

**EXAMINER**

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*Miss*

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7. Queens Drive

Subiton

Surrey.





ON ACTIVE SERVICE

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Montreal N.B.

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16.6.43.

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Dear Jean,

Having arranged your three letters in front of me will read them through for the fifth time and see what needs commentating on.

Regarding your brother's remark on writing to me and giving the real glee about you, think that would be a good idea, assuming that you have just a few points not quite perfect this might be useful in the future, you know, to be forwarded etc. Your remarks about Cecil Howe's son and the ladder episode reminds me of when I was a little boy, but

that's another story.

By the way letter 9, what was the postscript? it was neatly removed by the censor, put it in your next airmail, it should go through O.K.

Letter 10 was most interesting, you must have taken a particularly good view of life when you wrote that, it's funny you can often sense the mood of the person writing by what they write, expect you can with my letters, sometimes when I'm feeling a bit cheered, I can't write a decent letter at all, I realize by mentioning this I am laying myself open to some glorious broadsides, still, I will wait and see what happens, it may catch you in a weak moment (mentally I mean).

I would have given anything to have heard the singing effort at your firm's social, was your face red? I seem to miss some of the lighter side of life out here, suppose that is what would be known as a technical

3<sup>rd</sup> 'iteh, did the audience stand the show fairly well?

Having disposed of those three letters perhaps I can fill up the rest of the space with some thing interesting about this part of Canada.

These last few weeks we have been around exploring, at Moncton the river Petitcodiac is about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile wide and as the other bank looked interesting we went across, this part of New Brunswick is called Albert County, and is principally farming country with very thick woods and rough country in the centre, there are only two metalled roads and a few dirt roads branching off them which gradually vanish inland altogether. Port Albert is a seaside place, the capital of the county, just one street of shops, a fair number of houses, no cinema, naturally no pubs. (terrible country for hikers) no night life at least we didn't discover any, the scenery is quite good and we have got a few

4 maps. which may turn out O.K. This next weekend we are going to try and find out where Waterville is, this is some 60 miles from Moncton, on the coast and should the weather be decent will make a nice trip, there is only a dirt road connecting it with the outside world so the R.A.F. uniform is probably a rarity there, the trip may be fun it may not, but why worry it's all experience, and passes the time.

Of course we haven't heard anything about morning, it's 16 weeks since we arrived, naturally there's not a lot we don't know about camp routine now and a fair amount of it can be turned to our own advantage, the flight sergeant in charge of us is beginning to show signs of strain, just one mention of the word 'jangles' and the flight just melts away before his very eyes, I thought I was not so bad at seeing but some of these boys have me beaten, why they were visuals

<sup>5</sup> into town for the afternoon and go to the flicks, we've even got a private 'ole in the fence for rapid exit from camp!

The weather just lately has turned very cold and even an overcoat is welcome, they talk about English weather, well this has it beaten all ends up, the locals say it will stay hot once it starts but apart from two days of hot weather the summer is conspicuous by its absence.

At the moment the gardening craze has hit the camp, squads of unfortunate airmen are engaged in tearing up stretches of ground, weeding, picking up stones, watering to B.O.'s gardens, or just leaning comfortably on a shovel, this will last about three weeks when it should die a natural death, of course being a regular job I have been unable to assist much to my great sorrow, but it will be safe to venture forth in the early

waiting quite soon as I see most of the  
digging around our billets has been completed.

Well, must close now. Hope you are  
quite fit and not firewatching too often.

Best wishes for the moment. Will write again

soon.

Yours  
Jacks