



Sunday 09.30 a.m.

Dearest,

The R.A.F. seems to be very concerned about my soul today, because I have to attend Church Parade this morning - the first time I've been to an Air Force service for 3 years. Sunday is our day off, but the authorities seem determined to make it as useless as possible, first by having it on a Sunday, and then by giving us a clothing parade at 9.0 a.m. (so that we can't stay in bed) and then this Church Parade.

Anyway, we've only three more days lectures now, and then we go to Tunwester on Thursday.

This place is proving very unsatisfactory as far as law is concerned. Apart from the fact that I haven't got a room to myself, after eight hours lectures a day I just don't feel like studying, & I haven't done any yet. Moreover, they seem to enjoy thinking up something to do after 5.30. What with extra film shows, dental parades, and the like, we've only had one evening this week when we finished at 5.30. Pardon all this moaning, but

just trying to give you an idea of the sort of life we have here.

Thank you for the washing darling. It really was very nice of you to do it for me.

The P.T. hasn't proved quite so much of a boggy as I feared. We've been down for it four times, so far, but I've only done it twice. The anticipation part is the worst - sitting in a cold lecture room for ~~four~~ those hours & looking forward to changing into thin P.T. kit.

There doesn't seem to be much to say today, except to repeat how much I miss you. It's a very strange existence, this, carrying on from day to day & yet all the time feeling that the most important part of my existence is at the other side of the country. Everything seems so unreal, somehow, as though one were living and moving after one's body had been cut in two. I never feel complete unless I am with you.

All my love,  
Harold.

P.S. Bank statement enclosed

National Provincial Bank Limited  
Walsway,  
24, Milford St., Bath. Branch.

1st February 1944

G/O. R. Gordon,

R. A. F. Station,

Croft, in Eastmell, Lanes.

Dear Sir,

As requested, we beg to advise you that at the close of business on the 1st February, 1944, our books showed the following balance at the credit of your account £149.9.7 (One hundred and forty nine pounds, nine shillings and seven pence).

Yours faithfully,  
W. J. Walsby  
Manager.