

THORNABY HALL,
THORNABY-ON-THE-HILLS,
YORKS.

4. 9. 37

My dear Daddy,

Thank you for your letter,
I have sent it to Vera down in
Cornwall. I am awfully sorry
my broadcast didn't reach you.
It wasn't much of a talk anyway,
and Vera said she couldn't recognise
my voice. It was supposed to be
a quarter of an hour at first,
but they told me to boil it down
to ten minutes. I decided to
leave the script as it was, and
talk faster. I hadn't quite
finished the script by the time I got
to Newcastle, because the first
effort didn't satisfy me and I
scrapped it at the last moment.
The Director gave me a few
minutes to myself in his office

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and then came back to read over the finished article. We watched the clock, which didn't creep round in a decent fashion, but jumped 2 minute at a time which was horrible. At a quarter past seven he said "I think we had better go up now". If he had been the Priest at 7.55 in the morning at any Priory he couldn't have sounded more sepulchral. We sat in the studio talking less and less as the clock jumped forward. At 22½ minutes past, the warning lights flicked, he cleared his voice and introduced me, then crept out. I don't think there is a deadlier place than a studio. You couldn't produce an echo with a pistol!

As the man's introduction talk (2)
half a minute, I had my
quarter of an hour piece to gabble
through in seven minutes, for
which I got a cheque for £4-4-0.

It was delightfully easy money
and I would like to broadcast a
lot more short talks. They made
me give up the manuscript for
record purposes, so I'm afraid
I can't send it out to you, but
when I have time I will write out a
similar one.

My promotion exam is on Tues
Wed Thurs + Friday of next week,
and I feel horribly ignorant. There is
just a chance that I may wriggle
through and become a Squadron
Leader on October 1st, the date
when the next batch of promotions
comes through.

I am going to demonstrate
gliding at Gairwell some time

soon, with a view to getting it going
in the R.A.F. My leave is from
the 11th to the 30th and I am off to
Sea hills where Vera + Babe are
at the moment. On the 24th-5th-6th
I am gliding at Teignmouth in
Devon at Whitney Straight's
expense, to explore the possibilities
of the site. He is the American
millionaire racing motorist, and
owner of a chain of air ports
in the South of England.

Our Annual Camp at Ramsgate
Airport was voted a success by
everybody — I didn't hear a single
complaint.

On Monday I flew down to Sea
hills in a Passmore to bring Vera
back for a dance on Tuesday night.
I had a foul trip down through
fog and low cloud, and Tuesday's
weather reports were not encouraging
so we stayed. Wednesday wasn't

any better, but I got away at 10.30 on Thursday with a gale behind me and did the journey in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. against $3\frac{1}{2}$ on the outward leg.

The clouds were very broken, so I climbed up to 8000 feet, undid the straps that clamped me to the seat, turned on the cabin heat, got out a paper + pencil and worked out my ground speed at various intervals. I had a sandwich lunch at 12.30, and with I had worked out the ground speed again, because it was 111 mph up to Derbyshire, and yet the average over the whole distance was 136 mph!!

I must get down to my books again. We have some more snakes of Baby to send out. Vera has them at the moment, and I think they are the best that have been taken yet, and I took them, so I'm full of pride.

I like the snap of the family taken
at Steeles'. But what a shock,
they are so enormous!
with lots of love to you all

Ever your loving son

Percy