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TELEPHONE
GRANGE 390.

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

30/9/43

Dearest,

It was simply grand getting your letter this lunch time, & it cheered me up no end.

I thought I should be very keen & ready for work when I came back, as I'd had such a good leave & was feeling so fit, but everything seems to turn to dust & ashes now that I've left you. I wish I could go back & chop some wood for you & then have a game of bridge this evening, but actually, I'm on night flying, & have spent the afternoon in bed.

The weather hasn't been good since I've been here; we've had very little flying weather, & I doubt if we shall fly tonight. It was a good job I didn't get back on Monday night because everyone said the weather was

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trouble, & I should have got wet through walking to the camp.

Basher has been posted to a staff job at Plymouth! It looks like promotion for him, but he doesn't want to leave.

Wyver's little boy has had a slight hernia, & has had to go to Horsecastle for an operation. Bad luck, isn't it?

Wyver was wild yesterday when he discovered that the C.O. had taken his cartoon (the cartoonist has been here again) to hang up in the Mess. Pretty cool, wasn't it, to walk off with it & others without so much as a by your leave. Anyway, I found it in the bar today, & have hidden it until Wyver comes back from his day off.

I expect I shall be O.C. night flying tomorrow for a week. I don't mind, as I shall be able to get home on Friday for the concert that evening, but it is rather a bore, as the nights are

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so long now.

I'm sorry you didn't sleep well on Monday. You shouldn't worry about me, as I'm really looking after myself pretty well, & am very fit, thanks to you & the leave.

It strikes me that it's a good thing you didn't stay on at W. Iweton, or you might be occupying a coffin instead of your successor.

All my love darling,

Harold.

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