

Flying Officer Theodore Arthur LUMB:

Service Nr: 61284

Serving with RAFVR at 83 Squadron flying Avro Manchester aircraft based at Scampton.

Age 28 he was killed in action on 29th March 1942 during the attack on Luebeck. His remains are buried in the Commonwealth War Graves section of the Nordfriedhof Cemetery in Kiel

Pilot officer Raymond Fletcher LUMB:

Service Nr: 75169

Serving with RAFVR at 77 Squadron flying Whitley aircraft based at Driffield

Age 24 he was Killed in action 29th June 1940 during the raid against the Hoechst factory in Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany.

His remains are buried in the Commonwealth War Graves area at Rheinberg Cemetery.

"Tell me about Grandpa Theo..."

by Christheo Lumb

...said my ten year old daughter, Emily, while gazing at the photo portrait of my late father Theo Lumb. As long as I could remember, that picture had taken pride of place on my mother's dressing-table. He would always be that handsome Pilot Officer in his mid twenties, newly Commissioned into the RAF.

She was seated at the kitchen table doing her homework when I sat down beside her. She explained that her project was to write an essay describing how her grandparents lived their daily life during the Second World War. Together we studied Theo's photo portrait. Sewn on to the left breast of his uniform was his RAF "wings", the much-coveted insignia awarded to successful graduates of flight training. His mouth is curled into a wry smile below his well-trimmed moustache. The officer's cap, worn at a rakish angle, gives him an air of bravado.

Emily's question took me by surprise. The truth was that I knew little about my father. When my sister and I were kids, we would ask Lola, our mother, about him, but we could sense that she still bore the grief from his early death. We were reluctant to press for more information. The same was true of Theo's parents and his surviving siblings, who had to endure the unimaginable tragedy of losing two sons and brothers killed in war. They kept their sadness to themselves.

I replied, "I never knew my dad, your Grandpa Theo. I was seven months old when he died. My memory just doesn't go back that far. But I do know that he was the love of Lola's life. She was heartbroken to lose him, when they had been married less than three years."

"Please tell me what you do know, Dad," she insisted. "I know Granny can tell me more when I see her."

Emily's simple question inspired me to discover as much as I could about my father. Perhaps my attempt at compiling a brief sketch of his life, and an impression of his character and personality, might be of interest to the next generations of the family; but I needed to know for my own reasons.

Theo was killed in action in 1942, during the Second World War while flying on the Allied air raid which destroyed the north German city of Lübeck on the Baltic coast. He left a widow, my mother, Lola, and two young children, both under two years' old. Fifty years had elapsed since his death. To find relatives and friends still living who knew him would not be easy. I would have to rely on any written records such as a diary or letters, together with photos or home movies. Then my sister Susie suggested I should contact Eleo.

The Quest for Theo

My cousin Eleo worked for a major publishing house. I discovered she already had compiled a background history of my father's family. She was able to provide me with substance for my research.

The Cuban connection

In the mid 19th Century a young Scottish Doctor of Medicine named Theodore Johnson, emigrated from his homeland to the Caribbean island of Cuba, then a colony of Spain. He was grief-stricken at the recent death of his young wife in childbirth. He decided to emigrate. He chose to go to Cuba. The abolition of slavery had created a huge under-class of newly-emancipated men and women with little access to medical care. This could be a place where he could do some good.

Soon he met and married the daughter of a sugar plantation owner, who lived near the town of Matanzas, to the east of Havana. Their son, Manuel Johnson studied pharmacology. Later he established the *Drogueria Johnson* in Havana, which became a focal point for producing and dispensing medicines throughout the island.

Theo's mother Margarita, was one of Manuel's nine children. Fear of the annual Yellow Fever epidemic on the island persuaded him to send Margarita, (born in 1880) with some of her siblings to be educated in Europe. In England she stayed with a family in the town of Battle, near Hastings. Once fluent in spoken English, she stayed with a distant relative in Paris to learn French. The final stage of her European education was to stay with friends of her father in Berlin to learn German.

During a transatlantic sea crossing to return home to Havana, she met Charles Lumb, an Anglo-American businessman and entrepreneur. They fell in love, but Manuel Johnson did not approve of Charles. He considered him to be an unsuitable match for his daughter. Being a frequent visitor to Berlin on business, the courtship between Charles and Margarita blossomed. It led her to defy her father's wishes. In 1906 she and Charles effectively eloped to England where he was establishing his business. They married in London. Following the birth of his two older siblings, (Charlie and Margot), Theo was born on Christmas Eve 1913. His younger siblings, Raymond and Bereniece were born in 1915 and 1917 respectively.

