

OPEN by slitting along this edge.



Captain E. R. Sanders,
Horton Emergency Hospital,
Epsom, Surrey.

Boars Hill,
Oxford.

23rd March, 1944.

Dear Sandy,

I've just cycled home from Oxford & I'm a complete and utter wreck! Mummy tells me that you 'phoned a short while ago & that you wanted me to write to you tonight. As Audrey is going into Oxford to a dance in about ten minutes time this will, of necessity be a very brief note, because I want her to take this with her to post.

As I believe Mummy has already mentioned to you — she and Daddy put down a pretty firm foot when I mentioned coming up to town. They have some phoney ideas about bombs & raids & invasions & so forth. I said that I'd be coming home on the 9.50 anyway, but they said that the raids might quite easily start before I left etc. etc. They won't let Audrey go up to the Leighs to stay this weekend — so I'm

afraid that as the smallest + most insignificant member of the Rose House I haven't an earthly hope of getting them to allow me to come.

I'm awfully disappointed as it certainly would have been a good show to meet you in town.

Mummy also tells me that you can't make it this Saturday → it really is a pity, as it would have been fun to introduce you to Pantoume.

Audrey is just leaving so I must dash + give this to her.

I'll write again soon,

Yours,

Valerie.

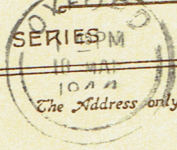
P.S. How were the sandwiches?



POST CARD

FRITH'S SERIES M

This Space may be used for Communication.



The Address only to be written here.



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Are you there?

Captain E.K. Sanders,
Horton Emergency Hospital,
Epsom.

Not-B. Hosp.