

Letter No.



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Overseas.

Dear Family,

Nov. 7, 43

It has been a long time since I wrote a long letter home. It has not been neglect but work that has kept my correspondence down. I managed to get several dozen Christmas Cards off last week. I hope they arrive home around or about Xmas. However one thing I am a little sorry about and that is that it is almost impossible for me to send any Christmas presents. In the first place we can't get off the station to buy anything and if I could there is so very little you can buy in this country without points, coupons, etc. For this reason please take ten or fifteen dollars from my account and buy yourselves some presents. Don't forget.

As you likely know by now I had ten days leave after I left the Lake District. I went to Manchester and spent a few days there. I went over to Stockport and saw Mairie for a few minutes. I was not disappointed in Manchester. It was just as dirty, just as misty wet and uncomfortable.

to live in as I imagined it would be.  
The people in that great industrial city were  
wonderful to me. In the few days I was  
there I met some very fine people. I  
went through the art gallery and was thrilled  
to find it full of a great many pictures  
that I knew. To mention but one remember  
the picture of the Princes in the Tower with  
the sentry, it used to be in the old Highroads  
to History Book. Well, it was there taking up  
half a wall. I try had some very good  
modern landscape paintings there that  
I wish Mother could have seen. While in  
Manchester I stayed in the new Y.M.C.A. Officers  
Club that had been finished about six weeks.  
It was small enough that you were able to  
get to know intimately the other members.  
It was a queer mixture. There were two Canadians  
Eric McRorie and myself a couple of British army  
men, one who had served in India for years  
and another who had been in Northern China  
and Siberia for the first two years of the war.  
There were several pure blooded natives of India,  
a hard fist of naval officers from South  
Africa a Dutchman and a Russian  
Army officer. We had a pretty good time  
and I made friends with a Capt. Hunter who



3.

I was to visit a few days later in London.

I when went to London. Eric and I decided to go by daylight so we could see the country. However the train went so fast I could hardly see anything. We arrived at ~~Stretton~~ Euxton Station and caught a cab to the Dominion Officers Club. The London Cabs hav'nt changed since 1907 so Dad will know what they are like. We wove in and out of the traffic until I was dizzy. The Dominion Officers Club was a nice place, not as home-like a place as the club in Manchester but very nice. It was quite large, about 200 officers from all the Dominions. Dozens of Canadian Boys from Army and Air Force but no one I knew. London is so crowded these days that if you came in without reservations you would not find a room to be had for love nor money. If you wanted a meal you would start lining up about 11 A.M. for dinner at any good restaurant in the city. Hence the different Service Clubs are a vital necessity. At least

you can always be sure of a bed and a good meal at proper times. Most of the help at these places are voluntary. The waitresses are girls from good family's who feel that they should make some great sacrifice for the war effort and are doing a good job. The fact that you may get your "sweat" before your soup is beside the point. The club was a gay place with dances every other night, and was the headquarters of an organization called "Hospitality in Britain", that organized tours and entertainment for Empire forces. I went on three tours. One to the Tower of London, where a beefeater in his gay costume took us all through. Another tour through the Houses of Parliament, our guide this day was Sir J. Lucas M.P. he is the great, great grandson of Raffles, the man who discovered Singapore. I had a long talk with him as we walked from the Empire ~~Restaurant~~ <sup>Dorchester</sup> at Trafalgar Sq. to the Houses of Parliament via Whitehall. He told me about his trip to Canada and how impressed he was by the Rockies. The houses of Parliament are a wonderful



sight. My companions on the tour were about eight U.S. Army Nurses, a couple of U.S. Colonels, and a few Empire officers. The Americans were particularly impressed. It was something that was strange to them. ~~From~~ Our guide who was a brilliant speaker gave a complete ~~sum~~ summary of British History for the Americans so they could understand the history of London to a greater extent.

My third tour was to Westminster Abbey. Before I left I stopped and looked at one of the recent Tombs. It was one that seemed to mean more to me than those of the kings. It was the tomb of Nevill Chamberlain. One of the Americans suggested that the words "Peace in our time" should be carved on the marble slab.

I saw a great many things in London. I visited Madame Tussaud, the woodworks. I saw the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. I saw St. Paul's, I saw a bomber crash in Hyde Park. I put on my "civies" and

wandered down by the docks, and into the poorer sections of London. I walked and walked till I could walk no longer, then I and my friend caught a cab or a tram and rode. One night I ~~was~~<sup>sat</sup> in Berkeley Square and watched the German Bombers in the searchlights. It was a thrilling week. I spent a evening in the home of Capt. Hunter who I had meet in Manchester. He is a officer in the British Red Cross. He was an ~~observer~~ observer in the world war and one of the first observers in the R.A.F. He had spent a great deal of time in India and is a professional tennis player. He lived in Kensington until bombed out and he and his family moved to a place called Pinner at the outskirts of London. We met for lunch one day at Hyde Park corner beside the St. George's Hospital where he had his office. We went out to his home that evening and had one of the best meals I have had since I left Canada. The next night I left for Cumberland. Also while in London I had dinner



with an American Bombadier in his American Red Cross officers' Club.

I will now tell you about a trip I made from Cumberland down to where I am now. I must leave out several details for military reasons. I was riding along heading south, and changing trains every ten miles which is the custom in Wartime Britain when I happened to get in a compartment with an elderly gentleman his wife and daughter. The white haired old chap was delighted to see that I was a Canadian Officer in the Air Force. His son was in the R.A.F. a Pilot Officer, also a Air Bomber who had trained in Canada and had had a wonderful time. He was very anxious to repay any kindness he could, so invited me to stay over at Birmingham and spend the night with them. My destination was not far away, I could easily make it next morning in time so I agreed. I had

a very nice time. I left the next morning  
for my new station. Mrs. Kendrick my  
hostess asked for your address so that  
she might let you know that I was  
safe and in good health. You will likely  
be hearing from her. Their address is.

Mrs. M. Kendrick  
22 Highland Rd.  
Edington  
Birmingham 23.

Mail has been coming through pretty  
well. Last night I got an aigraph ~~to~~ from  
Mrs. Juellen and Uncle Arthur. Two Bryden  
Observers, they are coming through very  
well; a letter from Catherine Oct. 10 a letter  
from Mother mailed Oct 16 and Oct 11  
also a Air Mail from mother written  
on Oct. 20. It rather surprised me. I never  
expected mother would use one.

I'm going to half to ~~to~~ stop soon for  
I am running out of time.

I have a lot I want to say about my  
crew but will have to wait until next  
letter. The parcels are starting to come along  
now too. I will send some snaps as soon  
as I have prints made. Love Russ