



My Boy's Last Letter

This is the 'last letter' written by Sgt Pilot 'Boy' Goulden Webster of 149 Squadron. It was written to his mother, only to be delivered if he did not return from an operation. He was killed when his Wellington Bomber was shot down over Stettin in November 1940. He was laid to rest in Berlin war Cemetery.

R.A.F
Mildenhall

(No date)

My dear Ma

You won't I hope even read this, but there's always the chance that one may not come back you know, well first of all, if one should be posted as missing, don't worry too much, as there's a good possibility of our being prisoners. If this does happen rest assured I shall try everything that's known to get away.

If I should in these circumstances manage to get a letter through to you either directly or through the Red Cross, or Air Ministry remember the following

1. If I mention food in any way it means that there's no chance at the time of escape
2. If I mention clothes in any way it means that there is a chance of getting away
3. If I mention letters in any way it means escape imminent
4. If I mention beer in any way it means either that I'm on my way out, or that I may be out any moment and in any case I want you to let the Air ministry know that you've heard from me to this effect, so that they can help in certain ways.

Well that's all fairly simple isn't it? In any case we are instructed to make some arrangement like this between ourselves and our parents so don't think it's just some crazy idea of my own!

If I should be just plain missing or definitely known to be killed in action, I don't want you to feel it too





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much either. Look at it this way, there have been hundreds of other better chaps than I that have gone before & there's hundreds more to go after before this thing is finished.

In my own case, life hadn't so much to offer after all, and perhaps in going like this I shall have in some respects have paid the debt I owe humanity in general if any! You know I've always been rather an idealist, too much so I'm afraid, and have expected too much of myself and of other people. My generation can't look upon this war as the last war of all with the certainty that they could in the last one, but we hope it will be. It's such senseless slaughter on both sides and the bomber planes have by far the dirtier job to do, not that I'm complaining. We can't all be Sir Galahads can we? No all one can hope is that the future generation will get the happiness that we missed through having too much excitement. I know the rest of the family will take care of you and if you should want any money don't hesitate to get into touch with S.D. Wayse of my old firm.

Well there's not much else to say except, thanks for all you have done for me, now good bye and God bless you. Say Cheerio to the rest of the family for me and to any of my friends who may enquire, and once again don't upset yourself about me, remember your old philosophy, and try I think that perhaps it was better this way after all

Your loving son

Boy

P.S.

I've nothing to leave I'm afraid, but you might give my watch to Ronnie, it won't help him to be any more punctual than he ever was!