(Handwriting)

(To Gwendolyn (Francis) Andras)

13, Norham Gardens, Oxford. 11th (winter of 1914)

Dearest Gwen

I hope you are better & that your darlings are well. What a mother in Israel you are! I hear that you have been very well, which is good news. Maizie told me such funniy stories of the children. They must be very bright. Little Auntie must be devoted to them. I was surprised to hear of Jims marriage. She seemed a very nice girl.

We are all hard at work for the soldiers. Poor chaps it is awful weather for them. The Canadians are finding out what England can do in the way of rain. We have not had such a winter for years.

Write me a little letter soon darling.

Your loving old

Doctor.