

No 1319229 SGT. DUNN F.
SGTs MESS, R. A. F. STATION,
LONG MARSTON,
STATFORD-ON-AVON,
WARWICKSHIRE.

Dear Sis & Bro,

Thanks for letter
received to other day.

This is Sunday a.m and not
my regular Sunday morning
of a "lay-in" and general
lugging about. Instead, many
others and I wait for the
weather to clear, and half hope
for a flit this morning. The
waiting time is suitably spent
in the Intelligence Library. Others
are recovering from a glorious
"piss-up" last night, whilst
the more energetic indulge in
a game of brag (if there's any
money left) the stakes are pretty
high, and in consequence I
heep off it
last night a dance was held
at the Sgts Mess. Well, they
called it a dance, but as a

bar had been ⁽²⁾rigged up - that was the greater attraction. There were limited quantities of short stuff and trays of beer. Women were pretty plentiful, but the majority of 'em moaned because of their sex attraction was not a patch on that of the beer. Anyway, having got into my stride a bit now, I invited a WAAF, and we danced most of the time. There were short breaks for a short drink or two, but we managed to keep away from the drunken crowd. This girl is rather mysterious. Staring had no experience with English WAAFs before. I was at some disadvantage. Apparently, most of 'em are sex-starved, and I don't really know how to tackle it. Any suggestions?

By the way, the cousin Squadron leader was shooting the shit about my present stage of training. With all due respect to officers of the R.A.F., I think I have

a better idea of ^{of} this job than
he has. The period of training
varies very much. The weather
has to be considered, and various
other contingencies which cannot
now be discussed.

This week has proved to be
rather inactive, except for lectures
in a bloody cold hut with
one stove which works sometimes.
Have I told you about that
Stavogate woman yet? She
wanted to come and see me.
Well, I cooled that down,
and she has since apologized
for being so fast. Still, she
writes me 8 page letters, and
as my brain capacity is
only limited to 6 pages, I
have a job to keep up
with it.

Yes, I have had a cold
too. However, it has never
gone further than my head,
but it's a bloody nuisance
too seemed to have caught
a beauty too.

Twice this week, we have tried
to get a 48, but no luck.
I can't understand it. Even
on the excuse that the meter
was ill - it didn't work.
Some blokes in other flights
get 'em regularly but we get
sweet F. A.
I still have to get out of this
one camp, but without a like
it's pretty hopelers.
Well, that's all,

So, Cheerio for now
Bro. Fred.

P.S. Kind regards to many
and all the folks.

P.P.S I haven't spent much
money here. So it's a case
of saving up for that
matrimonial affair which is
not in sight yet.