

Selected Personal Correspondence From Dad

To Provide Additional Perspectives On Dad, The Crew And Activities



Back row, left to right – Sgt. Alfred Warren (RAF) Navigator, Sgt. Clifford Wheelhouse (RAF) Wireless Air Gunner, Sgt. Patrick Gough (RAF) Flight Engineer, Sgt. Clarke Wilson (RCAF) Bomb Aimer.

Front row, left to right – Sgt. Robert Anderson (RCAF) Tail Gunner, Pilot Officer Raymond Leonard (RCAF), Sgt. Paul Bourcier (RCAF) Mid-upper Gunner.

Letters Home From Tholthorpe During "Ops"



January 6/44 – To Grandpa

Our bomb aimer's name is Wilson and he's from Winnipeg. Our skipper and Bombadier just got their WO's (both RCAF) and our Navigator just got his F/S Crown (he's RAF) and has been an NCO as long as the rest of us and WAG is RAF and his Crown is soon due. The rest of us are Sgts. Our Bombadier is very witty and he's got a dry wit. I get a lot of laughs from him and he's very cool in the air. Our skipper is a short guy but sure can fly and I have lots of confidence in him ever since the other day when we could not get our flaps down and with no flaps these four engined kites come in pretty fast about 145 m.p.h. and there was no wind and the brake pressure was gone. A slight overshoot might have been bad. We got a priority landing and old Ray brought her in right on the deck. Just at the beginning of the runway he cut her, as soon as he did she dropped about 6 feet and a perfect landing. He's sure a good skipper. Our WAG and Navigator are RAF and sure know their stuff too.

January 8/44 – To Grandpa

Our crew is all NCO's and we get along fine. The Nav-Engineer and WAG are Blokes, fairly quiet guys but reliable and I like them fine.

The rest of my crew have got 5 ops in in Africa so they're no rookies at it.

January 11/44 – To Grandpa

Our skipper always makes "hot" landings. He's better on 3 engines than a lot of guys do on 4 engines.

February 4, 1944 – To Grandpa and Grandma

We had a real good tail A.G. Paul Bourcier, a Frenchman. Paul and I got along 100% and we used to do D.I's (?) on our turrets daily and he showed me more about the turret, guns, etc. than I thought existed. Paul has got 150 hours in a tail turret but he's French and doesn't speak very good English and our skipper took a disliking to him and got another gunner. A new guy, green horn like myself for the tail. He's ok but I prefer the experienced man. The rest of the crew liked Paul too. Well anyway, Paul will go to a French-Canuck squadron and will get a French crew which will suit him, but I hate to see him go and it makes me mad.

March 2/44 – To Grandpa

Our skipper is in the hospital with the flu so we just loaf. Yesterday, 3 of us from our crew decided to hitch into a nearby city just 10 miles away after dinner. We walked a mile or so and then got a lift on a beer truck it was lovely walking down the road in the sunshine. We got to town at 2 PM. We had nothing to do so went through Yorkshire Cathedral. It's old old church, mebbe you've heard of it. We had tea at 5 PM and went to a show and caught a bus to camp at 10 PM so we had a nice outing. Shortly after our skipper gets out we will go on a 10 day leave starting 12 of March (10 days) so I'm probably in London right now. I'm sure looking forward to this leave. I haven't had a (legal) day off since Dec. 28.

March 2/44 – To Grandma

Our skipper is in the hospital with the flu and might be there for some time so I'll go to see him later. Boy, I wish you could see the way Ray (our skipper) flies. He is a natural. He's only a little guy. Got his WO2 a while ago. He's very quiet and modest. He's certainly not rash and very dependable. And he can sure put that 4 engine monster through its paces as though it were a harvard. Night landings and 3 engine landings, he sets them down perfect. It's a pleasure to fly with him. He's always alert and on the bit. He'd make a F/L and S/L at home look sick in a plane.

