

10K Jan 44

Fareham

Dear Father,

We are meant to be moving this week, so this may be my last chance to write as we are not allowed to write in transit camp or port of embarkation until we are on the ship. My address until I arrive wherever it is, is: RJMT, B group, Special Boat Section, APO 5995 - where letters will accumulate for me.

There is a curious absence of rush here, ~~so~~ though there seems a lot left undone.

I am sending you a package tightly sealed etc. You are to open it & read it in the event of my death being certain - "Missing" won't do.

But don't expect anything ~~as~~ very exciting. It is just a private diary which I shall want back on my return.

I am also sending some clothes

Poor Pam has got measles, so that I can't say goodbye to her here, or even speak over the telephone.

I am going to be bored on the voyage, with only one congenial companion. When we get there I expect we shall train & train & wait, and it will all go on & on for so long.

Forgive the flatness of this letter. I don't feel in the least emotional about leaving, neither excited nor depressed, yet.

My will had better be witnessed, with a bogus date on it. I wd like Henrie to have all the Bellas that belong to me, & my port! Catherine to have any books of mine at Linton, Hilary to have the cigarette case you gave me (it will be with me

of course), and my flask (also with me) for
 E. N. Rolfe, KRRC, Liaison Officer, Polish Armed Forces
 + my watch (which is going all right) to
 Roger Gillhott, whose address you have. These
 last three things may never reach you, but
 they ought to. Also for Pam a book or two,
 it doesn't much matter what - that tattered little
 set of Byron, anything else - ~~her~~ gramophone records
 don't last for ever.

I enjoyed the play immensely; perfectly
 done - if anything the production was too fast
 + the acting too good. There was so much
 laughter, but they cast never played for laughs.
 It is well worth seeing twice. I expect in
 a year's time the acting will be a bit broader.
 Jane Baxter was unconvincing, Wilfrid

unexpectedly good, everyone else superlative. It seemed much too short a play.

It seems silly to say goodbye to you on paper. I shall probably turn up in London next weekend! And thank you more than I can say for all your goodness & help & above all your company.

Love from
Richard

P.S. If you write to me here by return I should get it.