

Lt. R. L. Fowler - 0681577
390th Bomb Gr. 571st Bomb Sq. (H)
A.P.O. 634 % Postmaster
New York City, New York

Air Mail



Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Fowler

Hawlin,

Texas

U.S.A.

Letter written
3 days before I was
shot down on 2nd trip
to Bremen

Robert L. Fowler
2nd Lt. A.C.



DEC 20 1943



★ UNITED STATES ARMY AIR CORPS ★

Somewhere in England
December 17, 1943

Dear Mother, Daddy, and Jr.,

I got a letter from home - it was a V-mail letter.

I also got a letter from Charles Spencer, he asked for a letter of recommendation as he had been notified that he could go through aviation cadet training again, but as a bombardier. I sent him the recommendation and hope it gets there in time.

We have been making chairs, tables, and other gadgets in spare moments and have our hut sorta homey. I made an easy chair something like the porch chair Daddy made - of course we don't have much to work with - one very large bald-peen hammer, pair of pliers, one bent screw driver, and a old beat up rip saw. The nails are just the few we straighten out after pulling them from precious boards - we picked up some English horse shoe nails too - We don't have anything to measure with therefore nothing fits very well -



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I hope you haven't forgotten the package I asked for with stationery included in it. I know you didn't forget it, but it sure seems like a long time between us interpreted in mail time. I read in the paper over here of a cute ditty called the Gunner's Prayer - "yea, tho I fly through the Valley of the Rhur, my guns are with me, ~~and~~ my Pilot and Copilot, they comfort me and my navigator shall not lead me astray - I hope"

Did you ever receive my watch?

We have been getting some English winter apples and they are good eating - small, but good -

By the way Aunt Lula sent a five dollar money order - The way she talked you must have given the \$5 check back to her - I thought you would just treat it up and forget about it. So I don't know what to do about it now -

Well, I have about twenty few more trips to make, then I can come home.

Love
Robert