Our Navigator, "Pop" Warren as we call him, is good. An Englishman, takes everything very serious, is married with no kids. He had a very hard life as a kid, his folks kicked him about, practically dis-owned him, he is very bitter towards something, but he's very gentle and we all like him a lot. He's got a very understanding and good wife. I guess she's all he lives for. Ray, our pilot, is from Vancouver. Wilson, our Bomb Aimer is just opposite to Warren, he's carefree, don't give two-hoots for anything. A swell guy too and knows his job very well. He's from Winnipeg. Paul, our other gunner, is from Quebec, a Frenchman. A heck of a swell guy, a baker in peacetime. Remember I told you of him, how they wouldn't have him in the crew, well they had to take him and now the whole crew likes him for he's sure a swell guy. Patrick Frances Gough an Irishman from Wales is our Engineer. A well educated chap, has an accent very hard to understand, is very witty and easy going. Pat and I go to town together quite often he's sure a swell guy. Cliff Wheelhouse our Wireless man is R.A.F. A swell guy and one of the best WAG's in the business.

March 6/44 – To Grandpa

Got a brand new plane off the assembly line and Paul and I have been working on our turrets steady for the last 4 days, cleaning the guns, harmonizing them etc. getting it just to our taste. It's sure nice for the 7 of us to have a brand new latest model aircraft of our own practically. Our other kite was

brand new too (200 hours flying time) but a guy took it up and burnt it just after we had whipped it into shape (all his crew parachuted ok).

March 9/44 – To Grandma

Well I've been pretty busy these last few days cleaning guns etc. but last night we got off early and the skipper (Ray) and our Engineer (Pat) and myself went to town and saw "Flesh and Fantasy". We had a very enjoyable evening, Pat and I or Pat, Paul and I go to town at least 2 times per week, sometimes the whole crew but "Pop" Warren, our Navigator, seldom does. He's only 25 but we call him "Pop" because he's like a father to us, he lends us money, etc. and is the only married member of the crew, he's very serious. The other day when we were walking down the road, he told me why. As you know, his folks treated him awful when he was a kid and he was in the in the army when the war broke out and he told me of some pretty shaky experiences he endured at Dunkirk which he claims aged him five years. But he's sure a good Navigator. He took us 1600 miles the other nite and we only ended up 2 minutes off track. It's seldom we can drag Ray into town, he's very quiet and doesn't step out much, he's a very modest chap, very reliable and calm and boy can he fly a plane. Along side a plane he's only a midget (the size of one of the tires) but inside one he's sure its master.

March 13/44 – To Grandpa

Well we're going on 10 days leave tonight. Well get operational allowance now which is nearly \$2.00 per day extra so that's ok. I got my pass made out to Bournemouth but I'm going to Liverpool first with Ray to visit his aunt, then I'm going to Bournemouth and then to London so I'm going to see quite a bit of England. There will probably be most of the crew meet in London and will do the town up. London isn't the safest place in the world to be now either. Jerries been over it a few times, mebbe I'll see what its like to be on the other end of a raid.

Well I gave a few packages of gum, life savers and a couple of bars to our Engineer Pat to take to his 7 year old sister. Don't think I'm trying to get rid of the stuff but he said it would sure make her a happy kid. You know in a lot of towns when a kid sees an air-man with Canada on his arm they run up and say "any candy or gum mister". The other day I gave a kid a couple of life-savers and he did.t know what to do with them.

Our Bomb Aimer is sick and the other nite on a cross country we had a different guy whose skipper is a F/O and when we got back he just couldn't help but talk about Ray's wizard flying especially the landing. The viz was very poor and he greased her into the deck as smooth as could be, he's sure a natural pilot. I just wish you could see him, he's just a short guy but boy can he ever fly he'd sure make some of those S/L and F/L back home on Ansons look sick.

March 29/44 – Mailed to Dad's Sister Marie but intended for Grandpa

Ray and I went to Liverpool and Wilson to Glasgow. We got to Liverpool at 3PM and got to Ray's aunt about 3:30, it's a grand home in the Residential district. We sure had a lovely room they treated us 100%. First nite we stayed in and talked. Next night we went and saw the RCAF hockey championship and skated after. Next nite we saw a stage show, next night a circus. We spent one afternoon going over the docks its sure interesting all the great ships with all the horns going and the dirty salt sea smell and the dirty slum area by the docks. Another PM we saw "Thank Your Lucky Stars" and we also saw a famous foot ball match. The old man took us to that and he's an enthusiastic foot ball fan. I enjoyed very much but wouldn't want to see another. Every time we went downtown we had to cross

the Mersey River by ferry boat which I always enjoyed. It docks about 100 yds. From the place I first landed on English soil. Liverpool also has some very extensive bomb damage. You can't imagine it. Whole blocks of lovely stores like Hudson Bay etc. cleared out or gutted. It's pretty bad. Then we went to London and got a room in a grand hotel. As luck would have it Wilson got there too and the 3 of us spent 3 perfect days there, breakfast in bed. We mostly went to shows or dances. I got lost one day and spent hours trying to get my bearings. I then came to St. Pauls and knew I was on the wrong side of the Thames. I also saw them change guards at Buckingham Palace. Can you send me some 620 film? Our skipper has a camera.

