



HQ. 14. GROUP.

RAF. INVERNESS.

TUESDAY.

DEAR UNCLE BILL - OTHERS.

I KNOW A HELL OF A LOT BETTER WAYS OF
USING PAPER THAN WRITING TO YOU NON-RECIPROCKING
LUGS: FOR THE LAST TWO MONTHS THE SOLE
TOPIC IN YOUR LETTERS HAS BEEN THAT YOU
WERE TWO UP ON ME. WELL, AT THE PRESENT
RATE OF RECEIVING LETTERS FROM P.R. I SHALL
BE ABOUT TWENTY UP WITH THIS ONE.

INTERLUDE FOR THE MUSIC:-

FOR MORE THAN A YEAR I HAVE LABOURED,
AND HELD THE WRONG END OF THE STICK,
WHILE THE CHEERS OF THE BLOKIES LEFT BEHIND ME,
CONTINUE TO MAKE ME FEEL SICK.

I'VE DELAYED THE DESPATCH OF THIS LETTER
SINCE THE DAY THAT I WENT AND JOINED UP.

BUT I NOW WISH IT PUT UPON RECORD
THAT SOMEONE, HAS SOLD ME A PUP.

I'VE ABOUT HAD MY FILL OF SQUARE - BASHING
AND SLINGING A RIFLE ABOUT

NOW THE RED-LETTER DAY IN MY DIARY
IS THE ONE WHEN I'M PUSHING OFF OUT.

IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T LIKE THE SERVICE

IT'S EASY - IT'S CHEERFUL AND BRIGHT

BUT I GET SUCH A LOAD, OF INSULTING REMARKS

EVERY TIME YOU DAFT PERISHERS WRITE.

IN THE YEAR THAT HAS PASSED, I HAVE WORN OUT MY FEET
ON PARADE GROUNDS ALL OVER THE PLACE

AND I'VE SUFFERED A LOT, OF DISTRESS AND DESPAIR
IN UNFORTUNATE LAPSES FROM GRACE.

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BUT I SUFFER AS WELL, FROM SOME DIMWITTED CLUCKS,
WHO WHEN WRITING TO ME SEEM TO THINK
THAT I SPEND ALL MY TIME IN ELYSIAN FIELDS
SURROUNDED BY WOMEN AND DRINK
I'VE BEEN TO SOME SPOTS IN MY TRAVELS
AND ITS NOT BEEN SO BAD ON THE WHOLE
BUT FOR HOLE'S AS THEY GO, THE HOLE I'VE JUST LEFT
AS A WHOLE, WAS A HELL OF A HOLE.
BUT THE TROUBLES AND TOIL THAT I SUFFER
DONT SEEM TO PRODUCE ANY TEARS
FOR MY HARDSHIPS AND TRIALS ONLY SEEM TO GIVE CAUSE,
FOR AMUSEMENT AND THREE HEARTY CHEERS.
BUT IN CASE YOU SHOULD THINK YOU CAN DO IT
WITHOUT SOME REPARTEE FROM ME
I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT - THAT I'M BIDDING MY TIME
AND I'LL WAIT FOR THE DAY PATIENTLY

WHEN THERES ONE OF YOU WITS, WITH A PEN IN HIS HAND
ATTEMPTING TO RIDIE ME WITH VERSE

AND YOU'LL ALL REALISE, AS THE STORM REALLY BREAKS
WHAT IS MEANT BY AN A.C.2'S CURSE.

THE NEWS, AS SUCH, IS AS USUAL, NON-EXISTANT
I AM DOING JUST THE SAME AS I WAS YESTERDAY.
AS I DIDNT WRITE THEN YOU WONT KNOW WHAT IM
DOING TODAY SO IT DOESNT MATTER IF I DONT TELL
YOU. THE WEATHER IS ABOUT THE SAME TO.

I HAVE, MUCH TO MR. HUNTS CHARGE, BEEN OUT ON
THE BELT IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO FORGET MY SORROWS. IT
TOOK ME TWO HOURS HARD THINKING TO FIND A SORROW
SO THAT I COULD GO OUT AND DROWN IT. THE BEER IS
AS USUAL, PRETTY GOOD AND HAVING BEEN OUT OF
PRACTICE FOR SO LONG I FOUND THAT THE EXERCISE
ENTAILED MADE ME VERY TIRED. I COULD JUST WALK
AND THAT'S ABOUT ALL. TOMORROW NIGHT I MUST
FIND OUT JUST WHAT HAPPENED. I WAS EITHER OUT



WITH A SMALL SAILOR OR A BIG WAFF AND I
DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT BENDING.

I DOESN'T SEEM AS IF I AM DESTINED TO HAVE
MY MUCH AWAITED LIBERTY FOR LONG. I HAVE BEEN
WARNED TO BE PREPARED TO GO BACK TO THE ISLE
OF SORROWS AT A DAYS NOTICE. AT PRESENT I AM
ON MY KNEES PRAYING FOR SNOW AND PLENTY OF IT.
IF MY JUTING LAST NIGHT TURNS OUT WRONG I SHALL
OF COURSE CANCEL THE PRAYERS.

THERE IS A HELL OF A LOT OF NEW FACES
UP HERE, BESIDES PLENTY OF OLD ONES THAT
NEED CHANGING. IN FACT I AM MYSELF BEING
LOOKED UPON AS ONE OF THE OLDEST INHABITANTS
AND POINTED OUT AS A MAN WHO HAS WITHSTOOD
THE RIGOURS OF A SCOTTISH WINTER AND
4 MONTHS PROXIMITY TO THE A.T.S BARRACKS.
I EXPECT TO HEAR FROM SOMEONE WHEN

DOUG. HAS FINISHED WITH HIS PEN AND THEN I
MIGHT HEAR A BIT MORE NEWS. BUT DON'T
WORRY ABOUT WRITING IF THINGS ARE OK, BUT
LET ME KNOW IF THEY ARE WRONG AND GIVE ME A
LAUGH. THANKS FOR THE BOOKS ETC. KEEF OFF
THE GRASS AND KISS JACK DENNY FOR ME.
REMEMBER ME TO ONE AND ALL.

PETE.

P.S. ITS A PITY THE TWO BLOODY INVENTORS
DONT INVENT SOMETHING TO TEACH "OLD
IVORY" HOW TO WRITE.

P.P.S. AND TO SPELL.