

very few days. Their voyage may take ~~to~~ a long time, about as long as our ~~took~~ coming out here, perhaps two or three months to get home. After the service they invited a number of A.F.S. men into their home and served us coffee & cakes - the first good coffee I've had since ~~leaving~~ leaving home - it was wonderful. The minister (censorship prevent me from giving his name) took the addresses of our parents and said he would write them when he got home, and tell them where we were. I gave him your address as well as Aunt B's and he'll write you ~~and~~ telling you where I am now, but by the time you've got his letter I'll have moved up to the front.

Tonight I go to an all Beethoven concert on records given at a near-by club for soldiers. The program includes: Egmont overture, Violin Concerto in D Major, and Symphony No. 2.

The days are getting hotter & hotter. The Indian sun beats down relentlessly and each day is just like the preceding one. There is seldom a cloud in the sky and for once I'm getting tired of ~~the~~ too much sun shine. In a few months we'll be wishing for some of this sun.

Mother's ~~last~~ last letter of March 21 said that Peter Kellogg-Smith's ~~letter~~ <sup>second</sup> letter was forwarded to me. ~~I have~~ I received his first letter some time ago & thanks for forwarding the second one.

~~I~~ I get no chance to listen to the radio, <sup>here,</sup> but get a good deal of good music by listening to records. The news I get comes from reading pony editions of "Time" & the Progressive sent me by Aunt Tilde. I'm well, as usual. Love, Henry