

The image shows the front cover of a small, brown cloth-bound book. The cover has a fine, woven texture. In the upper center, the words "SERVICE" and "DIARY" are embossed in a serif font, stacked vertically. The text is enclosed within a double-lined oval border. The book shows signs of age, with some wear and discoloration, particularly along the edges and corners. The spine is visible on the left side, showing the binding structure. The book is set against a dark background.

SERVICE
DIARY

VOLT, TEL-6
RINGS ROAD
LYNDHURST, N.S.W.

COLLINS

SERVICE

DIARY

ONE PAGE FOR EACH DAY.

WITH CASH SUMMARY
AND INDEX



COLLINS' BROTHERS & CO. LTD.
SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, AND BRISBANE

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

1 LYNDHURST, N.S.W.
30/12/44

Should any person
find this diary, and
not be able to trace
me, please be good
enough to return to
my wife -

Mr R. Macdonald
c/o King New South
Wales,
Cairns,
Queensland,
Australia.

To Mac
with love from my little
28.9.41.

Brisbane.

A Brief Diary of
Events and places
visited from 1st Oct. 1941.

402080 R. Macdonald R.S.
W.A.G.

R.A.A.F.

1/10/41.

x^s indicate letters to migrate.

CALENDAR, 1941

	JANUARY	JULY
SUN.	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27
MON.	⑥ 13 20 27	7 14 21 28
TUE.	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29
WED.	1 8 15 22 29	2 9 16 23 30
THU.	2 9 16 23 30	3 10 17 24 31
FRI.	3 10 17 24 31	4 11 18 25
SAT.	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26
	FEBRUARY	AUGUST
SUN.	2 9 16 23	3 10 17 24 31
MON.	3 10 17 24	4 11 18 25
TUE.	4 11 18 25	5 12 19 26
WED.	5 12 19 26	6 13 20 27
THU.	6 13 20 27	7 14 21 28
FRI.	7 14 21 28	1 8 15 22 29
SAT.	1 8 15 22	2 9 16 23 30
	MARCH	SEPTEMBER
SUN.	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28
MON.	3 10 17 24 31	1 8 15 22 29
TUE.	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30
WED.	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24
THU.	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25
FRI.	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26
SAT.	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27
	APRIL	OCTOBER
SUN.	6 13 20 27	x 19 24
MON.	7 14 21 28	6 13 20 27
TUE.	1 8 15 22 29	7 14 21 28
WED.	2 9 16 23 30	1 x 26 22 29
THU.	3 10 17 24	x 9 16 x 30
FRI.	4 11 18 25	3 10 17 24 31
SAT.	5 12 19 26	x 11 x 25
	MAY	NOVEMBER
SUN.	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30
MON.	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24
TUE.	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 x
WED.	7 14 21 28	5 x 19 26
THU.	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27
FRI.	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28
SAT.	3 10 17 24 31	1 8 15 22 29
	JUNE	DECEMBER
SUN.	1 8 15 22 29	7 14 21 28
MON.	2 9 16 23 30	x 8 15 22 29
TUE.	3 10 17 24	2 9 16 23 30
WED.	4 11 18 25	3 10 17 24 31
THU.	5 12 19 26	4 11 18 25
FRI.	6 13 20 27	5 12 19 26
SAT.	7 14 21 28	6 13 20 27

FOOT
FIXES
LYNCHBURG, VA

MON
CINCINNATI
1941

x

x

x

CALENDAR, 1940

	JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
SUN.	7 11 21 28	4 11 18 25	3 10 17 24 31
MON.	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	4 11 18 25 31
TUE.	9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	5 12 19 26
WED.	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	6 13 20 27
THU.	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	7 14 21 28
FRI.	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	8 15 22 29
SAT.	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31	9 16 23 30

	APRIL	MAY	JUNE
SUN.	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30
MON.	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31
TUE.	9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25 31
WED.	3 10 17 24 31	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26
THU.	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27
FRI.	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28
SAT.	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	8 15 22 29

	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
SUN.	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29
MON.	5 12 19 26	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30
TUE.	9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31
WED.	10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25 31
THU.	11 18 25	8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26
FRI.	12 19 26	9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27
SAT.	13 20 27	10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28

	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
SUN.	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29
MON.	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30
TUE.	8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31
WED.	9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25 31
THU.	10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26
FRI.	11 18 25	8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27
SAT.	12 19 26	9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28

CALENDAR, 1942

	JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
SUN.	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22	8 15 22 29
MON.	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23	9 16 23 30
TUE.	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	10 17 24 31
WED.	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	11 18 25 31
THU.	8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	12 19 26
FRI.	9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	1 8 15 22 29
SAT.	10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	2 9 16 23 30

	APRIL	MAY	JUNE
SUN.	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28
MON.	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	8 15 22 29
TUE.	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	9 16 23 30
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SAT.	11 18 25	9 16 23 30	1 8 15 22 29

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THU.	9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	10 17 24 31
FRI.	10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	11 18 25 31
SAT.	11 18 25	8 15 22 29	12 19 26

	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
SUN.	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27
MON.	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28
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SAT.	10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	12 19 26

NOTES

1941.

Oct. 1. Left 3:30. Sandgate at 1200 hours for Sch. Brisbane Star. Left Brisbane 1235. Fryette prostrated with grief - we too.

Oct. 2-3 Arrived 2:30 Bradfield Park 1100. Visited Bill Harris at North Sydney. Divolet at night with Jack Lutz and E. Keap.

Oct. 3-4 Found wicks for Oscar. Attended R. Academic to see Laureate win Derby, and R. Council win Epsom. 80,000 people were there. With Jack visited Mrs & Mrs Dodson, Brasman.

Oct. 25. Sent by Air Force House to home of Captain Frank Hurley. "Stonehenge" Rose Bay. Mrs H's stage name during last war (1914-18) was Dore Lighton. She toured with an English Operatic Company. Song for us "O Sol Mio" in Italian. Beautiful voice. W. missed treat. Jack and I must have created impression, as we are asked again.

Oct. 6. Wearing my teeth today. They feel comfortable for the first time. On station for night. Rang Dory at Waga.

Oct. 7. Usual day of dodging work and lectures. Applied for leave from 1730 to 0730 on 9/10/11 but was refused. Down at night, walked around for two hours and came home.

Oct. 8. All the lads from Old were allowed to go to Manly this afternoon for a swim. Went by train to St. Leonards and then by bus to Manly. Beautiful breedings and view from bus. Manly however was disappointing as a beach although the appointments are lovely. The beach does not at all compare with our N. Old. beaches. Went to town by Ferry from Manly, and after a free supper at the Argos Buffet in Hyde Park, caught the Ferry to Luna Park.

Oct. 9. Golf this afternoon at the Lynn Ridge Links. Had an enjoyable afternoon. Station at night.

Oct. 10. Wired Marge today for £3. Said it was for a camera, but is really to buy a handbag and some small present for her from a wholesale house - James & Josephs, which place we are visiting tomorrow. Also wired Dory to say I would meet him on the 0545 train tomorrow. No cash arrived.

Oct. 11. Met four divisions of Melbourne express looking for Dory. First one at 0545, the last at 1130. Cannot understand why he did not arrive. Went to James & Josephs and met Ralph Williams (who knows Lee) and Jack Crawford. Lunch at Argos Buffet. At 1300 caught train for Birchfield with Jack, Lee and Marge. Saw Crawford defeat Brunwier for the Birchfield singles championship.

Oct. 11 (Contd.). Wonderful tennis, Crawford winning 5-7, 6-1, 6-4. Jack and I then went to house of Mrs. Dr. Blue at 116 Victoria St. Potts Point. Since there and stayed at Air Force house at night.

Oct. 12. Got out of bed 0945, had breakfast and read a book until dinner time. Afternoon on Show Boat. Trip lasted 2 1/2 hours. Cost 4/. Beautiful views of Sydney Harbour and great musical programme. At 1900, I arrived at flat of Mrs Cameron for dinner. Met there R. Russell Bagg (Q.A.N.T.A.S pilot) whom I have known for years. He is at present preparing flying boat to Australia with P.C. Taylor as navigator. We talked of old times, especially of sheep. Caught 3330 train from Wynyard and arrived on Station 0015.

Oct 13. As the number indicates the day is a bad one. Very cold with slight rain. A wire from Daisy which should

have reached me Friday to say he could not get off. We have been examined again medically and expect to depart on Thursday. Letter from Myrt. who is still having trouble with her back. She did not give the £3 as she suspected I required it for drink. Poor kid, I was only thinking of her and what I intended sending. She is not working and is worried. Letter from Dad. He is sick again and advises mother is dying. I am far from happy today and very depressed. Jack has gone to town to collect £10 his mother wired. I am completely broke again. A large dress came in today and the station is over-crowded. Tonight and tomorrow night are our last for leave in Australia. God alone knows if ever we shall see these shores again. I am not going out tonight. Even if I were "called up" I have not the desire. My imagination and memory both begin to work. Myrt is sick - Dad is sick, and mother dying - perhaps

Oct 13 (Contd). dead. I believe there is a God. Why should he allow 26 years of a living death for one woman, when so many lives are being sacrificed in this bloody war? And so, memory unlocks my cupboard of skeletons which grope and probe in my mind. Things which I am forever trying to barter from my thoughts vibrate through my brain with the loudness of war drums. The stage is set. The curtain rolls back and the past is presented in grim reality. I am a child of seven. My mother sits caressing the piano keyboard with magical fingers. Her gown is white. Her beautiful hair streams down to touch the music stool on which she sits. The walls echo strains of beautiful melodies. The vision dims - my last childish recollection of my mother. Now a different scene. I am sitting by a bedside in an hospital watching Dorothy die. Thoughts of suicide stream through my mind. I leave to carry

the thoughts into effect, but am prevented by step. who, strangely enough, died in that manner. Another scene. I am in a court of "justice". I rise to receive a maintenance verdict for something of which I was not guilty. A verdict given by a P.M. with a warped brain.

The show is over, and here I am at Broadfield Park writing in my diary. There are times when I become melancholy and depressed. I often wonder, if my mates could read my thoughts, what they would say. I love music, and yet there are times when it hurts me like a knife thrust.

Oct 14. Still closed camp. We are unable to send wires or have any phone calls. Everyone of the 100 in our draft is packing and awaiting the order to move. We are not certain as to where we go, but expect it is to be England. No wire from home. We were paid 8 weeks in advance.

at sea.

NOTES

Oct. 13. Finished our packing. I leave Brassfield Park, not knowing where Myra is nor her address. Wrote both her and Dad, and also sent wires. At 2 o'clock, buses arrived and we were on our way. By ferry to our ship. It is the "Ceramic" of 18713 tons and our destination is England via N.Z. and Panama. Anchor is weighed at 1800 and we are under way. Sydney Harbour is a picture, as we glide past the "Queen Elizabeth", whose size appears to dwarf the Bridge. A light from South Head flashes in mance "Bon voyage and good hunting". The sun sets. Myriads of lights twinkle as we have our last long look at Australia. Jack and I stand on the deck. My thoughts are all of Myra and of home. Supper at 1900. Bed 2030 hours.

NOTES

Oct. 16. Breakfast 0900. We make our own beds and try the cabin, which is a four berth on "A" deck - No. 602. My cabin mates are, Jack Lath, Frank Murphy, Claude O'Keefe. Lunch 1300. Afternoon passed reading and sitting in a deck chair in the sun. Had a drink of Richmond Beer. Price is 10c. for 1 pint bottle. Cold Flare and 333° cost 1/11 for 50. Dinner 1900. Bed at 2100. Put watch on 30 minutes.

Oct. 17. P.T. at 1000 hours. Deck games and reading plus music. My mandolin is broken. 3 flocks of Albatross follow us with untiring energy. Bed 2200 hours. Watch on 1/2 hour.

Oct. 18. P.T. 1000. Blear and cold. Passed a small ship going back towards Australia. In 7-Caulfield Cup sweep I drew a horse - Lucative. In 7- sweep Reading. I win 7- on 2nd horse.

Oct 18 (Contd). Wrote to Myrt, and back came all my thoughts. Plenty of whalls about. Concert at night. Very poor. Bed and reading at 2230.

Oct 19. We sight South Island N.Z. at 0700 hours and should reach Wellington tonight. Church service at 1015. The flocks of Albatross seem to have deserted us, and their place has been taken by seagulls. Very cold with showers. Up to now 1200 have seen three ships today. There are 100 Air Force aboard, 100 A.I.F., 30 sailors, 100 Internees and sundry other passengers, all bound for the U.K. We expect to reach there about 15/12/41. The voyage so far has been like a mill pond, and the dreaded Tasmann Sea has been good to us. I have only £19, which has to last for 10 weeks. The salt water baths on board leave me stinky. Will be glad to reach N.Z.

Oct. 20. Reached Wellington 0630 this morning. The view coming up the Harbour was beautiful. After the usual morning about, we were allowed on shore at 1200 hours. Changed £3 to N.Z. currency, had lunch and went through the Botanic Gardens with Beap, Lark & Parker. First time I have seen Tulips growing and they fascinated me. Supper at A.N.A. club, and attended a reception and dance at night. Rest 0000 hours. Received prize by for picking mandarin. Will take tomorrow. Met a chap in N.Z. Army called Sutcliffe who knows Clewrey and Dad. Beer here is horrible.

Oct 21. I am 33 years of age. Parade 1000 in front of Railway Stn. Enjoyed the trip up country was not so well dismissed. Sent cables to Myrt and Dad. How I wish they were here or I was with them.

NOTES

Oct 21 (Cont). Ford and I roamed about town. Saw tomatoes priced at 4¢ to 7¢ lb. Had lunch at a cafe owned by the Greek Consul (Farland) who knows George Cairns from Cairns. At 2.30 pm we left for a bus tour. Passed the floating dock which was towed 14,000 miles at a total cost of £250,000. Charges are 3rd ton first day, 4th ton second day, 3rd ton third day. Went as far as Petrol and Lower Hill about 15 miles from Wellington. Saw Ford and G. M. Assembly plants. Finished with drive through business parts of city, and along the Sea Front Road at Oriental Bay. This road is the longest sea drive in Australasia, being 34 miles in length. Dismissed again at Railway Stn. and went back to boat for tea. Took pictures at night.

NOTES

Oct 22. Left Wellington for Wangarui at 10.15. Flights are and two went to Wangarui, three and four to New Plymouth. Rail route followed: -

1015	Wellington.	1235	Langburn
1030	Tawa 9 lat.	1300	Palmerston N.
1035	Porirua	1339	Fielding
1048	Parerua	1356	Sturcombe
1051	Palmerston	1408	Greatford
1102	Peperua Bay	1416	Wairarua
1113	Pakapaki.	1504	Wairarua
1142	Wairarua.	1522	Wangarui
1150	Tebraro	1536	Fordell.
1155	Otaki.	1558	Oranoko
1207	Manakau	1615	Wangarui.
1217	Levin		
1238	Shannon		
1247	Linton.		

Scenery is great. Sheep abound in plenty, and have a shaggy coat quite unlike ours. At Wairarua we had free lunch, and cigarettes were given out by women on the platform. It was lucky enough to get hold of 6 packets.

Oct 22 (Cont). At Wangarui we were all billeted out, and met at the station by our hosts. I had a middle aged couple called Sharpe, who could not do enough for me. Free pictures with them at night and supper afterwards. Bed 11:30 pm.

Oct. 23. Rose at 0900. Quite a change for me. Had a hot bath which was a luxury. Did not go out during morning and wrote Myrt, Sad and Aunt. After lunch, we paraded in front of Council Chambers at 1830 and were taken by bus and car to Lake Virginia, which is Wangarui's beauty spot. Went through a beautiful hot house of flowers which were all foreign to me. Early round the lake we saw a great patch of flowers, blazing in colour, which were Cinerarias. They were wonderful. Eddie, Jack and I photographed each other. Afternoon tea free at 1700. Several speeches were made.

Oct 23 (Cont). Then we were shown the Soldier's Memorial from which practically the whole of Wangarui is seen. Next the Masonic Church and Wangarui Airport. After supper a welcome and dance was held in the "Savages" Hall. Left there to have a couple of drinks and supper at the home of Mr & Mrs McCallum.

Oct. 24. Rose 0900. Mr Sharpe drove me down to see a seaside resort - "Castletiff", and also to see the wreck of the "Fort Denison". Next to the Union Boat Club. Left Wangarui 1130 and arrived Wellington 1830. Supper on ship. Drank to Rangatai Air Force Star for big ball. Very lame affair, so left about 2300 and came back to ship. In Wellington Harbour, whirlwinds occur on the water just as they do on land in our Western areas. They appear to rise up to about 10 ft.

Oct. 25. Picked up mandolin which cost 7/6 and 4/- for taxi. Jack was good enough to pay half the cost. Left by train for Inverharr Races at 10.20. Arrived about 11.30. Entrance and train fare free. Bitterly cold day. Eight races all with good horses. Left 16. Arrived back 18.30. Supper on ship. Three pictures at night. Saw William Powell in "Love Crazy". Said to be on ship and in bed before midnight.

Oct. 26. Left wharf 0800. Went about two miles and anchored. Wrote to myrt. Last opportunity for over three weeks. Played bridge most of day and until 2.30.

Oct. 27. Parade 0700 for an inspection by Prime Minister of N.Z. Weighed anchor at 0800. At lunch time we picked up the liner "Stirling Castle" and an armed

Oct. 27 (contd) ship which is acting as our convey. Bridge all day (except P.M. at 1.30) and until 2.20. Order today for "lights out" at 2.30. Have an abscess on my right gum.

Oct. 27. Well out to sea on an easterly course. Our next port of call is 20 days away - at Panama Canal. We are travelling in 7 formation. The armed ship is about two miles in front, and the "Stirling Castle" is on our right and level with us. Medical inspection at 1.50. Played bridge after lunch for an hour and a half. Weather very cold. Some of our lads have had to be warned for excessive drinking. If the present rate of consumption keeps up, there will only be enough beer for two weeks. Escort leaves us on Wednesday 29th.

Oct 28. Yesterday's entry should have also been under Oct 27. As we passed the international date line, we therefore had two Mondays. Played bridge all day and until 2:30.

Oct 29. 30. 31. Days all alike. Weather cold and bleak. Bridge each day and night.

Nov. 1. No bridge today. We have brain fog from playing. Joined in deck sports competition. Jack beat me at ping pong. I beat him at Delta Tennis. His shoulder slipped out.

Nov. 2. Rested in Cabin. Some had cold. Played bango at night.

Nov. 3. It is Tuesday in Australia. Melbourne sup day. We have no means of knowing what horses are running, or what wins, as the wireless room is sealed up.

Nov. 4 Today a reinforcement machine gun crew was formed to man the two Martin guns on the sun deck. I am the N.C.O. in charge of the group, and have to detail men in the case of emergency. Practice for "Hustle" and "Action" stations.

Nov. 5 Beautiful sunny day. We are approaching the tropics, and of course are now unescorted. The gun crew had practice on the "4" guns on aft deck.

Nov. 6. We now have three-one hour watches each day. Did my first three today.

Nov. 7. Beautiful weather still holds. Sea has been calm all through. Concert put on by some of the boys. No passengers allowed. Read and sun baked most of day.

Nov. 8th Wrote words for a song
"The Great Ball Game". Passed
the Tropic of Capricorn.
Played cards for two hours &
Joked at night.

Nov. 9th Lovely weather. I am
sore from the sun. Rays
gave a concert for passengers
in front lounge in which
we fathers cannot go.
We may sleep on deck
now, but cannot take the
mattresses. I prefer the cabin.
Each and every day and
hour my thoughts are of
Myrt, and how foolish I
was to ever leave her. The
women on board are few
and scraggy. All English.
We are doing about 350 miles
per day and expect to reach
Parana on 17th.

I am starting letters tomorrow.
Keep on wondering what
my Darling is doing, and
where she is. I pray every
night for our happy and
quick reunion.

Nov. 10th Church parade this
morning at 10.20. Lecture at
11.10. P.T. at 17.00. The P.T. of
course is on every day
and I am feeling well.
Have still come from my
guns, and I am having
poor success with my teeth.
We are about the same
latitude now as Cairns,
and the weather is ideal.
Am very homesick.
In Matthew it says:-
"For where your treasure is,
there shall your heart be also."
My treasure is Myrt, and
my heart aches to be with her.
We have been 15 days at sea
from N.Z. hoping to see
but water. This is the
longest sea voyage possible.

Nov. 10th Well in tropic.
Passed Tropic of Capricorn
today. Flocks of flying
fish about, which are
very interesting to watch.
Tampers are flying. I get in
particularily greeny woods.

Nov. 11. Armistice Day. We had a parade at 1050 and observed the usual 2 minutes' silence. The first Armistice Day I drove a car in the Peace procession in Gloucester. 7 1/2 years ago. Usual lecture and P.T.

Nov. 12. Wrote to Myrt, Lee & Dad. Myrt's letter was given back to delete pages two and three, as I had criticized the passengers on board. We are about 200 miles from the S. American coast, about opposite Ecuador. We expect to reach the Panama Canal on Sunday. Weather warm and sunny. During the whole voyage we have had calm seas. Even the trip from Boston to Cairo is always more rough than this.

Nov. 13. Usual day with parade, lecture and P.T. Played several games of ping pong and deck tennis.

Nov. 14. P.T. was cut out this afternoon owing to the heat. Passed the Galapagos Is. but they were not visible. At 1930 hours we crossed the Equator, so are right in the tropic centre. The cabin is hot and stuffy and reeks. It is raining now - 2200.

Nov. 15. At noon today we saw our first land for 21 days - a rocky island on the port side. Passengers & troops leave eagerly over the side. About 250 miles from Panama. Medical inspection at 1500, which gives rise to speculation as to whether we are going ashore. We are right in the danger zone now, and tomorrow will pass through a large American minefield, probably escorted by a U.S. Navy warship. Strange birds about. Not gulls nor albatross. Weather is hot and sweltering. Food terrible.

Nov. 16. The Island we saw yesterday was Wrangels Is. Early this morning we were again in sight of land. At 1:30 we anchored in the bay near Balboa on the Pacific side of Panama Canal. It was great to see and be near land once again. Dolphins and Porpoises have played along in front of the ship all day. Numerous sharks also in sight.

Nov. 17. At 0630 we entered the first lock of P. Canal. Went through the Canal by 1600 and tied up at the Coal Wharf of Colon. Coaling commenced immediately. The coaling arrangements are excellent as best in the world, being able to load 600 tons per hour. We are not allowed ashore until tomorrow. Lots of dockies about who seem to do nothing but loaf, and have a mania for queer headgear.

Nov. 18. We were all up early, eager to again put foot on shore. At 1000 hours we were all bundled into a special train which took us to the town of Colon. On the way we passed a graveyard where a submarine was in the course of construction. Arrived at town, Jack, Eddie, Stan and I went off on a tour of inspection. First we tried to change our cash to American currency. Although in Australia our £1 was worth \$3.40, here in Colon the best offer we could get was \$1.75. We would not cash any, and wandered about until 12 noon, sightseeing without any cash. Met a priest Father J. J. O'Connell from Kerry, who is in the U.S. Army, and who trained with Father Swamy, whom I knew in Glenbury in 1932. We then had a full lunch and went walking again.

Nov. 19 (Contd). Went through
 an R.C. Cathedral which is
 very beautiful. Had afternoon
 tea at some Patriotic Club run
 by women. Borrowed \$1.00
 from P.O. Stewart, had one beer,
 purchased a few pipes from
 shops, and then fell in at
 1845 to come back to ship.
 Colon is a smelly hole in
 places. One of our chaps has
 called it "Sextel" town.
 There is an airport and
 flying boat base here, and
 lots of planes, particularly
 PBY's drive overhead.
 Was able to buy 400 Canal
 Cips for 177- which would
 have cost 409- at home.

Nov. 19. Coaled all day. Every
 thing is black. Very hot day,
 but not worse than Cavins.
 Left wharf at 1700 hours.
 When going astern our ship
 fouled another wharf and
 knocked a piece of it.
 Anchored in harbour at
 1830. Weighed anchor at

Nov. 19 (Contd). 2030 and
 headed straight out to sea
 on a westerly course.
 There were 17 ships in the
 harbour at Colon which
 gives some idea as to how
 busy this part of the world
 is. Saw a couple of ships
 heading back through the
 Canal, probably bound
 for Australia. My next
 goes with them. Never
 again will I leave home
 and my.

Nov. 20. Heading towards the
 West Indies. Good weather.
 Learned the Semaphore Signals,
 and read.

Nov. 21. Went to Semaphore
 class at 0945. I ain't fairly
 good already. Beautiful
 weather. Last night we
 had a scare when a ship
 hove in sight, but it passed
 on and must have been
 a friendly one. We may
 strike trouble any time now.

