

Arches Hall

Standon

Herts

Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1958.

My dear Bob.

How can I begin to thank you for your delightful present, & how rude of me to be so long in writing to thank you for it.

It is entirely your own fault though, for every spare minute I could find, I was glued to your book; it was enthralling.

I knew AI had progressed very considerably, but that you could escort a stream of bombers & pick out the jemies from such a mass without any help from the

ground, completely baffles me.  
My son was here yesterday to see  
us, & promptly seized it from me.  
Perhaps it was just as well, for  
I had got under way with a  
second reading, & goodness  
knows when this letter would  
have been written.  
I knew of your crash old lad,  
& felt at the time that you had  
been at the wicket long enough  
to retire, & let the next man  
have a knock up.  
I did not know of the bomb incident,  
& trust your mother & sister  
escaped any serious hurt.  
It is good to hear you are married;  
my rather belated congratulations.



You & George a hat trick apiece;  
could anything be nicer.

I am not sure if I told you that  
there is a stud here, & in the  
Spring we are hoping for six or  
seven foals to be born.

If you & your good lady would  
care to bring your kiddies along,  
I expect they would love to see them.  
I shall be only too happy to give  
you all the information I can  
about the first scrap, & feel  
that I may be of some more help  
to you than I can be to Cobler;  
for I have an uncomfortable  
feeling that having taken such  
an inactive part in the last show,  
he will leave me with the feeling

that his time has been rather wasted  
at all events, I will do my level best.  
Most of all, I look forward to our  
meeting again, I hope in the very  
near future.

Will you convey my kind regards to  
your wife, & say how I hope one  
day we can meet, when I shall be  
able to tell her how you were the  
one man to get me out of a hole  
seventy feet deep, & gave me a  
glimpse of the real thing.

Get a move on with your next  
book.

Yours ever

Lemon

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