

About 1941-10-29
4-22

My dear,

No prospective

heroine I. Yes, I love you, and that's that, and the more I think about it the less difference it makes how much particular H— and High water there must be past before it works out.

Well, well, to get down to business matters. I hereby invite you to invite me to lunch on Friday, October 31st. Could you meet me in the bar of the Tivoli, or some such low haunt, at 11 in the morning, unless something turns up in the meantime?