



OFFICERS' MESS,

ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION,

SYERSTON, *Fiskeston*

NEWARK-*Lincoln*

NOTTS.-

Tuesday 10.30 a.m.
19/9/44.

Dearest,

I very much wanted to write to you yesterday but I wasn't free for a moment (sounds like a lie, doesn't it but it's true!). Last night was the third night in succession that I flew as I've been trying to get myself trained to operational again.

I feel that I shall be caught in the same mad rush again today when I go out, so I am taking the precaution of writing this before I go up to the Flight.

I don't know if the new black-out rules have made any difference to you. On Sunday night it was quite a thrill to fly over Nottingham & see the streets marked by lights, the whole resembling the skeleton of some monstrous octopus.

I was very pleased to get your letter yesterday - doesn't it seem ages since I left Newhouse! I'm glad to think that you may be back a week tomorrow; it's most unpleasant not to be able to go over to see you.

I've got the new railway voucher & am enclosing it in this letter. The humble F/B who is acting Adjutant at present nearly fell over himself in his eagerness to do things for me! The crew are catching on, too. The Engineer was trying to get a torch from Stores yesterday. He was told no, & so spurred them on to greater efforts by saying that his skipper S/L Boston, had told him to get one! Still, I don't think I've a swelled head, as I don't get enough time to think about it.

Dave's best friend went for an S while we were on leave. Consequently, he's feeling very



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bloodthirsty + aggressive at
the moment.

Freddy has fixed the
hands of your clock, but at present
it's gaining a lot + I'm trying to
regulate it.

All my love,
Harold.