Nov. 22. When going on deck first thing this morning, we saw the West Indies. Cuba on the Port side and Haiti to starboard. We were, however, too far away to distinguish much of Haiti, but passed within about 20 miles of Cuba. On Cuba we could see two lighthouses. It appears to be very rough and rugged on the Eastern Coast. We could not even glimpse Santiago, and of course Havana was on the opposite side from us. Passed many ships during the day, most of which were trading between the W. Indies and American coast. At 1700 we saw En. Inagua, the first island of the Bahama group, which told us we were out of the Caribbean Sea and into the Atlantic. At 2100 hours we passed Adair island on the starboard, and at 2400, Long island to port. The latter finished the Bahama group.

Nov. 22 (contd). Jack and I on watch from 1400 to 1500, and 2300 to 2400. Beautiful weather, but heavy sea swell.

Nov. 23. Jack and I on watch again 0600 to 0700. Passed Tropic of Cancer $22\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N at 0200 hours. E.T.A. Halifax Thursday 27th. Ship now steers a zig-zag course in order to confuse submarines.

Nov. 24. Change in weather. Cloudy and squally. Our ship rides like a bird. Semaphore to land. Watch 9 1000 to 10 1100. P.T. 1700. Still zig-zagging. We wear our life belts everywhere now.

Nov. 25. Usual day. Good weather. Played Bridge and wrote letters.

Nov. 26. Weather good, though cold. Bed 2030.

Nov. 27. Sighted land early this morning. Nova Scotia on the East coast of Canada. As we approached Halifax, scores of ships sailed out of the harbour, escorted by many destroyers, corvettes and a French submarine. Sixty-three ships formed a convoy which we presume was bound for England. A great sight, which gave us much confidence. We circled for hours, and eventually cleared through the boom of sub. nets at 1600 hours. The coast looked bleak and forbidding. Snow began to fall lightly and a thin fog came down. A fog siren sounded unceasingly. Tied up at wharf by 1700. Parade at 1715 when we were addressed by Squadron Leader Gordon, our liaison officer at Halifax. His efforts were the first smooth and efficient organization I had seen in the R.A.F. Leave passes were handed out until 2400 hours.

Nov. 27 (Contd.). 22 Australian was charged to dollars and cents for each man. We received \$3.48 for each £1, which was much different to the rate in Panama Zone. Jack and I went ashore with No Engineer who bought us Rowell and Hot Dogs at 2100. We were aboard early, as Jack had the gangway watch from 2200 to 2300, and I from 2300 to 2400. The night was bitter, temp 70 below freezing point.

Nov. 28. Leave granted from 1000 to 2359. Jack took the mail ashore to the Naval Depot and Post office. Our first and constant thought being of home, the cable office was crowded. Sent cables to Myra and Dad at the special rate of 65c. each. Cheap, although we must send standard groups of words. Still, anything suffices as long as our people

Nov. 28 (cont'd). Now we are safe. What a blessing and feeling of comfort to be able to get in touch with them. We wandered around town looking at the sights and feeling generally miserable with the cold weather. Bought long underwear (two sets) for \$1.98 each set. Also shoes, gloves, tobacco and papers, fur cap, cigarette lighter, Xmas cards at 12 for 15c., ink, tooth brush, lamoline, face cream, chocolates and writing pad. There are several big stores here, including Woolworths, but articles are very dear. Halifax has cobbled streets, and when ground is frozen, one is apt to slip badly if not careful. The town is a relic of the Pilgrim Father days, and has buildings in places which remind me strongly of houses described by Charles Dickens. Being the chief port for East Canada, the shipping is tremendous.

Nov. 28 (cont'd). Catalina flying boats hover about constantly, accompanied by "Hurricanes", "Spitfires" and "Kitty Hawks". There is a cemetery in the main street, some tombstones dating back to 1760 A.D. Posted a little money to my pt. The value is practically nil, but I know she will love the gift. Changed altogether £6, which leaves me £4 for the trip across the Atlantic. Stayed on ship at night to ply bridge.

Nov 29. Jack and I went to town, roamed about in and out of shops until my feet were aching from the cold. Ship for lunch. I stayed aboard while Jack went ashore and bought groceries. Arrives at night. Booked seats for Grace Fields on Monday night \$2.20 each. About 12/6 in our cash. We took a peek as we do not know on what day we will leave Halifax.

Nov. 30. Jack went to 0800 mass. I am orderly sergeant, and have to remain up until midnight to check the cabins. Stayed on ship during morning after lunch, Jack, Eddie, & I dined and I went for a long walk. We saw Kitace hill in which soldiers are bivouacked, a fortified hill with a moat. We also watched kiddies skating on a frozen pond in the park. Had afternoon tea in the "Green Lantern", an up-to-date cafe. Reached the ship at 1700 and did not leave again.

Dec. 1. Stayed aboard until 1400, when we were taken by launch to Dartmouth, a R.C.A.F. station. Cold as hell. We almost froze, and did not enjoy ourselves one bit. We did see buccaniers, Lockwoods, Exonmires etc., but I would much rather have been on the ship and in bed. The launch left us

Dec. 1. (contd) at the lower end of the town. Jack, Stan & Eddie at I had supper at the Green Lantern and then went to see Freddie Fields. The others said it was good, but I was disappointed. I have seen her to better advantage on the screen, and for much less cost.

Dec. 2. Temp. this morning was 4° , which is 28° below freezing point. Snow fell and by lunch time about four inches lay everywhere. We had a ding ding snow fight on the ship before lunch. Too see the beautiful white mantle of snow was lovely. Ships passed like ghosts. Jack and I went ashore to make last minute purchases, and with our last cents, sent cables home. I do hope next is receiving them. I sent bundles of Xmas Cards to as many friends as I could remember.

Dec. 3. At 1000, goodbye Halifax. We pointed our nose towards England and the terrors of the Atlantic. Cleared the boom at 1030 and circled until 1600,

when the convoy started to get in shipshape formation. There are 43 ships in the convoy, from small tramp steamers to large cargo boats and oil tankers. Air was inspiring sight. Watch from 1800 to 1900 hours.

We are in the front row next to the Commodore's ship. Destroyers and corvettes race up and down so often that I am tired watching them.

Under Dec. 2. omitted to mention visits to Railway Station, where we heard the H.M.A.S. Sydney was sunk. Also visited the Wings Club, Salvation Army and R. of C. Hut.

Dec. 4. Unpleasant day. Have a rotten cold, which does not improve with the damp fog.

Dec. 5. Still plodding along in good, but bitterly cold weather. We can see two tankers with survivors on them, which can be launched by catapult.

This morning we lost our Canadian escort, and were joined by American destroyers. Several flying boats and aeroplanes were about this afternoon obviously on patrol. It is wonderful how the ships in convoy keep their positions! Bed 2000 hours.

Dec. 6. At 0130 was awakened for watch from 0200 to 0300. I had the port position on the st sun deck. Cold was very intense and I almost froze. We are badly equipped for cold climates, and if it were not for 'charity' and our being able to buy warm clothing, we would certainly freeze. It is an absolute disgrace to see the way

Dec. 6. (Contd) some of our chaps are suspected. For instance, our feet seem to get more cold than any other part, and in Australian S.D.'s, we were not allowed to change worn footwear, or even buy new gear ourselves. One Sgt at Sandgate, Isapep, I think was his name, was very caustic when I tried to "U.S." a few articles. He has never to leave a comfortable position, but just lords it over other people, like the pig that he is. Most ground staff officers of high rank, ~~and~~ who never expose themselves to danger are the same. Again, aboard ship A.C.I.'s are given more consideration than actual air crew sergeants. One of, Sgt Kingebiky is a ground man, a pompous bombast, to whom the brief authority has wrought vast changes to a possibly decent chap. I think Shakespeare aptly

Dec. 6. (Contd) portrays him in these lines:-

"But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's
Most assured,
Kiss his glassy essence, like
An angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks
Before high heaven
As make the angels weep".

Dropped the bottom plate which held one tooth in place this morning, and unfortunately they stood on it. It was smashed, so I am a proper gummy once again.

There is a medical parade at 1455. As I do not have, nor seem to have, connections with any woman except Myra, I am not worried. Lots of other chaps are.

It is a revelation to me how little I care for the company of women. I am fondly and desperately in love with Myra. My thoughts are constantly of her.

Dec. 6 (Contd). Had an emergency
 water station today, and
 also instructions on the guns
 we are to man in the event
 of air attack. As I am N.C.O.
 in charge of the gun crew,
 it is my duty to detail fresh
 gunners. I think I will get
 the boys to draw lots for
 positions. It is going to be
 hard detailing lots to face
 machine gun fire. Strongly
 enough we do not feel
 any fear yet, but I guess
 that will come.

We see hundreds of peculiar
 birds which I learn are "Gannets". Too
 cold to go on deck, and
 the smoke room is usually
 occupied by "internees", who
 eat before us and there-
 fore are able to obtain
 the choice of positions. We
 have no option other than
 stick to our cabins, which
 are dripping water from
 condensation. Almost
 impossible to dry clothes.

Dec. 6. (Contd). There has not
 been any drinking water
 on board for three days.
 Something has gone wrong
 with the filter. In keeping
 with Stew, Savill, and
 Albion, the ship's owners,
 whom we have dubbed
 "Sue, starvation, and agony".
 Our meals are gradually
 getting worse. After the
 medical parade, I saw the
 M.O. who kindly arranged
 to get eggs, ankleties etc.,
 each morning for breakfast.
 At Halifax I saw several
 R.C.N.W.M. policemen, and
 very smart jobs they are too.
 Rather amusing that any
 Canadians I met had never
 heard of Buckley's Paradise.
 All the troops had Markin
 gun instruction.

Dec. 7. Instructions on the
 Hotchkiss Machine Gun
 for the gun crew relief
 of which I am the N.C.O.
 in charge.

Dec. 7. (Contd.). In the event of any casualties to the ship's gun crew, my men relieve any of the positions where machine guns are. There are six positions in all. The port and starboard above the bridge are Hotchkiss guns. Two above the bridge are what we call "monkey's" are Lewis guns, and two, port and starboard on the gun deck, are Arling guns. In order to be fair in detailing my men to almost certain death, I asked P/O Petheridge to draw the names out of a hat. The order of drawing was:-

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| 1. Bamberg | 6 Rees |
| 2. Murphy | 7 Parker |
| 3. Blapham | 8 Lock |
| 4. Fannon | 9 Wilson |
| 5. Keap | 10 Macdonald. |

Of course, as I was N.C.O. in charge, my name did not go in the hat.

Dec. 7. (Contd.)

Tonight, some of the lads being a coloured ball near the main stairway with some flattering remarks about the eye attached to it. He is a great one for constantly telling chaps to "play ball". We also drew for positions in our cabin in the event of "abandon ship". They ran:-

- | | |
|--------------|------------|
| 1. Macdonald | 3. O'Keefe |
| 2. Lock | 4. Murphy |

This seems stupid, but the men would congest things in the confined cabin space. We are constantly in danger now of being torpedoed, or attacked by air. Played bridge tonight.

Weather is cold and foggy although the sea is calm.

Dec. 8. Cold and foggy still. Has been all day. Now, at 2230 rain is pouring down. Lecture 1115 hours. Two hours instruction on Lewis guns from 1400 to 1600. As I had done a lot on Lewis guns

Dec. 8. (cont'd) in the militia. I really enjoyed it. We, of the gun crew missed P.T. at 1535 hours. This morning, a message was flashed from a destroyer "Submarine in vicinity". We heard and saw destroyers dropping depth charges. They raked about everywhere. Jack goes on watch 2400 to 0100.

Dec. 9. Today we are in mid-Atlantic, and from here to England are in range of the German four engine bombers. Still cold and fog. This morning on parade, I had forgotten my roll, and called the roll (32) from memory. I did not make one mistake, which made my boys giggle. I grinned also, and was reprimanded by the O/C in front of the parade. He said "Don't try and be funny on parade Sgt., although on other

Dec. 9. (cont'd) occasions you are a perfect clown". I saluted smartly and said, "Thank you sir". Later in the morning I saw the O/C and asked for an explanation. ~~Over~~ In his usual blustering manner, in which he "blew out his own bags", he eventually said he was sorry if he had offended me personally. No. 1. Flights were given drill at 1030. We drilled well, but because someone laughed, had more drill at 1400. Our flight commander 2/0 Weddell, who appeared such a "jolly" chap, has turned out a real ratter. At lunch time, the boys adopted their usual joke by cheering when a steward accidentally dropped a plate. The cheers, however, were much louder than usual, which caused extra watches for all on the sun deck. I was on from 1100 to 1200 today.

Dec. 9. (Conts), heavy sea running. One of the destroyers reported today. "Action successful against submarine yesterday. Another in vicinity. Keep sharp lookout". We are 8 weeks from Australia today, and expect to reach England on Dec. 15th.

Dec. 10. Cloudy, squally, and fairly heavy seas. Not so cold until sundown, which occurred at 1830. We heard today that the "Prince of Wales" and "Repulse" had been sunk off the coast of Malaya. What a loss if true! I was on the stern watch 1700 to 1800. Bitterly cold with rain & sleet. The wind almost blew me off the bridge, and I have never seen such darkness. Nothing visible except a stern light on the Commodore's ship. Bed 2000. Clock on 60 mins.

Dec. 11. Last night the wind increased to gale force, and several tremendous waves struck the ship from nose to stern. Excessively cracked, and several other loud cracks also. This morning, on parade, only ten ships were visible. We were hove to until about 1000, when the destroyers eventually rounded up most ships and we moved forward again into a heavy sea with terrific wind. The ships are being tossed about like corks, and it is a wonder some of them do not tip over. Our ship is fairly steady, being the largest ship in the convoy. Our purser is in the D.F.'s, and one of our chaps are guarding him constantly. Everything is in readiness for attack. Lifeboats are swung, rafts unlashd. There are 1st persons on watch every hour of the day.

Dec 11 (contd). Played bridge all afternoon. Weather terrible. Huge waves are breaking over all parts of the ship. An extra large wave crashed over the port side and broke down the rear wall of the smoke room. We were in the smoke room, and chaps raced everywhere. The noise was terrific, and sounded as if a torpedo had struck us. I happened to be drinking a whisky which O'Keefe bought me, and needless to say I drank it before investigating.

Dec. 12. Our Watch 2400 to 0100. We were unable to take our usual places on the sun deck, but were on the back hatch. The seas were terrific. We almost froze. Could see nothing but fog. Almost a 90 mile an hour wind.

Dec 12 (contd) The No. 7 (Beer) Water was discontinued, as it was impossible to go across the well deck for fear of being washed away. Several rafts broke loose, and caused considerable damage.

Dec 13. Weather still very rough with a terrific gale blowing. There are only seven ships in convoy. Later. We were hove to most of the day with our nose into the wind. At 1630 most of the convoy was present, and we were again under way. It is hard to describe the seas. Waves from 30 to 40 feet high dash across our ship. No small boat could live in such seas. Difficult to write with the pitching and rolling of our ship. Nobody is seasick. Position about $60^{\circ}N$ $30^{\circ}W$, which is 400 miles from Iceland.

Dec. 13 (Contd). An watch from 0500 to 0600. The sleet almost cut our faces to bits. We were again on the Sun Deck. Baron and I had a session on the Baryo and Guitar. I have completely dismantled the Baryo, and since assembling it seems to be much better.

Dec. 14. Watch from 0800 to 0900 near Purser's Cabin. All watches discontinued today owing to bad weather and lack of visibility. P/O Engman did drawings on our sheepskin coats. Another musical session in afternoon with Baron. Weather still terrible. Spard to keep crockery on the mess tables. The tablecloths had to be damped to prevent articles from slipping off. Even then there was a big crash during lunch.

Dec 14 (contd). There were only two tankers and our ship together, three of us deciding to make a dash direct without any escort. Played bridge all afternoon.

Dec. 15. Still only the three ships. Light snow fell. Played bridge all day. Sea still very rough.

Dec. 16. Weather mild and calm. We paraded this morning without greatcoats. The first time for many days. At breakfast some of the boys threw hand bread rolls at the stewards, so seven of us had to sweep and wash out the dining room at 1000 much to the delight of the stewards and general amusement of all on board. I have a pain in the left lung, which I think may be a touch

Dec 16 (Contd.) of my old pleurisy complaint. I have to go on watch 1800 to 1900. to P.T. for me today as I am reporting to the M.O. We have made 240 miles since yesterday, in fair weather. Only the three ships which are without escort of any kind. At 1415 one of the tankers sent the following message by radio lamp:-

"Either yourself or other ship emitting considerable radio oscillations on 600 metres. Suggest yourself alone maintain wireless watch. We believe ourselves incapable of any oscillations."

Then it also sent:-

"Dive upon apparent position 38.58 - 22.54"

By locating this point

Dec. 16 (Contd) on our map we estimate we are about 700 miles West of Glasgow. We are now heading due East. Sundown and blackout today at 1515. We find that our thermometer barograph read just about 28, which indicated real cyclone weather. The big cyclone at Crossman & in 1934 occurred when the glass read 28.3. Also the wind was estimated at 90 m.p.h. Both our captain and crew say the gale was the worst Atlantic weather in their experience. Had a "Master Station" at 1100 this morning. We are all hoping to sight an escort of some kind, even if only flying boats, as the "Oceanic" is a valuable prey for submarines. The whereabouts of 42 other ships in our convoy are unknown to us. However, I know we will be perfectly safe and will reach England.

Dec. 17. Glorious weather. Lots of us indulged in deck games. No sign of any planes or subs. At noon a tanker passed us going in the opposite direction and presumably empty. Played bridge all afternoon, and had music until 2240 with the Baron and a R.N.Z.A.F. Chap on the Clarinet. Watch 2300 to 2400. P. T. 1445 to 1515.

Dec. 18. Cold and cloudy. Saw a ^{small} cruiser go past on the horizon. The tanker on our right is flying a savage balloons and we a hot kite. These are precautions against air attacks which are expected hourly. Medical inspection at 1430. We are just off the New Hebrides group, and expect to reach Liverpool tomorrow night. Our watch 2300 to 2400.

Dec 18 (Contd) Had our official "last night" on board. The night was declared an open all, and the boys made "whoopie" in the dining saloon. There was plenty of beer, music and beer fighting. I was on watch from 2300 to 2400, and therefore was unable to take part in much of the beer drinking, as we are not allowed to drink up to few hours before going on watch. However, with the Adjutant's permission, I managed to have a few. Early in the night we were playing bridge, and heard for the first time that Japan and America had entered the war. All we Australians are worried about home, and would dearly love to be back there were that Japan is against us. As I write we are passing through the Little Minch, which separates the Hebrides from the Scotch Coast.

Dec. 19. Parade at 0815. Very dark. After breakfast we sighted the Irish Coast on our starboard, Rathlin Island, Fair Head, Ballycastle, Giant's Causeway, and on the port, the Scotch Coast. I thought how great it would be to have my jet standing with me looking towards her homeland. I miss her very much, and she is constantly in my thoughts. Next, the Brill of Kintyre came into view, with Ailea Craig in the Dirth of Clyde. The big Dutch tanker with us sent a farewell message and slowly steamed towards Glasgow. At 1400 hours we saw two American leave tankers by catapult. We then anchored in the mouth of the Mersey River in a heavy fog to the accompaniment of howling lightships and the boom of the fog gun ashore, about 14 miles away.

Dec. 21. We are still anchored in the Mersey River at the bar, and expect to move into Liverpool today. Barge ballers are about in hundreds. Some of the ships which were at Anchor have moved on, but we are awaiting the high tide as we draw a very large amount of water. Last night P/O Euzner did sketches of both Jack and me in his boat, and we sat making plans for after the war, which we expect to last about another 6 months. On parade this morning our Ofc gave us the usual solatary, thanking us for our co-operation during the voyage etc. Weighed anchor at 1200 hours and steamed slowly up the Mersey and over the bar. The first signs of war begin to appear in the form of wrecks which are numerous. Wrecks of some protrude from the water. I saw a spot marked by a buoy where the submarine "Thetis" went down.

Dec. 21 (contd). Here we saw parts of Liverpool where bombs had struck with devastating effect. About 1500 hours we again dropped anchor. We were welcomed by AFM. House R.A.F. and 31st Bomb R.A.A.F. Left the old "Ceramic" at 1600 and went by launch to a wharf. Disembarked at 1635 hours.

After the usual meeting about, which is never missing, we were taken by bus to No. 4. P.T.C. in Hardmint St to spend the night. The blackout was on so we retired early. Then a fool called Gumbly came into the dormitory, after having smelt a beer can, and kicked up an unholy row until 0/00.

Dec. 22. Up at 0630, and after breakfast entrained for London at 1000. Five of us parked in a 1st. Class smoker of the L.M.S. railway which was very

Dec. 22 (contd). Comfortable. The ride to London was not very interesting as we passed through heavy fog nearly all the way. The usual run from Liverpool to London takes 4 hours. We took 7 hours, arriving at Euston Stn. at 1700 hours. Entered buses ~~xxx~~ and from there to Union Jack Club in Waterloo Road. After a poor supper at 1800 we secured beds for the night. Supper was the first food and drink for 11 1/2 hours. Star, Claude, Jack and I then set out in blackout London to send cables home. We walked across Westminster Bridge, past the Abbey, which looked gigantic in the darkness, through Whitehall, Piccadilly and Charing Cross to the Strand. We then arrived at Australia House but everything was closed down. Caught a bus and eventually found the Beaver

Dec 22 (contd) Club, then for
 Canadians, but where we
 were able to send cables.
 Sent them to Myrt & Dad.
 How far away they seem,
 and how I miss and love
 my Darling Myrt! Stan
 and Claude went home,
 but Jack and I decided to
 look for the N.Z. Club. We
 crossed Trafalgar Square and
 the monument of Nelson,
 the Lion and other things
 looked perfectly familiar. It
 seemed as if I had been in
 London before. As we were
 crossing the square, Jack
 asked a woman the way to
 the N.Z. Club and she said
 she would show us the way.
 It was pitch dark, but I
 could distinguish the Irish
 accent, and asked her was
 she Irish. Strangely enough,
 she came from Ennis in
 Clare, and knew both
 Martin and Myrt's Dad.
 It was like news from
 my Darling Myrt herself.

Dec 22 (contd) Instead of going
 to the Club, she insisted on
 taking us to a pub where the
 several drinks were on her.
 Then she put us on a Tube
 train for Waterloo Star and
 paid the 1/2p. fare for each
 of us. Arriving home at
 12.30, Jack and I bathed,
 shaved and went to bed.
 I lay awake thinking of
 Myrt, and worrying over
 the Japanese position.

Dec. 23. Breakfast 0715, and
 then marched to Waterloo Star
 where we caught a train for
 Bournemouth. Passed through
 Southampton where the effect
 of bombing could be plainly
 seen. Arrived at Bournemouth
 11.50 hours, and marched to the
 Walmer private hotel where we
 are billeted. Had a horrible
 lunch at the Osborne Hotel
 where we mess. Lots of the
 private hotels have been taken
 over by the R.A.F. All carpets,
 furniture etc has been

Dec 23 (contd) removed, leaving them bare and bleak. We have the usual bed, six blankets, two sheets and a sort of a pillow and case. At 1430 medical parade. The rest of the afternoon was spent fooling about and filling in forms. There was a general rush for mail. Lots of the lads got cables and letters, but not one word for me. I feel extra lonely and not a little disappointed. Went to pictures at night for 9d. and saw "Flight from Seating".

Dec 24. Parade 0900. Photos at 1000. Lecture by 2/L Grant. Wandered about town and then back for tea at 1630. Had a night vision test. I was the only one who got "below average", and I fancy a lot of chaps got through by guesswork. As it was Xmas Eve, Jack and I went downstairs at the "Pavilion",

Dec 24 (contd) and had some beers. The place shuts at 2130. We were terribly lonely and unhappy. There are thousands of men and women here in Kewrensuits in uniform, and the women are real drunks. Home 2200 hours.

Dec 25. Xmas Day! Just a year ago I was at Messum, G., with my pt. Santa Claus arrived in the form of a Xmas hamper from the A.C.F. which contained:-

- 2 lbs 4 avelock tobacco
- 1 pkt Dally Ho papers
- 1 tin Mincellets (about 2 lbs).
- 1 Tooth Brush
- 1 " Paste.
- 1 pkt 7 o'clock Blades.
- 1 x 1/2 lb. D & A pudding
- 1 x 1/2 lb Cake
- 1 x 1/2 lb Cadburys Chocolate.
- 1 x 1 lb tin Peaches (Alderman)
- 1 x 4 oz. Nestle's Cream

It was like a gift from the Gods, as the food here is awful.

Dec 25 (Cont'd). Jack and I were sent to a Mr and Mrs John Reid at Westminster Hall private hotel for Xmas Day, and arrived there at 1200. They are wonderful people and we talked and ate most of the day. In the afternoon Mr. Reid took us for a drive, but could not go far as he was short of petrol. He is the chief P.A.P. warden for Beaumonteth and we learned much of value about the workings of his organization. We got home at 1100 hours, after having had a day of enjoyment for which we were thankful, so the way they entertained us did much to dispel our loneliness and depression.

Dec 26. Parade 0900 hours. Not much to do until lunch at 1130. Wrote letters to Myra and Dad after lunch. Jack and I went to Reids at 1830 to have a nice hot bath, and stayed to a delicious afternoon tea. Washed socks and undies at night.

