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(nothing unusual for me). The food was served out by our officers. My word, it was a treat to eat such well cooked food. Our cook was deserving of the highest praise. Had you tasted the dinner, you would have thought you were back in N. 3. We were each given a bottle of beer to go with the meal, so you can see that we were well treated.

Frank & Ralph & I staggered back to our dug-out, lay down & slept till tea time. Then more food; a mince pie & piece, piece of Xmas. cake & nuts.

I was thinking of you back in N. 3. yesterday, wondering what sort of day you had. I can picture the four of you; you, Dad, Aunt Bess & Florrie. The days when we all used to gather up at Aunt Grace's, on the lawn under the chestnut tree, for Xmas. dinner seem to be a thing of the past. But who knows? Maybe next Xmas. will see us