Fiskerton.

Wed 9.0 p.m.

Dearest,

I wrote a letter to you this morning, but it was rather a hurried effort, so I'm starting again. Besides, two letters from you in one day deserve another from me.

Today is the first time I've had a chance of looking round, as it were. It's also the first night since I've been back that I haven't flown, so I'm hoping to get to bed early & recuperate.

It's been an easy day for me, fortunately. Practically the whole of the afternoon I spent over at the dispersal, getting to know the ground crew. I went & had

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a chat with the Flight Sergeant, & then he introduced me to the various sergeants (there are 6 sergeants in B flight!).

There's a new aircraft coming to the flight in a few days time, V for Victor, so I'm having that for myself. I thought it sounded better than the other new one W for Willie, which to me sounds a bit soft. I'm also going to have a picture on the side, but I haven't decided yet what it is to be. I rather fancy the college badge - the lamb & flag, - but I don't think the rest of the crew like it. Have you any ideas?

After tea today I paid a quick visit to Spalford, very quick, in fact, because I was

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back here by 7.30, before it was dark.

I had a chat with Mrs. Inch Smith. She has sold 5 lbs of tomatoes & has more than that ready for Friday this week. Unfortunately they aren't ripening too well, as the sun doesn't get very hot nowadays, and anyway we're having more mist & fog than sun at present. She has two large piles in her window sill, as she says they ripen just as well there as outside.

The man from the sugar beet factory called, & left two letters for you & her to sign, in order to notify the factory of the change of ownership. A letter also came to the Inch

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N.B. the sugar beet letters don't need to be signed before the 30th.

Smiths from the C.W.A.E.C., to tell them what to grow next year. Harry (is that his name?) has written to tell them that you are taking over.

They haven't got a house yet, & will have to store their furniture while she goes to her mother's & he lives in digs. I thought that would happen, didn't you? The C.W.A.E.C. is willing to requisition a house, she says, but there isn't an empty one they can requisition! Not that I've any sympathy for them. I hope they enjoy the next few months!

The petrol people have had the nerve to turn down your petrol application, & have sent

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you no petrol at all! Poor show, isn't it? Trevor has also applied for petrol for shopping, & he's now wondering how he's going to go on.

I got a letter from Mother today. Dad is feeling much better & is back at work. She says the street lights in Albert Road look wonderful. She also says "Advise Lilian to go slow for a bit with her house fixing; give her my love."

The furniture estimate seems fair enough to me, especially as we had budgeted for £30.

We certainly shan't want Mrs. Gibson's rooms after the 2nd, & shall be very glad to get out of them. I didn't see her tonight, as

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there was no one at the farm.

I don't think I'd better say much about being a senior officer; actually, except from the personal satisfaction at being promoted, & getting more pay, I think the disadvantages outweigh the advantages. The trouble is that I have to be available & be responsible for what is happening while as a P/L. I could cut loose & disappear.

A.L. Rowse's book is quite interesting, but I feel he is very prejudiced & rather conceited & almost snobbish, a strange thing for a socialist intellectual. I think I'll be able to send it on tomorrow, as I'm going to finish it in bed tonight. (By the way,

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I've got my electric fire going tonight, the first time since last winter. It's quite cosy in this room with it on).

About the cooker. I should have thought a fairy Esse would have been large enough (2 ovens) but we can talk that over later. I was wondering whether I could go to Nottingham before you come, but I'm afraid it will be impossible. There won't be time during my 48 (I suggest Oct. 2nd + 3rd), but my next leave starts on the 26th (I think) so we could go together then. We ought to be O.K. for money right away, but perhaps it will do no harm to wait a month.

I've been playing with

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the car headlight tonight & think I have made it O.K. for night driving. It still badly needs a re-bore, & I was wondering whether it would be worth while having it done & keeping the car, if it could be done, say, for £5. Freddy tells me he has found a Ford 8 with reconditioned engine in Cardiff & he says it would suit me very well. — price £45. What do you think about it?

That's all for now.

All my love, darling,

Harold.

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