Dec 27. Parade 0900. Marched about 1 mile and were issued with an extra shirt and two collars, two pairs socks, 1 pair wool gloves and ear flying kit. We were then paid. I got £8 until 2/1/42. The above took until 1130. At 1400 we paraded again, and all were dismissed except the W.A.G.S. of whom there were 16. The O.C. asked for volunteers who wanted to do the O.T.S. course abroad, and Jack Lock, Eddie Heap, Stan Parker, Claude O'Keefe and I stepped forward. We were told it was a good posting - probably India - which was good news as we are dying to get nearer Australia now the Japs are active. However, we were told to report back at 0845 next day. We then went to "The White Hermitage" where we met Lady Frances Ryder O.B.E. who entertained us to afternoon tea. This lady devotes her time to arranging

Dec 27 (contd) leave all over the U.K. for Dominion troops, and is ably assisted by a Scots-woman Miss Macdonald of the Isles C.B.E. I met this lady also. She is about 60 and is a descendant of the General Macs. She said I was too, as the whole clan had big noses. We could not arrange any leave as we expect to shift on Wednesday 27/12/41. Jack, Stan, Eddie and I went to the Westover Cinema and saw "International Squadron". Afterwards we walked round by the Pavillion and got to bed about 2318 hours.

Dec. 28. Waited for the C/O from 0845 to 1000 hours, only to be told to come back at 1400. Jack & Eddie went to Mass. Stan and I came home and I took out the Mandolin for the first time in England. At 1200 I went to Kildis for lunch expecting Jack to come along also, as he was asked.

Dec. 28 (contd). At 1330 we had a meal. I went to see the O/C at 1400, but was too late, but Jack had the information that there would be nothing definite until 0900 29/12/41. We had went back to Kildis and talked and ate again all day. The 2100 B.B.C. news said Japan had bombed the North of New Guinea which made us more than ever eager to get back to have a go at the Gops. Curtin's remarks as published in the "London Times" seemed inappropriate at a time like this, and to my mind ~~was~~ ^{were} merely in keeping with the idle boasts of the B.L.F. We got home at 2300 hours after another enjoyable day.

Dec 29. We waited to see the O/C from 0845 till 1145, and then were told that there was still nothing definite, but to come back again at 1600 hours. All the best of our days went on 7 days' leave this morning.

Dec 29 (contd). I am worried at the absence of mail. There surely should be some word from Inyet or from Dad. Perhaps it is being held at the Records office, Gloucester. The way mail is stored here for some chaps is a disgrace, and there is as much, if not more, muddling and messing about in various ways here as there is in our own country. If information is not forthcoming about our posting this afternoon, we are going on leave.

Bournemouth is one of the chief place time seaside resorts on the South Coast of England. It has a population of about 220,000, and must be a very beautiful place in summer when holiday crowds throng the beaches. It is close to Poole Harbour, which has the largest sea space in the world. Not all the space is available, however, as some parts are too shallow. No Eynhor, before

Dec 29 (contd) going on leave this morning, asked me to let him know by telegram to London if we were going to India. He said "I hope you don't go East", a remark which I just can't fathom. He is staying at the Strand Palace in London. He is one of the few genuine officers I have met in the R.A.A.F. Canadians, New Zealanders and Australians are arriving daily, and there must be many thousands living here. At 16:00 hours we were again told "no news". Jack and I then met Keith, Pete and old Martin O'Shea. Pepper was next. At 7 o'clock, Martin, Jack, Clavell and I had a drink at a quaint place called the "Jok Lun". We then went to the "Pavillion" picked up Keith and went to the "Silver Grill" which is a sort of small night club. Had a few pots and played darts. Arrived home about 11 pm.

Dec. 30. The roustabouts again called at "Westcliffe 2 Bunks" (our orderly room) and were told our chances of India were very slim. Jack and I then decided to go on leave in the afternoon and went back to the Walmer to pack our gear and get a few things ready for leave. After lunch, we went across to the "White Hermitage" to see where we were to be sent on leave. We found out it was to the "New Forest" only about 40 miles from Ramsgate - by bus. We then went up the hill back to the orderly room to arrange our leave papers, and were granted 7 days' leave from 31/12/41. We had plenty to do, and just managed to make the bus which left at 1645. The fare for two was 4/-.

The route lay through many places, chief among which were - Christchurch, Milton, Lymington to Lyndhurst.

Dec 30 (contd). At about 1845, the bus conductor put us off about 1 mile from Lyndhurst with wrong directions as to how to reach our hosts. We saw a lady in the fog later darkness who showed us the way to the village of Lyndhurst. After many queries we eventually reached our destination and hosts. Mrs Grant-Sutton, a charming lady of about 50 who is the widow of Admiral G. F. Grant-Sutton, he having died in 1938. The house name is "Leet", and a lovely place it is. Mrs G.S. had been worried about us, and had been walking about the village looking for us. This we thought a wonderful thing to do, as the poor old dear is badly crippled in the hands with rheumatoid arthritis. Anyhow, after a nice hot supper, and a chat by the cosy lounge fire,

Dec 30 (contd). Jack and I were shown to our bedroom, which contained beds which were the most comfortable and warm I had struck since leaving home and my Darling night. We were thoroughly tired out, and were soon asleep. Before going to sleep, I said my usual prayer for night, for Dad, Fran and all loved ones, that we may all soon be again reunited.

Dec 31. Out of bed at 0830. What a luck! After we had breakfasted, Jack and I strolled through the quaint old fashioned village. We sent cables and had our hair cut. Then, coffee and huns at a tea shop. Lyndhurst is only about 12 miles from Southampton, but it is surprising how old fashioned the place is. Fortunately, to date, the huns has not visited the place with bombs.

Dec 31 (contd). After lunch, Mrs G.S. was showing us some of her husband's enormous collection of photographs, all in albums and methodically indexed and dated. To our delight, in one dated 1897-1901, there were large photos of Storey & Reed, Bawm, 2 alls, Kevanda and other spots near and dear to my heart. The admiral was then an officer on R.M.S. "Ringarooma" which visited Australia. At "Kolt" there are hundreds of trophies and presents, from all corners of the globe. Brassware beyond price, models of boats built by the admiral, (who was also an engineer), native spears, bows and arrows. In fact the items are too numerous to mention. At 1600 hours, Mrs G.S. drove us to tea at Chandlers in her little Morris sedan. Mrs Chandlers is a Belgian married to a very wealthy

Dec 31 (contd) Englishmen. They have a wonderful large house, very untidy, and three cars which include a Rolls-Royce. Their companion is an Irish girl, from Donegal, called Sally McFadden. Here again I was reminded of Myrt.

I don't care what anyone else says or thinks, but I love the Irish accent best of all. I am going to try and reach Glare on leave.

Mrs S.D. pressed about Jack and me so much that we felt like a pair of babes away from home. At 1900 hours we went to the Grand Hotel which is a modern structure beyond description. There we had a dinner party of five, one of the guests being a very wedding young Army Captain John Arvis. A bottle of Pommery was drunk during the meal, I, of course, having my share. The bill was over £6. After dinner we were joined by fifteen

Dec 31 (contd). other guests who made in all a dance party of twenty. The dance was very lively but too crowded, and eventually - bang! in came the Year 1942.

1942.

January 1. Here I must pause to review briefly - very briefly - the past year. It has meant many changes for me, for mine, and for the rest of the world. To begin, there was the breaking up of our "love-nest", leaving Myrt, who is more precious to me than anything else, and to whom, I am proud to be able to say, I have been true and faithful. God is my sole witness in the latter statement. There was - our periods of training, (heartbreaking) my leaving Myrt on 11/10/41, our journey 12,000 miles across the seas, and our arrival in England.

Jan. 1. (Contd) The New Year begins with good news in some theatres of war - bad in other. Russia is dealing crushing blows on the enemy, we are routing him in Lybia, the Commandos are active again in Norway, America is in the war, and last, but most disturbing to us Australians, is the threat of invasion by Japanese of our own beloved country. I start the New Year full of hope and confidence, and with a fixed resolve to get back to Australia and loved ones as soon as possible. As I write, my thoughts are all of wife, father, grandmother, and of all those whom I love, and who, I fancy, return my feelings of affection. May God grant his speedy victory, peace and happiness for years to come.

Jan. 1. After Jack and Mrs F.S. had gone to work at 10.30, I did the washing up and bed making in our room. At 1.30 we set sail for the cathedral town of Salisbury. The day was damp and foggy. Road wound through the New Forest, past the spot where Red Kuffel was killed years ago. Then through the picturesque village of Brook (noted for its trout fishing) boarding the "Green Dragon Inn", past "Pepper Pot" hill, and eventually to Salisbury. Parking the car we walked to a cafe "The Bay Tree" and had a delightful lunch. Mrs F.S. then did some shopping. We walked into the famous cinema which is really "The Hall of John Hall". It is an old house converted into a theatre. In the foyer, there are magnificent works of art, such as the Gothic style wood carved roof.

Jan. 1. (Contd). stained glass windows and marble.

An inscription told us the site was originally purchased by John Halle, a wool merchant of Salisbury, in 1467, and the house was erected in 1470 A.D. We then walked to Poultry Cross, which is an old octagonal area, but what the use was I do not know.

Then, through the High Gate Arch we entered the Close of Salisbury Cathedral. I have a small booklet describing the Cathedral, which is something I cannot do, but will give a few facts and impressions. It is named "The Cathedral Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Salisbury". The foundation stones were laid on 28th. April 1220, and on Michaelmas Day 1225 the Lady Chapel was completed. The Holy Communion was first celebrated on that day. The Spire, 404 ft high, is the highest in England, and considered the most beautiful in the world.

Jan. 1. (Contd). The Cathedral is built in the form of a double cross. Length is 473', breadth across the transept 203½ ft., height of nave 81 ft. The area of buildings, including cloisters is 2½ acres. The wall surrounding the Close on three sides was built in 1331.

Boundary on fourth side is the River Avon. Cathedral Windows of priceless 13th. century glass, depict various scriptural characters and scenes. We saw numbers of Effigies of Crusaders, tombs of famous people, and even an Effigy of the "Boy Bishop" and Thomas à Becket.

Oldest authentic monument is that of Bishop Roger who died in 1142 A.D. When we first entered the Cathedral, a service had just concluded, and we heard the fine chords of "The Victory March". I was disappointed at not hearing more from this beautiful organ which is by

Jan. 1. (contd) "Willis", and was the gift of Miss Chaffyn Eise in 1876. It was restored in 1934 at a cost of £4,000.

Truly a wonderful place of worship. I was struck by the vastness of the whole place, and it would be difficult to imagine how anyone living in close proximity to the Cathedral could stay away from services.

After leaving the Cathedral, we had afternoon tea in a quaint little tea shop, then headed for home. We came by way of Sevenston. Saw several small wild ponies for which the New Forest is noted. Bed at 2130 hours. I forgot to mention that during the morning we met Viscountess Canterbury or-Lady Canterbury, a charming woman of about 60, who lost her husband about 6 months ago. According to our hostess, the death of Lady C's husband was a happy release for her.

Jan. 2. This morning we spent indoors, writing our diaries, except that I went on an errand to Judd's shop for Mrs F.D. After lunch we strolled about the village, and I sent a cable to Mryr. About 6 pm. we called into the Waterloo Arms Hotel, which is about 200 yards from "holt". It is the real English Inn of olden times, with its small parlour, cheery fire, and seats and benches scrubbed almost white. We had three beers and went home. After supper, Jack and I walked about 2 miles to Emery Down, where a dance was being held in a large barn. We arrived in time to see the finish, about 2130. Arrived home at 2230, to find our hostess still sitting before the lounge fire and waiting for us. Bed 2330.

Jan. 3. We went to the butcher, bank and green-grocer for Mrs. F. D. Ours here in England, adults have not tasted oranges for over 12 months, sales being restricted to kiddies under 6 years of age. By strategy, we secured seven to take home, and one would have thought each was a piece of gold, as Mrs. F. D. was so delighted. Wrote in afternoon, also had practice at receiving more on the short wave. At night we played records on the radio pickup for a couple of hours. Bed 2315.

Jan. 4. Jack and Mrs. F. D. went to Mass. Afterwards, she drove us to see the ruins of Beaulieu Abbey, which stand in the grounds of the "Palace House", a beautiful house which belonged to Baron Montagu of Beaulieu. The ruins themselves date back

Jan. 4. (Contd) to the reign of King John in 1204, and again we feasted our eyes on things of historic importance. Here is the head of the River Beaulieu - a scene of beauty even in winter. We bought hoodlets, one of which I have. From there we were taken to "Beaulieu Wood", where all the wooden naval ships were built, I believe the H. M. S. "Neptune" was the last. Strangely enough, we heard later in the day where the destroyer "Neptune" had been sunk in the Mediterranean. Beaulieu Wood did not appeal much to me. In the afternoon we went again to the house of Mrs. Charleses for afternoon tea. Bill rang up to borrow £2, which I sent over on the Bournemouth bus, getting soaked through by a heavy downpour of rain. Back to Holt at 1930, my carrying a damn stupid puppy for 1/2 a mile. Bed 2200.

Jan. 5. At 10.30 Mrs G. S. drove us to Brockenhurst, where she had a tooth extracted. From there we went via Beaulieu, Marchwood and Dalton to Southampton. Here we saw the ravages of the German air raids. Whole blocks of buildings have been wiped out, but the people seem cheerful enough. Had lunch at the Regal Theatre, and went to the movies afterwards. "Man Hunt" was the picture. Also saw the official film of the recent Commando Raid on Norway. We then went back to Lyndhurst via the village of Bartley. On our way to Brockenhurst in the morning, we heard our first air "alert" and "all clear" since arriving in England. Jack and I gave Mrs G. S. a small dog collar and leash for her puppy. She had previously given us each a small Diary, and had been very good to us.

Jan. 6. Up "early" - about 0900. Jack and Mrs G. S. went to Mass, while I pushed off to say goodbye to Mrs Chandler and to return an Autograph book belonging to Nellie McFadden. At 11.45 we all met at the Crown Hotel, where we had morning tea with Lady Canterbury. At 12.45 we said "au revoir" to our lovely old hostess, and set our heads towards Bournemouth by Blue Coach. The return back took an hour. On the way we saw an aero. factory where Blenheims are made. On return to the orderly room, we were told that the W.A.C. was wanted for day banking in Blenheims "no six"! Jack and I want to go East or back to Australia, and otherwise will not go anywhere unless posted. Some of our pilots have been posted, and left this afternoon. We were told to go again to the Walmer Hotel

Jan. 6. (Contd). For the night.
 We had just made our beds
 and unpacked when a
 corporal told us to report to
 38 Wing in Chine Crescent
 road for billeting. Our
 billet is at 8 Norfolk Road
 with about 38 others, who
 consist of English, Rhodesians
 Canadians, and Australians.
 Back to the Hotel Osborne for
 supper. At 7.30 we met Martin
 O'Shea who had just come
 out of hospital. Jack and
 I went to the Westover to
 see Gary Cooper in "John Doe".
 At 2.00 we walked through
 the "Pavilion" and then to
 the "Royal Bath Hotel". Here,
 Jack and I tried to get rum
 for our colds, but without
 success. Had four beers,
 and then feeling hungry,
 fish and chips at Kelly's. 6/6.
 2/- each was the cost. Got
 a letter from Aunt Eglie,
 who said my Darling had
 gone to Brisbane. This is
 the first word I have had

Jan. 6. (Contd) since leaving
 Australia. It was good
 to hear from someone, and
 to even see Myrtle's name in
 writing. I am dying to
 hear from her - wish she
 could only know how much.
 At 2.30 we arrived back
 at the Walmer, to find the
 "Baren" sitting on a bench
 near the hearth playing his
 guitar. Another chap had
 a violin, so I joined in
 with the Banjo and we
 played until 0100 hours.

Jan. 7. Rose at 0945 and
 made our way to the canteen
 near the orderly room, where
 we had a cup of coffee and
 sandwiches. Tried a taxi
 and gathered all our gear from
 the Walmer. Then to our new
 billet at 8 Suffolk Road.
 Taxi cost 2/-. Our new place
 is (or was) a guest house
 "The Redlands". So far Jack and
 I have a room to ourselves.
 The place is filthy and dirty.

Jan. 7. (Contd) with bad sanitary arrangements. Food is fair, although we have to wait on ourselves just as we did when L.A.C. An air "alert" sounded during the morning, but the "all clear" went down after. In the afternoon, we wrote up our Diaries. Finished a letter to Myra, and also wrote thanking Mrs G.D. for our stay at Lyndhurst. Had supper at the Osborne mess. Met Sells and Paullmer, walked about for a while. Sells gave me a telegram from E. J. Baume, "Dutch" representative in London. I had previously written asking how to secure copies of the Brisbane "Dutch". I am writing tomorrow to try and get our names mentioned in the "Dutch". Bed 1100 hours.

Jan. 8. Parade at 338 Wing in China Crescent Road at 0900. Marched to Charkborough Hall, where we had half an hour of march. Jack and I remained behind and had our receiving test at 18 W.P.M. in both P/F and code. We both passed without any errors. Three tests are generally given - 12, 15 and 18 W.P.M. The 15 is for the very few Aust. trained W.A.G.S. who fail in the 18. The twelve is given for Canadians, and Canadian trained Aust. who rarely pass at 15. We remained, talking to the Corporal instructor, who told us that all Aust. trained WAGS had no chance of now going to Wireless schools, as the R.A.F. considered they were good enough to go direct to Squadrons or O.T.U. Quite an achievement for our Australian instructors, and, in our case, W/Baume. Cardale. The Canadian trained men are inferior when Morse is concerned.

Jan. 8. (Contd). Called for mail. There was none. After lunch, went again to Westcliffe Towers to see about a posting. The Flight Lt. there (R.A.A.F.) is very good, and has put Jack and I on a special preference list for transfer. To a climate more in keeping with that of Qld. We are using every endeavour to get back to or towards home. At 1300 we went to Westminster Hall to see our friends the Reids. Had the luxury of a hot bath with clean towels and soap. Stayed for afternoon tea, dinner, and supper. A most enjoyable time. At dinner, I had a Welsh vegetable - feed - for the first time. Old Mrs R. gave me a pair of huge socks knitted from wild wool, and which reach to the thighs. She is making Jack a pair also, and for both of us a pair of blue wool socks. Bed at 2330. Frost and ice everywhere today.

Jan. 9. Parade 0900. The day is dull but not so cold. Yesterday we were supposed to have been inspected by the Duke of Kent, but we did not see him. After parade we had a non-stop route march for an hour. Next, at 1020 a cup of tea and cake at a canteen. We then attended a lecture, in a Giverna Hall, by Captain Platt, who was an escaped prisoner of war in France and Germany after the Drexler capitulation. Very interesting too. Called for mail - none. Lunch 1300. I was amazed today to learn there are 4,000 hotels here in Beverenmouth, many of which are private. The population is not as great as that of Brisbane. Jack and I have terrible colds. We had some fun on parade at 1345. An N. English R.A.F. officer decided to straighten us up a bit, and started

Jan. 9. (Contd). barking like a dog. Eventually he made himself heard, "but the boys were very "grim" and took a poor view of things. Then, at 1415, we had a proper demonstration of R.A.F. efficiency. we were marched right through Bourneville to Boscombe, about three miles, for our pay. We arrived, all perspiring & find hundreds of N.Z., American, Rhodesian and Aus. men there. after waiting for an hour and a half in the perishing cold, we were told there was to be no pay for some of us until 6/1/42. Stukes me that Germany does not win her battles, by any particular brilliant planning or organising, but rather by the stupid bungling of the slow witted English. Arrived home 1700. Had supper and talked. Bed 2130.

Jan 10. Parade 0900. Jack and I ditched lectures, and went to town to buy strings for the Mandolin. We were advised there was a parade at 1400 for postings. At the parade, a few were posted, but not us. We jumped on a trolley bus, never paid, and went to a free show at the Theatre Royal. The show was put on by members of the Canadian Services, and was a good show. Wandered about at night. Bed 2230.

Jan 11. Jack and Eddie went to Mass. At 1100 Jack and I went to the Reids, where we had our usual day of feeding. I played the Mandolin, and Don Reid played the piano and sang. It was really an enjoyable day. I got a letter from Aunt. No word of Myrt. Terribly disappointed. Bed 2315.

Jan 12. Parade 0900. Jack ducked off to write letters, but I went on a route march and then attended lecture and cinema. After lunch, I wasted most of the afternoon looking for a Sgt. Miller from whom I had to get a dental chit. At night about 20 of us were entertained at the G. W. C. A. just across the road. During the day heavy snow fell. Bed 2300.

Jan 13. Parade 0900 in rain. I went to the dentist and then for mail - none. Have been most of the day writing. Bed 2200.

Jan 14. Parade 0900. Met the dentist, who at 1030 took an impression for my top plate. Morning tea at the Beacon Royal N.A.F.F.I. After 1400 parade, Jack and I went to Reid's for a bath. Had afternoon

Jan 14. (contd). Tea, and played Russian Pose (a form of table billiards). Stayed to supper. Bed 2230.

Jan 15. Parade 0900. Dentist at 1030 for a "bite". He said the plate would be ready in about 3 weeks. After lunch, Jack and I took old Mrs Reid to a News Theatre. Left there about 1600, then back to Westminster Hall for afternoon tea and supper at night. I don't know what we would do aully for the kindness of these people. Bed 2215.

Jan 16. Parade 0900. Jack bought a camera for £7.7.0. Had a cup of tea and came home. Parade 1345. Most of the lads then marched about 3 1/2 miles to Rosecombe for pay. We, however, ducked away and caught a bus which landed us there for 4 1/2d. After waiting for two hours,

Jan 16 (contd) and watching the terrible muddle of paying by the R.A.F., I got L4. The rain had started, so, by the time we were actually paid, we almost froze. Back to our bunks in a bed. At night Jack and I had a few drinks. Bed 1000.

Jan 17. Parade 0900 at the Wintergarden, where we are to parade in future. We bought 8 films and 6 callers. Cost us 9/11 each. At 1100 we went to Reids, had morning tea and lunch. We took Mrs and Mrs Reid to the "Westover", and then to the "Bath Top" for a couple of spots. Cost 7/- each. We counted it cash well spent, as we are well fed by these kind people. Old Mrs Reid has knitted two pairs of blue wool socks and a large pair of sea socks for each of us. After supper Mrs Reid showed us a lot

Jan 17 (contd) of his photography work, which included quite a number of 20x16 enlargements, some of them having been hung at exhibitions, and for which he had received diplomas. Most of them were scenes taken a few years ago in Southern France. Just before supper, an alert sounded, and we were able to rush up to a Warden's ~~obs~~ observation tower. No bombs fell, and we saw our night fighters show their lights. At Reids, we met Robert Haskell, the author of a book on Australia, called "Waltzing Matilda". Bed 2310.

Jan 18. Jack went to Mass, and I to St Andrew's Church, where the Rev. Donald Davidson conducted the Service. There was a beautiful pipe organ and a reasonably good choir. Put 7/- in the plate.

Jan 18 (contd.) We slept after lunch until 1630. Having had a poor supper, we went to the Westover Club where a free concert was given by the Y. M. C. A.
Bed 2145.

Jan 19. Parade 0900. Jack asked for, and was granted, three days' leave, so he caught the Blue Coach for Plymouth at 1050. I sent a wire for him, had a haircut, picked up my laundry, and came home. After 1400 parade, came back and remained in until 1830, when I went to the Pavilion with Martin O'Shea. A few beers. Bed 2150.

Jan 20. Parade 0900. Snow falling. Bitterly cold. Got caught at a lecture, but escaped through a window. Said goodbye to our lads going to Charwell. Looked in vain for mail from

Jan 20 (contd.) Night on hour. I don't know what could have happened. No word except from Aunt, for over fourteen weeks. In despairing of ever getting any mail news from Australia. I wonder does Myrt know how much I love her, how much I hunger for news of or from her, and how faithful I am to her? She is in my thoughts, waking and sleeping. Received a card from Mrs Grant-Dalton. She is going to London today, and hopes to see us there. I think we could get week-end leave for Foundation Day, but I am too short of cash to go anywhere. Snow lies about everywhere like a great white blanket. Wrote letters all the afternoon and stayed home at night to have some music. The chap who owned the billet played the piano well, his son had drums, and I was on the Banjo Mandolin. Bed 2300.

Jan 21. Parade 0900. No mail, nor news of any postings. Went back to the hills at 1030, and read near the fire. Parade 1400. Home again until 1730 when I went down to meet Jack on his return from Plymouth. Cinema at night. Bed 2300.

Jan 22. Parade 0900. Morning tea at NAFFI. Played Martin Oshea two games of draughts. Won both games. After the 1400 parade Jack and I went to Reid's where we stayed until 2230. Bed 2300.

Jan 23. Parade 0900. Cable from Mee for my birthday. No word from Midge. I am hungering for mail from her. After 1400 parade, went again to Reid's and stayed till 2200. Bed 2230.

