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1117 Masselin Avenue,
Los Angeles,
CALIFORNIA.

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Darling Mummy,

I'm afraid there's no letter to answer this week, but perhaps it's the fault of the postman this end who seems very casual and doesn't come round if he thinks there's not enough mail to make a load. I believe Dinah has told you of our trip to Boulder Dam, and of how successfully it went off. We had a day longer than last year when I went with Charlie Pratt, and this made all the difference between rush and comparative leisureliness. I'm afraid we're catching the American speed-bug when we think 2 days ample time for a 660 mile trip and for seeing the object which lies at its mid-point! Still, a lot can be done with early starts round 5 or 6 a.m., and of course the roads here, especially those across the desert, make for very fast driving. The weather was perfect, the light brilliant, but a cool breeze drawing off the intense heat of this season. By a piece of utter foolishness, we never thought of taking the camping equipment to use at least on the second night when we had plenty of time to put up the tent. In consequence we had to stay at a very sordid auto court, which was all the accommodation there was at Las Vegas at a reasonable price. If you look at the map I sent you, you will see that there is no town except this and Boulder City for more than 150 miles, the places mentioned being mostly mere shacks and gas stations.

The dam itself is extraordinarily majestic, but I will spare you descriptions of it as you will already have seen it in many pictures. I was very glad of a second visit, not only to return with some knowledge of the electrical and mechanical workings which I had amassed in the meantime, but to take careful photographs which I hope will be as good as those of Yosemite.

I'll send you prints of the latter when I have had a second lot made, but I'm afraid they only give a feeble impression of the incomparable beauty of the original. The chance of our going back there has been appreciably increased to-day, when it was announced that the readers would be given a week's holiday with pay. Though there has been no ruling yet on my own case (I'm the only reader on contract) I think there's a good chance of my being treated like the others. In that case our plan at present is to go first to San Francisco, and spend a day and a half there looking at the Fair and the town - thence to drive to Yosemite, only about 200 miles away, and spend the rest of the time camping there in peace and remarkable economy.

Your mention of the possibility of your flying out to B made me think of a remarkable recent exploit of Charlie Greene's which he told us about in great confidence several weeks after it happened. It seems that he has recently formed a great attachment to the girl with whom he toured the southern part of England three years ago and spent one of the happiest holidays in his life. She is an artist who comes of a Virginia family and lives in Richmond. As there would ordinarily be no means of seeing her, Charlie arranged his free days so as to get three days off together, and then hopped into a plane and flew right across the continent and back, having one day with this girl in the middle. When you think that the distance is twice that from London to Moscow and back (for the air route is not direct), and all accomplished in a week-end, the achievement is rather staggering! How he kept from mentioning it at the studio is almost more difficult to understand, but he wanted to avoid gossip and of course we haven't mentioned it to anyone else.

I am looking forward very greatly to another instalment of home news, and I hope some reassurance about the progress of your illness. It's marvellous to think that we shall so comparatively soon be reunited after this long interval, and I hope you'll be really well by then.

With best love from you both,

Ray L. S. J.