

Letter written by Keith Falconer to his mother before he died

Funnily our machine is D for Donald.

I wish he could have got into the same Squadron. We could have had lots of fun.

It is a good thing that AL* is safe in British Guiana. I know he must hate it, but DON** and I are now where we should be, in the forefront of the battle and I don't suppose you would have it otherwise, but it is as well to have one safe in case of accidents.

By the way the Bremen show was the biggest yet, I think. In my opinion we approach air parity now in the matter of bomb loads i.e. they may be able to put over more machines, but we carry more bombs per plane and Bremen is quite a long way, yet we made an awful mess of the place. The whole town over an area of two miles by one mile seemed to be blazing furiously and the pall of smoke was clearly visible, rising to enormous heights. I myself saw the fire ninety miles away.

It is a strange, unreal sort of business this night bombing. During the flight one's senses are keyed up to a very high pitch for hours at a time, so that afterwards it all seems like a dream.

I can hardly believe that I searched among the Swiss Alps for Lake Constance, or went down to Bordeaux and back in a night. Places mean nothing, it is just so many hours shut up in a draughty, noisy cabin, as often as not flying for hundreds of miles above clouds, fixing our positions by the stars. Only when the steady drone of the engines falters, even a little, does one become conscious of the fact that 10,000 feet below is perhaps the black, cold sea or a land peopled by most unfriendly folk.

That last paragraph is a bit journalistic isn't it! Read it to Mrs Hamilton, she might like it.

Give my love to granny and tell her I always drop one for her.

Yours ever

Keith

Note from Site administrators:

Paragraph 2

*AL is Keith's youngest brother, Alistair Falconer, who was the sole survivor of the three brothers in World War 2. Despite his best efforts to follow his two brothers footsteps and serve in the Royal Air Force as soon as he was legally old enough, the war ended before he could see active service.

**DON is Keith's brother, Wing Commander Donald Buchan Falconer DFC AFC. 87052, 156 Squadron RAFVS. Died 30th December 1944, aged 28. Buried in Rheinberg War Cemetery, Germany Plot17, Row E, Grave 9