



Mr Dawson

Enclosed  
May 15<sup>th</sup> 86

My dear Father

For some little  
time I have been neglecting  
my correspondence in favour  
of books and a hospital, I do  
for as some letters go, have  
delegated the duty of writing  
to Mother and Eva, who I  
know are accidentals in this  
respect.


I must however take this  
opportunity of thanking you  
for two or three notes received,  
for photos, which certainly  
give one a very realistic  
appearance of a modern  
deluge, as well as for copies

2) of the Gazette, which I always  
look through with interest and  
pleasure.  
So recently as this morning,  
I was reading the accounts  
given of the Convocation and  
dinner, which seem to have  
passed off satisfactorily to all  
concerned, more particularly  
perhaps to yourself, as I know  
you always feel a certain  
sense of relief when the  
duty and responsibility is  
discharged for the year.  
My mother and I have,  
as you will know, been  
staying with Prof. Bonny and  
his sister during the past  
week, and last night I  
dined with them, meeting  
Royd Dawkins who has run  
up to town from Manchester

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On some business  
Mission. He seems a very  
cheery bright fellow, and  
certainly is very good  
company, full of banters  
and merriment. When one  
is not laughing at his sayings,  
one laughs at the man  
himself. He must have  
proved rather an eye opener  
to the Macdonalds, with whom  
I understand he stayed  
during the Britishness week  
in Montreal.

Mother is having a more  
joyful time wearing bonnets  
of it than when in town, &  
will I trust be the better for  
her visit. From the Bonny's  
they go to the Redpath on  
Wednesday next.

Putting down to books  
again I find heart-rending  
work. Study, or what I  
supposed to be study at the  
time, has always in reality  
been a system of cram with  
me: <sup>facts</sup> never assimilated and  
as soon or sooner forgotten  
than acquired. The result is  
a sort of mental nausea,  
which makes me utterly to  
loathe books and brain  
work. It would I find  
take me 12 or 18 months  
to reach the level of four or  
five years ago, let alone  
advancing beyond that, and  
I shall probably abandon  
the attempt, more especially  
as the powers of memory, which  
helped me so much formerly, are  
badly curtailed, as is natural.

57 The whole thing is foreign  
to my nature  & instinct,  
and I still hope to drift  
out of it some day altogether.  
However it is foolish & weak  
to complain, although I can  
help feeling a bit bitter sometimes.

We have been having  
rather a good illustration of  
the saying that 'England has  
no climate, only samples of  
weather'; during the past  
two or four days it has  
been cold, raw and  
damp. "Beastly weather".

Give my best love  
and good wishes to Diana  
and to all the children -

Also please remember  
me very kindly to M<sup>rs</sup> Carpen-  
ter if you see her, as

well as to flourish and do  
well.

And believe me

Your affectionate Son  
Richard Dawson