

Transcripts:

David's Last Letter.

H.M.L.C.H 185
GPO London

12.6.44

Dear Mother.

Here is my first letter from France. You must have been wondering of my whereabouts. Well, I'm sitting out under the hot sun with the drone of hundreds of aircraft overhead, just off the French coastline yesterday. I saw my first Frenchman here. They all looked pleased at seeing us. Although we have made a bit of a mess with some of their homes. You should have been with me last Tuesday. Better than any newsreel or film. Old Jerry has had a bit of a surprise. I can tell you. I had a front row seat of it all, and it did not seem half as bad as I thought it would for us as I thought it would (for us I mean) It seems such a shame that all this damage has to be inflicted on people's homes. The Luftwaffe does not seem so brave as they brag about. In fact, he hardly turns up to visit us, but when he does, boy what a hot reception he gets. Up to yet no mail has arrived for us, but I hear the troops are getting theirs OK. I don't think we will have to stay out here too long, although long leave is a bit away yet, I'm afraid. I've never seen so many ships in all my life. All shapes and sizes steaming in and out like a load of ruddy buses. From where I'm sitting, I've a good all round view of the beach. And from this distance, it looks like south end during a holiday season. I hope the censor is not too heavy with his blue pencil on my letter, because I think you will learn more from the papers than you will from me. The look of some of the Jerry's that have been taken is not so good. They seem a mixed bunch. Some are only sixteen or so. And the uniforms hang on them like sacks and they all seem happy as they are, quite willing to work and work they have to. What I would like to tell you about, I'm afraid, is not allowed. But I feel ok. A bit chocker now and then, but I'm always like that, but I could do with a haircut also. I've lost my only comb!! Tell Bob his hair cream bottle, which he gave me, is now used by a Jerry as a water bottle. Give my love to Isabel for me, and lots of it for you. Look after yourself.

Cheers.

David

PS on the whole, I'm have a damn good time. So don't worry about me.

Mother's last letter (returned)

6/1 Colville Mansions
Powis Terrace
London W11

23/6/44

My dear David,

[page 1] Just another letter to follow the last one, still waiting to hear from you and to know all (I hope) is well with you. You are constantly in my thoughts Darling. Had a phone call from Madge this morning to tell me she had received a letter from you dated 12th so I am hoping there will soon be one for me. Have just had my one weeks leave, been very busy doing various odd jobs. Isabelle and I did manage to do a bit of gadding about during the afternoon and sometimes in the evening too. Now I am back at work. We are not very busy as it happens. The weather is keeping fairly nice and I have quite a fancy garden on the window sill.

[page 2] Pink flowers with white hairs on thanks to Jimmy, he will sit among them, I am quite expecting one to be pushed onto Pa-Bentley's head, as he is always standing outside.

I had a letter from [W.C?] the other day, full of enquiries of you by the way, I hear that Jim (cousin) and Billy have taken part in the big do and that Auntie Peg has heard from them.

Everyone here frequently asks after you and all send their good wishes to you. I told you in my last letter that I should drink your health at 12 noon on July 31st so if you're not at home for that remember it and say cheers.

[page 3, now illegible/faded on back of paper] It would be nice to think you could be here, but next to that I hope you may get something to celebrate with. Is there anything special you may need that I could send you? There is nothing much to tell you, except that all is well with us. Bob still here, he sends his good wishes too. Haven't seen much of Isabelle this week. She has been on Night duty for 2 nights and yesterday she went off to take her Ma in law away to Wilts for a time. Isabelle hopes to get back home tonight. John Ryan came up to collect my papers the other day. I let him see the boat.

[page 4] He thinks it is very good and that you are very clever. Must tell you I had the King of Norway in again today. He is such a nice man. He takes his hat off as soon as he enters the store and does not put I on until he gets to the door.

Funny how one notices these kind of things. Now I can't think of anything more that I might tell you, so for the present darling I will stop, I'll write again soon, hoping to hear from you in the meantime. Take care of yourself. God bless you and keep you safe.

All my love

Mother

Forgot to tell you, Jimmy now lodges at night with Evelyn Col's daughter, but she objects to his snoring!!!

Telegram

Post office telegram 29th July, 1944.

Priority CC,

Mrs ASaunders,

1/6 Paris Terrace, Kensington, West 11.

Reports received states that your son David Saunders late C/FX 83787 is missing on war service. Sympathy is expressed in your anxiety. Letter follows shortly

Commodore Royal Navy

Naval Barracks Chatham.