Cork.

Wednesday.

Dearest,

I expect Grace told you about our journey to the station. I made it with a couple of minutes to spare.

At Pontypool Road, there was nearly 20 minutes wait, but the train didn't arrive until 2.30, and I reached Crewe at 6.0 p.m. Then the fun started. We didn't leave Crewe until 7.15, & after a slow journey (including an hour's wait outside Leyland, reached Carnforth at 12.15. At 2.45 a.m. the whip arrived, & I was in my billet by 3.30 a.m. Pretty amazing, isn't it? It made me wild to think I could

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have left Newhouse at 7.30 p.m., after another 7 hours with you, & still have had a better journey & probably more sleep.

To crown everything, the room was freezing cold & I think the sheets must have been damp because I had the coldest bed I've had in my life, I think.

Still, I feel fitter today than I've felt for a week, so obviously I've caught no harm.

I've been wondering how you're feeling & how you've been getting on. I hope

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your improvement is continuing.

We had a great time together on leave, didn't we. I think, looking back, it's probably even better for us to be ill occasionally on leaves. I don't know if I can say just what I mean, but I didn't marry you just to be able to take you out, or have you cook + mend for me, but because I wanted us to share the whole of our lives — "in sickness + in health" in fact, with an emphasis on the "death do us part" idea.

What I'm trying to get at, I think, is that being ill

is one of the ways we can get closer to one another, & the closer I can be to you, mentally & spiritually far more than physically, the better I shall be pleased.

If the above doesn't make sense, please forgive me, darling, & remember that I send you

All my love,

Harold.

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