



Mrs. V. D'Ambrossio,
57 Lower Street,
Allandale Ontario,
Canada.



R. H. Mander



ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Jan 9 / 43

Hello Mum:-

Just a few lines to let you know I'm getting along okay. I hope everyone at home is the same. The weather here just now is pretty cold but still we don't get any snow. Not yet anyways. I guess there is lots of snow over there. I wish I were there, but I guess just wishing isn't going to do me any good. So it's better I forget about it - as much as I can.

Mary's letter just arrived the other day. It sure is a funny system this here mail business. Letters



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that should be here don't arrive till weeks after a letter you write even later. On Christmas day I got twenty four letters - all in one day. The day before I got eight. So that is the way they come. Either lots or none at all.

I'll be going on my "leave" in a couple of weeks. This time I'm taking nine days. I might call around and see some of Isabel's Mothers' folks, but I doubt it. I'm not much of a fellow to go around calling on strangers. I think I'll go to Scotland again. The people treat you pretty good up there and the way I've been feeling I sure need



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good treatment. I've been feeling really "punk" lately. "Browned off" as they say over here. I just want to crawl in a hole sometimes and pull it in after me. I get over these kind of moods pretty soon, so think nothing of it.

How is Dad getting along. Mary said he made some grape wine. Tell him to save some for me I'll be home by Christmas (what Christmas) Oh well, it may be sooner than we think. That's the way I try to look at it.

You have the phone in ruin. I guess it goes day + night eh Mum. Johnny must get quite a kick from it. If he hasn't torn it off of the wall by



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Mum I know you have enough things to buy with the money you have but if there is a little left over I wish you would send another little parcel like the last one you can't buy things like that over here and the only way to get them is have them sent over to you I hate asking, but you can understand the reason I do. Isabel's parcels arrived on New Year's day. About two months to get here. I thought they had gone down.

Well I haven't much more to say so I'll say good-bye for now, and don't forget to write often. Tell the kids I think of them ^{also} and for them to be not quite as bad as they have been. So long for a little while
your loving son
Don