

H. M. S. HERMES,

c/o G. P. O. LONDON.

My dear Jimmie,

2.7.33.

As you have probably heard by now, I am on my way home. At the moment we are getting near Aden, which we hope to reach tomorrow night if we keep up our present rate of progress.

I don't know whether Daddy has told you, there is a very good chance of my coming out to see you all soon if I can rake up enough money for the trip. I shall have to go on half-pay for a few months, because they could not give me enough leave to make it worth while.

Last night we changed course for the North and the ship started to roll a bit; my ink-bottle was the first thing to tumble off the table, and it rattled round for a while, then another one joined it and they made such a row that I had to get up and stow them away in the end. Next came a picture which fell off the table into the waste-paper basket, shortly followed by another. I was absolutely furious by this time, and earnestly hoped that they were smashed to smithereens, but they were all right this morning.

TOM THUMB was very securely lashed down in the hangar and could not possibly budge an inch: I tremble to think what damage he could do if he broke loose and charged round the place, as he weighs two and a half tons.

We are having a very cool time so far, much to everybody's relief; Hermes can be very hot if the sun shines on the flying deck for any length

of time. It has luckily been very cloudy with occasional showers of rain and a very strong wind to keep the decks cool.

A lot of people sleep in the hangar, partly because it is cooler and partly because there is no room for them anywhere else (we are taking home a lot of men who don't belong to us, and who are just taking passage because their tour of foreign service has ended). All these people were sleeping peacefully the other night with the front aeroplane-lift down, so that the air could rush in and keep the hangar cool. An enormous wave came over the flying-deck, broke the iron wind screen in front of the lift-well, picked up a 50 foot ladder and threw it into the hangar, smashing the front fire-screen and flooding the place out.

We have got a monkey on board somewhere, but we can't find out who owns it. They are not allowed, because of all the nasty bugs they bring with them. It can't be caught by putting food out for it, because the owner feeds it on the sly.

When all my plans for the trip are made I hope to get hold of an aeroplane to bring out with me, but a great deal depends on whether Daddy knows of anyone who will buy it, because I couldn't possibly pay for the freight. They take up a lot of room when they are put away in their boxes, and the shipping people have a very funny way of charging for things :- they

call twenty cubic feet a ton, no matter what it weighs. Well, if you take a cube with sides only $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, that is over a shipping ton.

I have got my eye on a new kind of aeroplane which is supposed to do over 200 miles an hour, but they haven't fixed the price of it yet, as the firm is not turning it out for the general public until they have tried it out. At the other end of the scale there is an aeroplane that has the engine behind the wing, in the same way that they used to in the war days, and people say it is very nice to fly because you can see out of it much better than you can out of the ordinary kind with the engine in front. It will probably do about 95 miles an hour, which is a little too slow for touring purposes if you are going any distance. This last kind is a two-seater with full dual-control, and I think that there will be a big market for it in England when people get over the silly idea that they will get the engine in their back if it crashes. That is the only objection to it at the moment, and it sounds rather stupid to me.

I sent May a fairly heavy letter by the Air Mail from Singapore, I hope that it reaches her as the stamps are quite valuable, and she can swop some of the dollar ones with friends. Inside it there were all sorts of Japanese stamps Chinese ones, Iraq ones and so on, some of them are used and some are not.

The promotion lists came out yesterday, but I was not very excited about them because it will be years and years before they make me a Squadron Leader. One of the Naval pilots in the Fleet Air Arm was promoted to Flight Lieutenant in the R.A.F, so we all stung him for a drink to

celebrate the occasion. It isn't often that one can get a half pint of beer for nothing these hard times, and nearly everybody took the opportunity.

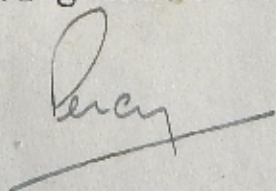
This is really a terrific long letter, but unfortunately it doesn't look it because of the close spacing of the lines. The others will probably be jealous, but I don't write to you very often, so I have to make up for it every now and then. If you only knew what agony it is to sit in here and pick out the letters one by one you would be truly grateful, instead of sitting there and thinking rude things about my spelling.

Well Jimmie, when the time comes I will send Daddy a cable to say I am starting on the Great Adventure, but we will have to wait until he lets me know that he is ready for me, so just hurry him up, will you?

Give my love to the rest of the Family, and if you can make any of them write to me so much the better.

Good bye for the present, be good (well, fairly good any way)

Ever your loving brother



ten that one
ing these
the op

Master Jimmie Wan.
La California.

F.C.C. A.

Santa Fe.

Argentina.

South America