Jan 24. Parade 0900. We were notified that on the 1400 parade, our leave passes would be handed out, good until parade on Wednesday.

Jan 24 (contd). Jack and I went to Westcliff Towers where I picked up my shoes. We then had a cup of tea at NAFFI. At 1100 Jack succeeded in getting our leave passes which would enable us to catch the 1420 train for London from Bournemouth West. This station is only about 300 yds away from our hills. Went home and packed a few duds, locking up our other gear. At 1330 I went to see Mee who owed me 38/- He was good enough to pay it back. The fare from B'mouth to London was 17/- return, so Jack and I decided to have a go with one ticket. Jack got one, and I a 1d. platform ticket. The difficulty was that if our tickets were checked en route, we only had one between us. Anyhow, we rigged a good tale and prepared for the worst. Luck was with us, and in due course Waterloo Stn was

Jan 24 (contd). reached. Here, to our dismay, we had to pass in a queue through a narrow gate on which there were two ticket collectors. We again decided to "have a go." I took the ticket, while Jack crowded behind me with the port. When I reached the collector, I held the ticket down low, so that he had to look down in order to catch hold of it. At the same time, I asked him how to catch a train for Sloan's Square Stn., turning as on a pivot as I did so. By the time I had received directions which were unnecessary, Jack had pushed through the barrier and mingled with the crowd. Rain was falling in torrents, so we nipped across Waterloo Road to the Union Jack Club. We were unable to receive accommodation, so caught a tube to Sloan's Square, and then walked to Lady Frances Ryder's place at Cadogan Gardens.

Jan 24 (contd). Here we were served nice afternoon tea, and Miss King arranged for us to go to W. Hampstead to stay privately on Sunday afternoon. Leaving there we caught a bus to the Y.M.C.A. at Westminster Hospital where we could only get mattresses on the floor for 6d. each. The place was filthy, so we left our port in the cloak room and decided to look for new quarters. To find places in London in blackout and pouring rain is no joke. After fruitless wanderings for over an hour, an ATS girl guided us to the Military Police at New Scotland Yard. The Police were very good and received accommodation for us at St. Stephen's Joe's Club, just near Westminster Bridge, and in the shadow of Big Ben. Went back to Y.M.C.A. cancelled our bookings, and brought our port to St. Stephens.

Jan 24 (contd). After a cup of tea and roll at the canteen, we climbed to a dormitory on the fourth floor and to bed at 2230. We were properly fogged out.

Jan 25. Up at 0830 to breakfast which cost 1/- each. Jack went to Mass at Westminster Cathedral, while I read the paper in ~~glorious~~ glorious sunshine which was foreign to London. At 11.00. We took snags, saw West. Abbey, the Cathedral, Houses of Lords and Commons, St. Stephen's Hall where George V lay in state ~~at~~ after his death.

Lunch at 13.00. Rang the English speaking Club after Mrs Grant Sallon, but found she had gone back to Lynnhurst. Walked along the Thames Embankment, past many memorials, Waterloo Bridge, Blackfriars' Bridge, Levens' head office, and to St Paul's Cathedral. It is

Jan 25 (contd) amazing to see the bombed ruins near St. Paul's. The bomb tried his very best to demolish St. Paul's, but only one bomb fell through the roof and did not explode. We visited St. Paul's, but were only allowed on the ground floor. It is really a place of wonder which is too beautiful for my description. The dome inside is 366 ft from floor to top, while the spire is 404 ft from street level. We walked along Fleet St., and tried several newspaper offices to try and find F. E. Baumé. Could not locate him. We then went back to the club picked up our post and caught a 55A bus for West Hampstead. This took us through Oxford Circus, and eventually we got off at Blue Road. Walking a few yards back, we arrived

Jan 25 (contd) at 60 W.F. Lane, the house of our hostesses, Mrs S Algarano and Mrs. S. Freeman. These people are Australians who have been in England 5 years. They are mother and daughter, the latter having recently been compelled to give up her beauty parlour to work in a factory. After we had afternoon tea and supper, we went to the Princess of Wales Hotel and had four pints of brown ale. Bed 25.30 in nice warm rooms with fires going.

Jan 26. Breakfast in bed at 08.30. Then a lovely hot water bath. Caught the tube from West Hampstead to Oxford Circus, changed for Stalham, and arrived at Godal House in Kingsway. Interviewed our Co of the trip from Australia, who is now Squadron Leader Kingsebury, about a transfer to No. 10.

Jan 26 (contd). Squadron, or back to Australia. As we had already applied, we were told our applications had been sent to Air Ministry. Rang for, and contacted F. F. Blaine, who invited us to the Savoy Hotel in the afternoon. Next, had grilled steak in Peter's Bar, Grand Hotel, Kingsway, for 3/1 each. It was the first real meat I had tasted since leaving home. Next to Australia House, Strand, for the free concert. This was a treat and lasted from 14.30 to 17.00. Some of the artists were Cyril Ritchards, Midge Elliott, Carol Ebbens (pianiste), Stan Holloway, Arthur Keve, and many more famous London players. Afternoon tea was served, during which I had 11 cream puffs and two cups of tea. Arrived at the Savoy Hotel at 17.30. This is London's most posh place. We were

Jan 26 (contd) to Room 280 where Baume was in bed with a bad leg. He ordered tea for us, and was very pleased to see us. Has been in Caring and all over Australia, and knew tons of people well known to me also. Met Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Londonderry, who seemed a good time with him. Told us our names had been called home the day I first wrote him. Made Jack and I promise to make the Savoy our home when next in London. He has his offices there and we can sleep on couches and use his private bath. Also wants me to play for the BBC Home and Town broadcast for which I will get £575. We eventually left him at 1930, and caught the tube, arriving at West Hampstead at about 2000. Had a few pints again at the Princess

Jan 26 (contd) of Walls Hotel, and then back to the house at 2200. Tea and toast, then bed. Had a great day at a small cost.

Jan 27. Breakfast in bed at 0900. Said goodbye to Mrs Dalgarro and caught a bus to Oxford Circus. We then called at the office of Everchamp Ltd in 197 Great Portland Road, where Jack had a new suit fitted to his pen. Caught the tube from Regent's Park to Waterloo arriving at 1115. Had a cup of tea and a pie, bought a platform ticket, and were again en route for Bournemouth. Still only had the one Rail ticket. After passing Woking, a ticket inspector asked for tickets. I produced mine, Jack accused me of having his and offered the inspector a mallow. In the confusion he left, much to the

Jan 27 (contd) amusement of two civilians who knew we only had one ticket. About an hour later the brute of an inspector appeared again and the following dialogue took place.

Inspector. "Tickets please."
(The two civilians produced theirs).

Myself. "You have already checked ours".

I. "That's right, we are old friends".

Jack. "Why do you check tickets so often?"

I. "Do you know I have sold over £6 worth of tickets today on this train?"

Jack. "Why sell them on the train?"

I. "You would be surprised to know how many jokes are practised. Today I have had theatre, tube, tram and other funny tickets handed to me, and even one railway one dated November 1941. I have been

Jan 27 (contd). 20 years on this line inspecting tickets and know all the jokes. Was here through the Boer War, Great War, and now this one. Jokes are the same, except this time they have multiplied. I am not easy to fool. We solemnly agreed with him, and bid him good-day. I thought the two "civvies" we going to bust. On arrival at Reims we walked out through a luggage gate and kept on walking. Arrived at the biller about 1830. Went to get mail. I got the most pleasant surprise for months as there were two letters from my Darling Mxyz. One was written from Moscow on 16/10/41 enclosing 26/- in F.N.S. The other from Mr. de Willembach dated 30/10/41, both addressed to me at Broadfield Park N.S.W. There was also one from Aunt, Arch Eynsber and

Jan 27 (contd) Noel Williams at Cranwell. Next, we were informed of our posting to Cranwell, the Wireless School, on Thursday morning. We went to Kido for supper as it would be our last time there. Jack and the Kido developed photos until 2400 when we went home to bed.

Jan 28. Parade 0900. Packed them as we had to have our baggage down to the Beacon Royal by 1430. In the morning Eddie Heap and I tried to cash the Postal Notes but without success, as they were payable only in the Commonwealth of Aust. After lunch Steve obtained £1 for 2/- at the Silver Grill. Ross, looked an umbrella. We tried to "hack" it, but all the "pop" shops were closed. Had a few beers at night, saying goodbye to lots of our pals who were left at Rouvenmouth.

Jan 29. Said goodbye to Kido at 0900. The old lady almost wept, and wants us to go back to Rouvenmouth and stay with them on leave. This we may do, but Jack and I want to go to Scotland and Ireland also. At 1102 we left Rouvenmouth and arrived at Waterloo about 1430. Went by bus to King's Cross. Had to transfer the baggage and then had a cup of tea. Left Waterloo 1600. Changed again at Grantham for Bedford at 1900. Arrived Bedford 2000, then by bus to Cranwell. Had a good supper, which looked as if the food were going to be good. Ice on the ground and as cold as Hell. Some of us (10) were placed in hut 247 with a lot of Scotch Light Sergeants, who are very decent chaps. Bed 2200 and shaved on a hard cold cot all night.

Jan 30. Scap's Birthday.
 Breakfast 0745. Medical
 inspection 0900. Filled in
 next of kin forms, got our
 baggage and pinched decent
 beds. Lunch 1200. Horse
 tests - 14 and 18 W.P.M. at
 1330. Also a procedure test.
 Jack by a P/O in the after-
 noon, when we again had
 the A.F.A. read to us for the
 sixth time. This is read to
 us at every station. Tea at
 1600. Afterwards we went
 and looked up Worsley,
 Owens, and a few others
 who have been here ever
 a month and have done
 their course. Bed 2230. Not
 so cold as I am now near
 a fire. During the evening
 heavy snow fell.

Jan 31. Breakfast 0745. At 0900
 we had a bit of instruction
 on gas equipment. Nothing
 more to do but sit near the
 fire until lunch at 1200.
 After lunch we had a lecture

Jan 31 (Contd) by our respective
 padres. Ours - a Methodist -
 by the name of Summing has
 been in 4 cabins and knows
 Oswald Hillman. Next we
 all assembled in a NAFFI
 room for a lecture by the
 C.O. Don't know what it was
 about as I fell and I played
 draughts during the lecture.
 We were then placed in
 classes, I fell, Lark and I
 being in No. 68. We start
 work on Monday at 0900.
 After supper, pictures at
 1745, which came out at
 2000. The cinema was
 packed but the programme
 very poor. After a cup of tea,
 chips and a terrible pie, all
 of which Worsley bought,
 we came back to the hut
 where we sat and yawned
 until 2230. Jack made
 toast with bread and
 butter stolen from the mess.
 Bed 2315. Cold as hell again
 all night with heavy
 snow falling.

Jan 31 (contd). Cranwell is the largest R.A.F. Station in England, there being 22,000 men and 3,000 WAAF's. It covers a huge area, and consists of Signal School, Central Radio, OT4, Bomber and Fighter squadrons. Just across from our hut are numerous great planes-Whitleys. They are huge crates and fly all day and night.

Feb. 1. Got up 1100 without having breakfast. Jack and Eddie went to 1030 Mess. There is deep snow everywhere, and a strong wind blowing making a real blizzard. Sat near the fire until 1200 when we had lunch. Nell is sick today with pains in the stomach. After lunch wrote our diaries, and read the bad news about the Japs being right at Singapore. Supper 1600, when we pinched more bread.

Feb. 2. Started on our course at 0900. It is practically the same as at Pader, and therefore very revision. Still very cold, although the classrooms are fairly warm. Every night we "hook" bread and butter from the mess, and make toast before going to bed at night. Bed 1000.

February 3rd 4-5. Nothing of interest to report, except purely revision of the work we did at Pader. Snow about everywhere and bitterly cold. We have a break at 0945 to 1000 when on early shift for morning tea, and in the afternoon from 1545 to 1600. No tea in the afternoon. During the morning period there is a rush for the NAAFI, as we all have to form long queues, and of course first in first served. This morning we had a worse test at both P/L and Degeo.

Feb. 5. (Contd). Keith, Jack, Stan and I passed at 22 upon. We also passed sending texts at 22 upon. Red about 2300.

Feb. 6. Usual day, only that we were paid £2 each as an advance until 13th. I am still owed two weeks' pay. We have to pay £1. per day as messing fees for very poor food. Red 2200.

Feb. 7. Shifted to Block 332. Stan, Jack, Keith and I are the only pair of our Parkes course together, although there are many others from Parkes on the station. We are in a large dormitory with a number of "Canards" as we call the Canadians. They are an uncouth mob of rabble, noisy as Hell like their American cousins. I am poked near a radiator (which seldom works). We do not have any stoves in here, as the room is

Feb. 7 (Contd). supposed to be "centrally heated". Went into Sleaport, which is about four miles away. Had to wait for a beer in a queue for an hour. We were almost frozen. Nothing to see or do at Sleaport, so we had some beers and returned on the 2248 bus.

Feb. 8. Sunday, a lovely sunny day. Rose at 1600 and learnt there had been bacon and eggs for breakfast. Boiled about and wrote letters. Red 2130.

Feb. 9. Started on M. Anconi today. Very interesting too, and the only new thing we have had here. Much superior to the 108783 sets, and easier to work and tune. At break period, Keith, Jack, and I decided to write a joint letter to our CPO for posting to Australia on 10 Squadron.

Feb. 9. (Contd.). We asked for an interview. wrote at night. Bed 2300.

Feb. 10. Tired and happy day. A letter from Myra dated 24/11/41, and also a cable. I was overjoyed, but very, very homesick. Keith has not heard from Olga yet and consequently is depressed. We four passed for once at 24 wpm, and challenged the instructor to give us a test at 28^s. Very worried about the Singapore business. Fred, Keith and I talked long into the night and decided to ask for commissions. Next morning, we looked up H/O Tucker, who is a good cricketer, and whom we met when in "B" Regt., to ask his advice. He said "you have forestalled me, but for God's sake don't say I told you anything." "As a matter of fact" he said, "I have already

Feb 10 Contd. - recommended you three? could have. Knocked us down with a feather. Happy as larks during the day. Had a few beers and several glasses of rumaker at N.O. Sgt's mess to celebrate. We ran into our Seattle friends there too. Bed 2400. Rather late.

Feb. 11. The weather has changed, thaw set in, but it is still terribly cold. Usual lessons, combined with reading papers etc. This station is a revelation. Most of the instructors are crowned on the English heads, and are accused of the continental reports of setbacks on every front. Still worried about the threat to Australia. I cannot help thinking about Myra if the Japs land and there. There's nothing we can do. Bed 2300.

Feb. 12. Lovely weather again. More Macaroni, which I like very much. Had a procedure exam, which everyone passed. Normal day. Went to a concert given by the Scapleton Chaps. 9d. each, and not too bad. Red 2100, but the Canadians playing their "crap" game, kept us awake until 2000. We were interviewed by F/ke. Ridgeway this morning, our op., who gave us some good tips. He is Irish, from Cork, and was pleased to know about myrt.

Feb. 13. A beautiful morning, but what had news. We know that 42 of our planes were shot down over the Channel, and the three four boats, which have been bombed in Brest 112 times by the K.A. 3, have escaped. Also the tragic news about Singapore. About 0300 this morning.

Feb. 13 (contd). We were awakened by a terrible crash which shook the whole station. Windows rattled, and we thought an air raid was on. Later we found out that a Scalpate had crashed nearby, killing three of the crew. The pilot, jumped and was saved. My day also. 24/10/41. I am still outed a week. Received a letter from Dewars inviting me to call. This afternoon I got another letter from my Darling dated 14/11/41. I am thrilled to think she is writing so often. A letter too from old Arthur Michells, the head packer from Allens. I very much appreciated his action, and will write him tonight. Went to the flicks to see "Jones". It was a good show. We expect leave in about another two weeks after finishing our refresher course. Red 2300.

Feb. 14. Still beautiful weather. After lessons had finished at 1600, Keith, Jack, Claude, Herb Ross, four Scotchmen and I caught the bus to Lincoln. Cost 1/- each to go the 18 miles. We walked all over the dummer town to try for accommodation without success. At 2000 hours had a few beers at the "Saracen's Head". We then all went to a dance, but Keith and I only went in and out again, and decided to catch the bus home. The time was 2230 when we got to the bus station, to find the last bus for Cranwell had gone 15 mins before. Tried again for accommodation without success. In desperation we went to the Police Station where the Sergeant in charge, after inspecting our 1250^s, allowed us to sleep in a cell each for the night.

Feb. 14. (Contd). The cells were very clean, with wooden beds. Keith had 10 blankets. I had nine. Red 2315.

Feb. 15. Up from our wood trucks at 0800, folded all the blankets, had a wash and set out looking for food. Went to the Ebert Northern Hotel, sat in the lounge until 0900 and then toddled in for eats. I had two grilled herrings, toast, butter, marmalade tea and porridge. The cost would be about 4/- each, but, as nobody appeared to take much notice of us, we left without paying. Climbed up a steep hill to the beautiful Lincoln Cathedral. It is a beauty. We went all over it, and left about 1115, just in time to catch the bus leaving at 1130. On the way home, we passed a lot of aerodromes,

Feb. 15 (Contd). where we saw
 Beau Fighters, Lancasters,
 Stumpfen, Halifaxes, and
 very skillfully camouflaged
 ammunition dumps etc.
 Arrived at Chanwell 1215,
 in time to have a poor
 lunch. Sorted out laundry,
 and here I am now writing
 this at 1430. Must go now
 and have my bi-weekly
 bath. Hot water is scarce,
 so we go to the Gas De-
 contamination centre on
 Wednesday afternoons
 and either Saturday or
 Sunday. I long for the
 comfort of our lavino
 bathroom, with plenty
 of hot water, soap and
 lovely fresh towels which
 my Sailing Mums always
 had ready. Soap is now
 rationed here, so we are
 worse off than ever.

1830 and Keith just walked
 in with the tragic news
 that Singapore had fallen.
 Shocked us properly, but,

Feb 15 (Contd). one has only to
 be over here and mingle
 with the simple 'sparking'
 English, to realize how
 little they can really do. How
 they ever kept an Empire
 together for so long is a
 mystery to me. Perhaps it's
 because no one has before
 tried to invade it. Red 2100.

Feb. 16. Cold as the devil again
 today. Nothing of importance.
 Played indoor basketball
 instead of doing PT which
 the boys appreciated very
 much. At night, Sell went
 into Glasgow with Worsley
 and some of the boys who
 have been posted to O.T. 4
 at Prestwick in Ayrshire,
 Scotland. During the
 course of the evening, Sell
 was "danged" twice from
 behind by Harry Ovens,
 who was pretty full.
 Sell, however, repaid
 from hitting him, twice
 pushing him over twice

Feb 16 (Contd) and sitting on him. Jack and I did not go in with them. We had some fun here in the down. The "banquet" gamble like hell every night and kick up an unholy row. Last night the Airlines decided lights would go out at 2330 - and go out they did. There was a lot of murmuring, but we were all ready for any trouble. Nothing occurred, and we all went to sleep.

Feb. 17. Still very cold. I received a parcel from Greenland House which contained 1 pr Pyjamas, 1 pr Sox, and a blue fleeced pullover. Very handy. Also received the photo myrt sent me. It was posted from Moscow on 17/10/41, and has followed me ever since. I am pleased as punch to get it, as it is a good one of myrt.

Feb. 17 (Contd). We were doing technical work on the I.F.F. this morning when a Miles Magister crashed into a hut about 300 yds. away. A pilot officer and an L.A.C. wireless operator were burned without a chance of getting out. When we dashed down, the plane was well on fire, but I believe the LAC was conscious part of the time when burning. Pretty grim show. The result of our procedure was given today. Out of 40 marks I got 39 (97 1/2%), Jack 38 (95%) and N with 37 (92 1/2%). I was highest in the class. Fortunately, when handling the papers in, the examiner noticed I had left a "G" out of the heading of the first message, handed the paper back to me, and told me to put it in. Otherwise I would not have got such good marks.

Feb. 17 (Contd). Jack and Keith have gone to a dance, but Stan Parker and I are here writing our diaries. We played basketball again today instead of P.T. Bet 2200.

Feb. 18. Received a reply to a letter from Wing Leader K.usk K.ight, advising that our application for posting to 10 Squadron had been unsuccessful. Today is the coldest we have experienced here. Also letters from Mrs G.S and Mrs Reid. The former sent some negatives of maps taken at Beaulieu Abbey. We were unable to see the C/o this morning as he was too busy. We each have to be interviewed separately which takes about 10 minutes each. The first is to go at break period tomorrow, so we tossed pennies. Hee lost, so he goes first, then I go.

Feb. 18 (Contd). After lunch we were paraded for an hour, and believe we we almost froze. Light snow was falling to make the cold worse. The parade was for issuing sand-shoes, with which we have already been issued. At 1715, Stan, Jack, Keith, Eddie and I went to the cinema to see "Kippis". Just a show, but the comedian (actor) appeared before us in person in London on Australia Day, which made the picture interesting. Arthur Keise is his real name, and he composed "Goodbye Sally".
Bet 2230.

Feb. 19. Colder than ever. This morning we were trying to take notes on the Mankoni in Room 161. Our hands being so cold that we could not even hold pens. Flying has been suspended on

Feb 19 (Contd) account of "icing-up" conditions. After lunch Jack, Keith and I were interviewed by P/O Tucker acting C/O for "C" Squadron about our commissions. We will now have to parade before the station C/O before the recommendations are passed on to Air Ministry. This evening we heard confirmation that Darwin had been twice bombed by Jap raiders, and that the damage has not yet been estimated. It is a blow to us over here, ~~particuarly~~ particularly as we have made every endeavour to get back home. To say I am worried would be putting things mildly. Keith and Jack have gone to a station dance, ~~and~~ I have not the desire nor the energy. Heard we are to start our flying exercises on Tuesday.
Red 2130.

Feb 20. The usual cold day. After lunch, we were again interviewed, this time by Sqdn. Leader Thompson. He was very sympathetic, but I suspect, not impressed with me. I could easily have told him plenty of lies to boost myself up as an athlete etc., but our records are at Gloucester, and they can check up on us. How we have to see Sqdn/Lt.

Draynard on Thursday.

Jack went to London for week-end leave. Keith and I proceeded to No. 1 Mess after supper, drank stout, and played darts & billiards. Got home and to bed 2330.

Feb. 21. Snowing heavily again today. Keith gone to RAFord for week-end. Stan, Eddie and I went to cinema at 1730 to see "Down Argentine Way". Food show. Took tea and cake at N.A.F.F.I.
Bed 2230.

Feb 22. Sunday. Did not get up until 11:45, thereby missing breakfast. After lunch, wrote to Bryant and to Aunt. Saw in the paper where "Warford" a soccer team had scored highest number of goals in the Saturday fixtures. One of our instructors ran a sweep on the fixtures. I won £3/6, and had saved £1 each with Keith and Jack, so I am richer by 25%. Quite handy too. Had a hot bath, changed my clothes, and shaved. Played Mandolin at night. Jack arrived home about 2100. Bed 2130, although with the noise in the hut 2400 came before we could think of sleeping.

Feb 23. Still snowing, but the weather is not so cold. Received a parcel from the firm. I was pleased, as it was the first I had had from Australia.

Feb 23 (Contd). It contained:-

- 12 only Cadbury's 1/2 lb. Blocks.
- 2 • 1X1 Peaches 1⁵
- 1 • 1/2 lb Cheese 4g.
- 4 • Nestle's Cream 4g.
- 24 • P. K⁹.
- 1 • Edgell Asparagus 9 1/2 g.
- 1 • S. & A. Pudding 1/2 lb.

Also, a slip from "Vicks the Russian". It was a gift from the Gods, as things such as these are not to be purchased in England. This afternoon at 1500 we had a practice alarm. Everyone on the station turned out in No. 5 Gas Suits, which is tin hat and cover, cape, respirator and eye shields. We were crowded in one of the hundreds of air raid shelters for an hour, and were all pleased when the "all clear" sounded. I know activity, it looks as though Gas attacks are expected in the Spring.

Feb 23 (Contd). Went to Curcina to see "Western Union".

Today was our last on the Curcine except flying, which is supposed to start tomorrow. A whole mob were posted today, some to the Mr. East. Sent cables to Myrt and to Dad, which they should receive about 2nd March. Bed 2200.

Feb 24. Today we started what are termed "flying exercises". For 8 hours we sat in the one lecture room, absolutely bored stiff, listening to stuff we had heard dozens of times before. Have to walk about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile over to the hangars. Bed 2000. Finished a book called "The Red House".

Feb 25. "Flying Exercises" again this morning in "Harwell boxes". These consist of small cubicles, with doors, in a hangar, and fitted with T1083-K1082 gear.

Feb. 25 (contd) The whole lay-out being the same as in the Proctor aircraft which are used here for solo W/T exercises. We were worked by "ground" stations where Canadian's were operating at about 14 words per minute. We eventually finished three exercises, and have two more to do in the boxes. Then we are supposed to actually fly. After lunch a route march in glorious sunshine. Knocked off about 1500. Supper at 1600. Still very cold. Bed 2200.

