

Scampton.

Wed. 12.00 hrs.

7/6/64.

Dearest,  
I was going to write to you last night, but was unable to do so.

I collected the car on Monday night. It certainly runs very well & seems to have nothing wrong with it - except, perhaps, the fact that ~~40~~ 40 m.p.h. is its top speed.

Swaby hadn't much petrol on Monday, so he just gave me enough to take me to Scampton & back, & then I collected some more (2 galls) last night. I took a car-load with me, because an Australian on the course wanted to buy Swaby's Ford, so I took him & a friend out too.

The rest of my time yesterday I was either busy packing or talking to blokes who were continually dropping into our room yesterday. As one of the blokes said, "This course has gone cat mad."

We've got only half a gallon coupon for the journey, as it is less than 18 miles to Wigsley.

The invasion doesn't seem to have caused much excitement here (The "Times" went mad, however, its headlines were in point  $\frac{1}{2}$ " big!). My chief feeling, apart from relief now it's started, is regret that I wasn't on that raid on Monday night.

There seemed to be lots of things I wanted to say, but I'm writing this in the Mess & find it hard to concentrate.

Anyway darling, you can be sure that I shall use as little of my petrol as possible, so that I shall be able to take you out in it. I really begrudge every teaspoonful I use until the time when you are sitting next to me.

All my love, darling,  
Harold.