



RECIBIDO

15.7.39

CONTESTADO

19.7.39

ROYAL AIR FORCE,
SCAMPTON,
LINCS.

'PHONE: SCAMPTON 27.

23 6 39

My dear Daddy,

My leave is over and I am back in (solitary) harness once more, and hating it. You and I are just about in the same boat now, except that Vera will be back here about the end of next month, and Mummy won't get out to you much before the end of September I suppose.

I wonder what European crisis will be in swing then, probably a

was because Jahan has diverted
our forces to the East and Hitler
has jumped at a chance while
the Fleet is divided, leaving us
more comfortable in the Mediterranean.

I have always said we
ought to build a wall across
at Gibraltar and pump the place
dry.

We have just finished some
exercises. We had to photograph

our targets in the Midlands, but
to get to them we had to go out
over the North Sea and through the
Dover Straits, out of sight of land,
and go in over Beachy Head,
returning by the same route.

A most frightening number
of raids were (was?) intercepted
by fighters, considering we were
allowed to fly at any height and
on any course. I think I know
how it was done, but didn't
know they used the method
over land.

It was interesting work, as we had
over 300 miles at sea, and
picked up our targets. I did a
low level attack on Northampton
round some trees on a hill top,
and got a photo of my target
popping up on the skyline! It
must have been a surprise to the
ground observer, but we had already
been shot by fighters before we got
there. Still, in war time we
would have been lower during our
approach and I don't think we
would have been seen, as we are
very well camouflaged.



ROYAL AIR FORCE,
SCAMPTON,
LINCS.

PHONE: SCAMPTON 27.

I demonstrated a Hampden at
Ewanton, near Liversham, on
Empire Air Day. Apparently on
fly-past at 295 mph, a few feet up,
in a rain storm, was the most
impressive item of the day. I am
glad, because it was rather frightening
from my point of view. I couldn't
see ahead on account of the rain,
and a civil joy-riding machine
was approaching to land as I
went by. I hate to think of the

coronade if we had collided — it would have been just "one of those things" that happen, but I was very cross with the Station Commander for allowing any other aircraft in the air at the same time.

We have had a marvellous time in Cornwall. I think hummie enjoyed it immensely — three weeks of constant hot sun is a very rare thing in this

country. I may be going for the National Aiding Competitions again this year. I have the best sailplane, and should win, as I was second by only $4\frac{1}{2}$ points last year with an inferior sailplane.

Luck enters into the game so largely that I might & very well be unplaced. That is a chastening thought, because if I win it may be just — luck!

I have left Vera & the children in Cornwall until I know just what I am going to do.

I sold Fordie, over the breakfast
table this morning. I hated seeing
him go, after 4 years wandering
together. I can still hear Vera's
scream of delight when I drove up
to Monkshood in it for the first
time. It was ready on a Wednesday,
our holiday at Hornaby, and I
had to arrange for somebody at the
aerodrome to ring me up after lunch
and say I had to go over + sign a
letter. Otherwise I could find no excuse
for going to Stockton to collect.

Ever your loving son

Ray