My dear Ron,

How immensely kind of you to think of me as you did. Your approval of the butterfly book is the best compliment that I can have — I think you have some idea how much it means to me. It is delightful if you too to have got a number of copies; I do so much appreciate that.

So far, at any rate, the book has met with a certain measure of success. The first edition of 20,000 was completely taken up in advance by the shops, and has proved totally inadequate. I have already had to start the second edition, and make it a further 20,000.

I was so sorry to miss you at the scientific society meetings. As they were not arranged until so late, long after the University
Courses were complete in all details. I could only get away for the middle of the three days (which I found to my regret that one you could not) and could only do that by putting off a University Lecture. However, I set then early in the morning and spent the whole day, reaching Oxford at 2:15 a.m. the next morning after dining both Darlington and Fuller. I was able to have quite long talks with all the freepers (to find, in one case, that much French as I had was become unusably rusty).

Owing to the return of men from the forces, and to the fact that we are two short in our staff (!), I am teaching 6 to 7 hours five days a week. I have also been suddenly confronted by the return to my own home. I had been greatly wanting to get rid of my tenants, but Miss smiling is not.
What an odd choice! These things involve an immense amount of work—especially for a bachelor: making arrangements with tradesmen, finding a housekeeper, and, it seems, a thousand other things. But, in the end, when I do feel properly installed, I shall be more than thankful to have any of my own things again. Then, if you will be able to come and stay with me, you so kindly ask me to visit you, which will be the very greatest pleasure. But, I think I must wait until the new year, if I may, as this term is about a nightmare of work, and the vacation will largely be taken up with moaning and all that it involves.

I had hoped to complete the annual paper this term, but have not had
much chance yet, though I shall make every effort to find time (somewhat?) in
the next few weeks. During the summer I
had to push forward work for my book
on Moths (in the same series as
Butterflies), for it is much which can only
be done then.

Looking forward to sound to seeing you
in the New Year, and I hope soon in
Oxford. I am so grateful for your kind
encouragement.

Yours ever,

[Signature]