

June 4, 1944

Dear parents, brothers and sisters,

My time for writing is very limited. However, I must write a few words just to let you know how things are going.

First of all, thanks a million for the cigs and parcels and letters. Received your letter, Dad, just a day ago. By mistake I received Len's cigs too.

Sorry Mum that I don't have time to answer all your questions now.

Dad, the time has come for that long awaited day, the invasion of France.

Yes I am in it. I'll be in the first one hundred Canadians to land by parachute. We know our job well. We have been trained for all conditions and circumstances. We have a fair chance.

I am not certain but I expect Len will be coming in a few days later.

To go in as a paratrooper was entirely my choice. I am in no way connected to any medical work. This job is dangerous, very dangerous. If anything should happen to me, do not feel sad or burdened by it, but take the attitude of "He served his country to his utmost."

With that spirit I am going into battle.

And let it be known that the Town of Nipawin did it's share to win the war.

I have full expectations of returning and with God's strength and guidance I'm sure He will see me thro' all peril. My trust is in God.

*Your loving son,
Leslie*