

R. A. F. Ewanston.

Ross shire

Scotland.

10. 5. 39.

My dear Daddy.

I am afraid Mummy didn't get much of a reception when she landed at Hull. I was on a job that had to be finished that day, testing a Hampden with an overload, and Frank set off in the Ford to meet her. He just missed a ferry across the Humber and had to wait for an awful long time before the next one went across. Meanwhile Mummy rang me up to ask what was happening. I didn't know Frank had been held up, and couldn't think why he had taken so long to drive 30 odd miles.

She arrived on a Wednesday and I had to come up here on the Saturday morning.

Frank drove her up, starting on the next Wednesday, and they got here by Saturday. I had given up hope of seeing them, and had gone out to lunch tea and supper with some people in Inverness, so they found a Pub in a nearby village.

On the Sunday we found mummie rooms in Dingwall, and Frank stayed here in the mess to cut the expenses down as much as possible.

During the following days, Frank visited mummie over most of this part of Scotland so far as I can gather. She was awfully pleased with all she saw, the country is particularly lovely just now, and there are no trippers. They were very lucky with their weather too. They have been up here 10 days and started off South this morning.

They are shopping tonight at the
South end of Loch Lomond,
tomorrow night just short of the
Lakes, and next day they will do
a quick tour of the Lakes and
finish up about 100 miles from
Lincoln, so that they can have
a large slice of Saturday for
a bit of packing at Scampton,
and so that Hank can get his
bagshot fixed, as he sails on
the 25th from Antwerp.

I don't know whether Ireland has
done anything for him. We
couldn't take him around
with us, because we were too
broke to move, and he didn't
want to go by himself. I think he
is regretting that now, because he
didn't seem very keen on leaving
Evanton today.

They are staying with Alpin + Mary
near Town. On the 22nd if my
leave is approved I am going to
Cornwall via Alpin + Mary's,
where I will pick up Nannie.
She is coming down for a month
and is then going back to A.M.'s
for July. She is horrified at the
expense over here, but I think we
can save her a lot if I cart her
about in the car and if she stays
at Sea Mills. My little family
is down here now, complete with
Nannie and Cookie.

On the way down in the train,
Vera told me Jane kept asking
"Does it hurt a little" every time
they went through a tunnel.

She trots round the garden all
day, jabbering away to herself.

Vera tells me she is learning flower names. She will be putting her Pa to shame. I only know the names of the more obvious ones. Mummy didn't do much walking while she was up here, her days were taken up with going places or knitting. We'll have to get her out more when we are down in Cornwall, otherwise you will give us a raspberry for making her too fat.

I think she has given up converting pounds into dollars, it is a depressing form of mental exercise.

How is the Ducard going?

Perhaps an increased H.P. tax would put up the sales of the device over here.

Fancy jumping from \$9 to \$15
tax on a 12 H.P. car, it is absurd.
I have seen the car I want. It is
an unscratched chauffeur kept
Ford V8 30 h.p. 14000 miles, going
for \$75, with very good tyres.
I long for a car like that. It would
solve our difficult transport
problems, and I wouldn't arrive
at the other end of my epic
journey feeling like nothing on
earth.

It is eleven and I have to fly
on the early detail tomorrow, so
I go to bed. We get back to
Scampton on the 22nd. This is
the best practice camp I have
been to so far.

Ever yours loving son
Percy