

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 agent 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 efforts 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
passing from the gateway in
the name known as the

Polliceman's Walk, banking
at a steep angle.

Well, cheerio! Give my
love to

every body.

I hope all
are fit, and

that you are

taking us

wherever with

the weather.

Findest love,
my dear Mother,

Your

Harold

