My dear Humfrey,

Glad to get your news (as Father Johnson invariably starts his letters) which came on Saturday, late as usual. Or perhaps I should look on the presenting side of things, it was no later than usual. Likewise I received a note, post to say what note from Richard, which I am thinking of sending on to Humfrey, I open the post before of possible to do it in the late. I don't like the way he refers to my letter, but no doubt he doesn't know any better of such masterpieces of the literary art you can hardly be anything else but wasted on so untitled a sensibility. So I will say no more on the point, but let it go at that. But perhaps perhaps all that even if you don't like your Christmas present, it's hardly considered good form to return on the same to the donor; for confirmation on this point he might apply to the Johnson family, except on what is so as it is not done. Nor can I consider it in the best of taste to continue to make pointed remarks on one's wedding, or consequent wedding presents. Of course some cases will stand to anything, but I think I remember this gossip of the matter in question to the satisfaction of all concerned in my last letter, stuff etc. To come back to your more important and amiable communications. I am glad you and your husband liked your boots so much. Thank you very much for your proposed 10/- postcard note — that is the literal way in
which I like my poes to the taken. I notice that we like
nothing about resuming postage and me (or em) but no
don't. Everywhere helps to gather the little grey home in the next, so
to speak. With reference to what Daddy says of Pollard to my work,
I gather from this I have picked my place there in the course
of conversation, but it is Pollard's profession to be a mine to
everybody not excepting his wife, but he doesn't worry me now.
I got one or two encouraging words from my boss this afternoon
of which I am looking up a bit. Spring ought to be here in about
these months so altogether the world is not entirely unpleasant.
Daddy says: I hate like you to get on to something which will
enable you to make the best use of your opportunity as well as to do
justice to the gifts you undoubtedly possess. As far as I can
see, my job is to go through an intensive training in
Draycote, which will result in a book of printed (Merton
talks just about what we'll paint) which specialists will
approach, specialists alone to excepting perhaps the student.
I may some day here, who will find it presented as an
indispensable element in their historical training, like
Kenny, Murphy this Economics. Not much more for
my voluptuous style in an historical romance book with
critical protagonist to voluminous notes. However it will
go hand in hand even to be squeezed some blood from
rural stone. Anyhow I am getting into the work
now, which is a great improvement on just messing about.
Thanks very much for Inspector Superintend the chain's!
his noble effort: I think he was a Christward sort of hard-headed curmudgeon, but all these cops high up seem to run to excessive eloquence. Wasn't it
that old poet, Coler, who made the wonderful portrayal about
"your dead comrades lying there, with his righteous eye stung at the
spy," when the young cop got peppered in the dark a few years ago?
Looking right after the community seems to go to the brain. Later's
pictures on some recent book, and too crowded with script to my
thinking, I not as fast as some of his others I have seen in Paris late
ly. Mrs. Bryant seems a very entertaining woman, a
soul full of humor, which is a good thing in this discordant
materialistic civilization. Of course if you combine tragedies
Ancient and Modern in Hawaiian love songs you can pass over for
any tendency to libertinage in the one, even so far as they might
affect the boy female, would be infallibly corrected by the soulful charm of
the other. However I gather from heikin's letter that I am veering
on a discussion which might shock his pure soul. So you had
better keep this letter out of the bag.
Before I change the subject, however I might recount a joke which a kind correspondent sent
in the 1st yesterday's Sunday Times. A small boy who had to
do a composition on King David for his Scripture exam,
finished up a scandalous description of his personality by saying
"If he had any faith, it was a slight tendency towards adultery."
Thank you also for the Florencello calendar, which I signed
up others in our W.W.B. after seeing some copies, he ought to
be in an asylum that care. Talking about persons reminds
me of something old P. Phillips told me which. I have forgotten.
It passed on up to now; he told me that Wellington’s name was
mocked with the B.O.T. till the B.O.T. was as slow as a snail in
making up its mind. But just before the Histon Church cascoed
over the American association offered to promote a person of
substance and some quite generously, P.P. wrote to the B.O.T. putting in
the best of urging them to get a move on, it being said if they’d
think it over. By the time they’d started to begin I think letters
that it was time that they might possibly give a thought to the
matter. The game was up. I wandered into the Essex Hall
looked around one day, at the young females, persons I saw
drifting round there didn’t inspire me with any such of admira-
tion. Reminded me partly of the W. B. Clubs both Society’s
Nelson St. I have been in Essex Hall, to quite a small place
very bare except for a painting of Mantuan and a lot more
loosen looking cases. I haven’t heard or seen anything of
American activities in London outside these dates, although
the ones I have looked.

