

Beechwood,

Tuesday 12.15 P.m.

Dec. 4th!

My own darling,

My hands are frozen and I am wet to the skin and I have just returned from the funeral and I have to ring my best girl at 1 P.m. and have some lunch and catch a bus at 1.15 P.m. and so you must not expect a letter at all. I'm in a mad rush, as usual.

I had your lovely letter this morning and so began my first birthday at home. Somehow it is awful having to spend it without you. I had a nice letter from the War Office telling me nice things about myself, but father has grabbed it for the next 24 hours to show around to the neighbours! But you shall have



it for keeps very soon.

Darling, I love you, I love you

and will love you for ever and ever.

Please hurry home to me.

God bless you, Darling,

All my love,

Frank.