



Miss P. M. Watt.

c/o Mrs Hollings.

P.M. WATT WAS
"The Firm" KILLED THE DAY
AFTER HE POSTED
Beck Hole. THIS.

Yorkshire Roathland.

Wednesday.

Vix my darling,

What day are you
getting my letters, I write them
just before tea usually, and
they go out on the 5.30 post from
here. I think they have stopped
all collections after the 6 o'clock one
from Lincoln.

I must remember to bring
the Plumford and the basin
with me, if I can find the
basin, which is doubtful because
Fraser doesn't live next door these
days.

I have done less than nothing
today, as Johnnie was taking
my flight. You should have
heard the balaven that went on
about it, you might have
thought they were off over the
Atlantic in the Golden Hind
via the west coast of Africa on
a starless night.

I am going to assist gently
tomorrow with some untrained
wireless operators, trying to
improve the breed.

Oh how I am longing to
get up to Auckland to see
you. I hope it is a nice
clear day. I am feeling a
bit more energetic these
days, so perhaps we can go
for a walk together.

Sandy rang up yesterday
and said the Bishop was
asking tenderly after my
family and wondering when
they were going to turn up.
You are a bad bad Vixie, and

you must write to Mrs Graves
immediately, even if it
means that I have to do
without a letter myself.

Do do that, please, now.

Aiscliffe House is nearly down
now, and the gardens are in
ruins, and a lot of trees have
been dug up + blown up.

Must have tea now. Goodnight
Chicken. all my bestest
love and kisses

Will