

4th May
14

Tidworth May 11
13/5/17.

Another Sunday darling. I didn't get a mail this week. I have got one every week for three weeks now and was quite expecting one regularly. Of course one is fearfully lucky to get a letter as often as that with the mail service as disorganised as it is.

Perhaps one may come next week, I do hope so.

Darcy and Alan Prierley are having a lively argument and are picking up an awful row and I can hardly concentrate. I do wish they would shut up. Unless one goes over to the club it is practically impossible to get a quiet chance to write as there is always more or less of a disturbance in this room.

Last week has been a very interesting one, quite one of the best in the course I think. I am hoping to hear from Cousin Jack any day about our transfer, but I may not as he works quietly. I think it is nice I wrote last that I got a letter from him asking him to give me news of the school and when I expected to finish so that he would try and get something done about my transfer. I replied straight away and am now waiting developments.

I expect you are wondering what it will mean if I get transferred to him. Well I can't tell you much about what will happen. He said before it would probably be a platoon command, just for a while. That is all it possibly could be. Staff jobs do not fall to the lot of men who have not been away, unless there is

a tremendous lot of influence behind, and if they do then they are generally absolutely inefficient at their work and cut very small ice as a result. They are frequently absolutely despaired as only one complexion can be put on their action in getting a staff job unless they are capable of carrying it out.

However I think it probable if I get in with _____ that I will not get away quite as soon as if I stayed in my present Bn. I shall always need a wire of course if anything happened such as my being ordered overseas. I got a letter from Barney last week in which he stated that he was at _____ in France but would not be going up to the Firing Line for two months. So you see it does not always mean going into action straight away when one goes across.

Nary heard from his brother Mike ("Dullie") today. He has been in the firing line for some time and is now having a spell.

I borrowed a Co. bike this afternoon and went for a short ride with Flynn. We hadn't gone far when I spotted a boy of about fourteen lying on his back in the long grass and a darling wife of a baby, sweetly dressed and just at the groggy toddling stage, solemnly pulling grass and daisies and smothering his face ~~with~~ with them. I felt horribly homesick all of a sudden darlin'. There are no babies or nice women whom I can talk to here. Just men and more men

Monday. 8.30 pm. In spite of my early rising I was not able to write and consequently unable to post, owing to parade being half an hour earlier. So I have a good hour tonight for writing instead, which is really better as long as I do not miss a mail.

The trouble is to know what to write about. All I can talk about are just ideas and thoughts as news is really scarce this week.

We had an excellent lecture last week from the ~~of~~ Chaplain General of the British Army, on the subject of a man keeping his body and mind clean in just the same way as women are expected to by the world. I have never heard a finer lecture, so absolutely simple true and frank, and withal so perfectly sound and logical. He spoke to us as officers in charge of men and as prospective fathers. I wanted to get up and say he was behind the lines in not knowing you had presented me with a froglet but managed to withhold the information. He asked us to be wise and let our boys know all about themselves and their possibilities and how to look after themselves and I made up my mind to give myself the pleasure one day if God wills it.

It is a subject that I am awfully keen on, more than ever probably since I have joined the army and I believe every parent should do it. Fancy my being able

and I think I shall get quite frightened of babies (I don't think)
and shy with women (I'm sure of that) if it keeps up
much longer.

The place is glorious now. Everything is a bright vivid
green with daisies, primroses & violets in thick carpets
everywhere. Even the common old dandelions look glorious
when they come out in a yellow carpet all over a field.
I love England, and she is worth fighting for.

Sweetheart I think God will end the war before long
now, I feel quite confident about it tonight. Last post—
No Lights Out!

We get half an hour's grace now. I do wish they would
stop talking. I am not noticing it so much now though

I think baby's letter will have to wait or be very short
this time. I never know when a mail goes so I
find the best thing to do is just to post one a week.

Lid has not seen or heard of Peter for a fortnight and
is beginning to get a bit anxious again I suspect.

They are such silent workers that one never knows.

How is the 'frog darling'. I hope his squint is not
turning into a real squint. It would be tragic.

Let me see he must weigh nearly 20 lbs. now when I
write. Enormous. !!!!!!!!

Dad it. One of the men has come in under the
weather and writing is absolutely impossible. I shall
get up early and finish this and write to the frog too.
Good night darling. God bless you both.