuff relating to the kahki clad [?] So you weren’t around to see all the guns and things eh? Margaret? Poor Show Darling, I’ll bet they were handsome.

Among the important things that apparently happened back home in the week previous to your letter was a letter from Ernest & Florence. That must have been a surprise. Was there any promise of future correspondence or was just it a means of showing appreciation for Margaret’s apparent kind words. Then came Good Friday with its hot cross buns & all that. Sounds interesting and quite appetizing. But I imagine about the happiest thing concerning Good Friday was getting rid of Margaret & Delia for a while. It must have been a home of heavenly bliss back there without them. Don’t you think so Sis.

I have my tea every afternoon. It isn’t so much the tea that counts but what I eat with it. Well I’ll see you again after dinner if I can think of anymore to say!

Hello are you still with me.

Well I guess I have had all I am going to get for another day so I have nothing to do but wait till tomorrow when I shall start all over again. The food really isn’t too bad but we don’t get the delacacies which may be still floating around Canada. Just a hint for your next parcel.

I received letters from Auntie Eileen today also St[?] and Roy and a couple from Grace. I generally get the [?] almost weekly so am looking forward to the last issue which I am to receive.

I sent the last letter air mail so you have to pay for it yet. The required postage was apparently 1/3 but I was quite ignorant of that until the day after I had posted your letter. I also sent one to Grace with insufficient postage. Rather embarrassing to say the least.

 I am still working a good eight hours every day and sometimes find an hour or two of work to do in the evening.

Jumping back a paragraph or two I intended to send this letter air mail also. It would cost about 2/6 or sixty cents in Canadian money. They haven’t any stamps in the mess [?] so I will post it ordinary mail.

I am very sorry to hear of Father’s ill treatment in being around at eight o’clock in the morning. Terrible isn’t it Mam. These husbands don’t give you a person a minute rest. Always waking you out of bet at some unearthly hour of the night. Hey, whose side am I rooting for! I better be careful what I say I may be one of them there Hubbys myself some day. Do you think there is a chance.

There is an English officer in the station, a pilot officer observer by the name of “Smitty” who has nicknamed me “Cherub” Why? O don’t know. What they called me as long as it is isn’t late for dinner, was the least of my worries but the damn name seems to have stuck. In fact I get it all the time now.

Well I’m sorry about not being able to write a longer letter now. I’ll try harder next time. Keep those letters coming. I really look forward to them and above all to the time when I will be sitting around the family table again.

Love to All

Art.