Tuesday 24th. The Bank & the Kennet (9.15. later on) turned up
and we got the proceeding was all. I was considerable difficult,
I was able to write. So I am denying myself the pleasure
of seeing H.R.H. Geo. V. in procession on his way to open National
with a mention his Queen & H.R.H. & Women of the Church &
Life Guards in full dress and coat and, what else? There said
with members hogging thinking how nice it was warm it would be
down in the local office. The E. had found a flat on all tidal
Vale which he was eager for us to take, but which after pro-
The last discussion we finally turned down. It's a vexing problem. Ideas are often flashier than ours, so I can't afford to spend more than I do now. Also, I think Value is a good way out. She said she had tried living on $500 a month, and it was no fun. We have been talking about taking a flat together for some time, but I don't know whether anything will come of it. I'm personally not keen on living in a place, as it's very hard to everything, even if the landlord could hardly be described as generous. I don't know whether she ever said anything about her. She is a retired Indian army nurse, quite respectable, but with an immense contempt for the subject matter. It's a brute to her. Nonetheless, the old cleaner is a woman of all work. She had never had an accident. She succeeded a young girl, self-conscious young girl, who insisted on keeping herself with spirit and independence. Occasionally, she piques our gas regularly. It makes her afternoons ten or so little bit better. I shouldn't be surprised if she takes an occasional look out of it too, to judge by the amount of gas that we miss.

The other members of the Stowel family [Their names are...], are two pampered cats or a pampered dog, which she calls her children. The cat sat on the stairs and would move onto the floor, which she had a disgusting way of doing. She cleans it till you catch it. She asks me to take it out for a run when I go out late or post a letter, so some night when a handy taxi passes here will be a sudden breakdown, or the statistics of canine mortality will fit one. Miss H. sends her love and her regards. I think we're both very good boys.
so taking things all in all, with the exception of the impossibility of a decent hot bath, we're not badly off. I thought I should be sure to get a good hot bath at the Johnnies but did they offer me one? Not on your life. And yet when I remarked to Father Johnson, not apropos of heat but of chattering and other conditions generally, that I thought he must have considerable difficulty in keeping clean, he was quite indignant. The people in his joint certainly don't go in for cold baths in the morning. Australia + NZ have the only representatives who quite of an hour fill up in the bathroom & wash that greasy as soon as it comes out of the tap, then plunges boldly in.

The Reiner whom I mentioned some time back is a S. African over here with a scholarship, a pretty good sort of a man, with whom I have lately struck up a friendship. He is one of Newton's students at the J.H.R. here in Holland, but has spent most of his life in S. A. - Union & Johannesburg. So we have a good deal of information to swap about with one another. We seem to talk the heavenly bodies in front of the sky more night than not. I've dragged up to his place once or twice as he drops in here, last night of all. Terrible results of frightful carelessness. He has enlightened me on diet, so I gather & politics & quite a number of things. Apparently S. A. is a good place for teachers. I see here only 3 that in the country to get a job & do they are paid far more than
in N.2 — about two thousand apparently, with rapid rises. Of course the cost of living is a bit more than in N.2. Cape Town University wouldn’t be a bad place for a job either; they have a good library, a good staff there, a good orchestra in the town, and according to them have a good deal of intellectual life, a pretty vigorous artistic culture, while the lucky inhabitants are only 17 days from England, with prices correspondingly cheap, so that some of their parts come over here every year! Still, when they get television so developed as to be able to hear the Queen’s Hall orchestra in Weyton or television is so good that you can see Pygmalion or Hamilton in the front room at home, N.2 will be quite worth living in.

We went to Pygmalion on Saturday, and it was jolly good, though the characterization wasn’t quite as good in my opinion as in The Doctor’s Dilemma; some of the leading men being perfect as Liskin, but a little too theatrical as Higgins. Nonetheless, I think that Eric Donagan played the full-blown Cockney accent, but I may be wrong there. He is a great actor, however. All the other parts were pretty good. The chorus, the strolling players, are doing their bit of Bugleman next, so we aren’t doing badly so far as that is concerned. That’s the only play they’ve been to lately, but we’re going to jam to the Pygmalion Thursday at Weyton Hall on Saturday, to see something of the girls. The chorus in this is supposed to be something...
out of the ordinary for drill or musical effects, but we shall see. I have half a mind to bring along to a girls' leg show at the Alhambra. By, next don't going Paris, and the pictures outside which make London ladies with persons perpetually. One pair of legs proclaimed as the finest in the States—it is a girl show called Broadway, and really they are quite good. Did I tell you the Farmer's Wife had just stopped running after more than three years? They are turning on another play by another of some whose name is for the moment hidden in some corner.

Dying brain refuses to come forward; I must write a play like this some day myself. I think I mentioned that the Linc. Quartet were giving a series of recitals 1 doing all Beethoven's quartets to celebrate the centenary of his death, in honour of which also Ernest Newman of the F. F. renamed all the other critics are getting angry, so that every week a new, or at least a different, book is another on the man or works. Here with all the concerts are beginning to specialise in Beethoven. I have been to the first two last Sunday.

I came home again tonight. Hence my having to take the morning off. But the music is so beautiful that it is pretty hard to go when one hasn't heard any 1 of it before, especially after a series of late nights.

