

My dear old Dad,

Thanks an awful lot
for your nice long letter, I'm always so
glad to hear from you. Your letters seem
to clear away any browned-off feeling I
may have. At the moment I'm writing this
in the guard room - but don't get alarmed
Dad, I'm only on guard! In all tonight till
about 10 past six tomorrow morning and
then on fatigue all day. Shift B only
comes now & again and I don't
mind doing it. I think we have
nearly finished our flying part of
the training at this place or nearly anyway!
Well I guess I was surprised when I
heard you had tried for the R.A.F.
but I really think that you have
done, and are doing more than
your share, believe me, dad, I am

and always will be, very proud of you,
 and I think that you have the hardest
 job of all of us just ^{waiting}, & all
 alert all the time, ready to alleviate
 suffering. I only hope that I can show
 the same courage and fortitude that you
 have shown and that if & when I ever
 return to civvy street, that I may be
 just as good an ordinary citizen as you.
 Although in civvie clothes, if a man can
 still be as self disciplined as a
 soldier in the field as you have shown.
 I feel in my heart that your job
 is on the home front and to look
 after crooks. I think you married a
 good woman, Dad, although her relations
 are made of soft material, everyone
 has their weaknesses & faults but Ellen
 is very dear to me, as indeed you
 are too, and I should do my job

much more efficiently and with a good heart if I know that you are there at home looking after her.

I try, and always will, to live up to the standards you have set me. I take my job very seriously because I realise that one day, maybe soon, news life lives may depend on my capabilities. It will be a responsible job but I am trying my hardest to get through O.K.

I could never back out now & like a soft ground job as mother once suggested, I must carry on where ~~my~~ I think my duty lies. I am not brave and as yet I have felt no fear in flying but I am not disillusioned. I realise fully what a job it will be if I am ever good enough to fly with the best lads in the world and if they were good enough to fight

and die for this England, then who
am I to back down from my duty?

Well Pop old pal I must leave you
for the time being but not in
a huff. Keep smiling for me and
remember - "They serve, who only stand
and wait."

God Bless and Keep you safe
dear Dad, I proud to be,

^{Yours}
Johnny

Don't mind the old women and weak-
hearted men, show them how to quit
the quousing & do the job with a smile.
Believe me, we had a thankful for folks
at home like you. It gives us something
worth fighting for -
Slake Dad