

PG 11400 (4)

U.S. People of German, or Austrian nationality are not received.

THE TORS HOTEL,

LYNMOUTH, S.O.,

N. DEVON.

May 27th
1916.

TELEGRAMS: TORS, LYNMOUTH.

PHONE 47—LYNTON.

Buntly insists on
censoring this letter
I can't think why. But
I may be able to tell you later
v. p. 8.

My dear old Pat.

Just a line to thank you ever
so much for backing me up on the fatal day &
all the trouble you took. I'm going to give you a
little token of my esteem & regard when I return to
the village. — This is just about the most
heavenly spot I've struck for a very long time, an
awfully nice clean hotel stuck right up on the
side of a hill above the sea. The hills however
are some nuisance and the car those blighters
hired out is the most tricky brute I've ever had
anything to do with. She goes like a play at
times and then shuts up like a box and won't
budge a yard. makes me want to see some layabouts

I can tell you. I can't let my self go to you
now as I know Buntly is going to read this letter
because of something I'm going to say later on.

For my part I haven't got a great
deal of news for you, except that this is a
very good world to live in and I'm just about
the happiest kind of fool you could possibly find
in it. I tell you Pat, it's the "goods"; this, when you've
got the right sort. The absolute bloids A.I. effort.
To change the subject or I shall drool. You seem
to have had ~~some~~ some sort of an evening on
the 23rd didn't you? At least from what I have
heard, that seems to be the case. I always
said you were a baby snatcher, I thought you
had given up your bold bad ways but apparently,
like the Kellys^r, you're at it again. Shame on you
Pat to steal the poor girls heart away like
that. So long old Lad, I shall want a full explanation
when I next see you in la Belle France, I don't think.
Yours ever Poker.