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ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION,  
WARMWELL, DORSET.  
TEL. WARMWELL 377.

14<sup>th</sup> June 1961.

Dear Mother,

I have just returned from a few days leave which I spent in Leicester. I travelled by train and arrived there Sunday night and returned on Wednesday, so it wasn't a long stay but that was all the leave I had. When I arrived I looked in at the Grand Hotel as I hadn't written to anyone to say that I was coming. After looking in at the Grand I went for a walk down to the main part of the city, where the clock tower is, I suppose you know that. After looking around a while I set off to look for Northam road and found it without much trouble. Aunt Blaira (Mrs. Smithard I think the name is) came to the door and recognised who I was immediately as Aunt Sid had sent her my photo. Ethel Wood lives with Mr. & Mrs. Smithard and in a very nice part of Leicester too. They insisted on my sleeping with them and even wanted me to leave the Grand that night, however I brought my things along the following morning. I had a great time there and they made a great fuss of me.

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They all said how much I look like Uncle Jack and ~~etc~~ all the other sort of stuff. We went and saw Uncle Harry's brother, Will, and he took me out on the Monday afternoon to the engineering shop which his father in law used to own. That is Mr. Spier whom I think you have told me about before. It was a pretty large workshop where we went and they were making parts for aero engines there. There were a lot of girls working lathes and other complicated machines. I met Will Robinson there and is quite well and getting pretty old now. He was very pleased to see me and wished to be remembered to both Aunt Lida and you.

As a matter of fact it was raining most of the time I was in Leicester so I didn't get about much. Mr. Smithard has laid his car up for the war. Leicester had been bombed two nights running in November but not since. They did quite a bit of damage and a land mine landed only about a quarter of a mile from their house and it had been shaken up quite a bit. All the doors were shaken and rattled quite noticeably until they were repaired. Well here the land mine actually landed some of the houses had been completely flattened. They had quite a decent

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size allotment joining on to their back garden and it well planted with all vegetables. Aunt Blain had a fox terrier which is nine years old and is a lovely natured old dog and very playful. He has tennis balls all around the place and is most remarkable the way he can catch it. If you ~~can~~ throw it right up in the air he catches it just about every time before it even hits the ground. When he is inside and no one will play with him he starts bouncing the ball up & down on the floor. Aunt Ethel said that every year they send four pounds to Aunt Sid for Christmas but this year they didn't send owing to all the ships being sunk, however they were going to send it this month. When I said that I had had money over from home and was likely to have more, she suggested that you sent Aunt Sid the four pound and they gave me the four pounds. Aunt Ethel wanted to give me the four pounds then but I said I wouldn't take it until Aunt got here. Let me know if this is o.k. I think Aunt Ethel will be writing to you shortly. They all wish to be remembered to Aunt, Dot, Jack & you etc. and send their best wishes.

I had a parcel from Newcock North two days ago. It contained cake, chocolate and the usual things. I have had no more letters since last I wrote from N.Z. but I had one from Jim Dier last week.

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This morning the whole squadron went over to France and back before breakfast. We had a special job to do and it all went off quite smoothly. I was the only one who saw an enemy aircraft. It was an Me 109 and he fired at me and missed and we had quite a decent dog fight and I gave him a few bursts but he had a enough and bailed for home and I darent follow as it was well over enemy territory, so I turned back for England but I didnt see anything else. Everyone got home quite all right.

Well if they call this summer I dont think much of it. Its that cold tonight that we have a fire in the mess. There has been very few nice days and there never seem to have two or more fine days in succession. I think N.Z. ~~and~~ winter is better than this and would love to see some real sunshine. I do wish I had Stimpfy here. I certainly will be glad to get back home after the war. The news hasn't been quite so bad lately but I think this ~~war~~ war will be several years before it is over yet.

Hope you are well at home.

Charlie,

Love to all

Bob