

35 Rustat Road,
Cambridge,
22nd Oct 1919.

Dearest Mother,

Here we are back at home, and very glad that the operation is a thing of the past. This morning there arrived a parcel from Christchurch with the address in Lucy's handwriting. It contained a most excellent cake and a tin of your sweets packed in sugar. Our love and thanks for it. Sugar is going to be scarce. A number of people have been prosecuted and fined for receiving sugar through the post, but I imagine that this is done only when contents are not declared on the label. Yesterday a seven-pound cake arrived from Nelson. The two pounds of sugar in which it was packed had been taken, but whether confiscated by Government or stolen we do not know. On some previous parcels we have had to pay customs duty. So you see the whole position is obscure, but if there is a statement of contents on the form the chances are ten to one that we receive the parcel intact. Apparently the worst that can happen is confiscation of the sugar. What has been happening to you all this while? It is six or eight weeks since we have had a letter from you. In one from Irene that came three days ago she said we would have heard from you all about the sickness at Carlton Street. So we are afraid that that has kept you from writing.

Dr and Mrs Gibbs are the soul of kindness. They gave us their room because it had two beds and all conveniences, and we occupied it for more than a fortnight. Uncle Jack administered the anaesthetic and attended me constantly, and as for Eva – well I needn't describe all the work and care that she put in. You can imagine how much nicer it was to be at home instead of in the hospital, and how much it meant from the financial point of view.

On our way north we stopped a night at York. The little picture we are sending you is one of the city gates. It is a Christmas present, and this must be a Christmas letter to send our love to you all, and all good wishes from us both for the New Year.

Harry.

Oct 23rd This morning came your letter of Aug 6th. We were very sorry indeed to hear about Aunt Lucy. I am writing a note to her now.