

TEL.
SILVERSTONE 252



OFFICERS' MESS.

ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION,

SILVERSTONE,

NR. FOWCESTER,

NORTHANTS.

Scampton,
Lincs.

17/5/44.

Dearest,

I haven't got any envelopes or labels at present, but I am writing this evening in the hope that I can borrow an envelope.

I hope your journey passed off O.K., and that Grace met you at the Junction. Mine wasn't very good. It took about ten minutes of wandering round the station after you'd gone before I found my porter & got the luggage stowed away.

The journey to Lincoln was O.K. except that I had to change at Retford. I reached Lincoln at 4.0 & couldn't get transport for my luggage until 6.0. By then there was a mob of at least a hundred, all with three or four pieces of luggage, so that I had to organise the whole thing (there

would have been a mad rush + a complete shambles otherwise), and so did not reach Scaampton until 8.0 p.m. - on the second journey of the transport.

Derek + an observer + I are sharing what used to be the sitting room of ^{one of} the married quarters. It's a bit crowded for three, but I expect we shall cope O.K. The Mess is very comfortable, but like this room, is also crowded.

The course here seems to last for three weeks at the outside + is a piece of cake - no P.T., scarcely any drill, lectures or games from 8.45 - 4.30 and one day off a week.

From here we seem to be certain to go to Swinderby, Winthorpe, or Wigsley, so that Lincoln would be a very convenient headquarters for you



3.

That food of Freddie's was sold when he got home, but he apparently hadn't the sense to let me know. Perhaps you'll look out for one at home + I'll do the same here.

I expect you've felt as despondent today as I have at losing you. Cheer up, pet, + enjoy yourself at home.

That's all for now, except thanks for everything.

All my love,
Harold.

P.S. The gen I've given you is derived from a member of 79 course. I'll get the pukka gen tomorrow, when they give us the usual introductory talks.