Feb. 26. All day long in "Harwell Boxes". Very cold. Went to bed early and worked out to Horwards. Parker then handed me a "V.O." Register" dated 8/1/41. It was great to read about all the Australian doings. In the Personal notes, I saw where Myrt had passed through Invercail for

Feb. 26 (cont'd) Brisbane, also where Flora had returned to Clareway after seven weeks' holiday in Dawnville. Then in the Clareway notes, I read where Dad had received word I was in England. I was referred to as Sgt. Pilot W. A. G. 1st class, which was some rank for the R. A. A. F. Received a letter from Arch Gwynne. Red (eventually 2406).

Feb. 27. A swell hole again all day. Our class (68) were acting as ground stations and worked by. Paid at 11.00, receiving £4/10/-.
This evening Jack and I were told to report tomorrow to Sgt. H. Grayson at 0945. I have to go to the dentist early in the morning also. Keith, I think has his commission in the bag, on account of his sporting record. I may pass here, but on checking the records from

Feb. 27 (cont'd). Australia, I know I will be rejected. Therefore if Jack and Keith are chosen, I will not be disappointed. Went to early session cinema to see "One Night in Rio". A grand show.

Feb. 28. Started actual flying today. This morning I went to the dentist and received my new plate. It is terrible. The teeth are much bigger than my own original ones, and the plate is loose. Stands to reason it must be, as six weeks have elapsed since the impressions were taken at Bourne-mouth six weeks ago. After lunch, Jack, Keith, Stan and I had our first flight in England. The plane was a D. H. 86, like those used on the run from Sydney to Moscow, and in which I have

Feb. 28 (contd). had a few ~~more~~ rides. All we had to do was take a few S.F. bearings on Radio Beacons, the actual time on the set for each of us was about 15 minutes. We were up for 1 hr. 20 m. and went over Frimby and Nottingham. At 1900, the pair of us went to Shepford on duty patrol. Had not been and a quiet night, although there were plenty of nobody people in town. Bed 2400.

March. 1. Got up for brekker and then back to bed. The remainder of the day I was working out and making up crosswords. Did not do any writing although my intentions were good early in the morning. Hoping the main tumours will bring some good results. Had a bath at 1700. Bed 2400.

March. 2. Cold and foggy. All day long we sat in the crew room waiting to fly. The D.H. 86 was not in flying order, also the fog prevented any flying. At 1430 I again went to the dentist who tried to fit up my teeth. However, they are just as bad and uncomfortable as ever. Stan, Jack, "Pop" Reaton and I played a few hands of bridge, and I wrote a few lines to be sent by air mail, which we are told is operating via America. Cost is 1/13. Pictures tonight to see a poor picture - "Atlantic Ferry". Bed 2100.

March. 3. Terrible fog and fairly cold. Reported to the Dentist again at 1000, and had my bottom teeth scaled and cleaned. He would not take any more impressions, maintaining

March 3. (Contd). The top plate was a good fit. I am resolved, however, to get another plate, even if I have to pay for them myself. We went over in the crew room, and then had to come right back again for more. At 1100 we worked an hour in Room 161. After lunch the crew room again and a game of bridge. I wish all flights have been scrubbed. At 1330, down to the "Proctor" crew room where more bridge was played. No one in our unit flew. We have Polish pilots. Played the banjo for a couple of hours tonight. Bed 2200.

March 4. Over to the crew room again this morning. After about two hours of bridge playing, we were sent to "J" hangar, where fuselages of planes are set up with radio gear, for

March 4. The purpose of teaching pupils daily inspections and care and maintenance of equipment. The rain started before lunch and has been steadily pouring ever since. At 1330 I went to West Camp to sign an allotment form. Did nothing but talk this afternoon. We have now finished our flying, only having done the trip in the Lt. 4. 86. Bed 2100.

March 5. Usual day, but very cold. Attached again to the technical section, doing more revision work. Bed 2100.

March 6. Most of the lads got bundles of mail from home, but not even a line for me. Cinema at 1743 where we saw "Bad Henna". After the show we went to No. 1. Sergts mess. I played Belle a snakes match, conceding him 30, and

March 6. (Could) betting him
 7. to a 4. After a good game
 during which I played
 very well, the final scores
 were 51, wholly 88. This
 match aroused a lot of
 interest, and of course Keith
 was the target for a good
 deal of chaffing. Had a beer
 two lumps of dry bread and
 cheese and came "home".
 Bed 2300.

March 7. Today the only
 thing of interest was a
 Morse test. The new box-pole
 marks our papers very hard
 and I am now assessed
 at 1/4 23 Code 24. Jack and
 I moored about at night,
 gossiping about things in
 general, and wishing
 we were back home.
 Bed 2200.

March 8. Sunday, and a
 beautiful sunny day.
 Bacon and eggs for break-
 fast, of which I had two

March 8. (Could) keepings,
 and also two lots of cornflakes.
 Strangely enough, I now eat
 these latter even without
 sugar. When I've used to
 put fresh crisp flakes before
 me with plenty sugar and
 milk, I refused to eat them.
 Had my weekly hot bath
 and changed into fresh
 underwear. Played bridge
 most of the day, and went
 to bed about 2030.

March 9. The weather is
 still warm although a
 trifle foggy. Pictures at
 night to be "Once a Crook"
 and "The Cisco Kid". Both
 not bad. The show started
 at 1730 and finished 2000.
 We heard tonight Java had
 fallen. Naturally we are
 very depressed, and dread
 the thought of Australia
 being the next place for
 invasion by the Japs.
 Bridge later at night.
 Bed 2330.

March 10 Another more
 test today. I have now the
 assessment of P/L 28 Code 26.
 Jack and Kith had their
 interview with the Group
 Captain who recommended
 them both for Commissions.
 Queen to some beingling.
 I was not interviewed,
 and it looks as though
 I will not be here. There-
 fore probably they will
 be well blown officers
 before I start. Lada
 never seems to be on my
 side. Bridge at night.
 Bed 2300.

March 11. Usual day with
 sports afternoon. We hear
 disgusting rumours about
 the Gaps in New Guinea,
 and also saw about the
 atrocities practiced in
 Kang Kary on both
 men and women. If
 ever anything should
 happen to Myrt or my
 family at Gap hands,

March 11 (contd) I will
 devote my time between
 hating the English and
 killing Gaps. I am quite
 understand Myrt's and
 other Irish people's dis-
 like for Englishmen.
 Still no mail. Bridge at
 night. Bed 2300.

March 12. After writing
 the diary last night, some
 of the lads in a lower
 room had brought a
 monkey from the decan-
 taminator centre. He
 apparently belonged to
 someone on the station,
 and when I saw him
 was being well fed by
 the lads. Went on sick
 parade, waited from 0830
 to 1030, and saw the M.O.
 I have a beautiful
 chilblain on my right
 big toe. Treatment was
 rubbing with Iodex,
 bandaging, and taking
 two large tablets three

March 12 (Contd). Turns per day. Brass sending test. I got 23. Same were assessed at 24^s and 25^s but I can't imagine how they got at much. No news yet of our leave altho we expect to move off on Monday. Jack, Keith, Stan and I are again making attempts to go to Predivick for OTU, and saw a Mr Hodge, in charge of Records and who rules Cardale when he was a 3/4. If we can get to Predivick and do some use to 68th Command course, we finish with an observers wing, and 4/9 a day increase in pay. Two periods after lunch we had evening practice with the Crystal Monitor, which makes turning the T1082/R1082 very simple. Bridge after tea; Jack and I went down 960. Bed 2200.

March 13. Leave day. After lunch, we learned that there were postings for Harwell, Lichfield and Colchester. Keith, Jack Stan and I were excluded from the postings as they were for banner command. Some of the boys were happy, some were not. Bed 2230.

March 14. Trucked about in the morning. At 1400, we were advised that we were to go on leave at 1630. That is, we four who were not posted. Fresh and bundle, packing, sorting laundry etc. Jack, Keith and I caught the 1630 bus for Grantham. Here we decided to have a look at Nottingham during the week-end. Left Grantham at 1820, arriving Nottingham 2000. Then began a search for 'digs' Jack and I eventually being booked in at 94 Shakespeare st. Cost 5/6 each for bed and breakfast. At 2130 we went to the Dance Palais, paid 7/6

March 14 (cont'd) each to go in
only to find the dance was
over at 2200. We had two
whiskies and the bar closed.
I've never seen such a huge
place, with a bar running
along one end. There were
drunken women everywhere,
and we espied one of our
Chaps, Murphy, cuddling
a lass in a corner. Both
were absolutely full, and
we heard next morning
that "Murphy" had given her
his watch. My cheap boots
gave out, so had a job to
find our horse in the
black out. Bed 2330.

March 15. Jack went to
Mass at 0930. At 1130 I went
to the George Hotel where
drinks were in progress.
The occasion was the parting
of 10 Course boys. Pub shut
at 1400. Went to the "Flicks"
in the afternoon. Had a
feed, and at 1830 returned
the party until 2100. Bed 2200.

March 16. Keith met us at
the Railway, and as our
train for Grantham did not
leave until 1110 hours, he
took us along Castle Boule-
vard to the firm of Eunn
and Moore, the premier
cricket bat makers of this
country. Met a director,
Mr. Sherwin, saw the first
bat made by his Dad, Wm.
Sherwin in 1892 and used
by Wm. Eunn, one of the
founders of this firm. The
Nottingham Castle pavers
over the city and is built
on a high rock cliff. The
dungeon windows are in
full view, and it is not
hard to visualize what poor
chances its prisoners had
of escape. We were raced
to catch our train in a van
which had a flat battery
and took some time to get
going. Caught the train as
the "right away" signal
was given. Arrived at
Grantham at 1215 hours.

Mar 16 (Contd) At 1230 we caught
 the Flying Scotsman and were
 on our way to Scotland. For
 the first two hours from
 Grantham to York, we had
 to stand up, despite the fact
 that there were 20 coaches on
 the train. Trains over here
 are always crowded out,
 most times one is lucky
 to get even standing room.
 The train raced along, altho'
 it is slower now than in
 peace time. Don't know how
 fast it goes in peace time,
 but today it did from
 London to York (180 miles)
 in four hours. In the
 afternoon Newcastle-on-Tyne
 was reached, and there we
 saw the miniature of Sydney
 Harbour Bridge built by
 Norman Long who as a child
 before starting on ours.
 Next stop was Berwick-on-
 Tweed. Crossing the Tweed
 we were in Scotland. And
 what a difference! Even
 the look of the country

Mar 16 (Contd) proclaimed the
 fact that we were out of
 gloomy, grimy, smoky
 England. Reached Waverley
 Stn. Edinburgh at 1815. Took
 a cab to the Holyrood Hotel
 at 16 Carlton Terrace. Price
 5/6 bed and breakfast.
 Jack and I were hungry
 so away we went down
 Princes St to a Restaurant
 called "Macdonald's" which is
 famous in Edinburgh.
 We determined to have
 a real good dinner, no
 matter what cost.
 Scotch beef, hot St. Omer's,
 Polish bread vegetables, ice
 cream, bread rolls butter,
 and tea cost us only 4/3
 each. The place was well
 run, and we could hardly
 move after the dinner.
 Strolled into the Royal Hotel
 where we met and had a
 few beers with three Scotch
 Army Captains, doctors,
 who had been to Sydney.
 Bed 2230.

Mar 17. St. Pat's Day and my thoughts were all of myrtle. How I wish she were here with ~~me~~ me, and I would be the happiest man on God's earth. Out of bed at 0930, bath, then breakfast of Bacon and eggs. Went to town where I rang Dewars in Perth to say we were on our way. Bought Scotch cards at W. & A. Colquhoun's. Had lunch at a cafe in Princess St and caught the 1405 train for Perth. At 1314 we passed Dunsperline, and sighted the castle where Robert Bruce lived. Then across the gigantic Irish of Forth bridge, where we tossed six pennies out in order to conform with a Scottish superstition that throwing pennies brings good luck during the first good crossing. Passed Kinross at 1500, and could see Loch Leven frozen over. Perth was reached at 1530.

Mar 17 (contd). Loading our gear, we made straight for Dewars, a huge building adjacent to the Railway Stn. We were well received, but learned that Marshall, the Manager, was at a meeting of the D.C.L. at Edinburgh. A Commissionaire treated us to both plain Dewars "Victoria Vaz" which we thoroughly enjoyed. Then they booked us in at the Waverley Hotel (at our own expense) which cost 13/- each for bed and breakfast. No bath, as the place only had few bathrooms, which were being tiled and would be out of action for two weeks. Met Mr. Waugh, the Export manager at night and had a couple of "spots" with him. Bed 2300. Forgot to note I sent my Darling a cable this morning from Edinburgh. Hope she received it not too long after St. Patrick's Day.

Mar 18. Breakfast at 0900.
 Then to Stewart at 1030 to
 go through the premises.
 Met Mr Marshall the
 Director who was busy,
 but very pleased to welcome
 us. Then Mr Bards, the
 assistant Export Manager,
 showed us all over the
 premises. First we saw
 the blending vats. Large, they
 are, holding 14,000 gallons
 each. Water is added to the
 proof spirit in these vats,
 and perforated pipes in
 the bottom force air through
 the blend so as to "marry"
 back water and whiskey
 molecules. After addition
 of water, the blend is
 allowed to stand for some
 days before being filled
 into "Butts" (105 galls) for
 further maturing. The
 whiskey we sell in Aust.
 is at least eight years old.
 Altogether, we saw about
 1,000,000 gallons in
 storage, and there were

Mar 18 (contd) seven more
 storage places close by, which
 we did not inspect. Then
 to the bottle washing dept.
 Washing machines are the
 same type as used by Slater
 and Larween at Gordonvale
 Q., doing about 120 dozen per
 hour. Next the bottling,
 labelling and packing
 room, where dozens of
 girls were working at top
 speed. Then the case dept.,
 where cases are made and
 branded. Space does not
 permit a detailed description
 of the whole place, but it
 is modern and compact,
 and of course very clean.
 We saw thousands of
 cases of White Label ready
 for shipment to all parts
 of the globe. The daily
 output is 5,400 cases at
 peak. Each bottle is 30
 mins from washing, to
 when it is actually
 packed and mixed in
 the case.

Mar 18 (contd): After a couple
 of huge whiskey, Mr Banks
 took us along to the Bull
 Sales which happened to be
 in progress. Buyers from
 all over the world, including
 Argentina, were there. We
 did not stay long. At 1300
 Mr Waugh & Banks took
 us to the Station Hotel for
 lunch. It was great. So
 we left Perth by bus
 for Blairgowrie. Near the
 latter place we passed
 "Beech Hedge" the estate of
 Lady Astor. This hedge is
 one of the attractions of
 Scotland, and was grown
 to prevent pheasants from
 flying across the estate.
 It is about two miles long
 and 80 ft high - beautifully
 pruned. Got the pruning
 is done I forgot to ask.
 In Blairgowrie about to miss
 while we hired a taxi for
 Blair - 5 miles away!
 Checked to Craig about
 5 pm.

Mar 18 (contd). We were met
 by old Mrs Little, whose
 son married Jack's sister.
 She and her husband are
 alone, are lovely old people,
 and treated us like kings.
 Although the house was
 300 years old, it was cosy
 and spotless. During our
 stay there we fed on steak,
 potato scones, home made
 jam, dairy butter & cream.
 That night Mr and Mrs
 Rodger (nee Little) came
 over to see us. They own
 a farm nearby. Bed 2300.

March 19. Breakfast 0900.
 At 0930 "Runt" Little arrived
 from Dumbarton near
 Glasgow where he is an
 engineer at the Blackburn
 Works where 6 Sunderland
 flying boats are turned
 out. He had come over
 specially to see us, and
 proved a great chap.
 After breakfast walked
 about 1 mile over to the

Mar 19 (contd) Rodgers farm where we were treated to a delightful lunch. The four daughters, Elma, 11, Barry, 9, Jean, 7, and Agnes, 5, were dears, and I got a photo to send back home to Mryt. The eldest one is also going to write Mryt. Jim Rodgers lent Bunt his car, and the three of us set off to meet his tharried sister at Trooy about ten miles away up in the hills. Had three whiskies at Dunkeld on the River Day. There is the best scenery in Scotland, lovely, but not to be compared with Nth Old. Met the sister and her husband, had afternoon tea. Bunt then drove to Blair, where we met his wife and kiddies. Jack and I took the car back. At night I played a Banjo on a ukelele to the two old people for two hours.

Mar 19 (contd). It belongs to Sandy, another son who is an R.A.F. pilot training in America. Before the war he was an Agricultural Inspector (trained at Edinburgh University) and is due home shortly. He is his parents' idol and must be a wonderful chap from all accounts.

Olunie is a great Raspberry growing centre, and in the berry season, thousands of girls are employed at picking. Old man little is a ploughman who works from daylight till dark for 50/- a week. It's remarkable how well his family have done when one considers the small wages for which he has worked all his life. The whole family are a credit to their parents. Bed 232o.

Mar 20. Went over to Rodgers after a lovely breakfast, and then for a spin into Perth.

Mar 20 (cont'd) Bought Eastern cards and autograph books for the kiddies. Had lunch at some Restaurant of which I've forgotten the name. Went to a Scotch concert and dance at night. I laughed until my sides ached during the night. I did not dance, but Jack got stuck into "Gay Gordons" and "Oxy O' Moxles". It was 2 am when we got home to Rodgers, and they would insist on making us tea. Sam when we eventually crawled into bed. At the concert met a Major Kichmond who owns two big stations on the N.S.W. - Old border. His father owns Haddon Rig.

Mar 21. After lunch caught the Perth bus on our return. Old man Little came in to see us off. Leaving Elmerie the old lady broke down completely, and

Mar 20 (cont'd) when Jack and I were in the train, the old chap broke down also. We enjoyed ourselves on the simple Scotch hospitality, and I think we brightened up the lives of the old people also. Arrived Edinburgh at 6.20 and booked in again at the Holyrood Hotel. Went to Madras for supper, and strolled home again Bed 2200.

Mar. 22. Caught the "Zlieir" at 11.10 am, arriving at Ewertham 6 pm. Had a cold wait for an hour for a bus, and then to Cranwell. Arrived there, we learned that during our absence, the proceedings for Prestwick had come through, but we had not been recalled from leave. Disappointed, as we had our minds set on going there to do a Radio Observer's Course - 3 weeks - with an

Mar 22 (contd) extra 4/9 per day at the end of the course. Bed 2200.

Mar 23. Packed for posting. Gook, Stan and I volunteered for the Middle East so we were that fed up. Keith will not go East, so stayed behind at Cranwell. Most of the day packing. Bed 2230.

Mar. 24. Twelve of us left Cranwell at 0700 for Moreton-in-Marsh OTH. We had about 40 kit bags. These had to be loaded at Cranwell, unloaded at Slough, carried across a platform on to the train for Gougham. Off again at Gougham and on to the London Express. Arrived at King's Cross 1200. Unload again, on to a tender then around to Paddington. Just had time to reload the baggage, swallowed

Mar 24 (contd) a hazy 5 minute lunch, and off again. Moreton-in-Marsh at 1630. No one knew we were coming, so after three telephone calls a tender came in for us. Then there was not any accommodation for us, so we were parked in a filthy clothes drying room. We thought Cranwell was bad - this place is awful. Bed 2400. Dried out.

Mar 25. After the usual reporting here and there, we were informed that out of 20, only five 1st. operators were to be chosen. This was a snafu in the eye to us. Not being ready for us, we were sent on 3 days' leave, to report back on Sunday at 2359 hours. Although leave was granted in the evening, we did not actually receive our passes until

March 25 (cont'd) 1930. Then
 Jack, Stan & I had to rush
 to the village 1 mile away
 to catch the 1648 train.

After a hell of a hustle
 and dragging two heavy
 suitcases, we arrived at
 the Railway to find the
 train just in. Luckily
 for us it was late, as
 Reading Jack and I

changed for Basingstoke,
 Stan going on to London.
 Changed again at Basingstoke
 for Bournemouth. Had a
 cup of coffee and a beer.

Arrived B' mouth 2300 and
 walked to Westminster
 Hall Hotel. Just as we got
 there an air raid alert
 sounded, so Jack and I
 went up on the Watch
 Tower to see the fun.

However, the "all clear" went
 so nothing happened. We
 could hear bombs dropping
 a few miles away from
 Bournemouth. Had some
 tea in the A.R.P. post.

Bed 0030 hours.

Mar 26. We had a beautiful
 room overlooking the sea,
 and with every comfort.
 Mrs Reid Serv. and Mrs R.
 Gunn. were both in hospital,
 so Jack and I poked about
 by ourselves. The meals
 were wonderful as usual
 and Mrs Reid kindness
 itself. Bed 2300.

Mar 27. Went up to the
 hospital to see old Mrs Reid.
 She was overjoyed to see us
 again. Then went to Bath
 Hill Court to see some of
 3 P.R.C. lads whom we knew.
 Came in the afternoon.
 Chatted in the A.R.P. at
 night until bed 0020.

Mar 28. Caught 0840 bus for
 Lyndhurst to see Mrs G.-S.
 She was thrilled to think we
 came back to see her again.
 After lunch she drove us
 to Salisbury where we had
 afternoon tea. During the
 drive her rotten dog spewed

Mar 28 (cont'd) over her rug and over my coat. Then out to Old Samur to see Arch Fymer. Mrs G. S. left us at the gate, and I could see a tear or two gathering in her eyes.

Arch is an instructor now, and was doing circuits and bumps when we arrived. We raced over and said good-bay to him, but had to wait over an hour until he had finished. He was delighted to see us, as he is the only Aust. at his station, which is an O.T.H. for officers. Lord Drenchard arrived when we were there, and all the officers were supposed to dine in because of that. He is an Air Marshal, and we saw the old doll arrive in a D/H 84. Even the Group Captain was on his toes and dancing attendance on the old pol. It's a lot

Mar 28 (cont'd) of not the way we had to run after these old "fogies". Arch took us up to his room in the officers' mess, and then we went by bus into Salisbury to have supper. Had time for one beer only, and Jack and I had to catch our bus for Bournemouth at 2100. Arrived 2300 and to bed.

Mar 29. Breakfast 0900. Jack went to Mass. Saw and said goodbye to old Mrs Reid, the young one having come out of hospital on Friday. Left Bournemouth 1050 and arrived Waterloo 1230. Caught a tube to Paddington. Left there 1415 arriving Merton 1630. Back again to our drying room and fields. We learned that several pilots had been scrubbed from the Wellingtons. Bed 2200.

Mar 30. Breakfast 0800. The food is terrible. No table cloths either. Lectures and a worse test at 20 w.p.m. We took that speed easily. After lunch we were told definitely that five only take ops. were to be picked from the 20, and we were to have a series of tests. Into Maxwell books for three hour tests. Bed 2100.

Mar 31. Usual day with another 3 hour test in Maxwell books. Bed 2300.

April 1. Paul's Day. What damn fools we are to be over here while our own country is in jeopardy. More lectures and tests in Maxwell books. Bed 2200.

April 2. This morning the tests narrowed down to 12. Eight had been eliminated from them. Jack, Stan

April 2. (Contd) and I are still in running. Back again into the books for the final flutter.

I received a cable from my sweetheart dated 27/3/42 saying she was well. I was so pleased I walked into the village and sent a 5/- reply after tea. I am terribly pleased to know she is well. Have not had one drink since being here. Bed 2200.

April 3. The final five were selected today, Jack, Stan and I being among them. I won 5/- from Stan during the tests. We worked very hard and fully deserved all we got. My hematuria had a good hold on me, and I suffer both day & night. Makes writing very hard. Luckily we shifted up into good quarters tonight. The three of us in one

April 3. (Contd) room, with a nice coke stove, and a chap who makes our beds etc. We pay him 7/6 each per week. Had a letter from Keith who got to Preswick. He said the course was made for me and they are short of instructors. Two chaps who were put back off 10 course at Parkes came top up there and are instructors. Jimmy? makes me laugh.
Paid today £4/10. Bed 2300.

April 4. We are now in D Flight and have to do 60 hours in Ansons before going on to "Wumpys". Martin O' Shea is here, and he would like to be in my crew, but unfortunately he is a course ahead of us. Here is the place where we "crew up" in Wellingtons and fly to the Middle East. Lots of machines

April 4 (Contd) never reach there as they have to go by way of Gibraltar & Malta. There is a rumor that they are used to go direct to Africa, having extra petrol tanks fitted which are jettisoned during the trip. I feel quite sure of arriving, and also of surviving the war. Lots of chaps with whom we trained were lost at Singapore, so I was lucky not to have gone there although I tried very hard. Today we took off in ANSON 814 for a Cross Country. Lasted four hours. Bed 2200.

April 5. Flying again at 0940 - ANSON AX 428. Lasted 3 hours 10 mins. We are kept busy in the air getting fixes, loops, position reports etc., but all very interesting. Jack has been with me on both trips. Dracconi.
Bed 2100.

April 6. Flying from 0945 for 4 hours. Jack again with me. Narconi. Should have flown tonight but it was cancelled. Wrote Myrt, Dad, Mrs Reed. Red 2200.

