

STATIONS: FEWCEY,
LUDGERSHALL
TEL. NO. 1 - UFAVON 8.



ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION

UFAVON, WILTS.

Monday, and
Tuesday, Jan 17 & 18
1927.

My dear Alf.

In answer to your
obviously hurried note,
herewith the reply, or words
to some such effect, puff/puff.
This chit affair that had to
be signed by my CO is now
ready. Am writing to
Hiscott tonight (with a pen)
My dear, do you know, we
have got about $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches of
very good snow up here!
There is much talk of
toboggans, skis, bobs etc.
It is an ideal place for
the beginner, as there
are innumerable & gentle
slopes everywhere.

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UPAVON, WILTS.

STATIONER-UPAVON S.
TELEPHONE-UPAVON S.
REWEAVE.



I am in charge of fitting up
the three Wily Woodcocks in
my flight with fairy lamps
to amuse the populace
at the Tattoos we are
performing this year.

Apparently we buzz off
for 3 days (or a week sometimes)
as a small detached
unit, and can do just as
we please.

Never having seen a
Woodcock at close quarters
before I arrived here a week
ago, and having little idea
as to the manner of
fixing on these millions of
lamps, I am quite sure

There is going to be a most
unlucky middle.

Also, the Armenians have to
undergo examination in their
Trade at Ketherson
manana and we will
have to take them there.

The idea of being in sole
charge of a large party
of unknown men is
distinctly disturbing.

~~as they are not yet~~

and I am responsible
for their good behavior.

The following has been added later,
(much later)

Tuesday evening. Have written a
PC to Grammy, it was the only
material to hand, so she has
all the news.

I believe I have done close on
four hours flying since I
arrived. What a change
from Crumwell.

I have been provided, by a very thoughtful authority, with a large size in notebooks. I'm now racking (wracking?) my (brains?) for something to put in it. It would look so silly to hand in a perfectly empty book at the end of some specified period of hard work.

Believe I am to be made
navigation officer in the absence
of the present one. Russell

I know as much about navigation
as you do my dear, so may the
Lord assist the troops!

Well well, mighty night. Heats
of love to 'Granny, the pocombs
and Yself.

Ever your loving nephew

Pip