



RECIBIDO 12/9/39.

CONTESTADO 14/9/39

ROYAL AIR FORCE,
SCAMPTON,
Lincs.

'PHONE: SCAMPTON 27.

to her mother
addressed to her

August 15th 1939

my dear Daddy,

Mummy is staying with us, her last visit before she sails. She flew back from Ireland to Grosvenor and came straight on here on Friday. She doesn't seem to have been frightened by her aerial adventure, in fact she said she would always travel that way if she could.

We got through the Home Defence Exercises early this month without any serious accidents at Scampton but quite a few people were killed at other stations. The weather was

shocking, and the C in C of
Fighter Command paid us a
tribute in Bomber Command for
flying in those conditions.

We caught the Fighter Corp out
several times - it was great for
seeing them scuttling off their
aerodromes as we came over.

On the last raid on Friday we
had a dog fight on the outskirts of
London. It was wrong of us to
split up, and we wouldn't have done
it in war, but I felt the lads required
to let off a little steam. 3 of us had
2 go at 6 Spitfires and honours
were fairly even.

The enclosed post card came today
from the Editor of the Sailplane &
Glider - it is self explanatory.

I didn't do any good in the Petrel,
partly because I was new to it, and

because I was retrieved so late after
each flight that I was too tired next
day to try very hard. It was a
great disappointment, as I hoped to
win the competition & only came out
5th but we will know better next time.

We are having a heat wave just now,
but it is rather spoilt because we
keep thinking it can't last!!

There is a plague of very small
black flies - they have covered
the walls and irritate one by
crawling all over one's head & bare
skin. Earrings are fairly thick too,
so I don't know what humming
thinks of Lincolnshire.

I am going up to Scotland tomorrow
with one of the Squadron who is
after a job, instructing Reservists.

The flight will be a change from
creeping around in the North Sea,
which we have been doing this
last week. Our tracks took us
100 miles out, then down to within
3 miles of the Dutch coast, and
in over the North edge of London, to a
target near Swindon. The return
trip was made over the same route,
and the whole "outing" took about
6 hours.

Must go and do some chores.

With love from us all
from Percy.