April 2/44 – To Grandpa

We had a big dance in our mess the other nite. We got WAAFS from all stations near by and with 5 barrels of beer and gin etc. most everybody was pretty high, especially our W/C. The last time I saw him he was being carried out feet first.

April 5/44 – To Grandpa

I guess I'm the first guy from our courses back home to do ops, my first trip was on Feb 15. Remember the biggest raid (up to then) the R.A.F. made on Berlin? Well that was my first and believe me I was sure nervous, far more nervous than any since. I am also happy that that was the first trip our squadron did from this base. There was only a few of us then but its grown until the place is full. Well there's a messing meeting on now and were having quite an argument on the grub, it's getting poorer and was poor to start with so we're getting a messing committee formed and we're going to look into this and get some better grub. Say can you pick up any Kodak 620 film in Wpg. Ray has a camera that size and I can get some pictures and send them home. We're getting a pool table and it's going to cost us about \$1,000 and second hand at that. The officer's mess gave us a pool table only 1/3 of the slate is missing so it's no good. It's just been proposed that we write the Air Ministry for some bathtubs and Ministry of Transport for a bus back from town at 12PM instead of 9:30. Well that's about all for now. More soon. Love Bob.

April 11/44 – To Grandpa

Well I wish I could be half as attentive at writing as you are but I'm not. It's not because I don't want to be either but I'm not fooling when I say I'm being pressed for time, we've been flying up to 4-5 and 6 A.M. these nites well next day we don't even get out of bed till 2 PM wash, eat, go to flights do D. J's on our kites and find out we're flying that night. That's been the story lately, we're not flying tonight, we just got paid and there's a show at 8:00 PM. I guess I'll see it. It's 7:15 now ... I hope you are ok. I also hope maw doesn't work too much and hope she rests a lot. I guess Marie is ok. Well. more soon love Bob.

April 12/44 – To Grandma

Well dagnabit, Paul, Pat and I were going to town tonite to see Irving Berlin's "This Is The Army" but I guess we'll have to cancel it as we flew till 6 PM. We were up for three hours, supposed to be doing fighter affiliation, but we never met the fighter. Anyway, we weren't looking very hard for him, so for 3 hours, just the 4 of us Pat (Engineer), Ray, Paul and myself stoged around England. We went to various towns where guys knew girls and to drones we'd been stationed and circled them. We went to one town just to see an old Cathedral. It's easy to get lost around here and we had no navigator or WAG so I went up to the big glass nose with a map and pin-pointed. Paul tried his hand at navigation

and Pat went and rode in the turret for the first time. I told him the way to fly to get home finally and we came to a railway we recognized and flew down it till we got to the station, so we had a very enjoyable afternoon. I thought you ought to see the nose of one of these planes. It's one piece of perspex six feet high and 3 feet wide. You can stand right on it. I got Marie's letter of April 3 today.

April 16/44 – To Grandpa

I got your letter yesterday and I was sure glad to get those three pictures. I like that kind of photos. I see you still have your battle dress. I wish to goodness you would take that wire band out of your hat and let it droop down, they look far better. I wouldn't get a new hat if I were you. Your old one looks fine except for that band in it. It makes it look too much like a Salvation Army cap. None of the officers over here wear their bands.

We were up doing fighter affiliation yesterday with a hurricane. It was sure fun and if that wouldn't make me air sick, nothing will. Well I can fly all day now and it doesn't bother me at all. We go up there and a hurricane attacks us from all angles. I give the skipper a running commentary, it might go like this – "enemy fighter on the port quarter down flying parallel at 1000 yds. He's banking in now, he's coming in 900 yds., prepare to corkscrew to port, prepare to corkscrew to port. Coming in at 800 yds. 700 yds. 600 yds. Corkscrew to port GO". At which Ray points the nose straight down and banks nearly vertical. It makes it nearly impossible for him to bear his guns on you, but you can get 2 – 4 guns turrets on him. Then the fighter breaks off and makes another attack. It's sure fun and good practice too. When we do the corkscrew, I'm in mid air all the time with my head on top of the turret. I'm just suspended there. All loose stuff in the plane just rises and stays there as though by magic. Ray is one of the best pilots over here at tossing a plane around the way he wants to. And when we are on an "opp" and I give him a corkscrew, bomb load or not, you'd think you were in a Harvard.

