

# Uncle Des

From Roxy Burrows



This is a picture of me with my Great Great Uncle Des (my Nana's Uncle).

He is nearly 99.

Uncle Des was in the RAF, stationed in the South of France, near Marseilles. When victory was announced they were told they could take a day's holiday and do whatever they wanted. All the gates at the stations were opened. His friends were all radio operators and they took him to their office, told him to put headphones on and they connected him to someone in Malta and he was able to talk to them. In the evening they went to the nearby village and had a party.

Uncle Des worked in the transport section so had to stay in France until February 1946 as people were still being transported back from the Far East.

In February he was able to return home.