

No. 1.

242 Battery

51st (H) A/Tk Regt. RA.

% A. P. O. 2005.

Wed. June. 17.

Beloved,

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

We have said everything  
now, too: there is nothing between  
us unsaid, nothing misunderstood,  
and so we are perfectly together,



wherever we may be.<sup>2</sup>

It was strangely unreal  
leaving Aldershot in the train,  
passing through known towns,  
English fields. I was struck  
suddenly by willows, English  
willows, how they stand in rows  
like thick-banded powder-puffs,  
grey-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  
now for maybe weeks we shall  
seem not to move at all, seeing  
only the sameness of water. Miles



No. 1.

3.

are no way of measuring journeys.

News.

The new B.C. did not arrive after all, and Harry Dean has been given the job. I am sharing a two-bunk cabin with him, and think I shall get on quite well with him. The C.O. told me that had I not been away so long at Div. School I should have got the majority instead. I do not quite understand the logic of that, but am not worried about it.

The food on board is magnificent, utterly unrational and pre-war in its lavishness. I am quite amazed by it. And



Reyers are  $1/8^{\circ}$  for 50! Will it  
not be pleasantly if I am seasick  
and cannot eat or smoke!

Love you, my love, entirely

John