I'm not afraid of enemy kites if I see them. All or most of the guys who get shot down, never see the Jerrie that does it, that's why I sure keep my eyes peeled. If a Jerrie knows you see him, he will quite often buzz off and look for another. Well this is quite a letter to write on a Sunday. Hope you're ok. Well, more soon. Love Bob

Monday April 17/44 – To Grandpa

Well in six days I'll be 20 years old. I don't feel 20 and I don't even want to be 20. Also starting May 2 we go on 9 days leave. So from May 3 to 11th you can picture me in a lovely hotel in the heart of London doing exactly nothing, except as I please.

April 18/44 – To Grandpa

The last couple of days they lit off 2, 1000 lb. bombs in a field here. I guess they were a bit dubious about them and let them go. They sure gave an awful blast. Imagine what 12 of them would do to Rosser Ave. but I saw ours land smack right on an important railway yard. More soon. Love Bob

April 20/44 – To Grandpa

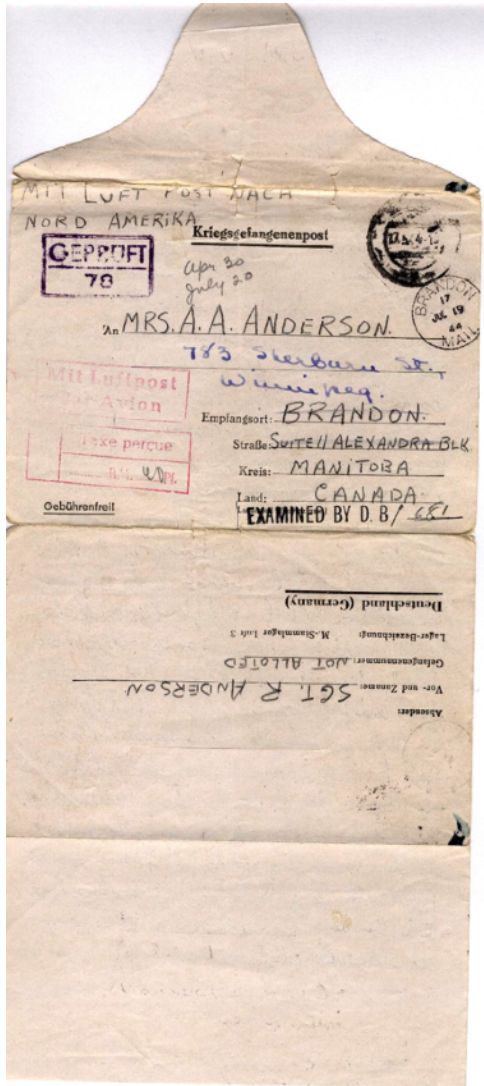
Well I just finished a letter off to Mom and I guess I have time to bash one off to you. I hope you won't show my letter of some time ago to Maw, the one I didn't want you to. And don't show her this one either, she doesn't need to know till after the war anyway. In a very recent letter of mine I told her the number of trips I had etc. I'll put some things in her letters so she won't think we've got any secrets from her. Here's a little incident that happened to Johnnie Walker. You've heard me speak of Johnnie

before. His crew sleeps in the our hut too. We came back the other night and no Johnnie. Here's what happened to him over the target. Another kite above them dropped a 1,000 pounder, it hit Johnnie's right wing, knocked out his 2 engines there, tore a hole in the wing an awful size and greatly weakened the wing. He dropped his bombs ok naturally with only 2 engines and both on the same wing, he'd lose an awful lot of height and speed, so they limped home at a speed of 50 M.P.H. slower than the rest and at a very low altitude. They landed at the first drome in England they saw. It's a very skillful job to land on 2 engines and especially on the same wing. The yawing is terrible due to the drag but Johnnie is an ace at flying and set her down in one piece. The kite is being scrapped, that's how bad it is. Some fun eh. I sure hope he gets the D.F.C. because he earned it. That same night Ray's quick thinking got us out of a spot. I'll tell you about it when I get home. Well don't show this to Maw and for gosh sakes don't give her the impression you are holding anything back. I know you like to tell. All is well. More soon. Love Bob.

