



Mr & Mrs Abbott,
"Corbière",
123, Downs Court Road,
PURLEY,
Surrey.

Sept. 23rd

Dear All,

I arrived back safely at 4 pm. We were an hour late. The ship was not in Alexandra Dock, but in dry dock. Fortunately I noticed her as we passed in the train. I had a bit of a game getting to Euston, because the warning went. One or two of the buildings round here have changed their appearance since I was here last. They tell me that it has been very bad. I have tried to get through on the 'phone, but it was no good; a warning went just after I had got "trunk." Guns are very heavy and close here. Shrapnel rains on the decks and quay side. I have ^{had} toothache since I got on board. It is the same old wisdom tooth again. At the moment I feel like screaming, but I'd better not do that in case someone thinks its a bomb!

I think I must turn in now, as my tooth hurts too much. Time. 8.30 pm.

2.

Tuesday. I was so pleased when I woke up this morning, and found that my toothache had gone, that I went up to the Marconi office at once, and had my unemployment insurance card seen to. It was quite all right. I just had to give it to the R.O.U. man, and he said he would see to it.

After much deliberation, I have decided to stay here until we go to Swansea, and then to go home from there. The "old man" went home Monday morning, which sounds as if we shall be here for at least a week, although they say we shall be ready by Friday.

You needn't worry about me, because I shall be quite happy trying to draw. Maybe I shall do some painting while I have the chance. One warning went this

morning, but it only lasted about 20 minutes. I thought of you all last night, playing cards in the cellar, and thoroughly enjoying yourselves, whilst I tried in vain to wrap myself up in the two remaining blankets left on my ~~bank~~!

I ~~also~~ enjoyed the run up from Euston to Liverpool very much. It was lovely weather and as I said before, the scenery is extremely good. Every now and again we passed a peaceful farm, or a tiny village; here and there children would be playing in the fields or perhaps helping their fathers to pull up the cabbages. War must have been a long way from their minds. All the way up, I repeatedly asked myself the question "Which is better, sea or land?" At sea, you think there is nothing better than sea. On land, you think there is

nothing better than ⁴barren land, so
are no nearer to the answer, than
when you first started.

I've no idea when this
letter will reach you, but I hope it
won't take long. I have received
the letter mother wrote, and also
one she forwarded from Ian Lane.
He was up on the school field
apparently, when that Spitfire
crashed.

When I was getting off the
overhead railway this morning, I
heard somebody whistling a tune,
which, for the moment, I couldn't
place. Then all at once it came
to me. It was the rage in America
when we were there. So you see
you can find out where a person
has been, just by a song hit!

Well, I think that must be all
for the present. If you don't hear
from me again, then expect me
home from Swansea — if we go
there!

Goodbye and goodluck. (Mind Norman's
post when you get out of your bunk Dad!!)
Your very affectionate son & brother
Len.

P.S. Give my love to
Evan's family.

Brocklebank Dock,
L. Poal.