

B Coy.

No 8 Officers' Cadet B⁴

Lichfield

Staffs.

21/10/17

Dear Lucy,

It is the Sabbath day & on the Sabbath day I write to my young lady friends. We have just been dismissed from church parade & am sitting in the cold making frozen dips at a frozen water pot with an icy pen. Remember this & deal with me lightly for the disjointed letter that follows.

I've got a cold. How are you?

Since our return from leave, Old Bill - our jolly little sergeant major, you know - hasn't been extra terrible. He seems in a happier frame of mind & consequently the tenor of our way has been more even. Last night however, he spoiled his good record. There had been a rumour of an air raid & a small line of flight was