To Mr. June 17.

Beloved,

Already, waiting in the port, half a thousand miles away from you and from England, the buildings seen from the ship's side might be New York or Brisbane, far already so remote. And it is as well so, for now the journey is at last begun, and what to begin has somewhere an end.

We have said everything now too. There is nothing between us unsaid, what you understood, and so we are perfectly together.
wherever we may go.

It was strangely unreal
leaving Aldershot in the train,
passing through towns,
fields. I was struck
suddenly by willows, English
willows, how they stand in rows-
little wind-tossed powdery puff,
gray-green in the evening. Then
it was dark, and there were no
fields. Now this skyline of
buildings and docks which
might be New York, is a
different era and a different
world from the willows. How
far we have moved already! And
how far may be waters we shall
see now tomorrow at all, seeing
only the sameness of well. Mile.
No. 1.

as no way of measuring journeys.

News.

The new B.C. aid not arrive after all, and Harry Dunn has been given his job. I am sharing a hut. Banks calcium with him, and thinks he'll get on quite well with him. The C.O. told me her had just been away to try at Div. School. I should have got his majority instead. I do not quite understand the logic of that, but am not worried about it.

The food on board is magnificent. Utterly unrationed and pre-war in its lavishness. I am quite amazed by it. And
Payers 1/8" for 50! Here it
will be greatest I can receive
and cannot eat or smoke!

I love you, my love, entirely.

John.