

4.

we had to collect wood & light fires and set about cooking it. Well, to speak the truth, we managed to knock up some delicious stew and the rice was at least a little softer than when we first put it in to boil. The tea wasn't much of a success. It was so thick with gorse leaves and wood ash that I didn't quite know whether to chew or swallow it. But what hurt me so, was to watch my nice clean shiny mess tin turn to a thick jet black on top of the fire. It will never be the same again!

I've been out twice this week to the local cinemas to see some rather ancient films and on the whole life is quite pleasant, until I start climbing steps & my knee collapses. Still I think it will soon be OK. See you all sometime, before Xmas at any rate. Hope.  
Love to all

David

3.

I had a very good journey back on Sunday night - but we were lucky with the buses as we caught the last one from the station to the camp. A crowd of us came back together & managed, between us, to keep each others spirits above the usual level to which a journey back usually drops them.

It's been another hard week this week and not with the reward of a weekend pass, as tomorrow's detail has just been posted and confines us to barracks. My knee has been giving me a bit of trouble and keeps "going" when it "goes". I have to lift my foot up behind me as far as possible & push. It goes crack and is alright again. I've had to be exercised marching till Monday. You have to be almost dead before the M.O. will look at you here. Are we tough!