

## On behalf of the Bomber Crews of World War II

By Alan Miles, Nov 2014 [[email](#)]

"As a pilot I flew 127 daylight operations on Blenheims, Mitchells, and Mosquitoes more daylight operations than any other pilot flew. Three times I was sole survivor of my Blenheim operations, I was promoted from Sergeant Pilot to the rank of Squadron Leader and I was awarded the DFC DFM and Belgian Croix de Guerre and Palme" - wrote Richard Leven.

Since it is the season of Remembrance, I would like to share with readers one of Richard Leven's poems from his book of poetry called "My Wartime Poems", published by Ina Books, 1990. Richard was known affectionately as 'Dickie'. This poem is called

### **To Group Headquarters**

*I never knew them.  
They were the men  
Who administrated.  
Strange, immaculate  
Well dressed people  
With a sense of  
Their importance.  
From a distance I watched  
Them originate signals  
Of great importance,  
Which sent us poor fools  
Out on some reckless raid,  
Which well we knew  
Would bring disaster.  
They were frankly flabbergasted  
When one drunken night  
I told them that  
Heroes were not the men  
They chose as friends,  
And on those breasts  
They plastered decorations,  
Because they were too weak to say  
The better men were dead.*

I would like to thank all those that served in the Bomber Command and I feel that Dickie's poem sums it all up. As my wife Andrea moved to Walthamstow, Richard Leven passed away they were very good friends.

Regards to all

Alan Miles