April 7. Flying from 0950. 3 hours 20 mins. It makes us very tired so we sleep during the afternoon. Night flying has been again cancelled, so we walked to the village for laundry. Did not go night in. Wrote Aunt E. from whom I received a letter yesterday saying Aunt Carly had passed away. Red 2300.

April 8. Flying from 0930 for 4 hours 26 mins. At 10,000 ft it was so cold we could not operate the set properly. Stan was with me this morning. Terribly cold, and tonight we fly from 2100 to 0300.

April 8 (Contd) Six hours! I know the cold is going to be intense, so am juggling up like a racehorse. The plane we use tonight is fitted with an old G/P set, and Jack says it is a brute as he used it this morning. However, Jack is again with me tonight, so he will have the pleasure? again. The clocks here are two hours ahead now, and darkness does not fall until 2130. At 2100 we took off in ANSON 816. The plane back was lit, although it was not really necessary. Jack was first on the set, and what a picnic he had on the old G/P set. Here I might mention that G/P is for "General Purpose" the name given to the 1082/1082 Transmitter & Receiver. This is the equipment on which we did our course in Australia, but it is now obsolete, Narconi having

April 8 (contd) superseded it. Night flying (my first experience) is rather good. No bumps, and not too cold. We could see many navigating beacons, which flash red lights in two letters - more or less. Also there were hundreds of search-lights everywhere. At 2340 we landed to refuel, but as our XMTR was 4/5, changed all the gear to ANSON 813. To our dismay this was fitted also with G/P radio equipment. After a while we were told 813 was 4/5 so out with the gear again and off in a C-47 to ANSON 424. After waiting until 0115 we were advised the second leg of our flight had been cancelled. Up to the mess for food and eventually got to bed at 0230. Staw etc. our fire so we were very cozy, although the morning was cold.

April 9. Out of bed at 1200. What a glorious sleep. Shave and bath, lunch, then to the crew room at 1330. Sure we got a shock. It appears that all our planes took off with wrong codes for radio challenge last night, and eventually searchlights went out and night fighters were sent up. This accounted for the navigating beacons altering their letters, which our observer could not make out. If we cannot answer a challenge in the right manner at night, hang we go! No flying today. After tea Noel Williams came over and we played bridge until 2200. Had Bobbie toast. Bed 2300.

April 10. Dressed about during the morning. Took off at 1405 for a cross-country flight. Landed about an hour later

April 10 (cont'd) at Hareham.
 where we had a look
 over our latest twin eng.
 fighter - "Mosquito". Powered
 with two 1400 H.P. Merlin
 engines, it looks as if it
 will give a good account
 of itself. Landed about
 1745 after 3.35 hours in air.
 Bill Staal came over for
 bridge. Played until 2300.
 Shouky Barch then brought
 sausages in, so we had
 them plus, cocoa, toast
 and margarine. Bed 0015.

April 11. The morning was
 bright and clear, but at
 0830 when we reported to
 the crew room, a dense
 fog had settled down. We
 then went out to our Kites
 and "swing loops", which
 means taking loop bearings
 on Radio Beacons so that
 the observer can estimate
 any error when pointing
 his compass. This took us
 until 1200, when we heard

April 11 (cont'd) all flying
 was cancelled for the week -
 end for "D" flight. Scores
 of the boys released off to
 London for the day and
 a half, but we selected
 to stay home. After lunch
 I wrote to Fryt & Fran.
 At night Doug & Bill came
 in to play bridge, bringing
 with them 8 stalks of Edgell
 asparagus. At 2300 we
 made cocoa, toast, and
 had asparagus on toast.
 Jolly good to even have
 a couple of stalks. Bed 0100.

April 12. Beautiful sunny
 spring day. Jack went to
 brass. I cleaned up my
 part of the room and set
 the fire for tonight. Did
 a crossword puzzle, read
 a book and smoked
 many cigarettes. We are
 allowed 25 only per week
 here as a ration. Good
 lunch today for a change.
 Played bridge at night.
 Bed 2300. Wrote Gell.

April 13. Took off 0935, flying with a Canadian child Sgt. Wabrecht. Good trip although our pilot unloaded about a good deal. The route was Heath, Framlington Rowby, Tweeter to Base. Flew with Jack. Time 4/50. Walked into the village, after tea and opened banking accounts. I actually ^{put} in £4. Good for me. ^{could be} ^{my} at 2130 we were off again for our second night flip. F/O Griffiths the pilot. We should have done two hops, but Jack had trouble with the travellers, so the second leg was cancelled. Route - Drawbridge, Cranwell, Kington - Base. Meal in the mess at 1400 14/4/42.

April 14. Slept in until 1230. Packed about during the day. At 2130 we took off again on our third night hop. I was with an Englishman, Eddie Lee, instead of Jack

April 14 (contd) on Stan. After going along the runway, our brakes were 1/3 so we had to change to another plane. Eventually off at 2220, with 2/Lt Prior as pilot. I was having my first run with F/O Stephens, whom I had picked as an observer, but he got hopelessly lost on two occasions during the flip. The route was Drawbridge, Cranwell, Kington to Base. Landed about 0130 to refuel. Came up to the mess, had a meal. Took off again about 0245 on the second leg. Got to bed at 0610 hours. Flying time 4/55.

April 15. Slept like a log till 1230. Had lunch, then down again to the crew room. Took off 1435. pilot - Sgt Wabrecht, route - Sherries, Galesbury to Base. We bombed near Sherries. Coming home, our pilot dived from 2,000 ft at a Chap driving a tractor in

April 15 (Contd) a field. When we looked back, the tractor was zig-zagging along undisturbed with the chap breaking "evens" about 100 yards away from it.

Time 4/20. Bridge at night with hell willidms.

Jack went to a dance.

Red 0010.

April 16. Took off 0950 with P/O Griffiths as pilot. Route, straight out to Sherris, or at least to a point over the sea at a "DK" position. Beautiful day, and the scenery across Wales was simply lovely. Jack was with me. From there we came back to Base via Cattermore. Flying time 3/50. Steel came over at night and we played bridge. He had just received a parcel from his mother and opened it here. To our delight Chocs were in good supply. Had cocoa and toast. Red 2320.

April 17. Reported today at Crew Room. Jack and I had asked to have a chance to fly to Scotland. There was a flip on, so the names were read out. Unfortunately P/O Lowe thought Jack's name was Parker, so Rear was lucky and got the ride. Took off at 0955 with P/O Edmund D.F.C. as pilot. Again we flew to Sherris where we did bombing. Then straight out over the sea to the Bay of Man. Altered course across the Mull of Galloway, over Ailsa Craig & landed at Prestwick. Passing Ailsa Craig, the Irish coast was plainly visible, particularly Trailline Mts. in County Down. Hele is at Prestwick, but we only stayed ten minutes to let a passenger off. Then on to Bumpies where we went down for lunch. The lunch cost 1/- each at the mess but was well worth it.

April 17 (Contd) Took off again at 1440. Stew then went on the radio so I sat up with the pilot and map read for him. Straight to Lark, then Dorchester and base. Thoroughly enjoyed the trip which was a real picture for scenery. Both Wales and Scotland are really beautiful from the air. Arrived back at 1710. Flying time 3/40. Bed early - 2130. Paid £4.

April 18. Took off 1000 with a new pilot Sgt Walker. We had to land at a drone ten miles away, but due to fog, it was not until 1115 that we found the place. There we picked up a V.Z. Flying officer, who came as passenger to Penrhos in Northern Wales. Very foggy day. After three attempts, our pilot landed us at Penrhos where we refuelled. Gloious weather there, so

April 18 (Contd) we basked in the sunshine for an hour. Arrived back about 1500. Route. Edgchill, Penrhos, Wisbich & Base. Flying time 3/30. Jack was again with me. My total hours to date are now 90hrs 10 min. Had dinner and supper combined at 1630. Tired out from flying. We are now finished with Arsons, and transfer to "A" flight on Monday. Stew is on 2nd Ave Park duty tonight. Still no mail from Myer. Bed 2200.

April 19. Arose 0745, had bacon and egg for brekker. Jack and Stew did not go with ~~us~~ me. Returned to bed and got for dinner at 1200. Bed again. Tea at 1700. Played bridge until 2345. Jack and I sent Stew and Steel down 2600 points. Playing for 1d. per 100, we won 2/3 each. Bed 0015.

April 20. This morning at 0730 we were posted to Edgehill, a satellite dome about 10 miles from Mroseton by air. Packed and was ready at the appointed time - 1400, but naturally did not leave until 1500. Arrived Edgehill about 1615. Here there are six of us in one hut which should contain eight. Quite comfortable too, altho it's on the cold side. We have to walk about 1/2 a mile to the mess, showers and lavatories, otherwise the place is quite ok. After supper we walked about 1 1/2 miles to the village of Rhinington. There we ate at a farm house - ham and potatoes, bread, butter, jam & tea for 1/- each. I went to the "Bele Inn" where we had one beer each and bought Dull strength Capstan Cigs for 1/- per 10. Edgehill is 300 ft higher than Mroseton - in Mroseton, and about

April 20 (contd). 700 ft above sea level. Crawled up also today. Our crew: -
 Sgt Whitworth pilot & captain
 Thompson 2nd " F
 Head Nav. F
 Macdonald 1st W/T Aus
 Sutcliffe 2nd W/T NZ.
 Craxton A/G Aus.
 So we have three English and three colonial. Bed 2200.

April 21. Went to Mroseton by bus to do a grape. Were there all day until 1600. Was 4/6 at post. Walked again to Rhinington and had egg on toast for 1/-. Bed 2300, after reading.

April 22. Usual day, except we had two hours again in Howell hokes. Jack got several letters from home. I have given up hope of ever hearing again from Myrt. Her last letter was dated 15/1/42. Rheumatism very bad again. Whole Myrt. Bed 2200.

April 23. Parade 0900. Harwell
 takes for 2 hours. After
 lunch, a lecture in the
 drying room on flares, then
 a look through a Wimpy.
 Played bridge at night. Bed 2200.

April 24. Parade 0900. Harwell
 takes in morning. After
 filling in 295°, applying
 for weekend leave, we had
 lunch. At 1430 I had a
 run in with two corporal
 P.P.'s over passes, and had
 a win. Jack, Stan & I
 caught a tender to Moxleton
 to pick up uniforms
 which had been dry cleaned.
 Got a lift to Moxleton Key
 with a padre, and caught
 the 1642 for Paddington.
 Fare 7/11. Received an air-
 graph from Graham King
 in Kenya. Paddington
 2015, and had tea and
 "flair-sausage" sandwiches.
 Stan caught a tube for
 Knightbridge to stay at
 the Church's Club, Jack

April 24 (Contd) and I going
 by tube to Trafalgar Square.
 Walked to the Savoy Hotel
 along the Strand. Only a
 few minutes walk from
 Trafalgar Square. Barrow
 was not in, but Mr
 Beaton, his aide-camp took
 us into the "Coal Hole", a
 pub close by, where we
 chucked four beers. Back
 to the Savoy. Eric then
 arrived. Suggested a
 drink at once. The time
 being 2230, we then went
 to a private lounge. Joined
 by Larry & one of the new
 York "Liberals". Jack
 bought one lot of drinks
 for four, costing 12/3.
 Naturally, I did not shoot.
 At about 0100, we sang
 "Waltzing Matilda", and
 waltzed off to bed, which
 consisted of two easy chairs
 each. Had a jolly good
 rest, and one of the best
 nights fun I have had
 for some time.

April 25. Anzac Day! Arose
0930, shaved and bathed in
luxury after camp life.
Eric ordered breakfast for
three, which consisted of
sausage and mushrooms.
Scan was waiting in
front of Queensland House
at 1000, so I went and
brought him to the Savoy.
Went to the Anzac Service
at St. Martin's in - Fields
at Traf. Square. Met there
an old lady - Mrs Grant -
who autographed my
programme, and gave me
her son's address in U.S.
after the service, we went
back to the Savoy and had
two drinks. Then down to
Australia House for lunch.
Here we were usual members
of the Boomerang Club and
had a good meal. Met two
lads who came over with
us on the "Ceramic", lads
Duckley and Hurley.
Rushed then to the Empire
Rendgens, where we had

April 25 (contd) afternoon tea,
and were given free tickets
for a dance at 1000. There,
however, we did not see.
Going back to the Savoy, we
met Eric, who hired a cab
and took us to a place
owned by the Earl of London-
devery. From there to the
"Red Fox Bar", a club in
Park Lane. Two drinks,
sang "Waltzing Matilda", and
then to the Mueser Hotel.
Here we went into what is
termed "The ~~Red~~ Darton Dive".
This, as the name implies,
is a bar around the walls
of which are frames, each
containing actual Tartan
cloth of various Scottish Clans.
From there to "The Old White"
Hotel, owned by an Aussie
from Bewke, N.S.W. Have
forgotten his name. Next
to Hyatt's Tea Shop near
Charing Cross Stn. Here we
listened to the Orchestra
and had some food,
Bed 2340.

April 26. Rose about 1100.
 Met Squadron leader Section
 Bellis who has written
 several books. Also a Scotch
 General called Miss Elce
 Camben from Glasgow, who
 is kindly going to try and
 trace my relatives there.
 Her brother is Len Camben,
 who broadcasts for ENSA.
 Australia House for lunch.
 Moped round in the
 afternoon. At night went
 to have a look through
 the "White House" in Albany
 St. This is a huge place
 which comprises 1,000
 self contained flats. Caught
 a tube from St. Portland
 Road to Paddington, and
 the midnight train for
 Barbours Head to stand
 at Obrecht. Did not buy
 a ticket. Arriving Barbours
 0235 we tried to sleep in
 a bus, but the cold was
 too intense. However, at
 0640 our bus left for
 Edghill, where we

April 27 arrived in time
 for breakfast. Usual day
 of doing nothing. Bed 2300.

April 28. Received letter
 from Myrt dated 1/21/42.
 I was pleased beyond
 words to hear from her.
 Enclosed was a snap of
 Martin and Myrt's mother.
 Went to Moulton, and all
 we did for the whole day
 was two minutes in a
 Drayer Mack Duvet Spotted
 train. Saw up this morning
 about my rheumatism.
 Am supposed to receive
 massage each day. Do
 much damn trouble.
 There's a piercing heavy
 wind blowing which cuts
 one like a knife. Bed 2100.

April 29. Did nothing again
 all morning. After lunch
 wrote to Myrt - No 33. Had
 a massage at 1500. Never
 bothered to go back to the
 Drome. Bridge at night.
 Bed 2300.

April 30. Wind has died
down thank goodness.
Jerry has been giving Beth
and Norwich the works,
and causing lots of damage.
Evens he will be over here
one night. Went to Morseton
at 1400 for a lecture which
lasted an hour. It was
on flares and photography.
Had tea at Morseton, and
again back here. Stan &
I played bridge. Lost 4/6.
Paid today - £4/10/. Owe
Stan £1. After being paid
our Respirators were
inspected. Also 1250" and
discs. Got our tropical
gear out and ready to
hand back. Bed 2300.

May 1. Breakfast had for
me an egg. Jack who is
in the village last night and
managed to scrounge two.
Some of the lads have
gone to Morseton again to
waste time, but I am
a member of No. 3 crew

May 1. (contd). all members
of which are wasting
time here. The time is
now 1100, so must write
to Graham King. After
lunch we were told we
could have another 48 hours
pass for the weekend. Put
in 295" for Stan, Jack and
myself. Had a shave and
bath. Jack and Stan came
back from Morseton at 1800,
so we decided to stay here
for the night and go some-
where next day. Took our
laundry to "Berrington", and
visited the "Bell Inn". There
we met P/O Cairns, Stan's
observer, and P/O Smith,
who navigates for Jack.
The beers flowed until
2200, when the pub shut.
On the road home, Stan
demonstrated the art of
water drinking, to the
amusement of the officers.
Cairns, who was educated
at Oxford, is a writer, and
Smith a Brazilian.
Bed 2300.

May. 2nd. Up at 0700. Breakfast
 0715, caught a bee to Barbury
 at 0800. Decided to go to Kott-
 ingham. Train at 1010 from
 Barbury. Changed Woodford.
 Arrived Kotts 1308. Had lunch
 and went out to see the
 Trent Bridge cricket ground
 where tests are played. Met
 Sherwin, director of Essex
 & Moore, who entertained us
 from 1800 to 2300. We had
 lunch from Barbury to
 Colchester asking keep,
 & keep to be in Kotts,
 but they did not show up.
 During the afternoon, I was
 shown along Storey St and
 Woolpack Lane. These parts
 were certain of the Lace
 industry pre-war. Left
 Kotts 1026 Sunday, through
 Leicester & Uxley to Barbury
 where we arrived 1330.
 Had lunch, saw "Barbury
 Cross" and caught 1420
 bees for Edgehill. Bed 2130.
 Weekend cost me £27/7.
 I now have about 15/- left.

May. 4. Did absolutely
^{nothing} nothing all day. The
 place is getting on my
 nerves. After tea went
 to Sherington for laundry.
 Had several beers at the
 "Bell Inn". Beer is like
 water. Price is 11d a pint.
 1/2 pints of Bass cost 11d. also.
 Bed 2300.

May 5. Went to Braxton
^{for a "grope"} for a "grope". Our crew
 was not wanted, so
 came back on the return
 bus. At Shipston, we
 stayed half an hour to
 have some beer. I had
 four for nothing. Looped
 rest of the day. Bed 2100.

May. 6. Continued looping
 about the station. No
 warden men are sick
 and tired of the R. a. F.
 Organisations is rotten, food
 atrocious. Weather good.
 Played bridge at night
 and lost 1/3. Bed 2200.

May 7. Something new.
 One of our Wellingtons
 crashed last night, killing
 five lads. One, an English
 boy of 20, Bob. Wacker, was
 in his hut. There are a
 couple of officers here now
 going through his belongings,
 reading letters etc. I slipped
 some depress, and a small
 pocket dictionary. Had an
 hour in Sewell boxes.
 Bed 2100.

May 8. Marched from our
 mess to D light, where broken
 off and then the usual
 exchange about. Another
 plane crashed at Wrexham
 last night killing three
 more. This afternoon a
 W.A.C. fell down the ladder
 of a "Whippy", and as he
 was getting up, walked
 into a revolving airscrew.
 His remains were spread
 over four blankets. No one
 was allowed to look at
 his mangled corpse.

May 8. (Contd). That makes
 a total of 9 dead for the
 week. It's a wonder to me
 that any of the Coaches
 actually finish, as the
 crates are poor old worn
 out devillets - "flying
 coffins" we call them.
 Went to Sherington and
 had some more beer.
 I have 8/- left. Bed 2300.

May 9. Usual day of mucking
 about - doing nothing.

May 10. After lunch today, we
 were given leave for the rest
 of the weekend. As there was
 not much we going away
 for such a short period, Stan
 Gack and I remained on
 the station. At 2000, went
 to Sherington, where we
 indulged in several beers.
 Bed 2300.

May 11. Stayed in bed until
 1200. Read rest of the day.
 Bed 2100.

May 12. Went to Worcester for lectures, returning about 1630. Played bridge. Bed 2200.

May 13. Nothing doing all day. At 1730, Jaed and I went to the village. I sent myrt her birthday cable. After, we were invited to some old lady's house where we had home cured bacon, lovely coffee and an egg. Did not have any beer.

May 14. Took off after lunch in Jaed's plane for Northampton to bring back the "Wimpy" which killed the W. A. C. on 8/5/42. 3/4 Hartford, Brian heard and I brought the machine back. After landing at Base, we heard the plane had been inspected by some Air Marshal, who said he was surprised to know such planes were used on O.T. U's.
Bed 2200.

May 15. At parade this morning my name was answered but I was AWOL, clearing out our hut. Leave was granted for weekend, but my pass and that of four others was taken from the pile. Brian took my pass off. The C.P. S's table and had it sent to the Guard Room with others. Jaed was flying, so Stan and I set off for London. Arrived Paddington 1815, after a quiet train ride from Berkbury. Went to Savoy Hotel, Stan going to Victoria League. Met Stan 1900. Proceeded to Sussex Hotel and had beer. At 2230 Stan went home, I went and had supper at Lyons' in Piccadilly. Bed 1200.

May 16. Jaed arrived last night. He, Stan, Brian and I caught the 9.10 train from Waterloo for Weybridge. Here we were shown through the Vickers-Armstrong works, seeing

May 16 (contd) Wellingtons in the whole course of construction. The output is 46 per month. Going through took about 2 1/2 hours. Saw Broadlands racing track, which, of course is well camouflaged. Caught 12.15 to Waterloo. Then to Trafalgar Square. Went to Australia House for lunch. Here we stayed, who is on indefinite leave. At 17.30 went to Copps Hotel in Salisbury Square, off Fleet St., staying until the hotel closed at 22.00.

May 17. Jack went to Mass. I arose at 10.45 when Stan called for me. Read "Truths". Australia House for lunch. Met Frank Johnston, who is a pilot in 460 Squadron. Odour Theatre to see "One of Our Aircraft is Missing". Could only get cheap seats - 4/- each. The Odour is in Leicester Square. Good show. Caught 20.16 from Paddington

May 17 (contd). Arriving Barbary 22.25. Bus home. Bed 23.30.

May 18. Over to Merton for lectures. The countryside is abaze with wildflowers, truly beautiful to see. Bluebells everywhere in the woods and under hedges, the scent of them is hard to describe. Lilac trees are in full bloom, these and the Bluebells making me gaze in admiration and wonder. Bed 22.00. I lay dreaming and thinking of my Darling on her 26th. birthday. I know she is looking lovely and fresh, while I am only an old weathered bag of bones. As the days pass, I realize how completely I am in love with myx, how dreadfully I miss her, and my one obsession is to get back to her as soon as possible. I do hope my cable reached her in time for today.

May 19. Steve and I asked for a ride to Wrocton in a plane. We smuggled an LAC into the crate to drive us back. The pilot, P/O Lang, was amazed to see three get out of the plane when only two had got in. We forgot of course that we could get a person in by the escape hatch. I saw the dentist about my teeth. He is going to get me another plate made. Bed 2300.

May 20. Today we had our first X Country in 1069G. Had four hours. My receiver was 4/5, so the whole trip was wasted as far as I was concerned. Weather was bad, so we landed. Bed 2200.

May 21. Had some loading practice on turrets in the Art Armoury. Nothing to do. Played bridge. Could have gone right flying in place of my stencil operator, but refused. Bed 2300.

May 22. More tragedy! A mate of ours, Tom Worley, an Aussie from Adelaide was not in bed this morning. He had been doing "circuits and bumps" - aily his wireless badge was found this morning. The crew were all killed (four) except a Rhdreian Tail gunner, who was thrown clear when the plane crashed. It's a terrible feeling to wake and find a mate missing from his bed. The old cliché are a positive disgrace to any service, but in this case the pilot overshot the runway. Tom was a lovely boy, did popular with us all. His Dad is a traveller for Robert Reid & Co., in Adelaide, and I hope to let him know personally how much we all liked Tom. Should I not come through alive, I ask mypa to write to his Dad. Pilots here refer to flying in these crazy kits

May 22 (contd.). as "juggling with Jesses". And so it is. Did nothing again all day.

May 23. Went to Sheringtons at night. Was befriended by a chap and his wife who drove me to Banbury. I stayed at their home for the night and arrived back at 0850^{24/5/42} after having eaten three boiled eggs for breakfast. What a luxury!

{At 0900 went to Mroeton for lectures all day. Red 2206.} The above is for May 24th.

May 25. Rainy day and very cold. After air boss's lecture on the Middle East we were dismissed for the day. No mail from home or from myse. I am eager to hear from Aussie again. We are to be out of here by June 7th, and I've done only 4 hours out of 80. Tomorrow we start flying in earnest. Red 2300.

May 26. Lovely weather early this morning. At 0900 we were told all flying was cancelled, and to stand by for further orders. Our crew went to do a D.I. on "B" but after we had been there an hour, P/O Lang came and took the crate to Mroeton. 27 Aussie, who have finished O.T.U., have been recalled from leave, and tomorrow are to form part of 17 crews to do an 8 hour ops. flight. Rumor says there is to be a continuous blitz against Germany for 48 hours, with 4,000 bombers being continually airborne. Today all our old crates have been hauled up at Mroeton and are back here now ready to move off. Our course (28) is disappointed at not being included in the operations, but I do not worry one way or the other. After church

May 26 (cont'd) Stan & I played bridge for 3d per 100 points. At 8d time we were 2800 in the lead, but as we are playing a marathon, no squaring up was done. Rained heavily all afternoon. Clear now - 2000. Bed 2200.

May 27. No large air-raid has taken place yet. Everywhere is a tense feeling. The aircrews from Morston came over at 1300 had lunch and waited about for the briefing at 1800. Then came the news "operations scrubbed". Back went the Morston boys. Played bridge. Bed 2300.

May 28. More rain with bad visibility. Everyone still keyed up, and the whole place tense with excitement. Morston boys came again, and again operations were scrubbed. Bed 2200.

