



Sgt. North. W.A. 1583476

2 "Flt." "A" Sqdn.

R.A.F. Station,
Whitley Bay
Northumberland

15/7/44

Dear Father & Mother,
Many thanks for
letter & papers, received when
I arrived back in Whitley Bay
last night.

I'm sorry I've been so long
writing but we've been away
on a field exercise and really
haven't had the time or inclination
to write.

We left early last Friday
morning in full marching
order, full webbing, we had
to carry our own kit they
also made us carry a rifle and
bayonet which as you can

21
imagine put the boys in a
very good mood to start with;
we then marched about 15 miles
under a boiling hot sun, after
about two hours we seemed
to be miles from anywhere,
parts of Northumberland are
really wild and bleak, and
our packs seemed to weigh
a ton, sweat was pouring
down our faces under the
tin hats and as many of
the fellows hadn't done much
marching for a long while
many were complaining of
sore feet, so about 15.00 hrs
we pitched camp near a
little village called Bedlington
One of the officers rang up
S.S.Q. who sent one of the M.O.s



out to treat all the fellows with blisters etc, I felt pretty tired and my feet were rather sore but luckily I had no blisters, the M.O. took a very dim view of all the blisters I don't know what else they expected though taking fellows on a long march like that when they were not used to it, we should in my opinion have done a little each day and gradually worked up instead of going the whole hog at once as it were; during the following days

we were ~~supposed~~ supposed to do some bridge building and general fieldcraft, I thought it was quite interesting, but the majority of the fellows were not very keen on the idea so we couldn't do much, the whole thing was rather a farce actually as most of the fellows refused to ^{do} anything except sunbathe.

On the way back we were supposed to attack a party of Australian pilots & navigators, who were supposed to try and get through a gap in a mined area, after waiting over two hours for them we found out they had all got cheered



with fleeing soldiers before they got to us and had returned to Whitley Bay by train.

According to instructions we were to proceed to Whitley Bay in A.A. formation but we were all tired and thoroughly browned off so decided to split up in sections and make for the nearest bus routes.

The whole thing was in fact a complete fiasco.

I don't know definitely yet but I expect we shall leave here next Wed.

I shall probably go back
to Harrogate.

I think I shall stay here if
I can though as I rather like
living by the sea.

I'm writing this sitting on the
beach but the suns going
down and its getting a little
chilly so I think I'll retire
to the mess for some supper
cheerio for now,

Ever your loving son,

Alun