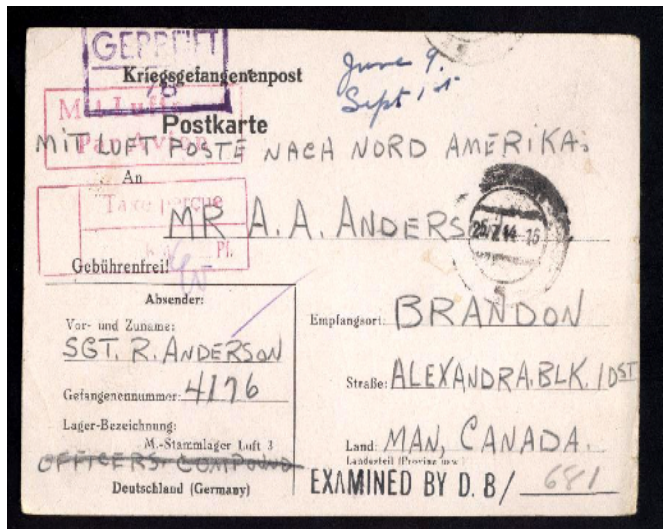
That night, Halifax LW692 coded PT-V was shot down over France.

Letters Home From Stalag Luft III

Kriegsgefangenenpost



Kriegsgefangenenpost Postkarte



April 30/44 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Folks

Well how is all in Brandon? All is ok here and I'm not fooling. You must be glad to know I'm her and someday I'll come home alive and unwounded. ... Write to Mrs. Alex Bourcier Chateauguay Village Quebec, eh, you remember Paul, well we're still together thank God. I guess we'll be pals until we die. The rest of the crew weren't so lucky. I only got a nose bleed when I bailed out. I've been treated

good and fed well so please don't worry, in fact you should be relieved for now you know I'm ok, whereas it was doubtful when I was operating. My biggest burden is worrying about you because I know you are worrying about me. My spirit is high and I can assure you I'll come home as young and wild as when I left. All my love. God bless you. Bob

May 2/44 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Grandpa

Only Paul and I got out. The plane was diving, we were more than lucky to get out. You might tell Mrs. Wilson that Clarke is buried near Dieppe. ... I was in Paris for my birthday, its sure a beautiful place, saw arch of Triumph + Eiphel Tower. Well, please don't worry about me now. I'm ok.

May 2/44 Postkarte to Grandma

Pop's watch keeps perfect time, even though it had quite a dunking in the English Channel. The plane was diving, we were more than lucky to get out. You might tell Mrs. Wilson that Clarke is buried near Dieppe.

May 5/44 Postkarte to Marie

Dear Sis. Well how's school going? I hope you are ok. I can hardly wait to see you. I hope you are helping Mom in a lot of her work. You used to be a lazy twerp like your big brother I know. Drop me a line eh. I think of you constantly.

June 9/44 Postkarte to Grandpa

Well, have you met Clarke Wilson's folks yet? If so, you can tell them Clarks had a nice burial at a little town about 30 miles south west of Dieppe. I was there. Mebbe you have looked up Ray's folks and I gave you Paul's folks address (we're still together).

June 23/44 Postkarte to Grandma

My picture should be in a Red Cross magazine. Hope you get one. Don't worry about me. I hope you have a good time this summer.

July 7/44 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Grandma

I'll bet Marie is quite a size. I'll hardly know her. A week ago was her birthday. I thought of her all day. When I do come home there is just one thing I ask and that is you don't meet me at the station. I want to walk home and find you there as I imagine you now. Promise me that. I think of you constantly and if I were to be here 10 years my affection would not grow less but ever stronger for you.

August 6/44 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Folks

It will be 4 months on the 20th I started this life. It sure doesn't seem that long. I don't know what I miss most. I'd sure like to see some girls don't see any here. ... This is one of the best camps in Germany I think. ... The compound is over **(CENSORED)** around. Well, I have hopes about being home around xmas time.

August 30/44 44 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Folks

Well yesterday I got a telegram from Dad. I was sure glad to get it for now I know you know I'm ok. I guess you've had mail from me now. Paul and I are still together, have you written to his folks yet?

