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5 G S G E P A R T I E N
IR. MAIL
VICTORIA



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D. ALEXANDRATOS PDRC
AUST POW 3338

STALAG LUFT III
GERMANY

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505 Bell St. Vic. Aust
Prescri. N. 15 194
NOV 27 1944

Dear Spike, Your letter received the other day I was more than pleased to know you thought of us. The same day I had a card from Jim, expressing his surprise that you also were in Germany. He had just received my letter, telling of your safe descent. He had as a matter of fact, written to you in England from his Stalag IV B. and he mentioned that he thought you would have had luck to keep out. But thank God, you are both alive & coming home some day. That is more than many mothers can hope for. When you are free again, go to my sister's mother (Mrs. Taylor, 122 Ridmore 2nd Rd, Reading, Berks) or at least write to her, you'll make contact with Jim. I'll be glad to do everything for you boys. Brigadier Gorman, Head of Repatriated P.O.W. Contingent - is a personal friend of ours - and Jim has instructions to seek him out. He may be able to help you too. We are looking forward to a speedy end to all this unnecessary carnage of civilians & others & a return to ordinary civilisation. No matter in the world wants to keep on but we will yield. My brother-in-law may call on your mother when he goes to the post office next week. I asked him to but he has so many things to do on his tours that he forgets what I ask.

I suppose that like Jim, you keep your mind
working open by lectures, amusements & study.
Jim has decided that he wants to be a school-teacher
on his return from the war, & he is studying
accordingly — tho' I don't think he can practical
experience behind his back wire!! Pat is still in
Australia, tho' many thousands of miles away. He
has home last Easter when he & I went for a
week to Dingleford. I sent him your letter too.
Vince, who captained his team this year, is going
into the army after Xmas, so spike, you can see
how lonely I'm going to be when my third boy
goes. But what a reunion were going to have
shortly. You are probably in the depths of winter
— and don't I know how cold it can be!! Used,
as a child, to cry with my poor toes & fingers.
They used to be so cold — and the snow melting
getting into our boots. And we over here, look as
if we're going to have a long, hot summer. Even
as early as this, we have already got bushfires.
We've practically had no rain & the country is
dry & ready for fires. I've a fairly decent show of
everything in our garden, but it takes a lot of looking
after. Well, spike, I expect you to stay for as long as
you like when you & Jim come home & we'll have a
lot to talk about.

Yours lovingly
M. C. B. J.