MRS K MAX

2 ARDEMORE ROAD

LIVERPOOL 18

ENGLAND

Sender’s name and address:    1399578 LAC. MAX. N                                              Date: 1/8/43

                                                        c/o HA. RAFG

                                                        SALISBURY, RHODESIA

Dear Kay,

Thank you very much for your airgraph dated 7/7, every little from home is greatly appreciated.

By now you probably know all about the pilot’s course and that I am now off it. Next week I shall be starting on an air gunner course, and maybe home soon after that. By the time you receive this letter Jake will have been home on leave and you will have had your holiday in the Lake District. I hope the weather was fine and you both enjoyed yourselves. It is a shame Jake is to be moved but he might be moved nearer to Liverpool. Don’t you worry about me leaving any broken hearts behind, you see so very few girls in this part of the world and competition is very strong. But I have not done too badly considering the circumstances. I am glad to hear that Naty (*Ratoff*) is a P.T.I. I bet he cuts a figure but tell him to keep out of my wing as I have spent many a rough time with P.T.I.s. Joking apart give him my best regards and also to the rest of the family. Well I guess that is all for now, so I’ll say cheerio for now wishing you and Jake all the best and if I come home soon, I’ll bring you something you cannot get at home. Hoping to hear from you soon, so long and best of luck.

Lots of love,

Naty

*The letter was transcribed by Jeff Max, Nathan’s nephew.*

*‘I’ve transcribed the air graph letter below from Naty Max to his sister-in-law, my mother. The other Naty referred to in the letter is my mother’s brother, Naty Ratoff, who was an RAF P.T.I. who survived the War. The two Naty’s had been friends before the War.*

*Jake is my father, Jacob Max 1557506, an elder brother of Naty Max. He was in the Royal Artillery (Civil Administration and Searchlight) and he may have been still been at Kinmel Camp near Rhyl in North Wales when this letter was written. I remember him telling me that his job was to polish the searchlight beam to better see German aircraft at night’.*