

August 8, 1944

Dear Mother,

Last night when I came back from liberty I had a letter and a birthday card from you and a birthday card from Aunt Annie and a letter from Jean.

Yesterday I went in to see Jean. We spent the morning pushing the baby in the pram. A wasp sting [sic] Jean and did she hollar [sic], and woke the baby up. She had to go back early so I went to a fair. It is a bank [page 2] holiday over here so it was quite a big [crowd] for being British. I had a lot of fun though.

This writing is probably just a lot of scribbling to you but it is late and the fellows want the lights out. I might have to be getting up in about a [sic] hour or so anyway.

Your son,
Tom D