

Imperial College.

Midday, Wednes. 24th.

My dear Mother,

I got your note this morning.

All is going smoothly, as it happens, but it jolly well mightn't be but for the Luck of Harold which seems an all-weather article.

It is in this wise.

We were invited to look over the De Havilland aircraft works at Edgware, and, I, carrying my attaché case with all my instruments, slide rule, aerodynamic notes, and Barrstow's 'Applied Aerodynamics' in it, got on a 16 'bus at Hyde Park Corner.

Running into Bickelwood, I saw the tail end of a street accident in which some poor devil was cut up most frightfully and killed; and however, at Bickelwood we

changed on to a ~~bus~~ tram for Edgware; when we got off the tram, Abouin, the Brazilian, pointed out that I had not got my bag. I ran after the tram, stopped it, went on top, but NO BAG. Conclusion, — that, thinking about the accident, I had left my bag on the 'bus at Cricklewood.

Well, I went over the D.H works, and refusing a kind invitation to tea there, chaged back to Town.

My 'bus conductor on the return journey told me that if it hadn't been pinched, I ought to get the bag at the Lost Property Office in a day or two. Both he & a policeman said nothing could be done that night (Monday)

Tuesday morning, I chaged down to Whitehall, where a policeman told me at 9 o'clock that the L.P. Office didn't open till 10 o'clock. He said the bag might be at Scotland

Yard, but I couldn't get it ~~full~~ ^{if it was.}
Now I had a lecture at 10 o'clock ~~in~~
here, and I wanted what was in the bag!

So I barged into Scotland Yard
and persuaded a fat bobby to go in
& scout round a bit, and if the bag
was there to get me to it somehow.

He came back & said it was
there, and I could toddle in and
get it.

The which, dear lady, I did,
and tipping my bobby half-a-
dollar, was back in S. Ken. by 9-30.

Tolerably lucky, what? And
jolly quick work too, to lose a bag
at 3 o'clock Monday & get it
back at 9 o'clock in the morning of
Tuesday.

All's well that ends well,
but I had a bad 18 hours, as my
aerodynamics note will unreplacable

I have several other bits of news,
but no time till the weekend.
They will probably have multiplied
by then;

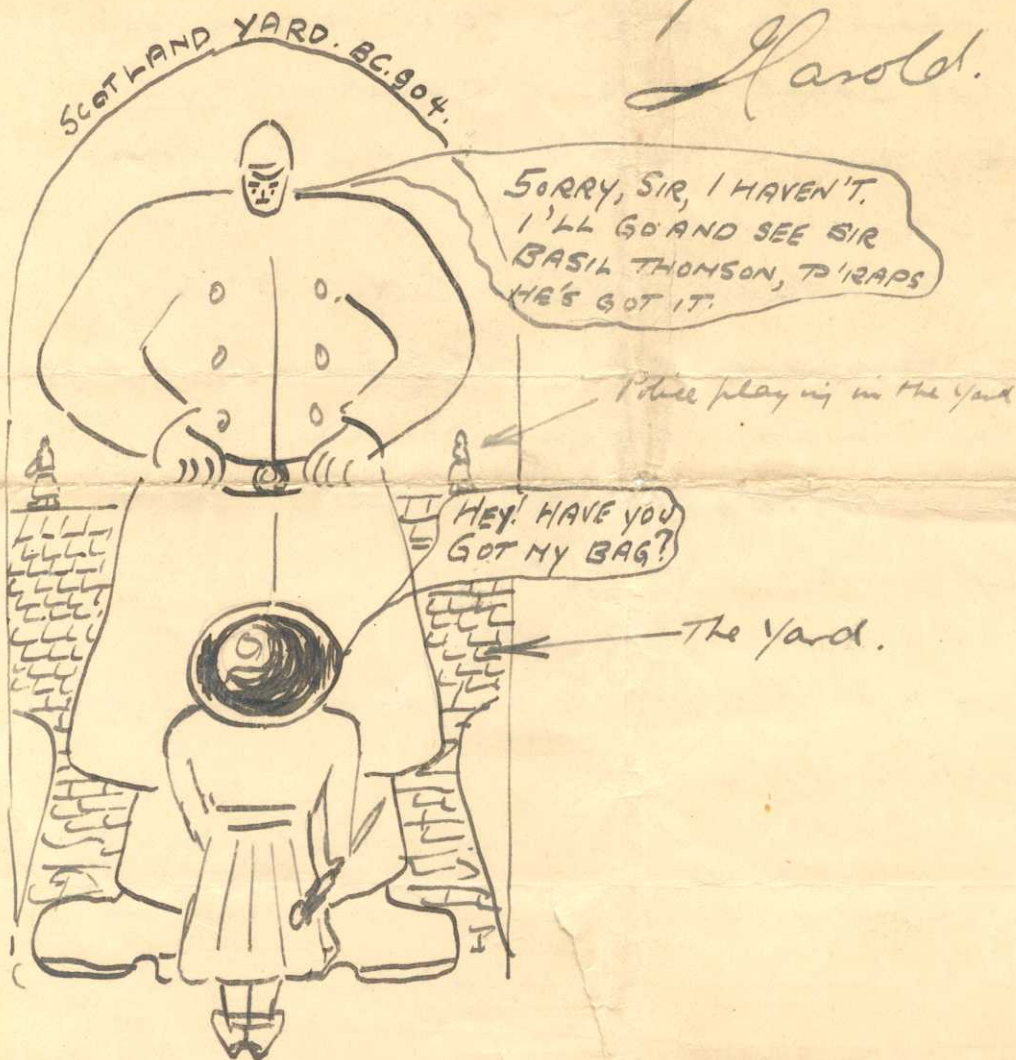
Tell G'pa the Rayer is O.K.

Give them all my love,

Tenderest love,

Yrson

Harold.



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It is in this wise.

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Running into Cricklewood, I saw the tail end of a street accident in which some poor devil was cut up most frightfully and killed; however, at Cricklewood we changed on to a tram for Edgware; when we got off the tram, Aboim, the Brazilian, pointed out that I had not got my bag. I ran after the tram, stopped it, went on top, but NO BAG. Conclusion, - that, thinking about the accident, I had left my bag on the 'bus at Cricklewood.

Well, I went over the D H works, and refusing a kind invitation to tea there, charged back to Town. My 'bus conductor on the return journey told me that if it hadn't been pinched, I ought to get the bag at the Lost Property Office in a day or two. Both he & a policeman said nothing could be done that night (Monday).

Tuesday morning, I charged down to Whitehall, where a policeman told me at 9 o'clock that the L.P. Office didn't open till 10 o'clock. He said the bag might be at Scotland Yard, but I couldn't get it if it was. Now I had a lecture at 10 o'clock here, and I wanted what was in the bag!

So I barged into Scotland Yard and persuaded a fat bobby to go in & scout round a bit, and if the bag was there to get me to it somehow.

He came back & said it was there, and I could toddle in and get it.

The which, dear lady, I did, and tipping my bobby half-a-dollar, was back in S.Ken. by 9.30.

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All's well that end's well, but I had a bad 18 hours, as my aerodynamics note was irreplaceable

I have several other bits of news, but no time till the weekend. They will probably have multiplied by then.

Tell G'pa the Razor is O.K.

Give them all my love,
Fondest Love,

Yr son

Harold