

Dear Mum + Dad,

19088 - Lieut. R. T. Street,
B. Depot - Adv. Base,
2 N. Z. E. F. - M. E. F.
21 March '45

Yesterday, I was

pleased to receive two letters from you dated 4 March, in which you tell of the visit of my two friends, Des McGovern + Mick O'Donnell. I'm so pleased ^{they called} to see you as they are both first class fellows + could tell you about things over here in Egypt. They called to see Edna, as you mention, + were going to call a second time on their return from Dunedin. I've heard from Edna in respect of their first visit - but not of their second. On my last letter to you, a few days ago, I put the wrong date: I had 16th. instead of 18th. However, that is only a detail. The news in this letter mainly concerns three things: a fire, a visit from Mr. Gordon (our High Com-
-missioner from London), + a fox which I fired six shots at this afternoon. The fire occurred in the early hours of ~~Sunday~~ Monday morning + involved a wooden hut in camp which was burnt to the ground. I happened to get up at the time you were going outside, I saw the smoke + flames rising above the trees. I put on my coat + boots + ran down the road to see the show. There was no hope of saving the hut, + the others on each side were almost red hot (They were made of tin.) Many Kivis were there squinting behind from extinguished out to the flames, but it was hopeless. This morning Mr. Bill Gordon spoke to the Kivis here in camp. We gathered about him under the trees + listened to what he had to say. He's a good sort, but is getting old. My friend John Locke knows him very well. It was a lovely morning, + after Mr. Gordon's speech, we sat on the grass listening to a military band of the 9th Lancers - a Tommy Unit. The music was first class, it reminded me of Hagley Park in the Spring when the band plays + the people come to see the bulls. Two afternoons, another officer + I went for