His early childhood was spent in Surbiton, where he attended Prep School. Then in 1920, the Lumb family moved to Ballard Coombe, a late-Victorian mansion near Kingston-upon-Thames.

Theo's father was keen for his children to excel at sports. In the grounds of their home, he had built playing courts for Tennis, Squash and Rackets. This enabled the Lumb children to invite their friends home to play those games. Ray and Margot excelled at Squash and Tennis, while Charlie, Theo and Bereniece were less competitive, and they played more for enjoyment. Theo loved to annoy his mother who liked to see the tennis players wearing white clothes and shoes. Theo, a rebel at heart, went on court wearing a faded pair of football shorts, and black plimsolls instead of traditional "whites"!

In 1927, Theo went to Rugby School, where Charlie was already a student. This was the first time he had lived away from home. Already fluent in Spanish learned from his mother, Theo learned French and German in class. He enjoyed acting in the school plays, and singing in the choir. He was gregarious with an impish sense of humour and fun.

In 1931 he left Rugby to join Alpha Cement, his father's production company. The country was still recovering from the Depression of 1929, and Charles believed that building materials would be an industry much in demand to rebuild the British economy. For the next two years, Theo learned the business from the factory floor at two cement plants, one near Oxford and the other near Lewes in Sussex. His engaging personality enabled him to learn the business quickly from the staff. Charles was

pleased with Theo's progress, and he appointed him to be Company Secretary, based at the Head Office at Thames House on London's Millbank. .

In 1934 Theo and a former school friend visited Germany by car. They stayed in modest accommodation. His ability to speak the language enabled him to gain first hand impressions of the growing militarism of Nazi rule, and its effect on the population. On their return home, Theo was now convinced that war with Germany was a definite prospect. He and Ray started recreational flying lessons at Hendon.

It was at Thames House that Theo first met Lola, who was working as a secretary for the company directors. On their first date he discovered that Lola spoke Spanish, and this created a bond between them. It wasn't long before they decided they were meant for each other. The time had come to introduce Lola to his parents at the family home. When they arrived at Ballard Coombe, Margarita was playing Bridge with a group of friends, which included her brother Theodore and his wife who were on a visit from Cuba. Theo introduced Lola briefly and then excused himself to talk to his father.

At once Lola noticed that Margarita was speaking in Spanish, and they were discussing their views about her. Lola realised that Theo had not told his mother that she could speak the language. It was all she could do to sit there and keep a straight face. Luckily Margarita's judgement was positive. After the game had finished, Uncle Theodore came to Lola, and in a hushed voice he said that he noticed from her expression that she understood every word they were saying. He congratulated her on keeping cool!

My mother's family

Lola was born in February 1913, in Las Palmas, Canary Islands. She was the fourth child of Fred and Mabel Fisher (née Quiney), who were resident islanders at the time.

Lola's childhood was spent in the Canary Islands, away from the horrors of the Great War 1914 - 18. She enjoyed an outdoor life, with no shortage of fresh food, and plenty of physical exercise. It was a life that endowed her with self-reliance and self-confidence.

Wedding bells amid growing signs of war

Theo and Lola announced their engagement on his birthday, Christmas Eve in 1938. There was a growing sense of crisis in Continental Europe, as the Hitler Government in Germany threatened the peace which had lasted 20 years.

They were married in Kensington in July 1939. The honeymoon was spent hiking and biking in Switzerland near Lake Lucerne. On their return they moved into a house in Esher, Surrey. As they settled in, the news came through that Nazi Germany had signed "The Pact of Steel" with Stalin's Soviet Union. War was now inevitable following Hitler's invasion of Poland.

War was declared by Great Britain against Nazi Germany in September. Theo and his four siblings volunteered for war service. Theo and Ray applied to the RAF. After completing air gunnery training, Ray was already on active service with Bomber Command by the early Spring of 1940.

Theo was accepted by the RAFVR (Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve) to train as a bomber pilot. He was told to return to his job at Alpha Cement, to await call-up as soon as he would be needed. Cement was considered a product vital for building airfields, fortifications and defence positions.

