

Friday August 3rd 1923

C/o O.D. Bisset
P.O. Box 283
Sydney

Dear family,

I can guess what you are doing! If everything has gone right you are at this moment in Preston at about 11 o'clock of Friday morning. Peter has been in to fetch the luggage from the station & now one is now washing the car or trying to find out why the brute didn't pull up that last hill so well or else gone to see Mule Blane about cadging a day's fishing. I can picture all you are likely to be doing with almost painful clearness & wish I was there, though it's quite possible you've not got to Plymouth at all yet. And I have a sort of funny feeling that I'm not writing in August but about the second week in September when you will receive this & will all be back at work again sighing for the joys of Dartmoor or the pines or suchlike. - Have you read Charles Lamb on "Distant Correspondence" yet?

I must apologise for writing in pencil but I left my fountain pen at the office tonight.

I received letters from Daddy, Gladys & Mavis - the first on Tuesday & the others on Wednesday. You certainly seem to have enjoyed yourselves Carmine week. I am delighted with the postcard

and I love the snaps. They convey much more than mere words could. I think they're fine & thank you ever so much for them. I can't help chuckling at Michael with the red handkerchiefs on his head. Doesn't he look cute?

I couldn't recognize Ivy at first. Tell her I think she looked very nice. How is her mother now?

This was the first time I knew definitely that Mary was up there. No one definitely said she was coming.

The papers etc which Edna has sent have not arrived yet, though probably they will tomorrow. I shall look for them eagerly. I am hoping Edna has written also - her version of it should be interesting. I am hoping the pictures sent will give a good idea of the procession etc.

I have given you most of the news in the enclosed budget. You will gather I am gradually becoming established here. I am also getting my work fairly well in hand. I have still a long way to go however. Actual knowledge of the skins themselves is what I need & I don't get much chance of acquiring that yet. I am however getting topsides gradually with my office work & hope to be not quite so busy in the near future.

Have I told you about the wart on my finger where I had one years ago? I got a little one there

& tried to burn it off with caustic & made it sore. I didn't worry about it much till it seemed to get worse & more like a boil. Then I took to bathing it with peroxide & spoke to a doctor at the club about it & went round to see him at his rooms. He tried to put the wind up me with absolute non-success. He suggested it might be a tuberculous sore & took a microscope slide from it. He of course found no trace of tuberculous germs or any others except "Staphylococci" which are always found in boils & pimples. They are old friends of mine! He has given me some strong antiseptic to treat it with & says if it doesn't get better I'd better have it cut out. I think however that it is getting a bit better now. He has quite concluded that it is only a "suppurating wart". He listened to my works & said they were quite alright so that some knowledge gained. My heart apparently was perfect.

I expect to have disposed of the wart ere you receive this one way or another. Anyhow that's all I have to complain of. — We ultimately came to the conclusion that what had made it look nasty was that I may have got some arsenic in it from the skins when it was sore. — They use arsenic to kill the weevils. — That's enough about the wart. I only mention it to show I hold nothing back from you about my well being. — You might think I would! — I know you!