

Sgt. N. Gorfunkle,
Sgts Mess, R.A.F. Stn.,
Linton-on Ouse,
Yorks
Sunday, 1-11-42

Dear Nonie,

After much 'putting off til tomorrow' and 'too much to do', I've started writing letters again. In other words a flow of unbelievable wit has started to trickle from the iridium tipped nib of my fountain pen!

The only trouble is that it's so damned cold it get's frozen before it reaches the paper so the efforts of my brain are largely wasted (cries from my audience of 'Shame!' 'Hard Luck!' 'Scrag him!' etc etc)

It's so cold that even lunch in the mess today tasted hot- which just shows you! Anyway I'm wearing my winter (flying) woollies so I can still get around even if my joints do creak a bit. (Ha! You should see me in my combs! Aythangyou!!)

Well, owing to the weather we've had very little to do lately though we had

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no pay from the time we went on leave until two days ago, so local operations were rather restricted. Never the more so ever we carried out a successful large scale raid on York on Friday night, several public houses being severely damaged.

All our crews returned, though several were slightly the worse for wear. In fact Alec was so drunk he let me fall down three times!

Where's George these days? Still in the wilds of the woolly West of Scotland?

Mum seems very pleased about the phone being put in. I tried to ring her a night or so back, thinking it was already connected, but there was the usual delay from here of 2 to 3 hours.

Well my little pippin and light of my life, let me know how Dorothy is and if the Whittington is still standing. I'll join you there one day.

Cherio my little cherry blossom, *

Love, Norman

* (some prefer Nugget or Kiwi!)

Norman was killed 7 days after writing this letter to his sister Naomi