

Dear Mrs. Warren,

I hope you and Mrs. Gough can forgive me for not writing much sooner. Its certainly not because I wasn't thinking of you folks. I wish to God I could give you some good news of Peter but I can't and I know you wouldn't want me to try and deceive you. I will tell you to the extent of my knowledge just what happened the night we came down. We were just crossing the French coast on our way to the target when we ran into a very heavy flak barrage. We were at 18,000 feet and received three bad hits which knocked out the two left engines and started a fire in the left wing. Peter, Clif Wheelhouse, and Clark Wilson were in the nose of the plane. I do not believe they were wounded but could not say for sure. I know Ray and Pat Gough weren't because we heard them on the intercommunication. Paul and I weren't hit either. The fire spread over the whole wing and I heard Pat, the engineer admit it was futile. The plane was almost out of control, we were losing height very fast and almost in a spin, when the flames reached the body of the plane Ray gave the order to bale out. This was about three minutes after we were hit. Paul and I went out the rear escape hatch. Paul went first and I followed immediately. The rest would go out the hatch in the nose which is right behind Peter's table. Before I jumped I looked up into the nose but it was too dark and I saw no one. Shortly after I baled out I could see the plane was entirely out of control and burning very badly. I landed safely in the water about two hundred yards from shore about a mile from Dieppe. The plane crashed and burnt right out on the beach just at the mouth of the river Bethune very near Dieppe. This was about 11.45 p.m. Paul landed on land O.K. and was picked up right away. I waded ashore and was picked up shortly aftern dawn

Paul and I got together about 10 a.m. and taken by truck to YVETOT, near Dieppe, with us we had two coffins, said to contain the bodies of Clark Wilson and Clifford Wheelhouse. We all had our own names on our parachutes and the Germans had torn these names off, Clarks and Cliffords parachutes and placed the names on their respective coffins so I believe their identity is fairly authentic, although we didn't see their bodies. The Germans told us that Clark baled out, landed to far out in the channel and drowned and Clifford baled out and his chute failed to open. I don't know if that is true or not but they did get clear of the ship. But I am sure the Germans wouldn't molest them after they picked them up because the troops that picked us up treated us very fair. I do not know anything further of Peter, or Ray and Pat and would not like to give any opinion. Mrs. Warren if I have left anything unanswered I would be more than glad to answer if for you to the fullest extent of my knowledge. I trust I shall hear from you again anyway. I'm sorry Paul and I didn't get up to see you after we got back from Germany but we were in England for such a short time. I almost feel as though I know you though. Pete talked of you so much. Peter and I were very good friends. We used to have so many sensible talks together and I am very happy and proud to call him my friend, he did his job very well and was well liked. I know anything I can say of him I can say for Paul too. I sincerely hope you can find some relief in this only I'm sorry I can't give you something more definite.

very sincerely,

Sgd. Robert Anderson.