

1384586 A.C.2. HAMPTON.

SIGNALS SECTION.

H.Q. 146 GROUP. RAF.

MYVERNNESS.

SCOTLAND.

DEAR BILLY AND THOSE WHO WISH ME WELL  
I HAVE A BORDO TALE TO TELL  
OF ONE WHO WOUND - AN AIRMAN BE,  
WHO WENT AND SIGNED AS WOP/A.G.  
NOW WHEN THE FATAL PAPERS CAME  
(THE SAME TO WHICH HE'D SIGNED HIS NAME)  
HE LEFT HIS HOME, AND WENT TO FIND,  
IF HIS WAS NAME: OR HAIT: OR BLIND.  
THEY TAPPED HIM THERE - THEY TAPPED HIM HERE  
AND SAID "IT REALLY DOES APPEAR -  
AS IF AT LAST, WE DID NOT FAIL  
TO FIND THE ULTRA - PERFECT MALE"  
HIS FINAL TEST SEEMED RATHER CRUDE  
AND MIGHT TO SOME - APPEAR QUITE RUDE  
FOR WHEN HE TURNED HIS HEAD TO COUGH,  
THEY NEARLY TORE THE DAMN THINGS OFF.  
BUT FINALLY THEN SENT HIM FORTH  
AND POSTED HIM - SOMEWHERE UP NORTH.

NOW IN THIS TOWN OF GREAT REPUTE  
THEY GAVE HIM SUCH A LOVELY SUIT  
WITH LOADS OF OTHER THINGS TO PACK  
AND LEARN TO CARRY ON HIS BACK.  
THEN WHINNED HIM OUT UPON THE SQUARE  
AND LINED HIM UP WITH SPECIAL CARE  
WITH HEAPS OF OTHERS OF HIS MAKE  
WHO'D MADE THE SAME FUTILE MISTAKE.  
AND THERE HIS TROUBLES REALLY START  
A SERGEANT WITH A STONY HEART,  
MADE HIM DRILL AND DO 'P.T.'  
UNTIL AS FAR AS HE COULD SEE,  
A HORSE'S LIFE WAS ONE LONG LAZE  
COMPARED WITH HOW HE SPENT HIS DAYS.  
FROM THAT - HE STARTED ON HIS COURSE,  
AND WEEKS AND WEEKS HE SPENT AT MORSE,  
HIS SANCTY - HE HARDLY KEPT  
HE SENT THE DAMN STUFF AS HE SLEPT.  
AND WHEN HE THOUGHT HED LEARN'T THE LOT  
THEY SENT HIM TO ANOTHER SPOT  
AND BASHED THE MORSE AT HIM AGAIN  
UNTIL HED GOT IT ON HIS BRAIN.

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AT LAST THEY SAID "HERE STARTS THE FUN,  
 WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO USE A GUN  
 AND JUST WHAT TRICKS, TO BEAR IN MIND,  
 WHEN JERRY'S COMING UP BEHIND."

HE LEARNT EACH LITTLE TRICK HE COULD,  
 AND SAID HE REALLY UNDERSTOOD;

TO ALWAYS TRY AND ~~BE~~ BE THE FIRST,  
 TO GET IN WITH A ~~NICE~~ NICE LONG BURST  
 THAT STOPPED HIS DIRTY LITTLE GAMES  
 AND SHOT THE BLIGHTER DOWN IN FLAMES.

AT LAST THE DAY HE DID RECEIVE  
 THREE TAPES TO SEW UPON HIS SLEEVE

AND REALIZED AT LAST THAT HE  
 HAD PASSED OUT AS A WOP/AG

THE BIG DAY ~~HE~~ CAME - TO HIS RELATION  
 OFF HE FLEW ON OPERATION  
 HEEDING NOT THE MONTHS HE'D SPENT

OFF AT LAST - AT LAST CONTENT  
 SO HIS TALE MUST CLOSE AT LAST  
 RUEING NOT HIS BITTER PAST

HEEDLESS OF LIFE'S BITTER KNOCKS  
 HE CAME BACK IN A WOODEN BOX.

WHAT A LIFE.

OF COURSE YOU DONT FINISH UP IN WOODEN BOX BUT  
I COULDN'T GET "WIPED HIM OUT OF THE BACK TURRET"  
TO RHYME - STILL YOU GET THE IDEA. A FAT LOT  
YOU CARE, YOU HAVEN'T SIGNED AS ONE.

THANK EVERYONE FOR THEIR WISHES - THEIR LETTERS  
- THEIR BODIES. ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL COMPOSE A  
POEM IN PRAISE OF THE CHAPLAIN - WHEN I'VE SAVED  
ENOUGH TO GET PROPERLY DRUNK. TELL CHARLIE TO  
USE THE OTHER HAND - THERE ARE FINGERPRINTS  
ALL OVER HIS LAST LETTER.

BEST OF LUCK

THREE CHEERS

PETE.

P.S. IF MOLONEY EVER THINKS OF WRITING I SHANT  
BELIEVE IT - IT WOULD BE A MIRACLE EVEN IF HE COULD  
THINK.

P.P.S. GET EDDIE HUNT TO KISS MOLONEY FOR ME,  
THEY'LL BOTH DIE OF POISONING.

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