May 29. Morston boys came yet once again. It is a waste of petrol bringing cars 14 miles by bus, and then taking them back over the same route. The strain on them is nerve shattering, as they have to hang around in an already overcrowded mess lounge, and are naturally tired out. At 1100 came an announcement that all pupils, other than those selected for operations, were granted leave until 0800 Sunday. The usual rush for leave took place. Jack went to London. Stan and I were too lazy to go. At 2000 we went to the "Bell" and proceeded to what we call "give the beer a proper belt". At 2200 I decided to go to Banbury. At 2245 we heard the bombers taking off, and knew the big tin offensive had

May 29 (cont'd) actually begun.
 Ted's birthday today. Bed
 2330.

May 30. Cable today from
 Dad, which I answered.
 1500 planes actually took
 part in last night's raid
 over Cologne. One of our
 pilots told me there was
 an area of 20 square miles
 of flames, and these flames
 could be seen for 100 miles.
 To our joy all aircraft
 from this place and from
 Wroxton returned safely.
 Martie O'Shea was one
 of the gunners. Went
 again to Bankery. Bed 2200.

May 31. Cable from my
 sweetheart today. I am
 overjoyed when I get news
 from her. To offset these
 good things from myrt,
 came the bad news of
 Noel Williams' death in
 a crash over Wales.
 I was terribly upset, as

May 31 (cont'd). He was one
 of my good friends in
 the service. Bed 2300.

June 1. Worked about all
 day. All the crates are
 packed up again ready
 for another operation.
 Eleven of our bombers took
 off at 2300, at least the
 first left then, the whole
 lot being away by 2320.
 Went to see Micky Rooney
 and Judy Farland in
 "Strike Up The Band", and
 then up to the tower to
 see the boys off. Skipped
 this one and that into
 their equipment, handed
 out cigarettes, took messages
 from the boys for their
 wives and sweethearts,
 and saw them off. We
 could just see the great
 heasts of destruction
 lifting from the runways.
 Edith Wellington found
 here took 2x 500 lb bombs
 plus two containers of

June 1. (Contd) incendiaries. The crews on our crates here, deserve V.C's for going into action in them. Each and every plane here has done over 500 hours flying, which is colossal for machines of this type. Bed 2350.

June 2. The target last night was Essen, and by a miracle or the providence of God, once again all our loads returned. Day is sultry and cold. One plane from Wrocton failed to return, so the crew of six are missing, including three Australians. Bed 2200.

June 3. Our crew flew today, with F/L Stanford as screen pilot. We were up for about 4 hours. The day was mild on the deck, but chilly at 10,000 ft. and breathing hard without oxygen. Bed 2400.

June 4. Beautiful hot and sunny day. All the Aussies appeared in shorts and shirts, much to the annoyance of officers and NCOs. Because most of the kills were 4/3 - no flying. Played bridge. Bed 2200.

June 5. Flew again today for over three hours, doing bombing and dive-bombing practice. Lovely hot day. Bed 2200.

June 6. Another hot day. An order came out in DRO^s preventing our wearing tropical dress. Just like the narrow minded English people who hate to see Australians comfortable. Jack and I borrowed bikes and rode about 8 miles to a pub near Kintlan to which we were invited. Had plenty free beer, and were driven home by lorry. When we arrived

June 6. Home about 2300, I locked hours with the orderly sergeant about ground staff having bacon and tomatoes at night, while flying crews had bacon, fried bread, and the inside of messy pies. After telling the ops off for an hour and a quarter, I retired at 0030.

June 7. Took off at 1115, and flew for over 7 hours. Was in the front turret, and fired 1600 rounds, air-to-air, and at sea-markers. Good fun too. Bed 2000. Dried out.

June 8. Went to Wrexham for a stupid Intelligence lecture. The SpR/Lt who gave the lecture may know his word, but he would not make a crust as a lecturer. After a lot of bother, I was able to secure a battle dress,

June 8 (contd). which, as is usual in the R.A.F., was too small. Bed 2200.

June 9. Nothing doing most of the day. Jack & I walked to the village in the afternoon to send cables. I sent one to Myrt for our wedding anniversary, and also asked for L.S. Don't suppose it will come. At 1800, our crew was briefed to do "bull-eye" practice over Abingdon. We were to take off at 2200 sharp. At 2150, no ground crew had arrived, and we were eventually ready at 2230. After going out on the runway our port motor became 4/3, so our flight was cancelled. Good job too. Bed 0030.

June 10. I flew again today for about four hours, and I finished my air

June 10 (cont'd) firing with 1200 rounds, obtaining an average of $4\frac{1}{2}\%$, which is about average. Bed 2300.

June 11. Pay day! Received £4/10/. Also received parcel from the ACF which contained: -

- 1 Tube toothpaste
- 1 tin Kivie
- 2 bars Soap
- 2 x 2g. Kavelock Tobacco
- 2 pcks Tally Ho papers
- 1 x $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Nest. Chocolate.
- 1 pkt 7 O'Clock blades.

Stan also gave me his tobacco and papers, which I was glad to receive, as cigarettes are now 2/- for 26. At 1500 we took off with 6 x 250 lb. bombs, fire being full of sand and one live one.

Dropped them at Reed 3 lats bombing range. Away about 3 hours 40 m. Took off again at 2300

June 11 (cont'd). hours for a night cross country. We landed at 0345 and saw the Northern Lights. At 0001, although 5,000 ft up and bitterly cold, I remembered our wedding five years ago, and tried to visualise what myrt was doing. I hope the cable reached her in time. She must have forgotten all about it, for I have not received any word. Bed 0500 on 12/6/42.

June 12. Arose at 1200 and had a dinner of sorts. The weather is foggy and cold again. Night flying scrubbed, as rain started to fall at 1700. Bed 2000.

June 13. Golden, foggy, damp English day. I shall a cold, and am aching in every muscle and limb. In addition, I am dependent without news from home.

June 13 (contd). We have 5 night trips to do now to finish our course. Then we expect to be sent over Germany on about 28/6/42. Suicide trips, in suicide machines. Still, I don't care much today what happens to me. Without Myrtle life is empty, and I cannot bring myself to become interested in women - English women least of all. I share Myrtle's hatred of the English race, which can be truly described as ignorant and dirty. The average Englishman is devoid of initiative, and divides the free and easy ways of the Australian. Damn! I could write about the fools for hours, but to what avail. I am, positively enough, a volunteer, so will have to take what is coming to me. Jack was notified today that he is

June 13 (contd) to report to Aberdeen on Tuesday for an interview with the AOC about his commission. Mine seems to have faded into oblivion. I'm pleased in a way, as I could not keep up the proberly and pretence which is so prevalent over here. Going to Bandy this afternoon. Never went to Bandy. Jack did, but had to be back for flying tonight.

June 14. We took off at 2344 hours, in bad weather, last night. After banking for about an hour, we were recalled to base. Lucky too, as none of us much stomachs for flying in such weather. It was 0300 before we eventually got to bed. Arose 1200 for lunch. Walked to Sheerington after lunch for laundry, hardly able to drag one leg after the other through aches & pains

June 14 (Contd) from both rheumatism and 'flu. We are flying again tonight if weather is favorable. Taking off at 2300 hours.

June 15. Got home about 0130, after again being recalled on account of bad weather. Bed about 0330.

June 16. Arose 1200 for lunch, played bridge. Jack & his crew crashed on the runway last night, but fortunately none of them was hurt. Taking off tonight again at 2330.

June 17. Received a cable from my sweetheart today. We flew for about 6 hours, reaching our base at 0730. Tonight is our final flight at OTU and we have 8 1/2 hours to do. Wonder can we make it? I am going to sleep ~~any~~ again now at 1600 hours.

June 18. We are alive and through OTU. Taking off at 2320, we were airborne for 8 hours 35 mins, landing at 0755 this morning. We have created a record at this OTU for long hours on one flight. We are dog tired, and now, after dragging all our flying kit a mile to sub huts, have to hump it all back again because some P/O has lost a pair of gloves!

June 19. At 1400 yesterday we were inoculated for TT & TAB, having both changes in the due puncture. 'Ye Gods!' at 1600 I began to feel feverish, and that's all I can remember until 1200 today. Only for the kindness and attention of Stan Parker (who refused to go on leave while I was sick) I think I would have expired. He was as good as a nurse, and

June 19 (contd). raced about both here and Wrexton getting clearances for me. Jacob of course had finished and gone on leave the day previous. We are going to Wrexton for the night.

June 20. Arrived Wrexton at 1700 and had, luckily enough a good bed. Today has been one of racing about, getting clearances etc., a heavy job which only those who have done it know just what messing about goes on. However, at 1200 I was ready, rail warrant and all. And then the snag. I was told to report back here instead of to Swinwell on 23rd. All crew except Jacob are recalled here. Caught the 1642 for London, changed at Reading, again at Basingstoke, finally

June 20 (contd). arriving Southampton at 2300. Jacob had arrived from London during the day, so was well sated. I lost no time going also at 0100.

June 21. A lovely day of eating and talking. The Goids were glad to see us and made us feel at home as usual. At night there was a big air raid on Southampton, about 20 miles away, so Jacob and I watched for two hours from the Warden's observation post. The gun flashes and bombs lit up the whole sky, while myriads of flares were dropped to light up the target. The "Jervies" came out to sea just near us and we were expecting a bomb to drop on or near us at any moment. Saw one bomber go down in flames - poor devil.

June 21 (contd). After tea in the parlour, we eventually crawled to bed at 02.00.

June 22. Lovely breakfast at 09.00. Both Mrs Reid Sew and Jimmy took us to morning tea at "Bobbie's" where the orchestra was as good as usual. Jack and I then visited headquarters to look up some notes.

Reluctantly said goodbye to our friends, and caught the 13.00 for London. Arrived Waterloo 18.30. Baume has shifted from the Savoy to offices in Fleet St., so we booked in at the Strand Palace in the Strand, just across from the Savoy.

After a few beers, Jack wanted to dance, so we hied off to the Covent Garden opera house, and paid 4/- each admission. I was both too tired and seasick from the infection to dance, but listened to the lovely

June 22 (contd). Music and watched the dancers. Bed 23.30.

June 23. At 1.00, we went to Baker St., to see through Madame Tussaud's Waxworks. Could only stay until 12.00 as we wanted to meet some of the boys at Australia House. Caught a tube for Trafalgar Square, and took a breather along the Strand. Met Alk Whittier, who looks fit and well. Jack had to be at Harwell at 18.00, so he caught a train at 14.20. I went to the Regents' Park Zoo, which is good, but nothing like Zoológico Park in Spain. Next I went to and through the beautiful New Gardens. Here I strolled along looking at all our tropical shrubs and plants (hot-house of course) and wishing like hell for

June 23 (contd). Kravetz to
be with us. As a matter
of fact I missed my
train through day
dreaming. Found an
Aussie civilian who took
me through several of the
tough spots in Soho. The
"Fitzroy Tavern" seemed as
tough as any. Red 0030.

June 24. Wined Kravetz,
caught the 0945 from
Paddington, arriving here
at 1300. Lalled about all
day. Red 2100.

June 25. Today, we were
all day dreaming tropical
kit and doing nothing.
Our course has been
transferred to Ferry Flight
so we missed the big
raid tonight again over
Bremen. Watched the
bombers take off at 2300,
and hoped for each to
go over and return.
Plenty of chaps I know

June 25 (contd). have gone -
I wonder how many
will return? Red 2300.

June 26. Wrote letter #40
to my sweetheart. I yearn
for even a few lines from
her. It's hard writing week
after week and not
receiving any mail. All
our helms returned again,
but a lad called McEvraies
and his crew from a
nearby station fare missing.
Had a cable from Dad
and answered it, Stan
and I walking into the
village to do so. Found
out today that Charlie
Warren is with No 458
Squadron in Egypt. Stan
is posted there, but I am
still just in Ferry Flight.
Most of our gear has been
handed back, as we are
only allowed an "all-up"
load of 240 lbs, which
includes our own weight
flying equipment and

June 26 (Cont'd). personal gear.
Starr and his crew already
have their machine.
Red 2200.

June 27. A couple of
trucks on the ME. Street.
Trying to adjust things.
Les Wilson took me over
to a relative of his just
outside the station, where
we had a lovely dinner
and went mad in the
strawberry patch. Real
live strawberries - as
many as I could eat. The
house is "Leamington
mansion" and the grounds
and flowers are marvels.
Red 2330.

June 28. Jack popped over
from Harwell to say good-
bye. Sorry to part with
him, as we have been
together for so long. See
Claves about Wednesday,
so we are leaving
messages for each other

June 28 (Cont'd). on the way
out. Our crew were
given over Wellington today
also. Brand new, and a
torpedo carrier fitted for
long range flying. We
expect to do Gibraltar in
one hop - 8 hours, then direct
to Messa Mrethrust, about
2300 miles or 18 1/2 flying
hours. We have every
confidence of reaching
Egypt, as our crew is a
good one, and, having
accidents or enemy action,
nothing should stop us.
Starr leaves tomorrow, so
old "Muega Bill" (Les Wilson)
and I are the only two left
of the original 10 course in
Parks. Red 2300.

June 29. Spent the morning
dressing new clothes and
returning others to store.
I have chosen the R.A.F.
blue grey battle dress instead
of our own Blue, as there
are none to fit me in blue.

June 29 (contd). After lunch our crew went out to dispersal to check swing the compass, and also swing the A/F loop for quadrantal corrections. Took until 1630. Played bargo at night. Red 2300.

June 30. Our machine has been changed to 4X 4449 C, which is a short range machine. This would indicate that we will probably go via Malta. Took off at 1220 for a petrol consumption test. Landed 1720 with starboard motor sputtering oil. We were over parts of Scotland during the flight. This machine has a front turret, and also two bow Breveering side guns — making six guns in all. The radio is good, although loops are poor, due, no doubt to improper loop swinging. Red 2200.

July 1. A busy day making about. After tea went into Moulton to meet Ryan's wife and his mother. Had a few beers and arrived home about 2230.

July 2. Still sorting out gear and trying to reduce weight for the flight out to Egypt. Wrote letter No. 41 to Mryd. Les Wilson took me over again to Lewington Mraux where we had an excellent meal, supplemented with some good beer and whisky. The notes here appeal to me very much, and I could spend hours, revelling in their beautiful appearance and perfume. Red 2300.

July 3. Today we had to carry all our kit down to the crew room for a kit inspection. Poor may we feel for supervising most of the inspection. Ladd most of the day. Red 2100.

July 5. Usual day. In the evening, Stan, Leo and I caught the bus for Evesham, which place is about 18 miles from Worcester, and on the River Avon. During the run we passed through the Cotswold Uplands also the village of Broadway which is considered the prettiest in England. At Evesham we stopped (no beer) bought 7 lbs cherries, and went canoeing on the Avon. A lovely evening. Caught bus for home at 2315. Bed 2400.

July 5. Took off at 1110 for a cross country test in "C" for Charlie, but were recalled to base on account of bad weather. Flight lasted 1 hour 50 mins. Returned to the hut to find Stan had left for Egypt, via Portreath. Hope to see him again, as he is a staunch friend. Slept in afternoon. Bed 2000.

July 6. Took off at 1110 again on our first Air Det. called at Edgehill on the way back, to say good-bye to a lot of chaps. The flight lasted 3.50 hours. Les Wilson left today, so I was alone. Packed up, and walked to Worcester to consign my kit-bag to Reid's at Rowenaouth. Had a beer or two. Came back and wrote Heli, Lath, and sent to, I owed to O'Keefe. Pat Hayton is posting the letters for me. Bed 0130.

July 7. Our departure day, and Dad's birthday. Hope he is well and enjoying himself. After a lot of ^{off} hurry and bustle, we took off at 1130 on the first leg of our England-Egypt ferry flight. Arrived at Portreath eventually after a short hop of 1.45 hours. Had lunch, and then set

July 8. (Contd) out to swing
and Radio loop. As the motors
overheat during this process,
we had a ground crew
& push the car round.
The swing was no good, as
a blister hangar nearby
caused radio interference.
At sea I ~~met~~ met Paul
Sebire, Jimmy Cliff and
Eric Hutchinson, three of
my "Ceramic" shipmates
who are in 234 Spitfire
squadron. Portreath is a
large aerodrome, situated
on the North Coast of
Cornwall, and about 200'
above MSL. From the cliff
tops one can see the rugged
coastline with countless
caves running into the
cliffs. I recalled, as I stood
gazing, the numerous tales
I had read of smuggling
on the Cornish coast, and
even the caves looked to me
familiar. Tired out at
night, we sought our beds
at 2200.

July 9. Up at 0830 and to
breakfast. Swung the loop
again during the morning
with satisfactory results.
This took until 1300. At
1730 we were briefed for
the Gibraltar hop. After
this Dave Boston and I
caught a bus to Redruth,
a town about 5 miles
from Portreath by road.
We had a few beers at the
"Rose Cottage" and "London"
pubs and sent cables.
As we had to be up at
0500, home to bed at 2300.

July 10. Up at 0500 and to
breakfast. Went out and
ran up the motors, to find
the trip was cancelled on
account of fog at Gib.
Charged our shirts and
collars for clean ones, and
saw the Duke of Kent. The
Spitfires put on a great
show for him. Portreath
in the evening for a few
beers. Bed 2200.

July 11. Arose at 0330. The same routine of running up motors and inspection of radio. Trip scrubbed again. At 1030 we took off on an air test which lasted one hour. Jack Lath arrived today from Cornwall. He is in a Merlin motor job and is quite happy about things, although he had a lot of trouble at Cornwall with his radio. Red 2100.

July 12. Again up at 0330. It is becoming rather boring getting up at this hour each day. Trip scrubbed. Being Sunday, Jack and I roamed about among the machines and along the cliffs. Red 2100.

July 13. Yet another 0330 rising! Trip cancelled. Paid £2, which was badly wanted. Jack and I went to Portneath. I sent Myrd a 7-cable, and also one to Aunt Eglio. Had a few beers, strolled up

July 13 (Contd). To a lighthouse and generally admired the view. Cornwall is pretty in the summer, Cornish people friendly, and a modern building note has been introduced in the bungalows and cottages at North Portneath and Redruth. Red 2300.

July 14. The Wellington crew with Pegarus motors slept in. Jack took off, so I am alone again. John Whitworth and I went into Redruth, bought a pair of shoes each for 26/-, had lunch and returned to Portneath. Red 2200.

July 15. Arose 0330. Today we actually took off for Eib at 0505. The trip was free from incidents, except that our crew saw a Junkers 88 pass over us when we were about opposite Brest. He dived into a

July 15 (cont'd). Cloud - so did we. Arrived Eib about 1240 after running down the coast of Spain. Johnny made a perfect landing. Had a terrible lunch, and then into the village for our first meal of meat and eggs for many months. The meal cost 26. We ate fruit and drank iced lemonade, thoroughly enjoying everything. Bought 500 Pleyers cigs for £1. These would have cost £2/0/4 in England. During the afternoon, and in scalding heat, I saw a "holarey" parade such as the English love in order that "tradition" may be preserved. Eib looks just as pictures depict it, with a cosmopolitan crowd of people running about. Bed early on a mattress thrown in the dirt. The way transit air crews are treated here is shocking, and reflects anything

July 15 (cont'd) but credit on the much overrated "His Majesty's Government".

July 16. Briefing at 1200. Took off at 1405 for Malta. After we had been airborne about an hour, I discovered my loop was up, so John decided to return to Eib. We had to jettison about 200 gallons of petrol before we could land, and, when we reached the crew room, our welcome was very frigid. The wastage of 200 gallons of petrol was looked upon as an almost unpardonable sin. Strangely enough nothing could be found wrong with my loop, so I was looked upon with a good deal of disfavor. Had some beer last night, and retired at 2200 to another "rest" on the ground. Wrote Letter No. 42 to forget during the evening.

July 17. Briefing at 1100.
 Took off at 1215 with
 orders not to pass the
 Pantallera Islands (between
 Sicily and Africa) before
 darkness. When we
 arrived at Falica Island,
 we found two hours of
 daylight had still to elapse
 before we could pass the
 Pantallera Islands. So, we
 had to "stooge" back along
 our track for an hour
 in order to await the dark.
 The pools at Tib. had sent
 us off two hours early, so
 we wasted about 100 gallons
 of petrol in needless flying.
 Naturally, nothing will
 ever be said about that,
 but of course we were wasting
 of 200 gallons was looked
 upon as a crime. The
 R.A.F. all over. About
 half an hour from Malta,
 we could see great flames
 hanging in the sky, and
 also a big amount of pluck.
 This indicated an air raid.

July 17 (contd). An AR message
 had been sent to us, but
 I was busy trying to take
 loops at the time and failed
 to receive it. However, we
 kept right on, Bryan
 having done a good job
 of navigating in the dark,
 and John landed with-
 out even a slight jar.
 The air raid had finished
 about 6 minutes before
 we landed. I was rushed
 away for wireless "gen",
 and our 4X449 was re-
 fuelled ready for take off.
 Took off after an hour
 at Malta with the four
 members of a Baltimore
 crew and all their gear
 as passengers. Take off was
 at 2205, headed for the "Land
 of Pharaohs".

July 18. At 0105 I heard Gored
 identifying with 35W - the
 station at Heliopolis - so I
 knew he was close to the
 Egyptian Base.

July 18 (contd). At 0330 I also idled up with 35w, and at 0334 we landed at our base - Kasparet. Here I saw Jack and learned Paul Sam (his pilot) had again crashed on landing. Fortunately, none were hurt. After a bit of the ever present 'shucking about', we had lunch and a two hour sleep. We had been, with the exception of about an hour at Inakta, 16 1/2 hours in the air! Next we were bundled into a bus and taken 90 miles by road to No 2 P.T.C. at Demaga, about 1 mile from Helipolis. Few dropped on the hot desert sand, we reported, and ate. Then to bed on a palliase thrown on the dirt, and one blanket. Bed 2100.

July 19. Up early - but no bath, as the showers had been turned off two days

July 19 (contd). before our arrival. Drew £8 from the pay office and set our axes for Cairo - 7 miles away. Cairo is just as I expected it to be with countless 'Wags' and street Arabs trying to sell wares to the unsuspecting foreigners. Our crew stuck together, drinking ice cream sodas at the American Bar, iced coffee with thick cream on top, and steak, eggs tomatoes etc etc. at 1900 I left the boys and returned to camp. Later, I learned that Bryan had had £8 and his wallet stolen. I had only about 80 piastres (nearly 16p) so was not in much danger of having my pockets touched. Bed 2200.

July 20. Just simply looped about all day. The heat is severe but I enjoy it after cold and gloomy England. Bed 2300.

July 20. Dawn crews left
Aeranga at 1330 for Gabuit,
about 7 miles from where we
landed at Casapared. More
R.A.F. economy. Arriving
after two hours, we were
told no one knew we were
coming, so once again
our gear was dumped on
the sand. After a two hour
wait while the C.O. finished
his siesta, we were told
to be ready in 20 mins. to
move on. Jack's crew was
to remain there attached
to 108 Squadron, another
went to 39 Squadron, and
we embarked for 37 Regt
at Abu Suweid. Reached
this place at 2110 after
driving for miles along the
Suez Canal. It is about 7
miles from Ismailia, and
was a peace time station.
Dumped our gear near the
mess, and had a bottle of
real Australian beer -
Richard Ritter. Next
move was for burnd.

July 20 (contd). All the gear
will move on a lorry. We
had not slept in a bed of
any description for six
nights, and now we were
calmly told by a ground
staff sergeant that we
had to sleep on bare concrete
as the stone was loaded.
I exploded in no uncertain
manner, and the fool then
said "you should have
brought blankets from
England". Is there any
wonder England is far be-
hind other countries, when
dolls such as this are
allowed to ruin affairs?
Anyhow bed it was - ON
BAKE CONCRETE! "Bed" 2200.

July ²¹~~22~~. I forgot to say the
first person I saw at this
station was Stan Parker,
whose squadron is attached
for the time being to No. 37.
Dawn pleased to see him
and promptly borrowed
50 pence (about 10/-).

July 21st (cont'd). I was to be an operations tonight but our new Pilot - P/O Pearce - did not return early enough. At 1000 we were introduced by A. Flight commander Ryan/H. Hayward, who told us we were to lose our own captain for all time. This immediately caused discontent amongst our crew members, as the usual practice is to take new 1st. pilots and send them on operations as 2nd pilots for experience, after which they resume command of their original crews. But not for us. Here the mess is a disgrace. Nothing more can be said of it. Bed 2200.

July 22. Tonight I go on my first bombing expedition. P/O Pearce, our new captain, came down this afternoon and made himself known to us. A nice enough lad of 19 summers, but for

July 22 (cont'd). From my idea of a good pilot. He has, I think, 14 or 17 operational trips to his credit, tonight being his first as captain. Briefing at 2100.

July 23. Took off last night at 2245 for a "tank-busting" operation. I saw a few fires and flames, and also one stick of Bryan's bombs fell among some transport. Strangely enough I did not experience any thrill nor any excitement. After nearly four hours we landed - P/O Pearce bringing the machine down with such a bump so that it bounced about 50 feet off the deck. After we all got out, he said "sorry Chaps about the landing, but I've not landed since last January". I sorry for them - grin for us. After a so-called meal we retired at 0330 this morning.

