

TELEPHONE,  
BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER 144.  
TELEGRAMS,  
AERONAUTICS, BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER.



NO 6 FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL,  
ROYAL AIR FORCE,  
LITTLE RISSINGTON,  
BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER,  
CHELTENHAM, GLOS.

10/7/39.

Dear Bill:

Just received your letter today and as I'm going to be awful bloody busy during the next two weeks I'm answering it right away. Our wings exams are coming up the week after next and as I'm down here in Unbridge a week for the R.A.F sports I'm going to have to do a hell of a lot of work to keep up. The events I'm in are coming up to-morrow and as I'll no doubt be knocked out I'll have all week to bugger around London. Kit is hoping to be knocked out also so we intend to do some serious bumming and resting. It's damn nice to be back here again, this is the richest mess in England and the lusury bloody near floors anyone. We've been sitting around on the lawn all afternoon gassing and drinking beer and its the first time I've really relaxed for about three months. Thats one thing about this country, the pubs are open all day and Sunday also the theatres. There's an absolutely marvellous bar in Leicester square that we all use - the Queens - and you get

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real German beer. Its bloody fine beer and its got a  
kick like a mule. - its got a sort of nutty flavor with  
a sort of dash of cay <sup>(can't spell it).</sup> - ~~more~~ pepper in it. The barnoids  
are absolutely tops - real ~~(steep)~~ steepers and Kit and I have been  
trying like hell to get them dated up but so far no luck  
but then the Service always fights to the better end so we'll  
get them sooner or later (said he fingering his moustache).

The place where Mickey is stationed is right close to London  
so I intend to go up and see him on Friday or Saturday.  
If I repeat any news that I put in Mike's + Helen's letters  
you'll have to pardon me as generally I repeat myself.

I've finished night flying for this term and  
shan't do any more until next term and I'm pretty nearly  
finished all my flying for the entire term. It's sort of like  
an ordinary job if you do too much - after a while one gets  
to the stage when they could take all their bloody planes and  
stuff them. I've got pretty nearly 1 1/2 hundred hours in now  
and am starting to feel like a veteran. All these kids in  
Civil School with their 4 1/2 hours etc. damn near makes us

laugh out loud. We had a big black out over England last week-end and it was really a hell of a thrill. We were sent over to bomb (theoretically) several of the big cities around here. We lost another two chaps from here, one flew into a wireless mast and we haven't recovered most of the machine yet while the other chap got into a spin and spread himself over about seven acres. - it was a hell of a mess. We were flying from midnight until four in the morning and I was so pleased and glad to get back I did everything but kiss the ground. They said that we were driven off by heavy anti-aircraft fire and fighter attacks but we flew over three of the most vital cities around here and they didn't even turn a searchlight on us. As for fighters I don't think they even led them off the ground - I don't think they can trust them at night they can't even fly properly in the day time. It's a good job Mitchy can't see me writing this he'd go mad as he's one of the split-ases on fighters. Honestly though I think we could have blown the whole goddamn country off the face of the earth. Kat and I shot up his girls house for about five minutes and the cops are still trying to find out if anybody got our numbers but I don't think anyone can see in the dark yet so we're not worrying. - we got separated from the rest of the squadron and spent the last hour cruising around bombing all on our own. It must have looked funny two bombers

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parting around all on their own and picking on the biggest towns to do our bombing on. - we'd have been ~~so~~ finished if it had been real. They'll probably have it in the news at home so I won't bore you with any more of it.

I'm practically certain I'm going on Blenheim and Hampdens after this term and I'm quite proud of myself. They're the fastest twin engined jobs in the service and the Blenheim is said to be a flying coffin but they're absolutely the fastest word in aircraft. I'd stake the Hampden against a flight of fighters any day in the week and they'll do everything that the fighters can do. Outside of that they've got two guns in the rear and a fire gunner plus two fixed guns the pilot fires. If I can't throw it all over the sky yet I'll bloody well quit flying. They'll both do 295 straight but when they're pushed they'll do 4300 + 550 easily. In a dive they're claimed to do around five hundred but I am really not fussy about going down that fast I'd sooner be going up. I've actually flown a Spitfire - I got the chance last week and did I jump at it. They're easy to fly and land at 35 which is really slow for modern machines but they really shift up above. I blacked myself out six or seven times when I was trying to recover it. They're unpleasant to stunt as you get at such a hell of a speed. In a slow roll you