September 6/44 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Grandpa

Well I have here before me the letter you wrote to Don July 3. He brought it over as soon as he got it. Glad to know you met the Wilson's but they're not so lucky as you. ... I'm more worried about Mother because I know she worries about me.

Sept. 8/44 Postkarte to Grandpa

Sure glad to get your letter. I don't see why I get a flying fish because I landed in the water, as you say. I get a caterpillar for using a parachute (I hope I never use one again).

October 4/44 Postkarte to Folks

I've had 50 letters to date. Hope to get a battle dress, dozens of Canadians here have had it sent from Canada. According to your recent mail we're going to live in Winnipeg.

October 8/44 Postkarte to Folks

I have 28 letters now ranging from May 31 to Aug 7. I got the snaps ok. I am sorry for the worry and anxiety I caused you. ... Physically I'm fitter now than I ever was. Love Bob

October 20/44 Postkarte to Grandpa

When I bailed out I landed in the water just off the shore. I don't know where your pen is. I must have lost it when I jumped. I'm sorry. When the parachute opened, my boots jerked off.

October 24/44 Postkarte to Grandma

... I'm glad you hear from Mrs. Bourcier.

October 27/44 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Folks

Well I got the blankets ok and lots of mail. The latest is Sept. 24 from Margaret and I have all your's to Sept. 15. I've heard from Vic, aunt Jessie, Kay Wasnick recently, also Grandmaw. Thank them all eh. I also have a letter from Mrs. Leonard which I don't quite know how to reply but must. She wants to know about him. I haven't heard of him since he told us to bail out, but I don't think he had time to bail out, after he fought to keep it steady while we jumped, it was burning so. It was shot to pieces and we owe our hides to him for the way he battled and kept control of it so we could jump. Cliff Wheelhouse was buried with Clark and I know nothing of the rest. ... I just read "Gone With The Wind" but must settle down to something more educational, yes Maw. I'll always want to camp with you at the lake. I thought of it all summer. I also think of the chummy way Dad and I used to have shooting ducks, etc. I'm looking forward to it.

November 14/44 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Grandpa

... I'm sweating out a letter to Mrs. Leonard now. ...

November 28/44 – to Folks

So glad to know you see the Wilsons. Clark was one of the most perfect guys I've ever known. Will you send me his photo?

December 6/44 Postkarte to Folks

... Wrote to Mrs. Leonard last month. ...

addressed to P/O Officer Bourcier.

December 10/44 Postkarte to Grandma

Paul got a xmas card from McKenzie King addressed to P/O officer Paul Bourcier. I hope and presume its his commission.

December 13/44 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Folks

Just received my Canada house parcel from London, containing a blanket, pyjamas, scarf, hat, gloves, socks (2 PR) underwear, towel, heavy sweater, sewing kit, a full toilet kit, chocolate and gum, so I'm set for the winter. I had enough blankets before with you're 2 red ones, so I'll give one (not a red one) to one of the American boys in our room who hasn't so many. In our room we have 5 English boys. 2 are fleet air arm and have been down since early 1940, 3 are R.A.F. prisoners from 2 to 3 years, there are 4 Canadians including Paul and myself W.O. Hal Lindlater from Vancouver shot down 3 days after us and W.O. Wil Hamilton from Montreal a P.O.W since 42 plus 3 Americans shot down in July, they're swell guys.

December 25/44 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Folks

I'm on a hockey team and sure am looking forward to playing hockey. Went to carol service last nite. Paul and I got our caterpillars yesterday. I should be home for next xmas and believe me I'm going to make up for lost time. I've been here for nearly 9 months and the time has sure gone quickly. Well I hope you had as good a xmas as possible. I know I have under the circumstances.

December 25/44 Postkarte to Folks

I hope you had a good xmas season. We went to church last night and sang carols. Naturally I'm thinking of you this day. Next xmas should see us together and we'll forget these last two.



Sang Christmas Carols in the Theatre.

(The artist, Gordon Reed, was from Arnold Cottage, Bridge Road, Chertsey, Surrey, England. He was shot down in Crete in 1941.



January 21/45 Kriegsgefangenenpost to Folks

We got a British Red Xmas parcel the other day and had a meal today better than xmas day. Well, hope to see you soon.

