

Sgt. Observer Merton J. P.
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RCAF Overseas,
England.

Dear Uncle Walt,

December 12th, 1942.

your Xmas card came
yesterday and your most
welcome letter today, and I
thank you much for them
both.

Being over here, I can some-
what appreciate your experience
in Dartford, and I bet you
had a swell time. On this
Station WAAFs do the cooking
and serving in our mess. They
pack our 'Chutes, drive us in
lorries to our planes and share
the theatre & church with us.
Most of them were farm girls
before they got in this outfit.

Right now we are strug-
gling to get our last ten or

² fifteen flights off so we can get off on our seven-day leave - the first real leave we will have since we have been in the country.

On this I shall get down to London first of all to see my Godfather and to get down to Surrey to see my Aunt Gwen. This should leave five days to spend with my wife-to-be, Margaret, in [redacted] up north. It would not be bad if leave came during Christmas, but it will not matter too much if it does not. Leave is leave, no matter when it comes.

Incidentally, I don't think I have told you about Margaret; so I shall. She is in training with the A.T.S. for radio work, and I met her in London

3 around the end of August.
During the succeeding months
I have had several opportunities
to get down and see her
where she has, up to now, been
training. When her entire
training program is completed,
we plan to be married in
Birkenhead, her home. This will
probably be in February some-
time; so you can well imagine
I am looking forward, (we are
looking forward) to February
with much anticipation.

How is your job as drill-
master coming? If you can
tell me about it without any
breach of secrecy, do so, for I
am much interested.

I can tell you for little
that he can probably get
more out of two magazines
about aircraft, than anything
I know of: one is "Flying" published
in Chicago, the other is "Aeroplane"

4 a British publication. I will see
if I can scrape up a copy of
"Aeroplane" and send it to
Little Walter.

Please give my love to
Rita and Nanny. Tell Nanny
I sure wish she could be
at my wedding - it will
probably be at about seven
in the morning in a cold
parish church in Birkenhead.

My best,
John Paul.