

2 Atlantic Turaco
Trevone. Cornwall
2. 6. 39.

My dear Daddy.

I have just threatened to
write and tell you how fat Mummy
is, but she has gone for a walk
so I won't sneak.

I think she is enjoying
herself over here. Vera and I both
think she is looking far happier,
and she is beginning to walk
quite seriously. She will have
told you all about this place
so I won't repeat it. We had
to leave sea hills because the
house depends on rain for its
water supply, and the 1580 gallon
tank ran dry ten days ago.

Although this is a house
right on the sea, V & I went to

get back to Sea Mills - it has always been associated with our summer holidays.

Mummy has told us about the Flat, how on Earth are you going to crowd into it when Frank arrives?

He didn't like England till he had done that trip up to Scotland while I was in Camp, and now he has sailed full of regrets. He wouldn't believe that the place was worth visiting, and we couldn't persuade him to go off alone + explore. Of course, latterly, we have been bound to Scampston by crises + rumours of crises.

I think he made up for staying at home all his time when he took Mummy up to Scotland and back. He hasn't done so badly over here, as he must have mixed with plenty of fellows at Wye, and he experienced a fair cross-section of our Service life, and even flew in our latest Bombers while they were still hush hush!!

They left Ewanton before we had Empire Air Day, which was a pity because the aerodrome put up an interesting show. Throughout the week, the public saw the armoured target boats rushing around, covered in spray, they saw the flying-boat floating dock being sunk + floated at Invergordon (when the Navy NOTINIED)

and on the Saturday the programme was quite ambitious, though it was carried out in rather a wet manner. Quite a collection of aeroplanes flew past, including a Stranraer flying boat, Tutor, Magister, Andax, Fury, Oxford, Anson, Harrow, Hampden & Henley. I demonstrated a Hampden for them, and finished with a down-wind fly-past, 20 feet up, doing 295 on the clock. I was told afterwards that it was horribly impressive, particularly the vertical climb at the end to 2000 feet, because the old thing looked as if it was standing still at the top. I felt a little uneasy about it, because a shower of rain obscured the view forward, and one had only a

very limited view out of the side windows.

There is another National Gliding (mummic's ink) Competition from July 8th - 16th in Derbyshire.

Lingsby is lending me his latest design for it, and I should win the thing this time if I can enter for it.

Poor Machado was killed the day before yesterday, towing a glider at Welburn. He dragged the other machine down with him and bumped off the pilot. He was a very good tow-pilot, and I can't think how he managed to crash. He leaves a wife and rather a sweet little daughter, I don't know what they will do as they were very poor.

My leave is up on the 19th. The first week went nice + slowly,

but the days are galloping by now,

we haven't seen a cloud in the sky for the last ten or twelve days, and the weather has been boiling hot. Mummy has been very lucky, as it was fine in Scotland too. We all wish you could find some way of coming over, we would so like to see you.

The sun set at nine this evening, and it is still quite light enough to write, and read, 3/4 hour later.

Mummy, Mrs Owen, + I have gone for a walk, it is such a perfect evening, but I felt I was overdue with a letter.

With lots of love, ever your loving son Percy