



S/Ldr. H. Gordon

OFFICERS' MESS,

R.A.F. STATION,

FISKERTON,

Nr. LINCOLN.

14/9/46.

Dearest,

The course ends tomorrow lunch time, much to my relief. I'm getting lots of good gen, but it's a bit tiring to sit all day in a lecture room, & I want to get back to my job.

I'm afraid that I strayed from the straight & narrow a bit last night! There's a Canadian W/Cdr. in the room opposite me, so I invited him to go to Lincoln, have a meal, & go to the flicks. The meal was all right but the flicks were hopelessly crowded, so we went into the White Hart for a drink. Who should come in but Botting & half the squadron. We were ~~more~~ promptly compelled to

spend the evening with them, and although I used your Fabian tactics it was very difficult. To crown everything, I had to drive back in the dark, & that was no joke.

I had a great surprise yesterday. Whom should I meet in the mess but the one & only Jake, whom I last saw nine months ago at Cark! He opened his eyes a bit when he noticed that I'd been promoted - he last knew me as a 7/0 - and altogether he seemed more subdued than of old. At least three units have got rid of him since he left Cark!

We finish the course at lunch time tomorrow so I am going to do some shopping in Lincoln, collect my electric fire & other things from Manor Farm, & then go back to Fiskerton.

It seems very strange



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not to hear from you or to be able to go over & see you. I shall be jolly glad when you are back again. I told Botting that I wanted to have my 48 later & he seemed to think it would be O.K.

All my love, darling,
Harold.

P.S. There was a bit in today's paper about the R.A.F. making a list of the teachers in the air force - not for early demobilisation, - but so that they could teach airmen who needed preparation for civil life.