TELEPHONE
GRANGE 390.

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

28/9/43
9.20 p.m.

Dearest, This will be my first night away from you – last night doesn't count – & I'm not looking forward to it a bit, even though I am fairly tired.

The journey wasn't too bad, although the trains generally were late – 8.20, not 8.0 p.m. from the Junction, arriving at Hereford at 9.10, in time for a cup of tea before catching the 9.20, which arrived at 9.40.

It was midnight when I reached Crewe & the train left at 2.10, so I patronised the three canteens in turn, having a cup of tea in each, & finished off your sandwiches, which were very good & almost more than I could manage.

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I had an hour's sleep between Shrewsbury & Crewe, & rather more than that on the way to Carnforth, where we were nearly an hour late. As a result, I missed the workmen's train that would have got me in to camp by 6.30 a.m. & had to wait for the 7.0 a.m., arriving at Cark at 8.0., just about twelve hours after I'd set off.

I didn't feel very tired after it, but I sat in the flight office all morning, determined not to fly unless it was necessary. Fortunately we had to hand all our chutes in today for checking, so we couldn't fly this afternoon.

Percy was full of apologies when he saw me; he hadn't sent the stuff because he'd lost my letter with the address in — a clottish thing to do, wasn't it?

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It seemed such a silly business that I couldn't help laughing at him.

The C.F.I. is being replaced on Oct. 11th, by a new man, but he's staying here until they can decide what to do with him.

The A.O.C. is being given a "bowler hat", i.e. retired from the service. Everyone at Cark is pleased because of the fuss he created here this summer. We are hoping to get on better with the new man.

A Staff pilot (F/O) & a Waaf officer, have been posted to other units because of the way they kept carrying on here. They were both married, too.

That's all the news I can think of for the moment.

Thank you very much,

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darling, for the wonderful time I had with you. You kept making silly remarks about my being loved, but as long as I can have you, I am so utterly content that it doesn't matter what I do. Please thank your Mother & Grace too for having me.

I want to go to bed early, so that's all for now.

All my love, darling,

Harold.

P.S. I got my last set of law papers returned by the Post Office marked "Gone Away". I'm going to send them to the secretary in London for him to forward.

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