In May, 1940, Theo and Lola became parents following the birth of their daughter, Susan. Their joy was short-lived, when Germany invaded Western Europe later that month. The prospect of imminent invasion was now a reality.

In June Theo's family received the devastating news that his brother Ray was "missing in action", when his *Whitley* bomber aircraft failed to return from a night operation over the Ruhr. Despite their hopes that he was a prisoner of war, after several months had elapsed, they received confirmation of Ray's death via The Red Cross.

Theo now received his call-up papers to report for the 6 weeks' RAF basic physical training in Devon. Lola was able to arrange for her sister to look after baby Susan while she took the train to visit him. She had her first taste of wartime Britain when the train took refuge in a tunnel to escape the attention of enemy aircraft. Theo was keen to take her dancing, but because he was not yet a Commissioned Officer, they had to settle for the local *Palais de Danse* instead of the Imperial Hotel!

The next stage of Theo's training was at the Aero Club in White Waltham near Windsor, where he stayed as a lodger with friends. After flying in a Tiger Moth with the instructor, he achieved his first "solo" flight and a successful execution of "loop the loop".

He was now posted to attend the Officer Training course at RAF Cranwell, where he passed out as Pilot Officer and received his "wings" emblem. The final stage of training was to attend the RAF School of Navigation at Cranage in northwest England. Here he learned instrument-free navigation and night flying using only the stars as guidance. After a short leave to see his family, he was posted to 49 Squadron, based at RAF Scampton in Lincolnshire. He joined the crew as co-pilot and navigator under the command of his friend, Flying Officer Len Ratcliff, flying the *Handley-Paige Hampden* twin-engined bomber.

After he returning from a night mission, he received the news that Lola had given birth to a baby boy, Christopher on 30th August 1941, and that he was given a short leave to visit his wife and son. His comrades said that he was "over the moon" with joy.

After completing a total 11 night missions over enemy-occupied territory flying in the *Hampden*, Theo was posted to Nr 14 OTU training squadron, where he learned to fly the twin-engined *Auro Manchester* bomber.

Following promotion to Flying Officer, he was posted back to Scampton to serve in 83 Squadron, now equipped with the new *Manchesters*. On the night of 28th March, Palm Sunday, 1942, on his third mission as command pilot with the new squadron, his aircraft *R for Robert* was posted as "Missing" when it failed to return from the Lübeck raid. It was several weeks before his family received confirmation that his aircraft had crashed in the Kiel suburb of Plön. There were no survivors. Of the 242 aircraft which flew on the Lübeck raid, 10 were lost, including Theo's *R for Robert*.

Epilogue

In 1996 I was working as an export sales manager, based in Wiltshire. During my first week in the office, I received a phone call from a customer in Germany, who was the proprietor of a pet superstore in the town of Kiel. He was quite aggressive, and he said that our company was inefficient in not sending complete order deliveries. This

was not the first time it had happened, and unless he received a visit from the Sales Manager soon, he would change his supplier. I agreed to go and see him within 14 days. Having a number of customer visits to make, I planned to drive to Kiel with a boot full of new product samples. It was a relief to know that I hadn't forgotten how to speak German. My customer was placated, his problem solved, and I was given a new order.

Before leaving Kiel, I was determined to find and visit my father's grave. Within minutes I had parked the car and had found the entrance to the *Nordfriedhof* where the Commonwealth War Graves Commission maintained the cemetery, dedicated to the Allied War Dead from World War II.

There were about one thousand identically-shaped gravestones, each bearing the name, rank and date of death of the Fallen. I felt a lump in my throat as I walked along the rows, reading the young ages of the dead inscribed upon the memorial stones. Then I came across Flying Officer T A Lumb, 83 Squadron, RAF and the date 29th March 1942.

I had not forewarned my mother about this visit, in case I would have to change my plan. Standing there before Theo's grave, the tears poured down my face, and I sobbed. It was as if a half century of suppressed grief had finally found an outlet. I reached for my mobile phone and I dialled my mother's number.

"I'm standing before Dad's grave, and I'm thinking of you," I stuttered. "I've been meaning to come here all my life, and this was the right time." She was quite moved by my news, and pleased that I had been able to phone at that very moment.

I feel deeply grateful to Emily for asking me that simple question, which set me on my mission to get to know my father. She is now the mother of two boys whom I adore. They are more than compensation for my having gone through life without the pleasure of calling someone, "Dad." But I do get a kick from being called "Grandpa"!

