

150, Kensington Park Rd

W. 11.

Friday night.

My dear Mother,

I suppose Grandpa told you that my wild blood would not be suppressed on Monday eve and that in consequence I hid me to the Winter Garden Theatre and saw 'The Cabaret Girl'. It was a topping show, and the tune 'Dancing Time' has haunted my waking hours ever since. I have tried it on Mrs Bull's piano. It is great, believe me, and Dorothy Dickson who sings it, seems entirely adorable, and, with George Grossmith & Norman Griffin & Heather Thatcher in addition, I was suitably impressed and altogether amused and gratified with my money's worth.

On Tuesday, the news was broken to us that Sir Richard Glazebrook, KBE. D.Sc. FRS etc had been called by the League of Nations to Geneva. Some say he only went to get his watch repaired, but it can't be that because he'll be back by the week-end, Watch repairing, I have always understood, being a matter of months.

Instead of his lectures, he left an examination paper to be worked, the old

dog.

On Wednesday night I worked, as on Tuesday.

On Thursday night I attended a student's meeting of the Royal Aeronautical Society, to hear a lecture by a fellow named Irvine, Maj. Genl. Sir Setton Brameter, Controller of Civil Aviation, in the Chair.

I am not an engine expert, but, though the paper was on design & development of aero-engines, I had quite a lot to say in the discussion which followed, much to my own surprise. Incidentally, I had the pleasure of disagreement and some small argument in debate with Genl. Brameter, who is a topping old boy of the monocle school.

I inspected the Baby at midday on Wednesday. Kathleen is sure he is like Uncle Leo. Personally, I think he features about nine million other babies, except that he seems much bigger in lbs per annum. Quite a Gargantua, as is only correct with a father of Pantagruelian circumference.

By the way, there's a new sky sign in Piccadilly Circus.

First you see a huge baby crying. Then the words 'GIVE IT NESTLES' jumps out at you, and you see that the child has a colossal bottle and is sucking like mad, his mouth going in & out. Then

his eyes open wide with joy, and a curl which was lying on his forehead sticks up straight. Then it starts all over again. It's rather wonderful.

We break up three weeks to night. Already is my mouth full of phantasmagorical almonds and raisins, already do I wash them down with chimerical sherry, already am I distended with imaginary turkey, already am I a potential cracker puller.

Mind you don't go out and catch cold, and don't overwork or anything or whatnot.

So you managed to pay for your own pearls, did you? I bet Dad said 'Two to Two'. I expect they're awfully nice.

Did you enjoy the Grand? Write and tell me all about it.

Give my love to Grandma Stem, Grandma Cox, Grandpa, Dad, and all the rest.

Hope Dad did alright at Plymouth, and that the Governor had a satisfactory journey.

Best Love and kisses

Your son

P.T.O.

Harold

MY DEAR OLE
BRANCKER, YOU'RE
TALKING THROUGH
YOUR HAT

OH, I'M VERY
SORRY I'M
SHORE, DEAR
MR ROXBEE CO
PLEASE
CORRECT ME!

