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Miss Margaret P. Smith,

A day
out with Homerton College,

B.S.

from Purlechurch

Cambridge

Guildhall

Today I have been busy taking out my young brother by name Bob. First we went to the docks so that he could see an American destroyer there. All guns etc were duly admired, then he started popping questions at me, what were the anemometers and what were they for? How many stones were there on the flag and why? Where was the range finder etc etc ad infinitum.

Next we went to the News Theatre and saw (or sort) two

Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and lots of other cartoons including one French one.

After lunch - milk shakes and spam sandwiches - I took him off to the circus at one of the Bristol theatres. It was not a very good show, there were no lions and tigers but a lot of the smaller variety of Egyptian wild beasts in the gallery whose sole delight was to throw things at those below.

Bob of course is on

holiday and we have been
amusing ourselves playing
bows and arrows. I made a
couple of bows and some
arrows, he was particularly
pleased with one arrow
because I put a dent in
the front and the fact that
it will penetrate a "wood"
enjoys him with a sense of
marvelous reality. Bows and
arrows is a game we often
play and he knows the
different sorts of bow - the
short Egyptian or the long
English and can

demonstrate the different techniques to be used with each.

The other day he initiated me into a new game. We had to shoot the arrows into the air so that they come down into the hedge. He said that we were the Norman archers at the Battle of Hastings and the hedge was the Saxons; after a little he informed me that his last arrow had hit Harold in the eye and when my

arrow hit a tree in front of
the hedge that I was told
was the stockade the Saxons
built round themselves.

Following this I started
to tell him about Harold and
William. I got as far as the
battle of Stamford Bridge and
I could not remember the name
of the Danish King who
came over with Tostig - I told
Bob I could not remember, he
said - "Oh you mean Harold
Hadrada" - after that I went
back to playing bows and
arrows!

All my love,
George