Postscript – in 1994 the writer visited their graves to pay tribute to both men on behalf of our family.

Later that year the writer drove to visit a trade show in Nuremberg. Having parked some distance from the exhibition hall he stopped to ask the way there from a man tending his vegetable allotment. Having noticed the man spoke with a North German accent, the writer learned that he was born in Lübeck. He had been evacuated after losing his family during the bombing. There we stood he and I united in grief for our families.

Christheo Lumb
2731 words

The passages below are extracts taken from letters written by Theo Lumb to his parents between 1940 – 41. I have extracted the family chat from the letters and to concentrate on what he writes about flight training and his operational experience

18 Course, Royal Air Force, Cranwell

12th January 1940

"I have got my commission all right; ... although it does not become operative till the end of the course. ... We hope to get at least a week's leave. You never get told anything here until the last minute...."....a good bit of flying last week, now exams are over, ... less time in lectures. On Friday, another pupil & I were up doing a short practice, ... we ran slap into fog, which covered the whole aerodrome very suddenly. It ...some time to get out of it, during which ... we had some first-class instrument flying practice. When out of it we ...didn't know where we were... no map,.... we saw a cement works ...which I recognised as Kettor; we then knew we were near Stamford. We made for a nearby aerodrome and landed. We had to stay overnight, parked in a barrack room with all the "very rough" airmen. We saw some interesting planes at this station, but we did not enjoy our stay particularly.
.... weather was bad again Saturday...., we hitchhiked our way back to Cranwell...."

T.A.L – 1253131, Nr 2 Flight, Nr 1 Receiving Wing, Babbacombe 4th August 1940

"...we are over preliminaries here, vaccination, receipt of uniforms & kit ... we do Drill, PT, lectures on Service routine etc. Next week ... we go for an 8 weeks course to an ITW (Initial Training Wing)... we haven't been told where yet. The ITW course is pretty intensive maths, navigation, Drill & PT, ... exams at the end. The other fellows here are a cheery crowd; a good many of them are quite young 18 & 19.. We are billeted in a commandeered hotel...; plenty of hot water, and basins in each room. We sleep on straw palliasses on spring bed frames, with 3 blankets, so we really have no cause for complaint. We had an amusing extempore lecture from the Adjutant yesterday, deputising for a technical officer, who was taken ill. The Adjutant got his Wings in the last war at the age of 16.

Nr 5 ITW, RAF, Torquay

12th August 1940

"This will be my address for the next 6 to 8 weeks... in about three weeks we have a maths and navigation test, and if we don't get the required number of marks, we get slung out, so we will have to get down to it.... we all looked a bit weak .. after large doses of foot-drill, and two long sessions of PT per day. PT is a ... form of torture, the instructor has got you into a position guaranteed to give maximum pain if not permanent crippling. He keeps you there while he gives one of the victims a ten-minute lecture, however we have been informed, that we have so far been treated very gently, if not definitely pampered; that in ITW, besides maths, navigation, signalling, armament and a few sidelines like that, we shall get some real drill and some PT in large doses, that is really meant to make us husky. So when I get a bit of leave either I shall come back as a sort of Tarzan, or, far more likely, in a wheel chair."

B Flight, 4 Squadron, 5 ITW, Hotel Metropole, Torquay

16th August 1940

"The course here is ..energetic but quite enjoyable when you get into it. We are in pleasant surroundings here for training.. we should become very fit .if we don't succumb. I had an amusing night last night on guard, armed with a truncheon, 2 hours on and 4 off all night. The corporal in charge was Crowley, the boxer, tough, but amusing.

B Flight 4 Squadron, 5 ITW, Hotel Metropole, Torquay

19th August 1940

" this Morse Code's a bit tricky, but .. I'm getting the hang of it. I got ...3 words a minute today we have to pass at 6 words before we leave on the buzzer and a bit less on lamp. It's swimming trials tomorrow. Tuesday is our half-holiday for games. The food ..is good and ..pifantif; we get nothing after.. 5 pm. It's a 10 min march uphill to meals, helps appetite.

B Flight, 4 Squadron, 5 ITW, Torquay

25th August 1940

"..sorry to learn ..the Hun has raided..so near home..we have been lucky that warnings have been short duration and in daytime; but last night ..we were up at 1.00am a spell. We take

down bedding and crowd into the basement, which is well protected. I did manage some sleep with someone's feet in my face.

