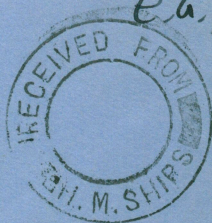


EXAMINER 4820

51-8589

On Active Service Afloat.



Miss Jane Shaw
of W. C. A.
127 St. Anne Street
Quebec City P.Q.
Canada.

30 - 9 - 41

M. T. B 48

4/6. G. P. O.

London.

My dear Jane,

Many moons have passed since I last wrote to you. We have been so busy, [redacted]. Looking for the big bag Wolfe. Most of our time at night is spent sitting on the [redacted], waiting for nice big fat ships to sink. I must sound very cruel, and heart-hearted. Yes I am a little. I don't like our enemies as much as I probably should.

live in those days. They haven't changed. The village pub, with its character sitting around drinking. Telling the latest gossip. They still do the same things as their fore fathers, and life hasn't improved or deteriorate. They still live a happy life. Its simple to some, but to others it couldn't be traded for all the wealth in the world.

But North America has something, which is probable glorious, and can't even be compared with this old and historical world. North America has a new soul. A soul which live in the present and future. With new ideas to improve mankind, and forget wars, and teach the people a peaceful out look on their neighbour. To help them. Not to fight them. I close this

article which has taken so much
place, and hope you don't think I
am too much of a bore, with my
silly words.

I don't love you, and get very
lonesome from your company, We
always enjoyed life together, and I was
so happy, and how I look back on
those lovely peaceful days. We always
got on so well with each other. You
know something all the times we
were together we never had a fight,
I use to pull your leg, but never
meant it.

Give your father and mother
my very best.

Hugs of love and kisses
from your loving Tony.

P.S. Thanks so much for all your
kind little letters.