

16, Bushmead Avenue.

Monday night.

My dearest Mother,

I am glad you and Dad are so pleased about the R.38 prize. Mayone and I are very bucked.

I only hear indirectly of Baker now. He was married last July in Glasgow to a girl named Fiona Walker — her guardian is, or was, Sir Donald MacAlister, the Principal of Glasgow University. He has recently, I understand, gone to Watford to the Building Research Institute.

Strangely enough, Malaena is not in my dictionary. It sounds a dangerous sort of thing. I hope the X-ray will find out the root of the evil.

I hope you will, as you say, be able to come to see us soon. I can tell you a bit, though, about

what Mayone has got. She has got all the flannels, petticoats, nighties, and dresses for the first month or so. She has little woolly boots, and a house full of nappies. She has three coats, four vests, three body belts. That's all I can think of. She would like a little woolly dress (shortened). When Mayone met Fanny, she said she would give her some St. Neots lace. The child (why 'little visitor'?) its going to live with us at 16, Bushmead Avenue. Of course, it will visit you, and then perhaps live up to its name) will have the christening robe that Mayone and her sisters had.

When you come you will find the house a bit changed. We are having our bedroom done up and the dining room is now upstairs with the spare room opening

out of it. The old eating house is
to be the maid's bedroom. We
are very pleased with her.

Well, give our love to Dad
and hopes that he will soon
be better.

Fondest love to you, my dear,

You
Harold.