



Miss Mollie Smith,  
46, Garrick Road,  
Bkington Park,  
Northampton.

1891097 Sgt Smith R.  
Co No 1 Sgt Mes.  
RAF Blyton  
hr Gainsborough  
Lines  
Monday  
1800

Dear Moll,

Thanks for yours received Friday.  
In fact, for two of yours, I'm very sorry  
I'm so slack in replying. Fancy you being  
any the sick yet again, you will have  
to ease up a bit and not bend quite  
so much. Hope you are feeling fit again  
now. Poor! your bit of gin about  
Graham Dickens really shook me, wonders  
will never cease, what? but still why  
shouldn't the guy get married if he feels  
like it, after all he's quite a decent type  
really. I should be rather interested to  
see the person he is going to marry though  
wouldn't you? I shouldn't imagine that she  
is a frail creature with big dark eyes  
and straight hair down each side of  
the face and a fringe in front.  
Later sad about Mr. Keri isn't it?  
ask Dad if he knows whether his car is

saying to be sold. Talking of cats, I wish  
I had my little one up here, we can get  
bags of petrol, some of the chaps have  
their little motor's and just keep them  
outside the hut, and they have motor  
bikes. You say in your note that I  
must feel lonely, well believe me, I do,  
I feel, honestly like a damned hermit, this  
is a huge hut and there are only one other  
chap in here in another part of it and  
he never seems to be in, you can walk  
around this camp for hours and not see  
a soul, until late at night, and that's  
when the activities start. I still hear  
from Peg regularly; she writes two or three  
letters to my one. A few minutes ago  
I detected a terrible stink, so I looked round  
to see what it was and found some tinned  
meat; opened; slap me! I had to keep  
my head on it, I believe that, had I  
thrown it into the air it would have flown  
easily. By the way, I've lost my little  
penn. I told you about. In this  
place the mice come out at night and  
have great fun seeing who can eat the  
most bit bag, and when they get tired  
they gather in a ring in the centre of the  
floor and have songs.

Well well, I must dry up now; give my  
best to Geoffry, hope he is fit. I must  
scathe it to Gainsborough now, as I've got  
a date; P.T.S. I haven't been in before 10 o'clock  
for the last four nights. the taxi's are quite  
good - must have though. Look after yourself  
won't you.

Lot of love

Don xxxxxxxxxx

P.S. 'scuse the paper but I've run out.