

14. 12. 45

My dear All,

This can only be a ^{ice} brief line once more to let you know the latest, and to wish you a very happy and enjoyable Christmas.

I was fortunate in getting through to you on the phone last night, because I was actually in Lpool. Fortunately the operator I got on the second attempt was a pretty decent chap, and said he knew Uplands was somewhere around about Purley or Sanderstead. I was anxious to get through at once, as I guessed you were all probably going round to Evans!

I was lucky to get to the dentist by 10 am, and was only able to do so by running quite a way. I could have taken a taxi part of the way, but 4/- is 4/- which ever way you look at it.

The tooth that I mentioned was dead, was

septic, and though I know its horrible, the smell and taste when I he raked it out, was foul. It might have caused a certain amount of stomach trouble. I could He was a drilling another — one which had caused most of the trouble in the olden days — when he suddenly came upon the bared nerve. Ha! Ha! laugh? I nearly cried. Rather unnecessarily he said, "that was the bared nerve." It had to be removed so he gave me four attempts at freezing the afore-said nerve. The syringe affair was leaking and boy did the anaesthetic stink? Thinking all was well, he plunged in with the drill. Once more, ha! ha! ha! "Oh! well, I'd better try something else," he said. You're telling me I thought! However, it did come out eventually. Please don't think he's a rotten dentist, because he's very good, but naturally these things must happen. I shall see him again tomorrow.

Your letters haven't arrived at Marconi's yet at G.P.O., but I had some written 3rd Dec.

3.

One or two Christmas Cards and letters will come, and will be forwarded — I hope (!) by you, because I am not sure of everyone's address.

I want you to know that I'm feeling fit and fine, and just longing to see you all again. Let's keep smiling and be patient. Have a good Christmas. I shall be thinking of you. I hope the presents will come in useful. So now, goodbye, goodluck and cheers from

Your ever affectionate son and brother,
Len

P.S. I am staying the night in the Angel Service Club, so that I can see the dentist in the morning. Who do you think I met? The gunner off the "Ethel." Including the "Ethel", he has been fipped three times. Three times running! (The warning has just gone).