

2nd



WILTS

12.30 PM

6 AUG 41

MR. W. GUNTON.

MACHINE ROOM.

WATERLOW AND SONS. LTD.

TWYFORD ABBEY RD.

PARK ROYAL.

LONDON. N.W. 10



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2nd

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HOLIDAY MONDAY

YATESBURY.  
NR. CALNE. WILTS.

DEAR BILL AND FELLOW WORKERS.

PAUSING FOR ONE MOMENT IN THIS JOYOUS  
ROUND OF PLEASURE I TAKE UP THE PEN AND SEND YOU  
MY HEARTIEST REGARDS. THAT IS IF YOU ARE ALL STILL  
ABLE TO READ. I WAS ONLY WONDERING IF YOU HAD FORGOTTEN  
HOW TO DO BOTH THINGS. THEY ARE STILL DELIVERING  
LETTERS, POSTCARDS ETC. ON THIS CAMP. BUT NOT TO  
ME. SEEMS LIKE YOUR LIFE OF EASE AND PLenty MAKES  
FOR FORGETFULNESS OF THE SUFFERINGS OF THE YOUTH  
OF THE COUNTRY.

WE HAVE RUN UP AGAINST THE RAREST OF ALL  
PHENOMENA, A HUMAN SERGEANT. WE HAVE SUCCEEDED IN  
WINNING PLenty OF CASH OFF HIM AT SOLO AND,  
ALLAH BE PRAISED, HE IS A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT  
AND COMES BACK FOR MORE. OUR P.T. UNDER HIM  
IS ONE ROUND OF DO IT IF YOU LIVE. I SHALL BE GLAD

WHEN MY LIGHT DUTY IS FINISHED SO THAT I CAN CUT MYSELF A SLICE OF THE LOVELY GRUB HE DISHES UP. JUST MY LUCK TO GET HURT WHEN A BREAK LIKE THIS PANCAKES ON THE PARADE GROUND. THE REST OF OUR STAY HERE SHOULD COMPENSATE FOR THE BLOOD SPILT UPON THE VARIOUS PARADE GROUNDS WE HAVE PLOUGHED UP WITH OUR ELFIN FEET.

THE END OF THIS PERIOD IS NOW DEFINITELY IN SIGHT, FIVE MORE WEEKS AND WE SHOULD BE PACKING OUR KITS FOR ANOTHER MOVE. THIS SHOULD BE EITHER GUNNERY - 1-0M OR SCOTLAND OR W.O. ON A GROUND POST FOR THE WINTER, I HOPE IT IS THE FORMER. THEY BURIED FOUR BOYS OUT OF THE SQUAD THREE WEEKS AHEAD OF US ON FRIDAY. ROLL ON DEATH. NO WONDER THEY TELL YOU THE SLOW MARCH IS THE MOST ESSENTIAL PART OF FOOT-DRILL. WE WERE ON THE PARADE, RIFLE DUTY PARTY FOR THE WEEK AND FROM THE WAY THE AMBULANCE BEAT IT FOR THE HILLS THIS MORNING SOMEONE ELSE IS ON A 07:00 HRS PARADE ON FRIDAY AGAIN, HE WON'T BE CARRYING A RIFLE.

THEY WHEELED A BUNCH OF AUSSIES INTO THE CAMP,

150 OF THEM, OVER THE WEEK END. AT PRESENT THEY ARE NICE AND QUIET, NICE BOYS IN FACT, BUT I THINK THE WAY THINGS ARE MOVING THE EXCITEMENT WILL BREAK OUT ROUND ABOUT FRIDAY WHEN THEY, THE BIG-SHOTS, GIVE A GET TOGETHER DANCE IN OUR NAAFI. FROM WHAT SOME OF THE CANADIANS AND SOME OF THE JOCKS ARE SAYING IT SHOULD BE A DANCE WORTH GOING TO. WITH A PAIR OF KNUCKLE-DUSTERS. THIS LITTLE CHICKEN WILL NOT BE THERE, I SHALL JUST CONTENT MYSELF WITH CHEERING FROM THE SIDELINES. IF ALL GOES AS IS ANTICIPATED I SHOULD IMAGINE THEY WILL REBUILD NAAFI AND HAVE A RETURN WHEN THE NEXT LOT MOVE IN.