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have to get a speed of about three hundred before it'll roll right over without spinning. The Hurricanes are somewhat on the same line but are obsolete now and are being used for advanced fighter trainers (no fooling). They are also bloody awful in stunting but they land around sixty to sixty-five. The funny thing is that we chaps on bombers get lots of flights in fighters but the fighter boys can't fly ours as they're much harder to fly with two engines etc. The first time I flew a Spitfire my instructor took me over and pointed out all the gadgets and I got in and flew it. You can't get dual instruction in them as they're only got room for one so it's either a question of flying them or - not flying them. Really though if you can fly one of the modern single seaters you can fly them all - they are without kidding however absolutely simple to fly. Since I've come (here) here I've flown seven different types of service machines.

We've been getting a lot of dope on how to conduct flights in time of war, lately and things are getting nicely worked up here. Things are bound to happen soon and when

they do ~~(to)~~ all hell will be popping. The services are all prepared to go to work at any moment and they are expecting things to start almost any time. We've all been issued with our service revolvers and its the first time officers of the Air Force have had them since the last war. Well, at least. I'm having a damn good time and ~~am~~ <sup>am</sup> enjoying myself if it does come. - why not? My instructor said the other day that Britain expects to lose one-thousand pilots a ~~day~~ <sup>week</sup> for the first month in the next war. London and the big cities look just like old war days, there are simply hundreds of men in uniform and women in uniform are becoming more plentiful every day. The scudding is simply luscious and Kit and I are right in it up to the elbows. Its funny, you know, that when a country gets a sort of war scare creeping over it that the women all loosen up and give - and I mean really give. Theres absolutely scads of beauties in town. I've got a woman whos a lieutenant <sup>in</sup> the Auxiliary Territorial Service dated up for this week and if I don't go back to duty with a bloody sore back I'm growing awful weak in my chairs. Kits trotting her sister so if I don't get anything I'll make sure he doesn't but I am positive we don't have to worry. This girls an absolute corker, - brunette with brown ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> and the best figure really I've ever seen - you'd be surprised how a uniform draws the

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women I don't think they can resist them (the uniforms I mean). I'll let you know next letter how I did but its practically a foregone conclusion. Jo's off to Scotland for her holidays so I'll be able to really blow off steam, she went up with her folks so I've got her car for this week but she'd raise hell if she knew what it was being used for. We're having our big Passing Out Ball on the fourth of August and we're having Ray Fox and his orchestra. I really wish you chaps could see and join in some of these do's. Every body from the C.O. down will be as pressed as coots that night and everybodys out to get F/O. Peppy an army officer who's being trained for army co-op with us. I should say he'll recover from the beating he'll get that night in about a month.

I was real glad to hear that you did well in your exams and are holding down a good job. I hope you succeed tremendously and I'm always pulling for you. Tell Mike I hope he does make good and that he'll be a manager or something around that when I get home - (seven). I was very disappointed to hear about Marcin but I think that it really ~~did~~ <sup>has</sup> finished my inclination her way. I came over principally because of

the way I felt about her but since I've been here I don't regret it. I suppose sooner or later she was bound to fall off her throne of purity and ~~not~~ righteousness but it sort of made me <sup>feel</sup> ~~felt~~ like quitting for a minute. I don't think I shall ever go for anybody else like I did for her - I hope not. I still stuck to one woman but there's a definite understanding that I can drink, play around etc. as much as I like and she also hands out the occasional bit. Besides that she's got a hell of a nice car and more than a fair share of money so I consider her a good investment. I am sorry now I didn't slip it to Glover when I was on top, by God she wouldn't be able to squat if I had the chance again. Still I suppose I was rather stupid or something at the time <sup>nevertheless</sup> ~~nevertheless~~ I'd like to see her in a spot she was always so bloody pure and innocent and I was always the bold bad man leading her on the wrong road. I ~~do~~ know you shags always used to think ~~she~~ she got a dirty deal but there were a lot of dirty deals pulled off that you never heard of and I don't mean just before I went away either. What really gets me is that even when she writes now she tells me about Mike & Harry drinking and all that and acts so fucking pure. By God, I'd like to talk to her for about five minutes now - she'd be able to walk under a stone. My sarcasm has improved much since I've been handling a flight of men for drills etc. Love to everyone and write soon

Bill

(Thanks for the photo.)





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