

July 12th 1944.

Dearest Old Mals,

Well here I am again as large as life once more. I am afraid I have slipped a bit on my good resolution of writing once a month but I have a good excuse. I suppose Mum has told you by now that I haven't been well for a while. I was as right as rain one day then the next day I felt queer and within a week I had a nervous-breakdown, that was over two months ago and I am only beginning to be myself again. I am still under Dr. Day and I have to try to put weight on as I have got pretty thin. I just got properly run down and I hope to Heaven I never have to go through that again. I was staying in at Bertha's for 4 wks. I had

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to get away from the kiddies.
Well, Wabs, enough of that or
you will think I am as bad as
Old Al. I hear you are having
a crook spin too. It wasn't by
any chance a slipped cartilage
in your knee was it, because
Gordon Cunningham has just
been operated on for that and
we know how painful his
operation was. By the way, Cecil
and I have just chosen to
ignore his stupidity and act
as if nothing ever happened.
Altogether Gordon will be off
work 3 months so they are having
a pretty lean time of it.

I suppose you know by now that
Roy is home again. Its lovely
for Ed. and it will be lovely
for everybody when their house
is finished.

Do you know Mrs. Cliff. has
a lovely baby girl. Everybody

is so glad everything went off
 alright. By the way
 Woolletts have Out-woolletted
 Woolletts and have bought
 a house at Ochope. Can you beat
 that? We'll be thinking we
 are working for Woollet and Co.
 not Tundcliffe & Co. Gosh
 Albert, if Keith could see how
 things are being managed while
 he is away, his hair would
 stand on end. Ron is absolutely
 hopeless.

As I am writing this the
 9 o'clock news is on and the
 way the Russians are going the
 war will end in no time.
 Just imagine, wabs. seeing
 your handsome of dial
 once again. I bet there'll be
 some smacking big kisses handed
 round that day.

I haven't said a word about

my Twirpies yet. They are good now they are off my hands and I feel as if I have earned a bit of an easy time from now on. Young Albert can say anything now and is just as sturdy as Rex was. If you can remember Rex at 2½ then you know what young Wabs is like. Shirley is growing, she is tall and really pretty but a proper little cat. Rex is getting so big, he is nearly up to my shoulder and I really believe his hair is changing colour at last. Cecil is well and probably looks the same as you last saw him.

Well, old Wabs. I will close now and will write again soon.

Love from

x x x x Co. Sec. & Kids.