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AIR LETTER

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~~C/o.~~ **D. S. T. O.**
BOMBAY.

L. A. ABBOTT, ESQ., 2ND. R.O.,



45 Bandra
~~C/o. B. W. M. S.~~
~~32, NICOL ROAD,~~
~~agents, R. S. S. N. Co. Ltd~~
BOMBAY, INDIA.

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Sender's name and address:-

MISS I. ABBOTT,
123, DOWNS COURT RD,
PURLEY, SURREY,
ENGLAND.



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22-10-40
2-9-40

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No: 46.

"Corbiere",
Purley.

5th August, 1943.

My dear Len,

Many thanks for your A.L.C. No. 10, dated 17.7.43., which, according to the post mark, was posted on 22.7.43. I received it yesterday, the 4th. Quick work, eh? I am so glad that you are receiving our mail reasonably regularly, too. Dad has just informed me that he has answered most of your A.L.C. to me. What a cheek!! I've just told him off, but it has had no effect on him (the reason being that he is out for a record score on the dart board!)

I'm not sure whether I told you in my last A.L.C. or not, but I have just joined the Kenley Tennis Club, of which Mr. Graham is Secretary. We play on Mondays and Wednesdays of every week, and I enjoy it very much. Apart from the Grahams, Dorothy Penny and Mr. Trotter, I don't think you would know any of the others who play even if I gave you the names. The majority are, needless to say, very good players, so that I do feel that I am improving my playing when I go down there. I hope so anyway! As I joined in the middle of the summer season, I only had to pay half the subscription - £1. 1. 0. If I continue to play throughout the winter there will be another £2. 2. 0. to pay. I'm very keen on doing so, but I am rather dubious about keeping my faculties in the very cold weather. I'd loth to make an exhibition of myself. I had a rather nasty turn coming home in the train one night a little while back when it was unbearably hot. There were seven people standing (me being one of them) and unfortunately I wasn't next to the window. Although I asked the girl next to me if I could exchange places, I don't remember ever getting there. I was all right again by the time we got to East Croydon, though. That was the first queer turn I had had since I played (or attempted to play) tennis with you early in 1942.

We are always very interested to hear about your sporting activities so don't get hold of the idea

that they bore us.

Margaret and I went hostelling over the Bank Holiday. We called first of all at Winchester (which I believe in the old days was the capital of England) on the Saturday and spent the whole afternoon looking over the Cathedral. As we went in the main door and looked down the centre aisle I was at once reminded of that sketch which you did of Wells Cathedral. The effect was rather similar, and was enhanced by the rays of sunlight which penetrated the stained glass windows. We then went on to the village of Soberton in Hampshire where we put up at a hostel. On August Bank Holiday Monday we visited the village of Chawton, near Alton, where Mrs. Swain was born and lived until she was married. We also saw the Church where she and Mr. Swain were married. Most of the cottages in Chawton had thatched roofs (with the exception of Jane Austen's house, which was a rather plain brick building) and I feel sure you would thoroughly enjoy yourself down there - with your sketch book, of course! I only hope I can remember some of these lovely places by the time you return and we can visit them again.

I don't think there is much news of any of the boys round here, except perhaps that I had the pleasure (?) of seeing Ronnie Mills the other day. He actually deigned to smile, too! Maybe, though, had he not been with his father he would have stopped to speak to me. He was wearing a very "loud" tweed suit which I have no doubt was American.

Dad has I think told you in his A.L.C. that Syd has been called up at last and is at the moment stationed in London, and that the family came up from Hastings over the holiday week-end. Unfortunately I was away at the time and so haven't seen him in his uniform. I don't suppose he is sorry to get into it after all this time. I gather he wants to fly a fighter and not a bomber. Daphne, from all accounts, was very upset at his going. Poor girl.

By the way, have you ever found time to draw her a sketch of a dog, which I said she would love to have some months ago now? If not, I am sure she would appreciate one from you.

Winnie and Tommy and the children are going down to Beer in Devon for a fortnight this Saturday. At the moment the weather is atrocious but it will, I hope, improve by the time the week-end arrives.

Aunty, Doreen and Joyce are coming up to spend their holiday with us on the 16th August. Renee and Raymond will be here to-morrow and will spend part of their holiday here and part of it down at Mrs. Middleton's. It was a shame they couldn't get away for a week this time.

Well, I usually try to fill all three pages, but I'm afraid I've run dry at the moment. So until next time, all the best, take care of yourself,

Your loving sister,

Iris.
X

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