On January 25/45, the "Long March" began.

From Stalag III A Luckenwalde

Kriegsgefangenenpost
Geprüft
13
Postkarte
 An

Feb 7^m.
 Rec. May 9th

153 Aubrey St
 Winnipeg

MRS. A. A. ANDERSON.

Empfangsort: ALEXANDRA BLK.
 lieu de destination:
 Land: BRANDON.
 pays:
 Landesteil: MAN. CANADA.
 (Provinz usw.)
 départm.:

Gebührenfrei!

EXAMINED BY D. B / 50

Camp de Prisonniers de guerre

STALAG III A Date 7-2-45
 (Seulement No. du Camp, selon les instructions du
 Commandant)

Je suis prisonnier de guerre en Allemagne et en bonne santé —
 (ou) légèrement blessé.

Nous serons transportés d'ici dans un autre camp au bout de
 quelques jours. N'écrivez jusqu'à ce que je vous donnerai
 la nouvelle adresse.

Meilleurs souvenirs

Prénom et nom de famille: ROBERT A. ANDERSON (R Anderson)
 Rang: FLIGHT SERGEANT, R.C.A.F. POW #4176
 Détachement: STALAG III A (OFLAG) GERMANY
 New Address (Aucun autre détail. — Ecriture lisible.)

Letters Home Post Liberation



AMERICAN RED CROSS

MAY 10/1945

Dear mom,

Well it's all over now, we're at a
big airport in Germany, and we
might fly out to day. (to England)
we're under American Control thank
God and one binding Red tape you
find in the R. A. F these boys are
really on the ball, this is my first
letter incidently although I dare say
you'll get telegrams before this.

I might say that the Russians
liberated us at Stalag IIIA Leoben -
walde just south of Berlin on
April 22. anyway I'll tell you
about it when I get home, 3 of us
hitch hiked here but they are
F/L and now we're split up damn it.

¹¹
Jim in a beautiful American Red X
lounge as I write theres a roar of
D.C.3 Engines taking off with the
boys. Jim in good health. I dare
say you've read and heard of the
rough treatment some P.O.W's got
\$ And we worried a lot because
you might think some of us were
there ~~by~~ but we are ok. will see
you soon. love Bob.

May 31. 10 P.M.

Dear Folks, just a line, we've been on this
boat over 24 hours and are getting anxious to
move. It's the "Louis Pasteur" not a bad ship
but fairly small. we eat good so maybe I'll
get a good rest and put on some weight.
Considering we spent a year doing nothing
we stood the last 3 weeks ok. our stomach
aches, feel 100% even though burning the
candle at both ends. I keep meeting guys
I used to know back at swimming pool, I.T.S.
etc. today I met Howard Robinson on deck
going home after a tour, finishing a tour now
isn't what it was a year or so ago when they
used to knock down up to 97 planes a month.
I have good quarters (my name starting
with 'A.') the fellows at the last are in
the hold sleeping in hammocks and floors
(all officers & P.O.W.) they're pretty mad
about it and I don't blame them. Well should
be in Canada in a week, I say it too
myself but still can't ~~grasp~~ grasp the
magnitude of it. can't say I'm sorry to
leave England. I'd sure like to fly out fast
they seem to have some pretty good ones.

P.S. I don't think you know that I don't think you can
think you know that I don't think you can
think you know that I don't think you can
think you know that I don't think you can

types of planes out there. my old squadron
is flying home to train. Paul, myself, Jim
Slummon. Witcher and nearly all R.C.I.F.
P.O.W's are on here. The Canadian G.C, our
wray was here the boys sure like him

He's a real guy (he used to beat Sagan with
us.) well I'll be home very shortly now.
again I say don't meet me down east or
don't meet the trains. let me come home
and find you there. I'll wire telling you the
day I'll be in. tell them love Bob

AF

51-9214

AIR MAIL

This letter must be posted in Armed Forces Postal channels. If posted in a Civil Post Office or pillar box, it will not be given air transmission.



TO: MRS. A. A. ANDERSON
153 AUBREY ST.
WINNIPEG, MAN.
CANADA

Fold Here

CFQ 11
40/P & S/1448

Fold Here

If anything is enclosed in this letter it will be sent by ordinary mail.

FROM: (Sender's Regt'l No., Rank and Name only).

592326. P/O
ANDERSON, R.

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Army Form W.3424

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