

Ridgemont Hotel,
South Famborough
14.1.31.

My dearest Mother,

It is ages since I heard from you and I have been going to write every day for the last days. I have been so tremendously busy however that I have had no time however. Spencer is away with influenza, and my work is doubled. Moreover I am working every evening on my part of the Handbook of Aeronautes which Gale & Polden are publishing.

On Friday afternoon I was flying in one of the big bombers, which had something the matter with it which I was looking into. I was up for about $\frac{3}{4}$ hr and the temperature was zero: my face got quite numb in the wind (120 miles an hour). On Monday I was up again in a still bigger bomber, & had the most

delightful flight I have had since
the old R33 days. I sat in a little
cockpit right out at the front,
where the front wall and part of
the floor are glass. The view was
wonderful and above the clouds it
was a perfect day.

We have had intense cold here, then
a thaw and now it is getting cold
again.

I hope that you & Dad are well &
that Uncle Geo. is no worse.

Much love to you both from
Mayone & Christopher and me.

Your own son

Harold