

Jan 11 1917

love from your  
dear old Puds  
letter tomorrow  
son in his own  
wants this all

36 Willow Vale  
Shepherds Bush

My Dear Daddy.

My dear daddy I was so pleased to get your post-card this morning so was mum, I do miss you very much and wish you were coming home on Sunday to take us out like you used to. Mama has let me stop up tonight to write to you and keep her company the others have gone to bed. Ronnie says he thinks about you when he is in school. I have been over Uncle Johns to do the paper and Jack brought me home. Mama says do you want your socks sent dont forget to say what you want she had to pay 1/6 beside the postage for Denis birth certificate which we expect tomorrow. Mama has had no letters today I told my teacher that you had gone away to be a soldier and she asked me where you had gone. What do you think Jack has just come again and brought some fried fish for our supper Jack has collared Tit-bits and reading it and Mama is ironing and thinking about you. I am going to write to you again on Sunday goodnight daddy with hugs and kisses.  
From your affectionate son Alan xxxxxxxx



Jan 11 1917

36 Willow Vale  
Shepherds Bush

*Love from your  
Dear old Puds  
letter tomorrow  
Son wants this all  
on his own*

My dear Daddy

My dear daddy I was so pleased to get your post-card this morning so was mum, I do miss you very much and wish you were coming home on Sunday to take us out like you used to. Mama has let me stop up tonight to write to you and keep her company the others have gone to bed. Ronnie says he thinks about you when he is in school. I have been over Uncle Johns to do the papers and Jack brought me home. Mama says do you want your socks sent don't forget to say what you want she had to pay 1/9 beside the postage for Denis birth certificate which we expect tomorrow. Mama has had no letter today. I told my teacher that you had gone away to be a soldier and she asked me where you had gone. What do you think Jack has just come again and brought some fried fish for our supper. Jack has collared Tit-bits and reading it and Mama is ironing and thinking about you. I am going to write to you again on Sunday. Goodnight daddy with heaps of loves and kisses

From you affectionate son, Alan

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