Lola's train was delayed but she arrived in good order. We went dancing last night at the Marina Spa. We couldn't get a hotel room. Very few have dancing these days, and those that had, were for "Residents or Officers only"; However, the Marina Spa allows "rough aircrew" like myself, and the band and floor were good. I admit that dancing in a serge uniform is hot work. It's a worry having no news of Ray(Theo's brother Raymond, also serving with Bomber Command and subsequently killed in action), but I believe in the adage "no news is good news". I hope and pray we shall have good news shortly..

Nr 18 Course, Royal Air Force College, Cranwell 31st October 1940

"I got expected posting ..Wednesday ..this is address for the next 10 weeks I fear I shan't be seeing you again before Christmas. I didn't get much flying at Waltham after the weekend; as some of the course members were behind on hours ;they monopolised the planes. Now we go straight on to twin-engine Airspeed Oxford Trainers with retractable undercarriage and flaps; a fine aircraft.. This is a great posting to a marvellous training unit. We are very lucky to live in rooms; we have the same instructors as those for pre-war RAF Cadets. The buildings fine; the food is good, we should be comfortable.

18 Course, RAF College, Cranwell 3rd November 1940

"We are more settled here now. We have shared comfortable rooms in College. Nearby Steaford is packed with US 8th Air Force personnel. I had my first flight in an Oxford on Friday. They are pleasant to fly; like driving a Green Line Bus! We are treated well here.. batmen clean our room. We eat in a palatial dining hall. With only two to a room, it should be easy to study; this has always been difficult hitherto . We have "Wings" exams in 8 weeks."

18 Course, RAF College, Cranwell 8th November 1940

"Today they sent us on a cross-country run, my first for years. I shall either be frightfully fit or unable to get out of bed. I did my first Solo on "Oxfords" today, I returned the machine in good order. I am glad to have got it over at last, as we have been hanging about waiting for the weather to clear up for some days.

18 Course, RAF College, Cranwell 22nd November 1940

"You no doubt saw in the papers that the Germans claimed to have bombed Cranwell.... I can't trace any such damage nearer than eight miles away. As dawn broke, we heard machine-gun fire. We went out ..to have a look. We saw an incendiary bomb burning in a field, which was so inundated with rainfall, that it had difficulty in keeping alight. There was engine noise. A Dornier appeared from the clouds, only a few hundred feet up. The ground defences let fly with tracers, just like a Roman Candle display. The Hun disappeared into cloud just as the tracer was closing in. I hear it came down a few miles away with the pilot badly shot up. The ground gunners claimed their "kill", but I'm not convinced he wasn't hit from another source. He had circled a couple of times, and dropped a few rather feeble incendiaries. My night-flying eye test was tricky but I should scrape through as average. They make you wear dark glasses for 30 mins, then pitch darkness for 15 mins; then they illuminate, very dimly, small white discs with black letters & shapes on them. You have to write what you see on a special board with guiding knobs - a sort of simple Braille. At first, I saw a faint glimmer, waiting for the disc to be illuminated, when I discovered, that it was already illuminated as much as it was going to be. The time for the first group of shapes was nearly up. They say Vitamin A improves night sight.

Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, 30th November 1940

"We make good progress in flying and finding our way around the country. I confess that I often resort to "motoring", ie. following the roads I know... Next week we start longer cross-country flights, when I expect to get thoroughly lost. This week some of my Course chaps have turned up miles away from where they should be, by as much as a hundred miles. One

fellow ran into a rainstorm & got lost, and after cruising around for one hour or more, he finally landed at an aerodrome somewhere up Coventry way, and found it full of Poles. The duty pilot there was called Sergeant Paraffinski, and the wretched lad had an awful time discovering where he was, to explain that he had lost his way, and wanted to get back to Cranwell. There's one thing about it; there are now so many landing fields in the country that you can't fail to find one very quickly, but they don't help you to find out where you are, as they aren't marked on the maps.

18 Course, RAF College, Cranwell

5th December 1940

"The flying is progressing steadily. I did my first solo cross-country and back without difficulty. It was easy to find my destination, being an airfield next to Oxford Cement Works. It was interesting to fly over Blenheim Palace. Soon we will fly in pairs, one piloting and the other navigating. Parts of the maps are blanked out and you have to find and plot certain places described. It is like a sort of super treasure hunt, and it is great fun."

