



ROYAL AIR FORCE,
SCAMPTON,
LINCS.

'PHONE: SCAMPTON 27.

12. 4. 39.

My dear Daddy,

Mummy arrives at Hull on Friday 14th, but I haven't found out yet where she docks or at what time. I wonder whether you have settled down to living without her. I get upset when we have to go away for Camp, I can't bear the young bachelors in the mess with their stupid talk. We aren't allowed to "live out" at Camp, so wives go home to their mas.

Your idea for absorbing the recoil has already been used — they fired a charge of sand backwards. It had to be

sand, so that it would disperse,
and also because a "blank" hasn't
any recoil worth speaking of.

I am sending you a few pages out
of a recent "Aeroplane" on the
subject of heavy ordnance for aircraft.
It is rather a frightening thought.

I don't like the look of "things" at all,
the international situation must
have developed seriously, because
our fleets are on the move.

We have had so many scares
recently, that it will be almost a
relief when the balloon does go up!!

One comic sidelight on the
business is that men have been
busy putting up garages for this
row of houses (two of the houses
haven't a car.) They would be far
better employed digging me some

trenches where I can hide my men
when we scatter our aeroplanes.

Our Hampdens are getting over their
kething troubles, and I am beginning
to see a little daylight.

We are only taking one flight
to Practice Camp in Scotland. The
other is too busy to go, doing its
development trials. They go up at
crack of dawn, which is quite early
these days, and fly all day.

I want to get Ma + family down
to Cornwall before we push off for
Scotland. It is going to be a hell of a
scramble. I have lost command
of 49 now that Wing Commander
Chick has arrived. I have taken over
A Flight, and an Australian
Squadron leader has B Flight.

Johnnie Chick is an old friend,
so I don't mind, and I like being
able to fly once more.

Mae sends you her love, and says
she has been meaning to ~~write~~ write.
It is an old phrase, but she really
is busy just now, and I am sure
she will write when she can.

I must sign off now and give her
a hand at preparing the house for
Johnnie, we have a bed to shift
into the roof and various odd jobs
to do.

Ever your loving son

Percy

P.S. Forgo to mention I went down to Exeter & back
between midnight Monday & midnight Tuesday
for John Owen's wedding. It was a very
successful show, but I am feeling spent!!
280 miles each way, mostly by candlelight.