

Clarence Hotel,
Teddington,
Sunday, June 2nd

My dear Mother,

I have just had supper,
and am now settling down to
write to you.

It turned out that I was not
so outrageously busy this week
and after all. I will recapitulate
the events, or rather, bits of them,
of the week.

I worked in the evenings every
week night, and, as Cowley and
I want to finish off our job,
I went into the laboratory on
Saturday morning. Cowley and I
did a rather jolly piece of math-
ematics, which we are going into
seriously on Monday.

In the afternoon, I went ~~to~~ to
the N.P.L. shop, mainly because
Sir Richard had said on Tuesday
that he might see me there. He did,
but had nothing to report as he
had only got my second note
in the morning. Les and Jack came

with me, and we had a fairly decent time. After tea, we played tennis till dinner time, & again after dinner.

I had a hot bath Saturday night (I had had my cold one in the morning) and slept like the good old top, bathed again, dressed, read the 'Sunday Pictorial', worked till 1-15, had lunch, and was on the river at 2-15. We rowed from Kingston to Sunbury, had tea, & rowed back, 12 miles in all. Gee, we are some scullers, believe me! Got back to Teddington, played tennis till supper time. I then went in, bathed, changed, ate, and here I am. A great day. Beautiful weather, and the river looking top hole.

The result of that competition will be in the 'Sketch' next week, I think. Something tells me we haven't won it.

I feel as fit as a fiddle here, and I'm as strong as a horse; as strong as that great hulk Ales, anyhow, so Teddington must suit me admirably, although I can't

get out much during the week.

I had a letter from Grandma Stem, last week, but I haven't answered it yet.

I'm afraid that isn't much other news. I have a 2/6 ticket in a Derby sweep, but I expect it will prove abortive.

German marks & Austrian kronen are right down, you know. Seriously, Grandpa & I ought to toddle off there this summer: it would cost less than an ordinary holiday in England. In fact, as far as I can see, it would cost less than staying at home. We'd all better go.

Well, how are the new curtains?

After the end of this month, you and Dad might come down here for a week, it would be a little holiday for you. If Grandma fancied a change as well, she'd enjoy it down here if the weather were fine.

It's been pretty rotten here lately till to-day; lots of rain etc, but I expect it will buck up now.

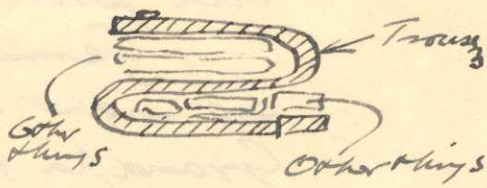
I expect to be pretty busy until June 27th. I shall slack off a bit then.

Could you peek my boxing-gloves
in the next parcel?

~~I shall not send my trousers.~~
~~They can be done conveniently too.~~

I shall after all send you
my trousers to do. They have looked
well. Please try & pack them so
that they don't crease. Like this:-

By the way, in
last week's picture
Bowley & I were
reading Wind-Channel
Gauges, not listening in—we haven't
anything on our ears; look again.



Well, dear, that's the lot. Don't
forget the B-G's. Give my love to

G'ma,
G'pa &
Sad.

Hope
they're
all well &
that business
is improving.

Fondest love

~~Harold~~
You own son
Harold.

