

35 Rustat Road,  
Cambridge,  
5th Nov. 1917.

Dearest Mother,

Just a note to let you know the little news that has accumulated since last I wrote. On Friday afternoon the Hobbses came to call. I had seen his name on the posters of the D'Oyly Carte Company and had written to him. He is a brother of Hobbs with whom I shared a room in Dunedin. The D'Oyly Carte Company plays nothing but Gilbert and Sullivan, and has done so for the last thirty-five years. Hobbs is extraordinarily like his brother. His wife acts in the same company and is very charming. We liked them very much. They asked us to visit them in London. All this week I have been kept to the house by a heavy cold, which has been the more annoying as I had hoped after the other delay to be well at work by this time. On Wednesday Dr Haddon very kindly called to see me, and was rowdy and jolly as usual, though looking very tired. Mrs Hay, who has been in and out of the house constantly has now developed measles and we are all three living in dread of the spots appearing on one of us. For me it might mean the loss of a term. For Betty it would mean the loss of her husband's long-delayed furlough, which may be granted any day. – Now I must stop, as I have my work to do. Goodbye. Love to you all from Eva and me.

Harry.

I enclose a note from Muriel. We shall spend Christmas with them if we can.

H.