

150, Kensington Park Rd
Friday the 22nd

My dear Mother,

Thanks very much for the fresh relay of provisions. My stock is now very efficient. I wish you could have given me the office anent Milba's birthday. It's too late now, but never mind.

It's a fortnight to-day since I came home, but whether I come again in another fortnight is very much in the air. My work is being held up most scandalously and I can't get along, in fact, unless I see daylight through it all soon, I fear I shall have to postpone my try for the Ph.D for a few months instead of putting in the Thesis at the end of June. Perhaps it is as yet early days to talk of postponements, but the pressure of work, or rather the pressure of trying to find out how to work, may necessitate the postponement of my week-end. So don't bank on it, although I shall make all effort to come.

Barrstow's own research is
giving him a lot of trouble. Only to-night
he told me that he had had a rather
horrid set-back, but both of us know
there is a way through in both his
work & mine; it only needs
finding, and our motto is 'Here's
Hoping'.

I am afraid that I haven't
any news at all this week
so I think I'll
have to start writing
big to fill up the
space.

The crystallized ginger is
very fine.

I shall as usual put a
note in my pencil, and I
hope I shall have something
to write about by that time.

The cartoon represents Mr
Wiggins and myself leaving
150, Kensington Park Rd
in the morning. We are seen
issuing from the gateway in
the manner known as the

Polceiman's Walk, banking
at a steep angle.

Well, cheerio! Give my
love to
every body.

Hope all
are fit, and
that you are
taking us
wherever with
the weather.

Fondest love,
my dear Mother,

Your

Harold



2000.280

150 Kensington Park Rd

Friday the 22nd

My dear Mother,

Thanks very much for the fresh relay of provisions. My stock is now very efficient. I wish you could have given me the office aunt Milba's birthday. It's too late now, but never mind.

It's a fortnight to-day since I came home, but whether I come again in another fortnight is very much in the air. My work is being held up most tantalisingly and I can't get along, in fact, unless I see daylight through it all soon, I fear I shall have to postpone my try for the Ph.D for a few months instead of putting in the Thesis at the end of June. Perhaps it is as yet early days to talk of postponements, but the pressure of work, or rather the pressure of trying to find out how to work, may necessitate the postponement of my week-end. So don't bank on it, although I shall make all efforts to come.

Bairstow's own research is giving him a bit of trouble. Only to-night he told me that he had had a rather horrid set-back, but both of us know there is a way through in both his work & mine, it only needs finding, and our motto is 'Here's Hoping'.

I am afraid that I haven't any news at all this week so I think I'll have to start writing big to fill up the space.

The crystallized ginger is very fine.

I shall as usual put a note in my parcel, and I hope I shall have something to write about by that time.

The cartoon represents Mr Wiggins and myself leaving 150 Kensington Park Rd in the morning. We are seen issuing from the gateway in the manner known as the Policeman's Walk, banking at a steep angle.

Well, cheerio!

Give my love to everybody. Hope all are fit, and that you are taking no liberties with the weather.

Fondest love, my dear Mother,

Your

Harold