Officers Mess, Royal Air Force, Cranage, Cheshire

2nd April 1941

"The courses ahead of us have been posted direct to their new units. We can expect the same. Our course should have finished this Saturday, but we have had such bad flying weather..I guess we shall have an extra fortnight here. We won't know our posting until the last week. I hope it will be one just Upper Heyford, near Oxford. At "school", exams, are going all right. We have had a couple of long flights this week. We navigate to some odd places, but we manage to get them back home all right. Calculating in the air it is much more difficult to do accurate work than on the ground without a lot of practice

Officers Mess, Royal Air Force, Cottesmore, Rutland

13th May 1941

"Things here are pretty busy; keeps us well interested. We are flying larger, models after "bashing-up" on something more sedate. Isn't this Hess business a perfect host. The comments of your greengrocer friend, especially as" this 'ere 'ess probably had a hand in writing "Mein Kampf." He can now write a sequel "Mein Jumpf. I haven't had time to put this idea to Winston yet, is to say to Hess "tell us all you know, or we'll take you home in a Wellington and make you jump on Berlin. Just imagine the scene when he says, "I won't talk"; he is led by a huge hulk into the Wellington. They open the door, and get him poised all ready to push out, then say, "We'll give you one last chance to talk before you jump. He'll realise what little ole 'tler will do to him, and, perspiring all under the calm he'll say, "All right, I'll talk & then we shall get to know "Hitler what next?" without bothering to read John Gordon in the News of the World.

Cottesmore, Rutland

23rd June 1941

"It has been sweltering up here this week, especially inside the nose of a Hampden with flying kit on. Lately we have done less piloting; mostly doing practice bombing, photography and navigation. We flew up to the Isle of Man and back. It was a glorious day The scenery over the island is gorgeous. Some new types of heavy bombers flew in and we were able to inspect them. They are huge, especially the Stirling, and very formidable, but we are attached to our Hampdens, which are very manoeuvrable. We like the marvellous view which both pilot and navigator have. The only minor point is the cramped crew room inside. We should be finished here in 2 or 3 weeks, and then should get 7 days leave. This Russia business has happened so quickly. I don't see any short-term advantage to the Huns. If the Reds put up effective resistance, they might be considerably weakened. Let's hope they have a real good set-to at one another."

The Bungalow, Cottesmore, Rutland

13th July 1941

"Our leave has been postponed. I have one more long night flight to make before I finish. When my turn came to do it, something has cropped up. I think the RAF are sometimes

unduly fussy about the weather, which shows they may not rate "the pupils" ability as pilots or navigators. I suppose that Hampdens are rather expensive to mend. The "old boys" with Training Command seem to rate all "pupils" as "three-quarter witted", probably from past experience, although it must be admitted that the "ex-pupils" are putting in a very good job of work".

83 Squadron, RAF Scampton ,

28/3/42

This is an extract from the last letter ever written by F/O Theo Lumb. He was at the controls of his Manchester aircraft when it was shot down by enemy fire 28/29 March 1942. None of the crew survived.

"Purely by effluxion of time, there is no merit in it, I am now a Flying Officer, one step above a P/O. We had a 'dust-up' with a Messerschmitt 109 about 10 days ago during an operation under cover of low cloud over the North Sea, he smashed up the starboard elevation quite a bit, and shot sundry holes in the fuselage, but we claimed it as practically certain destroyed. My gunners got long bursts at his belly when he broke away at short range and he was throwing out black smoke and being only 150 ft. up and at least 70 miles to go I don't think he could possibly make it. The amount of punishment these big machines of ours can take and hardly show it is most encouraging. Last night following an old established custom in the squadron when an enemy fighter is destroyed we had a barrel of beer in the Sergeants Mess and then spent a most amusing evening there.

The news recently, though far from good, has been more encouraging. I suppose things will start to hum again in a few weeks from now.

I hope you are all still keeping as fit as ever. I am afraid my leave has been put off for a week, so I shan't be home till after Easter, however, let us hope for some nice Spring weather and we might get in some golf.

Looking forward to seeing you all again soon

With much love

Theo

This compilation of extracts from the letters of Theo Lumb written to his family while serving with RAF Bomber Command, was assembled by Theo's son Christopher Theo Lumb