AIR LETTER

BY AIR MAIL

R.A.F. CENSOR

16

POSTAGE REVENUE 3d

EVERYTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

Mrs. R. Lowe
93 Fishergate Hill
PRESTON
Lancs.
U.K.

R. F. Lowe

WHEN FOLDED THE AIR LETTER MUST CONFORM IN SIZE AND SHAPE WITH THE BLUE BORDER WITHIN WHICH THE ADDRESS ONLY MAY BE WRITTEN

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131053 F/O R.F. GREER.

IBCC Digital Archive

131053 F/o GREER. R.
148 Squadron
R.A.F.
C.M.F.
8/12/44

Dear Mother,

Sorry that you had cause to complain of the infrequency of my letters - in point of fact I haven't set a pen to paper since I last wrote you (about the end of September, wasn't it?). I seem to have struck a spell similar to the one in the States when I first lost all interest in letter writing.

However, have toured around not a little since then. Another leave in Alex. - not so boozy this time - then a sad farewell to the climate of Egypt, and so to climes less attractive. A short visit to Naples (even expected myself sufficiently to visit the ruins of Pompeii, and very interesting too) I'm afraid that Italy doesn't exactly endear itself to me. Very much like the English weather, but with none of the comforts of wartime England even.

I never was a keen advocate of tent living, and when it is bitterly cold or ~~wild~~ when the wind is blowing so strongly that the occupants of above-mentioned tent(s) are continuously praying that it won't blow down during the night or while they are away on a trip - I am even more firmly against this type of life.

Still, with typically English cheerfulness (bad choice of word!) we get by.

I used to find it difficult to write back ~~home~~ in the Middle East, but now, with the restrictions imposed upon us here, it is infinitely more so.

I'm afraid I haven't sent any Christmas greetings at all, and I don't imagine for a moment

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dear this will arrive round after the New Year, you will just have to accept my belated greetings, parcelled up with the hope that you don't get any hangovers.

I was very interested to read about the prospective business over morning drinks. Keep me informed, lads, keep me informed. You might be on a good thing. But in my eyes, the old man will be extremely lucky if he gets a release.

I sincerely hope and trust that we haven't lost count of the Rawcliffe family i.e. what was, is, and will be. Seem to be blossoming out down there? or should I say we?

Simply can't answer all the letters that I have received since temporary paralysis of my writing hand, but keep up the good work by letting me know the local news and sending ours. P.S. Cheerio for now, and love to all concerned.

BY AIR MAIL
R.A.F. CENSOR
16

AIR LETTER

NOTHING IS ENCLOSED THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

POSTAGE & REVENUE 3d

R. Lever
93 Fishergate Hill
PRESTON
Lancs.
U.K.

R. H. Lever

WHEN FOLDED THE AIR LETTER MUST CONFORM IN SIZE AND SHAPE WITH THE BLUE BORDER WITHIN WHICH THE ADDRESS ONLY MAY BE WRITTEN

1310/53 F/O K.E. GREER

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13053 F/O. Greer R.
178, Squadron,
R.A.F.,
C.M.F.
8.12.44

Dear Mother,

Sorry that you had cause to complain of the infrequency of my letters - in point of fact I haven't set a pen to paper since I last wrote to you (about the end of September, wasn't it?) I seem to have struck a spell similar to the one in the States when I just lost all interest in letter writing.

However, have toured round a little since then. Another leave in Alex. - not so boozy this time - then a sad farewell to the climate of Egypt, and so to climes less attractive. A short visit to Naples (even exerted myself sufficiently to visit the ruins of Pompeii, and very interesting too). I'm afraid that Italy doesn't exactly endear itself to me. Very much like the English weather but with none of the comforts of wartime England even.

I never was a keen advocate of tent living, and when it is bitterly cold or when the wind is blowing so strongly that the occupants of above mentioned tent(s) are continuously praying that it won't blow down during the night or while they are away on a trip - I am even more firmly against this type of life.

Still, with typically English cheerfulness (bad choice of word) we get by.

I used to find it difficult to write back in the Middle East, but now, with the restrictions imposed upon us here, it is infinitely more so.

I'm afraid I haven't sent out any Christmas greetings at all and I don't imagine for a moment that this will arrive until after the New Year, you will just have to accept my belated greetings, parcelled up up with the hope that you don't get any hangovers.

Was very interested to hear about the business cum morning suit etc. keep me informed lady, keep me informed. You might be on a good thing. But in my eyes, the old man will be extremely lucky if he gets a release.

I sincerely hope and trust that we haven't lost count of the Rawcliffe family i.e. what was, is, and will be. Seemto be blossoming out don't they - or should I say we?

Simply can't answer all the letters that I have received since that temporary paralysis of my writing hand, but keep up the good work by letting me know all the local news and sending out L.D.Ps. Cheerio for now, and love to all,

Gruesome.

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