23.

July 22. Today is where plenty of trouble began. Johnny was detailed to take a machine to Agia, and bring another back, so Brian, Stan & I decided to go with him. We tried to bring the officers' mess for permission, but could not get through, so went without. Landed at Agia about 1710 and took a taxi 25 miles into Tel Aviv. On our arrival at Agia we found the plane would not be ready for John until the 25th, but we could go back with 2/0 I covered in the morning at 0900. At Tel Aviv we booked in at the Karpis Hotel - bed and breakfast costing 2 1/2 p. Tel Aviv is a completely modern city on the West Coast of Palestine, and has a beautiful sea front promenade about 1/2 miles in length. Architecture is delightful in striking contrast to the dreary

July 23 (Contd). hot - like houses in England. We could not see much of the place however at night, but again had steak, eggs, tomatoes, chips, ice-cream and fruit salad with cold milk to drink. After feeding, we walked along the promenade, listening to the cosmopolitan crowd and observing peoples from almost every nation. The A.S.F. was well represented. Bryan and John went to some cabaret, but Stan and I elected to stay in the fresh air and moonlight. Bed 2230.

July 24. Breakfast at 0700 and by taxi to Agia. Here, some trouble occurred with a motor, so we took off at 1030. Landed Abu Suebeir at 1135 and strolled along back to see billets. There we learned briefing was at 1130 and a general

July 24 (contd). search had
 been made for us. Up
 to the briefing room in
 a hurry to find Bryan's
 place and mine had been
 taken by Bowie and Morris.
 Crete was the target, so
 it looked as if we were
 to miss about 12 hours.
 Sgt Hayward saw me and
 called me everything but
 a gentleman. So - Bryan
 and I did not go. At four
 o'clock I was washing,
 heard a terrific explosion,
 and saw dense clouds of
 black smoke arising
 from the dome. It was
 our crew. Pearce had
 apparently taken off flap
 just after being airborne,
 instead of pulling up the
 undercarriage - crash!
 All got out except Alex
 Rutledge, who was trapped
 in the blazing machine.
 Alex eventually came out
 blazing, with charred skin
 everywhere. We doubt

July 24 (contd). if he will
 survive. Bowie and Morris
 are in hospital with
 minor injuries, while
 Croston has a great cut
 near his left elbow.
 Bed 2300.

July 25. Alec ~~did~~ died at
 2315 last night. And so
 passed a New Zealand lad
 of good looks and high
 principles. I think I think he
 died under the effects of
 morphia. I cannot speak
 too highly of Alec. Both as
 a friend and a man.
 But then, as Thomas Grey
 said:-

"Can stoned men or
 animated bust,
 Back to its mansion
 call the fleeting breath?
 Can howl's voice
 provoke the silent dust
 Or flattery soothe the
 dull, cold ear of death?"

July 25 (contd). Same of the
 lads went to his funeral
 this afternoon. I couldn't.
 I hope his parents will some
 day know the extent in
 which I, and others, held
 him.

Briefing at 1900. I am
 flying with Sgt Elmsfield
 tonight.

July 26. Took off at 2107 last
 night. The moon was good,
 so we had a clear view
 of Cairo and the Nile
 Delta. Went low "busting"
 in the El Saba area. Met
 no opposition, returning
 at nearly 2 o'clock this
 morning. Slept most of
 today and did some washing
 Bed 2200.

July 27. Up at 0730. Hot day
 but pleasant. Did a D.S.
 at 1800. We are "running
 the trail" to Tobruk tonight.
 It is about an 8 hour trip.
 Going now to briefing at 1900.

July 28. Took off last night
 at 2015 hours. After being
 airborne for about half an
 hour, I discovered the E.D.G.
 was not charging and our
 battery voltage was falling.
 The Captain, a Canadian
 called Sgt Dwyer, decided
 to go on without radio.
 At Sollum we dropped a
 bomb to make sure the
 hour release was in order.
 I am sure we hit desert.
 Our job was to attack any
 ships in Tobruk Harbour,
 but I am sure we missed
 everything. Plenty of flack
 and searchlights there but
 we did not appear to stop
 any shrapnel. On landing
 at 0315, the starboard
 wheel collapsed, but the
 pilot was lucky enough
 to avoid damage. Today
 we found a great piece
 of shrapnel in our eye,
 so the gunners at Tobruk
 must have had a good
 aim for once.

July 28 (Contd). Slept all day and read. Some of the boys brought mail from England, I receiving one from Aunt Eglis dated 7/4/42, from Canberra. She is home-sick for the farm and for Oscar. So am I. No mail from Mapt. I am really hungering for news of her and can scarcely think of anything else. Even when we are flying with shells bursting all about us, I am always thinking of my Darling. Stan has gone to Tobruk tonight. Bed 2300.

July 29. Manual day. Stan did not go last night, as his two pilots were sick. Rested most of the day, and did a S.I. in our kill for tonight. We are again using HX486, H for Harry. Heard today that Pat Bryan was at Rabat, so I may get some mail any day.

July 30. Took off 2140 last night, with Lobruk again as a target. We had an uneventful run, although the flak seems to be getting worse and more accurate. Landed at 0340 this morning, having been scarcely 8 hours airborne. Saw the Dental officer, who is going to remake my top plate which I was given in Australia. Bed 2100.

July 31. Up early. After breakfast I went to have the impressions taken by the dentist. I am to go again on Monday for the "bite". Flying tonight but do not yet know where the target is. Rested, and did the S.I. after supper. Going Bell. Gervoy, who trained with me at Parkes, came over from 203 Squadron to have a yarn. He told me that all the boys, whom we thought went back home,

July 31 (contd). are scattered throughout the M.E., and quite close to us.

Aug. 1. Took off 2230. We were over the Target - Tabuk again - at 0220, and were prosperly caught in the searchlights. What a thrill! I did come too close to be healthy, and our pilot had to do a screaming dive from 12,000 to 4,000 ft. in order to dodge the lights. Things were flying about in our Rite everywhere. A four gallon tin of oil hit me on the shoulder, burst against the water tank, and filled my only shoes with oil. They are ruined. A sea float marker hit me on the other shoulder, while a whole box of incendiaries smacked me in the middle. Talk about adventure! I don't mind admitting this was the first time

Aug. 1. (contd). I had received a scare in a plane. One large anti-aircraft shell burst about 100 ft. below us and rocked the plane properly. After leaving Tabuk, we ground strapped ~~two~~ motor transport from about 3,000 ft. but could not see if we did any damage. Landed at 0630. Jervis raided Cairo and Sella while we were away, and live no doubt any night they will visit us here. Received a cable from Dad today. Cables and letters are like pieces of gold to us. Graham King popped over from 1st Squadron today to see Stan and me for an hour or so. He is looking well, and will be an F/O in about three weeks. Am going to the station fields tonight to try and ease my mind off things in general. My only thought is about mail from M. G. B.

Aug 2. The flicks last night were poor, so much so that I cannot remember the names. Slept and read today. We are off again to Tobruk. Briefing is at 2030. I dropped my watch, and it has not been going since.

Aug 3. More stark tragedy! At 2000 last night, a few of us from three crews, killed a transport driver to drive us out to our machines before briefing, which is not the usual practice. Five from one crew got out at "K" leaving two of us to go to "J" four machines away. The kites were all bunched up, and standing almost wing tip to wing tip. Just as the front gunner and I put our things near the ladder, a Boston, which was in distress, larded down wind and ran

Aug 3 (cont'd) slap bang into "K". Both machines burst into flames. Fleeing about the bunks, I started to run along the line of machines towards the watch office. Just as I started running, a great flash lit up the whole place, followed by a terrific explosion. I fell flat on my face, and bits of shrapnel fell about me. None hit. Again I ran, and kept falling flat at every explosion, running in the quiet periods. Eventually, after running about 300 yds, I reached a gun position and fell flat behind it. Could not get into the pit because of barbed wire. I lay, listening to 250 lb. bombs exploding about 350 yards away, with shrapnel falling around me like a shower bath. By this time four kites

Aug 3 (contd) we a blaze and exploding. After about 20 minutes, I walked round to near the flight offices. The fifth machine was on fire, but I thought all the bombs had exploded. I was wrong. A few seconds later, a large flash occurred, followed by the biggest explosion of the night. As I turned, something hit me at the back of my left thigh. Rinsing me flat in the dust. There I lay watching the very lights, and hearing cartridges exploding. The time was about 2:00, when all noise died down. Flying was cancelled for the night. Six loads were blown to bits (three from beds near Stan and me) and we lost four Wellingtons with full bomb and petrol loads, and one Boston. Finn? Red 2300.

Aug. 4. I am limping a bit today, but am not hurt much. We were again over Tobruk last night, taking off at 2227, and landing this morn at 0625. Eight hours. Our bomb aimer started a huge oil fire near the docks. Orange flames leapt skyward, while the black smoke rose about 4 to 5,000 ft. Caught in the searchlight cable again, but were here - unharmed. This afternoon, Rayner, John, Gordie and I went for a swim in the Blue Lagoon (Lake Timsha) which is part of the King Canal. Stayed in for two hours. Later we hitched along to Semailia, where we ate steak, eggs, onions, chips, tomatoes, fruit salad and ice cream for P.T. 17. About 3/6 English money. I am tired abt now and going to bed at 2:00.

Aug 5. Breakfast 0830. Went out and waited for the dentist until 0930. I tried of that, so wandered about the flights. No mail yet. Stan said I did not go to Tiffin but all his Pineapples, Leo Biscuits, Strawberry Jam & Lollies, all of which we bought for 27 P.T. The weather is hot but dry. Flying tonight, with 1st & 2nd class. Target at Mexca Mr. Smith. Broke again, and owe Stan £1. However, I am owed £3, and pay day is tomorrow.

Aug 6. Took off at 2302. For the third time in succession we were caught over Tokud in searchlights. Carried 5 x 500 lb. Bombs, and our plane was hit twice, near the astro hatch, and in one tail plane. The flak was too close for my liking. Trip was 8 hours. Could not go to bed this morning,

Aug 6 (contd). as pay parade was at 1030. Received £4-70 P.T. Got £2 paid back, gave Stan his £1, so have now over £5. Paid P.T. 20 for our two weeks' messing. Slept all afternoon. Bed 2200.

Aug 7. Stan's birthday. Rent him ^{for} a cable. Did some washing. Slept and read during the day. Stan & I went to early Cinema. Had tea and cakes at 4.15. Bed 2200.

Aug 8. We were reserve crew last night. Just after going to bed, were pulled out for 2245 take off. Tabled again. 5 x 500^s. Clouds over target. For once the cursed sigars got someone else, so all we ~~had~~ had was a few puffs of flak bursts near us. One of our pilots - 7/0 man - could not find the target so brought his bombs back.

Aug 8 (contd). He was flying in 4x486, a lovely new kite. at 1100, the damn thing burst into flames and blew up with us on our ear it. Some explosion too with 3x500 lb bombs in our burst. Slept all day.

Aug 9. Went to flights at 0930. We are on again tonight; Stan and I did our D.I.s before lunch. Pictures at early session.

Aug 10. Took off 2249. Took up again. We call it "running the Tobruk mail plane". Uneventful trip 7.20 hours. This morning a J.A. 88 came over the drum at about 20,000 ft. The flak gunners could not reach him, so we all had a good ~~shot~~ look. The CPO who is going away long bar Enabran, is giving a party for 37 Spdr at the officer's mess tonight. Free beer, cigs, and all.
Bed 2200.

Aug 11. Lots of lads today with sore heads from the party. Our new CPO is W/Bar. Rankin an Aussie - thank God. Flying tonight. Usual day of resting etc.

Aug 12. Early take off last night at 1745. Uneventful trip, although the flak was as close as ever. We were home in bed by 0500 this morning. Yesterday I gave 30 Mosher my watch to take to Tel Aviv for repair. Also gave him £2. Stan and I went into Gemailia this afternoon, bought several small Riced Rubbers, had two big ice-cream, fruit salads hair-cuts, and came home. Went to early Cinema and saw "Mice and Men". 4.15.6.4. for tea and cakes. Had quite an enjoyable day. Stan is good company, does not smoke nor drink, and is a good friend.
Bed 2100.

Aug 13. Last night the boys went to Rhodes Island. A few hour trip. All returned. Lucky dogs. We now 97 1/2 hours in, with "only" about 182 1/2 more to go. Not flying again tonight. Wish they would fly us like hell and get things finished. Star took off at 2215. Wrote No. 46 to meet. I am mail hungry. Played "Tom" for two hours. I am in great demand whether I feel like playing or not. My fingers ache at times.
Bed 2330.

Aug 14. Usual day. Read a book and slept. No flying for us tonight. Bed 2200.

Aug 15. Went to flight at 0930. We are flying to Tobruk again tonight. Star and I went out to S. I. our kite before lunch. Breeping at 1630, then out to the plane with our gear.

Aug 16. Took off 1945 last night. Reached the target about 2350. After making one bombing run, during which we were caught again in searchlights, a piece of flak tore a piece of fabric from the starboard wing. The bombing run was a dud. By this time, with evasive action we were at 3,500 ft. Our pilot tried to climb again for another run, but the machine gradually dropped, and was almost out of control. Looked as if we would have to jump, but after perceiving the bombs the plane maintained its height. Landed 0345 after 8 hours in the air. We were glad to be once more on the deck. Slept most of the day, Star bringing a flask of tea from the mess after lunch. Received a.m. biscuits. Had new impressions taken for a top denture yesterday. Cinema 1800.
Bed 2130.

Aug 17. Usual day. Played bridge during afternoon. Went to RUF the H/F D/F station, which is about a mile from our billets. We are flying again tonight. Went to briefing at 1800.

Aug. 18. Tobeek again last night. Taking off at 1935. The trip lasted 7 hours 40 min. Although we were caught in searchlights, the trip was uneventful. Plenty of fuel about, but we were not hit. Bed 2200.

Aug 19. Stan and I hitched into Somalia, as Stan had a broken main spring in his new watch. Had three large ice creams & fruit salad. Went to early cinema & to see "The Life of Queen Victoria". Bed 2200.

Aug 20. Quite a day of surprises. Gen Eddall popped over from L&Y

Aug 20 (contd) where he is our Maryland bombers. Then, who should arrive but Jack Smith, whom I had not seen since January 1941. He is at No. 2. M.F.T.S., Gabrie, just finishing a conversion course from Blerheim to Wellingtons. We talked long past midnight, and consumed a good drop of beer. Received a cable from Dad dated 8th July.

Aug 21. Stan moved off today with 458 Squadron, so I am alone once more. I will miss Stan very much. Did a S. I. at 1600. We fly again tonight.

Aug 22. Tobeek last night. This was my eleventh trip in recession over there, and the moon was too bright to be comfortable. Henry bursts followed us most of the way across

Aug 22 (Cont'd) the target, but we were not hit. Landed at 0320, but by the time we were interrogated and had had breakfast the time was 0530. When we landed, we were told to be on parade at the Watch office at 0850. Arriving there on time, we saw an array of Air Marshals, Group Captains and so forth. Next a Lockheed appeared, and who should step out but the one and only Churchill. He inspected us - 5 mins, gave his usual victory 'V' showmanship sign, made a 5 minute speech which nobody heard, and was whisked away to the officer's mess. One thing I was glad about, and that was Pat Skayton had come across in a Wellington with a group Captain's crew. He told me the adjutant

Aug 22 (Cont'd) at Moxleton. had grabbed all our mail, so I guess it will be weeks before I see any. He also told me Les Wilson was missing from a raid over Chete. Bleared out the billet, and did some washing. Bed 2100.

Aug 23. Went to breakfast with them to flight. I am flying tonight with the Squadron C/O, and I think we are tank bashing. Did my A.S. at 1400 hrs. Was complimented by 231 wing on my bear log keeping.

Aug 24. Took off 2100 last night. A short uneventful trip, except that we were fired at by lots of machine guns from the ground. Our machine was very heavy on the starboard side. Did some ground strapping

Aug 24 (Contd). Received a cable from Dad dated 8th. July. No word from myrt.

Aug 25. Today a crew arrived here after walking for 22 days across the desert from Tobruk. Poor beggars, I should hate the experience. Usual day. Bed 2100. Took off at 1637 for an advanced landing ground, but our starboard motor gave trouble about 40 miles out, so we jettisoned the bombs and returned to base. Bed 2100.

Aug 26. Out again tonight. Left my A.S. at 1400 hours.

Aug 27. Last night's attack against enemy MT was due of the work I have had. We were constantly in Breda gun fire, which is very demoralising, if not as dangerous as it looks. Took off at 2220 in the light of a full moon.

Aug 27 (Contd) The Villa Della was a beautiful and welcome sight on our homeward trip. The desert under a full moon is a gorgeous sight, objects being clearly visible from 6,000 ft. We hate the moon for operations, as the night fighters are particularly active, and quite a good number of machines are lost during the moon period.

Aug 28. Still no mail. We are off to Tobruk tonight - first time for a week. Kept out of the day.

Aug 29. Took off last night, at 2025. Arrived Tobruk in brilliant moonlight. Everything was quiet and peaceful, with the harbour plainly visible. All of a sudden one machine went in and drew the searchlights and gunfire. We then slipped in, dropped

Aug 29 (cont'd) our hours.
 Took a photo and buzzed off.
 Today, we found out we
 had been lucky enough
 to take the best night photo
 ever obtained by this Sqdn.
 Red 2000.

Aug 30. Another "Lark" basking
 trip tonight. Read and
 slept nearly all day.

Aug 31. Last night we had
 a quiet trip, although
 there was plenty of ground
 activity in the battle area,
 and once we saw a G. U. 88.
 One of 70 Squadron Kites
 was shot down. Arrived
 back at 0340 this morning.
 My "op" hours are now
 144.50. Only 108 more hours.
 Sounds easy, but we
 have to pass through lots
 of danger yet. Red 2200.

Sept 1. Usual day, including
 a S.I. in the morning.
 Removal of two "ops" tonight.

Sept 2. Took off last night
 at 2120, after attending
 briefing at 2015. Our
 target was again the front
 battle area, which is just
 about one flying hour
 from here. After dropping
 our eggs, we returned to
 LG 224, for rebombing.
 Landed there at 0020, and
 had mugs of tea and
 great thick sausage sand-
 wiches. Next, we were
 being driven out to where
 our machines were
 waiting to be rebombed.
 As we arrived near the
 Kites, a Jerry dropped
 a stick of bombs about
 300 yds from where we
 were. There was a general
 scurry for air raid
 trenches in which I did
 not join, as I could hear
 the Beaufighters land on
 the heels of Jerry. Waited
 about, and eventually
 took off again at 0315 this
 morning. Out to the battle

Sept 2 (cont'd) area since more. before we stopped about for half an hour, looking for things to photograph. Took two photos from 7,000 ft. Down to 4,000 ft and let our bombs go in four runs. Arrived back here as the sun was rising at 0630. Got into bed at 0800.

Sept. 3. Slept all day yesterday and last night. Was tired out. Did a S.I. this morning. Believe we are to do another two trips tonight. Have now done 20 operational trips with a total of 147.55 hours. Still no mail from anyone, except a letter from Stan at Shalupa. Today is the third anniversary of this damned war. The prospect of getting home after this tour looks remote although I am trying as hard as I possibly can to do so.

Sept. 4. Again, today, the sleep of real exhaustion. Who says Air Crews have all the glamour and no work? When we went to dinner yesterday at 1700, our notice said "Briefing 1945". This was later changed to 1900. 70 Squadron were still being briefed at 2000, so we were told to come back at 2200. Back we went. Take-off to be 2300. After a proper mess up, we took off at 2350. Raced over to the battle area, dropped our bombs in four runs over the target, started three fires and killed numbers of transport waggon or tanks - could not see which. Then back to LG 224 for rearming. Arrived there 0200. We were hounded up waiting for the second take off, when an order came "cancel further operation and debomb machines".

Sept 4 (contd). Off had to
 come 16x250 lb bombs which
 the poor ground crews had
 just sweated to put on.

I cannot speak too highly
 of the work done by our
 ground crews, fitters,
 riggers and aircrew.

By the time we were ready
 to start for base, a heavy
 fog had settled, so we
 stood by the machines
 until our eventual
 leaving time of 0915 this
 morning. So we were
 awake and keyed up for
 over 15 hours, for only
 4 hours flying. Had
 a couple of eggs at 11:00
 and then to bed. No bath,
 as the water was turned
 off - as it generally is
 these days. We have no
 idea if Jerry is 5 or 200
 miles away from day
 to day, and vague rumors
 fly all round the squadron.
 Late rumor, which is in
 effect, I think, fairly true,

Sept 4 (contd) is that on the
 night of 2/9/42, both 37 and
 76 squadrons bombed our
 own lines for four hours!
 This was due either to
 wrong target area being
 given by army officials,
 or dropping of planes over
 the wrong area by our
 Fairy - Albacores!

I slept like a log all day,
 waking about 1730 and
 barely managed to reach
 the mess in time for
 dinner. Came back and
 sent a cable to Myra.

God knows how much I
 am longing for news of
 her - even if only a
 cable. I've been here now
 six weeks without
 hearing one word of my
 sweetheart. Have only
 93 hours to do now for
 the finish of my hours
 out here. The boys have
 gone to the cinema to see
 "Kiss White and the Seven
 Swags." I'm too exhausted
 Red 2100.

Sept 5. Forgot to mention the ground activity the other night. From 5,000 ft. we had an excellent view of a terrific artillery duel between our and enemy guns. I've never seen pit-works to equal it, but of course we could not see the results of any shell-bursts. No flying last night as both squadrons stood down for a well earned rest. A lazy day, reading mostly. Wrote a few more to my pt.

MEMORANDA

DR.

CASH ACCOUNT AND BILL BOOK

CR.

Payments from R.A. J.
 JANUARY and R.A. J.

				14/Jan	Advance	19	.	.
					(curr).			
				27/Jan	Cash	8	.	.
				14/Jan	"	4	.	.
				4/Jan	"	2	.	.
				19/Jan	"	4	10	.
14/Jan	To 122 days			14/Jan	By Cash			
	@ 7/4	442	14		Advance	19	.	.
			8		Balance	25	14	8
					£	442	14	8
					£	442	14	8
	To Bal	25	14	27/Jan	By Cash	8	.	.
	curr.			14/Jan	"	4	.	.
	21/12/41 to			4/Jan	"	2	.	.
	6/1/42 L.	1	1	19/Jan	"	4	10	.
					Expn %	5	2	11
					Bal	3	2	9
					£	26	15	8
					£	26	15	8
19/Jan	To Bal	3	2	27/Jan	By Cash	4	10	.
27/Jan	" 14 days				" Bal	2	14	5
	@ 5/10	4	1		of Jan			
					£	7	4	5
					£	7	4	5

FEBRUARY

DR.

CASH ACCOUNT AND BILL BOOK

CR.

Arrived at R. A. F. Station

Payments

27 1/2/42	To Bal			8 1/2/42	By Cash	4	-
	by post	2	1 1/2	5 23 1/2/42	" "	4	10
3 1/2/42	" 14 days	4	1 8	3 1/4/42	" "	4	10
	" hair			1 7/4/42	" "	4	10
	allowance	11	2 3/4	3 1/4/42	" "	4	10
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17 1/4/42	" "	4	1 8	1 1/2/42	" "	4	10
1 1/2/42	" "	4	1 8	2 0 1/2/42	" "	6	10
15 1/2/42	" "	4	1 8				
29 1/2/42	" "	24	1 8				
12 1/2/42	" "	4	1 8				
26 1/2/42	" "	4	1 8				

MARCH

DR.

CASH ACCOUNT AND BILL BOOK

CR.

Departure from R. A. F. Station

BROWN, D. MAIN NORTH ROAD
ST JOHN HILL WANGANUI N.Z.

BAUME, F. E Room 280
SAVOY HOTEL LONDON.

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14151 CPL CARPENTER G.B.
WAGS H'ORS
R.A.A.F. PARKES N.S.W.

CAMERON, MRS, S.
507 NEW SOUTH ROAD
DOUBLE BAY SYDNEY N.S.W.

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24298 L.A.C. FULLERTON F.L.
H'GRS R.A.A.F. CANBERRA F.T.

FRAME, STEWART P/O R.N.Z.A.F.

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GRANT-DALTON, MRS. "HOLT"
PIKE'S HILL, LYNDBURST,
NEW FOREST, ENGLAND.

AUS 405016 P/O GUYMER A.F.
R.A.F. OLD SARUM.
SALISBURY WILTS.

GAUNT, MRS LANCELOT,
5 KENSINGTON COURT,
LONDON W.8.

HUNTER, J. A. SKING ST
NEWTOWN SYDNEY N.S.W.

405012 HELE K.M.A. R.A.A.F.

HARDING, FRED. 308 CHESTER ST.
VICTORIA B.C. CANADA.

944697 Stanley G. 2nd Mech
203 Squadron
Tobruk.

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