

Tel 1974.

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10. 4. 74.

My dearest Mother,

Thank you for your letter. We were very sorry indeed to hear about Mr. Perkins: we had thought that the seizure might not have ended fatally.

I have seen Edward Warner but not in connection with his main mission. He had lunch with me to-day. My (probable) new job is not in connection with civil aviation, to which I shall not be returning for some time to come, though I expect to

maintain contact, I shall have to postpone any details for awhile, because the whole matter is still confidential, and negotiations are still proceeding.

Christopher came home last ^{Tu} Wednesday. His report so patchy, as usual. Some things good, others bad. He is growing fast. He has grown well over an inch since Dec. 22nd. He is 5' 9 1/4" in his socks and is considerably taller than his Mother (and me!). Sam has grown over 1/2" in the same time, and looks very solid and well. He has been learning the piano this term and plays quite well. He has to go to Granny Wilkes' to practice.

I gave a lecture to the Luton Branch of the Royal Aeronautical Society last

Wednesday called 'Post-War Aims in
Civil Aviation' — not a very serious effort.
I took Christopher with me and he
enjoyed the show.

I had hoped to have the Sat., Sun.,
and Mon. off this weekend, but could
not quite manage it. Saturday was
clear however, and in the afternoon we
all went to see 'Snowwhite & the Seven
Dwarfs' which we missed when it was
round before. On Sunday, I had to
go to the office in the morning and to-day
I had to spend the morning with

Wamer. He brought me a book and some
razor blades from America.

We all send our love to you. I
wish you could have a change, and hope
it can be arranged soon. We shall
probably leave here if we hear the news
for materials.

Your own loving son

Harold.