

21, **V**
flu & a temperature. Thank you Mum for
the cake, & for the trouble of putting on the
outside cover. We usually feel hungry about
bed time, although we have a good hot
meal at 5 P.M. so for a while at least,
we shall be able to eat a piece of cake,
all the way from Sunny Nelson. Poor
Oscar, the tame mouse, is dead, so I
needn't be too careful about where I
keep the cake. Oscar became a bit of
a nuisance, so last night we hit him
on the head. He would keep us awake
at night with his rattling the tins &
things we have in benzine boxes on our
shelves above our beds.

I suppose, though, there will be others to
take his place.

I haven't received any mail this week.
I expect the air-mail service has had
to be modified or even cancelled. We