

Well, I seem to be getting on at quite a rate, but there are still a few sheets left in my pad. Unfortunately I cannot fill them all, much as I would like to.

I used to think that writing letters meant describing the things you see - around you, what you have done and what you intend doing. Now force of circumstances, in other words the censor, has made me turn more to things immaterial, in other words what I am thinking. (to a certain extent, that is). The volume of my correspondence does not decrease, but what you at the other end think - well that is another matter.

All good things, even this letter, must come to an end sometime, so cheer up for the meantime and love to you all.

John.