

Miss Pat [OMITTED],

Dear Miss Pat

You will be surprised at receiving this letter from a soldier now serving “somewhere in Italy”. In the first place, let me explain the connection between you and I. It is a pair of mittens, which I gather you knitted some time ago.

And now, may I say thank you.

I can give you some information of myself. I am a married man, possess a charming wife and we have a little boy – [OMITTED] – aged eight years. Our home is in London, and I yearn for the time when I shall return to our little home. What a glorious day it will be.

The tremendous needs of modern war takes everyone – and you can well be proud of the part you played within this great war-machine with your weapons - a few knitting needles. It may seem of no great importance to you, knitting comforts for “someone” in the forces, but you are performing a great service, a service that breathes the spirit of England.

Let me quote John Stuart Mill (1873) “Those only are happy - who have their minds fixed on some object other than their own happiness; on the happiness of others, on the improvement of mankind, even on some art or pursuit, followed not as a means, but as itself an ideal end”.

Thank you, again Pat, and be assured we will return – a victorious army.

I am, Miss Pat,

Yours gratefully.

John [OMITTED]

ADDRESS ON RIGHT