Fisherton. Thurs.

Dearest,

It's 9.30 p.m. & I've just come back from an evening out with Derek. He's a very pleasant companion, but all the time I was wishing I was with you, & also feeling a bit ashamed to be having dinner out & going to the flicks, when you are stuck at Newhouse. I hope you don't mind too much darling, because if we can get the chance, we'll have a lot more evenings like that & better.

I started playing around with my car headlight last night, & have now arranged the beam so that it's quite tolerable to drive at night. I was a bit anxious about that, because I didn't

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know how I was going to manage now that it gets dark early.

I saw Morris at the pub where we had dinner. He's still a F/L, & was a bit shaken to see my promotion. As usual, he'd got a Wasf officer in tow.

There's been nothing doing today, but I'm hoping we shall start working soon. I've already acquired 5 bars of chocolate for you (& I keep the sweets & the broken bars for myself). I thought of sending them, but I may as well wait till you come now.

I hope I shall be able to meet you at Newark but I shan't be able to tell until the actual day. It's Derek's 21st birthday on Saturday & his godmother &

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some other family friend are spending the week-end in Lincoln to celebrate it. It's quite possible that he won't be able to go & see them if we're working, because for the first four days we were here & after leave we couldn't get out at all.

I hope you're keeping fit darling, & not working too hard over your packing. I can't tell you how much I'm longing to see you

All my love,
Harold

P.S. The Adj. tells me that my missing allowances have now been paid into the Bank. I've asked the Bank for a statement so I shall be able to check up on it.

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