WE ARE GETTING REALLY BEDDED DOWN TO THIS CAMP NOW, WHEN WE DO LEAVE I CAN SEE SOME TEARS BEING SHED. TEARS OF JOY. THEY BULLSHIT YOU FROM DAWN TO DARK AND WHEN YOU ARE NICELY SETTLED IN BED, SOUND A BLASTED ALARM AND TURN OUT ALL RIPLE HUTS, JUST FOR PRACTICE. THEY WORKED THAT ONE FRIDAY NIGHT, A B—— FINE START FOR THE WEEK-END. BUT THIS WEEK-END I SHALL GET MY NUT OVER THE FENCE AND LEG IT FOR HOME, PASS

OR NO PASS. MY RIB IS PRETTY FAIR AND THE STRAPPING  
COMES OFF WEDNESDAY AND WITH A LITTLE JUDICIOUS LYING,  
HARD AS IT MAY BE, I SHALL COLLECT A 205 AND 36 HRS  
FOR MYSELF. IF I HAVE TO WALK BACK THIS TIME I'M AFRAID  
I SHALL GIVE UP LIKING THIS JOB. I DON'T MIND THE NICOS  
F--- ME ABOUT BUT WHEN CIVVIES IN CARS START IT, ITS  
ABOUT TIME THEY FOUGHT THIS WAR THEMSELVES.

THINGS STILL GO ON THE SAME QUIET WAY AND ONLY  
THE WET WEATHER HAS INTERFERED WITH OUR EVENING  
ENTERTAINMENT. WE HAVE GIVEN UP DRINKING NAAFI BEER,  
MR. HUNT PLEASE NOTE, AS IT WASNT DOING US ANY GOOD.  
PUT TOO MUCH WATER IN YOUR SYSTEM. Y.M.C.A. TEA IS OUR  
BEVERAGE NOW, ITS GOT A KICK LIKE AN ANTI-TANK RIFLE  
AND SCOURS YOUR GUTS LIKE A STEEL WOOL PULL-THROUGH.  
TWO CUPS OF IT AND WAAFI WOULD RATHER DO ANYTHING  
THAN DRINK ANOTHER, SO WE GO AND DO IT. ITS A GREAT  
LIFE IF IVE ONLY GOT STRENGTH ENOUGH, TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH.

WAAFI IS HERE FOR A LONG TELEPRINTER COURSE, SHE  
MIGHT NOT GO VERY FAR IN THE CLASS BUT SHE GOES  
FARTHER THAN MOST OUTSIDE.

IF J.M OR C.S. HURRY UP AND GET IN THIS RACKET THERE MIGHT BE A FEW BITS LEFT BUT THE WAY THE BOYS ARE BELTING AROUND IT WONT BE VERY BIG BITS. THEY HAVE RATIONED US TO 20 FAGS PER WEEK FOR AIRMAN, 15 FOR WAAFS SO I AM PREACHING HARD ABOUT THE EVILS OF GIRLS SMOKING BUT AS I MENTIONED IN A PREVIOUS LETTER SHE'S HALF DUMB AND HER CONVERSATION ALWAYS STARTS WITH "GIMME".

THEY SAY THIS PLACE WAS A CONCENTRATION CAMP IN THE LAST WAR, I DONT KNOW WHY THEY STICK THE WORD "LAST" IN. THEY REGARD ALL OF US AIR-CREW AS HALF-WITS. THEY MAKE US SHOW A PASS TO GET IN THE BLASTED PLACE AND LET YOU WALK OUT WITHOUT BOTHERING. IF YOU COME IN LATE THEY DEMAND YOUR PASS, LOOK AT IT AND KNOCK YOU OFF. IF YOU HAVENT ONE THEY TELL YOU TO GET IN THE BEST WAY YOU CAN AND LEAVE YOU ALONE. I THINK THEY ARE RIGHT.

WELL I CANT KEEP RAMBLING ON AS DUTY BECKONS WITH HER IMPERIOUS FINGER. DONT WRITE IF YOU HAVE ALL GOT BROKEN ARMS. IF I HAVE FORGOTTEN

ANYTHING ITS ONLY YOUR HANDWRITING. KEEP YOUR  
HEADS UP AND WITH LUCK SOME LOW-FLYING PILOT WILL  
KNOW 'EM OFF.

REMEMBER ME TO EVERYBODY AND I HOPE THE  
"OLD GIRL" IS BACK AT WORK. LOOK AFTER YOURSELVES  
THESE DANGEROUS DAYS AND PUT YOUR TRUST IN THE  
BOYS IN THE RAF. YOU POOR SAPS.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE GUV'NOR AND CO.  
BERT SMITH AND FRED COOPER. BE SEEING YOU.

PETE.

P.S. IS RUSTY STILL ALIVE?  
P.