I am a hundred that Indians don't go. However, the brain must be trained in the way that it should go.
at the time it isn't so bad. Pächt is another
composer who is being paid a lot of attention nowadays - I
told you about his Requiem. I think I heard one of his
symphonies last week so tomorrow night some choir is
directing his 'Dramatis' of a sort, this emulating the achievements of
the distinguished Mr. H. Temple White at the Royal College Choral
Union. In fact this doesn't seem the anything gone in the studio
which they don't imitate here. I heard the 'Crux' by man
again a couple of Saturdays ago in the Albert Hall - a big choir
and orchestra and organ playing it all night long. This
was by the Royal Choral Society, they are doing The Dream
of Orontes next, so may check in all night. Also
there was a big Elgar orchestral concert coming off soon,
conducted by the great man himself. But no doubt you
will be bit fed up reading all these fortnightly details.
I heard the 'Crux' symphony, however which you know, the
other night with the last of a Lieder concert; at which they
also played a jolly cantata in the piano concert (Possibly)
'the Natalia Natasha', a thing by that modern composer Schlemper.
I missed all right some. I must say. At the concert where
I heard the 'Crux' symphony, they also played a symphonic
poem of the Clinic Franck, 'Prague', which Bernard Rose
used to give in the orphan occasionally, to which (being hard
here for the first time) the critics gave up with remarkables
unanimity for a new symphonic 'Apollo' by the infant talent
Arthur Bliss (of whom I never reckoned to settle down
On his last trip on an antique Victorian-looking gentleman behind me with flowing whiskers, I heard a prolonged applause in my ear for anything he liked, or sardonic comments, for everything, and the following remarks, which I took down for your benefit: (with pit) — and he really thinks he does something! (A-B- comes out with.) With amusement, not mingled with alacrity. I'm afraid he'll do it again now. (with indignation) They shouldn't encourage that sort of things! At this concert also a first-rate singer, Elizabeth Schumann, sang her famous ballad, which brings the aria many a turn, it is part of a much bigger thing. She also sang two summer French songs. The way. Björling is coming over for the Covent Garden opera season later on.

That about finishes the concert news, I think. The only other place I have been to is out to Newton's last Friday to an evening affair, where all the latest news was mixed in their glad rags, so that my tailor's shirt came in nicely once again. There was a first-rate pianist here by the name of Thompson who plays professionally on Clarice Hall, I met some decent stuff down there. Nothing much else notable, though the coffee was good. It a Yankee girl little no a good joke which I will now proceed to recount. Of course you have to imagine the accent. Three
American president came to the pearly gates, St. Peter came out to interview them in turn. The first was
George Washington. "Who are you?" "I'm the
Father of my County." "That's all right. Come right in.
Next was Abraham Lincoln. "Who are you?" "I'm
the Father of my County." "That's all right. Come right in,
next was Roosevelt. "Who are you?"
"That's none of your business! Where's God?"
Old Weston is a pretty amiable guy if you strike him in a
good humor. I may be going down to Bristol at the
end of the term, where the National Union I students
are letting a conference on something or other at the
university for a week, to be addressed by Rand and Rus-
sell & Heynkei Benthfield among others.
I shall have to figure out whether I can afford this $2 a week in the
Lake district with the R.P. No doubt it would be pretty
stimulating & perhaps provide an article for the Spite.
By the way I got the Old Clay Pot at all night, thanks.
I think he only then place I have been to one other place.
It is tame and is to see a cottor of this name by name
Ebel, an architectural sculptor, who has done some
pretty good stuff. I judge by photo if same, it has a son
of a daughter & sculpting & painting students & an amiable
wife amiable enough to mend Pace's course. A comfortable
visit, with a good supper & smokes thrown in; but it in-
volved missing domestic Macdonald at a protest meeting at
The Wilted Wall is the matter of China. No doubt I shall hear him again in October before I leave. Lloyd George keeps on making pointed and humorous remarks about every lobby he enters. He has emptied the chamber of the House because he won't have anything to do with the mere nonsense one says before the Liberal Party off the Conservatives. That is what his followers must do. They and his followers preserve aFrozen Silence, except when they hear another thunderbolt at C.S. Winston speaks even at the last of them.

The greatest sensation lately, of course, has been the Wright Gladstone case, which has filled up papers The Times, Times of the other papers. It has been mildly done in places. They had 7:9 in the last, who can't resist describing himself as the Father of the House. I remember I telling him all about it in the Sunday Times. He does an article every week in some generally come.

The friend has died in whom he can descend amically. Tell further notice. Then, of course, there is the revolution, and a new Rothschild changes in the prayer book (but of course, permissive only), which take up his full pages. The leading most article is. The Times this morning.

I which are causing the Bishop of Norwich bring his hands down in the bitterness of his spirit -- It's a great country! I enrol a few named clippings to send all late. I subscribe myself with love all, not forgetting Chaffe and Mrs. Lefroy.

Jack.