TELEPHONE
GRANGE 390.

OFFICERS' MESS,
ROYAL AIR FORCE,
CARK,
NORTH LANCASHIRE.

15/7/43

Dearest,

I hope you got the two letters I sent you at the beginning of the week. I seemed to spend a lot of time writing to you, all of a sudden, and now it seems ages since I last wrote.

I suppose the weather you've been having has been as bad as it's been here. We had strong winds at the beginning of the week, & the last two days have been really wet; I should think we've had several inches in the past 24 hours.

I went to the Woodie's on Tuesday. Their digs seem good - well furnished, plenty of light & sun, & almost next

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next door to the railway station + bus stop. The landlady was a nuisance at first, but now, it seems, she can't do too much for them.

They entertained me quite well, both with food and drink. Their sideboard is like a young pub, with whisky, gin, sherry + beer, but I contented myself with one glass of sherry. I don't know whether it was my fault, but practically the whole of the conversation turned on various drinking parties at Shawbury, + after the first fifteen had been described, I kind of lost interest in the ~~st~~ rest. Still, it was quite a pleasant change.

I've also had an invitation to spend an evening at Mrs. Boddy's, as she thought

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I should be feeling your absence rather badly. I am; & I accepted but I'm night flying tonight, & tomorrow is my day off, so I don't know when I shall go.

We had a bit of a flap this afternoon. I'd scrounged two aeroplanes, & I sent pupil A up in one, taking pupil B in the other, & arranged to give A some dual when I'd finished with B.

The circuit was crowded when I landed at 3.0 p.m., so I wasn't surprised to see A doing an overshoot. By 3.30, when most planes had landed, I began to wonder, & by four

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o'clock, everyone was in a flap. We decided that he must have lost his nerve & wasn't able to get down, so I jumped into the first plane I saw, intending to ~~formate~~ formate on him & so lead him down. I managed to catch up with him as he was approaching to land, & to my surprise he calmly went down & did a good landing.

When I got down myself, I was flabbergasted to learn that he'd ~~A~~ kept going round again (for two hours, mark you.) because he hadn't had a green from the A.C.P., & that wasn't necessary. The only thing the A.C.P. does is to give a red if he wants you to go round again. I was so

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shaken by his clottishness that I wasn't even able to tear him off a proper strip.

I discovered, after I'd sent the letter to Dad, that I'd forgotten to enclose the 10/- note. I'll do it next time.

No jobs in the Telegraph as yet.

I've become very abstemious lately.. Last night, while I was sitting in the mess, a sort of streak of obstinacy made ~~de~~ me refuse to have a drink with Riches & Facey & others. I shouldn't have minded one drink, but I couldn't have let it rest at that, & I didn't fancy paying for a round

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short drinks, so that I could have one. It was just as well I kept out of it, because after I'd gone, it became a real orgy, finishing up with a hose pipe playing in the Mess, & Riches being stripped practically completely.

I draw the line at that sort of thing, myself.

How I wish I could see you, darling. Life seems very empty without you.

All my love,

Harold.

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