

Howardell.

5/10/17.

Dear Flora

I have to thank you for many letters and birthday wishes and notes. You are a beloved Aunt and I love hearing from you.

I have not had much time for writing letters for the last three and a half months and I'm afraid all the home people must think I am neglecting them.

I am expecting to go across shortly now, in fact I am prepared to go at 24 hours notice.

I had 6 days leave last week and only got back the night before last feeling 100% fitter than before. I stayed three days with Tict and it was very lovely to see her again, although the dear old thing wasn't looking or feeling very fit.

She hasn't seen Peter for nearly 8 weeks and should improve rapidly when she does.

Nancy and I have parted at last, and I fear me he will get across before me. He is expecting to go any day now.

The weather is getting distinctly bracing and I got my servant to make a fire tonight as my cubicle was like an ice chest literally.

I am looking forward to an evening of quiet

letter writing. I haven't had such an opportunity
for ages, and it sounds too good to be true.

London has had a lavish course of air raids
during the last fortnight. The night I was there
Fritz didn't reach London itself, as the batteries
down the river and the clouds combined proved
too much for him. The people in London are
getting very used to them and those who live
in solid houses are almost bored. It is a
wonderful thing the way all traffic ceases
and it seems a very strange London, owing
to the unnatural calm, before the guns begin.

Before this reaches you, you will probably
have heard that I have gone to France. I am
going to cable Jill when I go.

Keep on writing dear old Flora, I shall
write whenever I get an opportunity.

Love from
John.