

Same old spot
Nov[ember] 11th [1918]
7 pm

My Dear Biddy,

Hurrah the war is over. The only thing I'm waiting for now is getting across to Blighty but when that will be god only knows.

I rather expected a letter from you today but there hasn't one arrived. When you write again, you want to put: If not delivered then return to – your address. Then if I don't happen to receive them they will be returned to you without being opened. We expect this job of ours finishing any time now the war is over and we don't know where we may get to.

I was down town on Thursday night and about 5 minutes to 8 there was a rumour got about that the war was over. Well the place was in uproar. On Friday morning we found it to be false. We have been somewhat dissapointed [sic] tonight. There had been all arrangements made for us (the band) to go and play at the officer's club and now it as [sic] been cancelled. We were expecting a real good do.

We sharnt be long before we are together again, Biddy darling. What a time we will have.

The place as [sic] been in a uproar here since dinner time. The guns have been firing and buzzers blowing. We could hardly hear ourselves speak at first.

I would have liked to have been in Blighty tonight. It's been a rotten day here today. It's been raining and ferating [?] down all day.

I can hardly realise the war been [sic] over. I had a letter from Bobⁱ the other day. It was from the firing line. I do hope he is alright now.

I'm not in a very good writing mood tonight so I will close and will write again tomorrow.

Good night Biddy darling, you will be very happy now.

All your own back [?]

Love and kisses

From yours for ever, Fred xxxxxxx

ⁱ Robert FAWCETT, Gunner in the Royal Field Artillery and brother to Biddy