My dear Tetsuro,

I have two letters to answer this time, which including the world-shaking news of the grandmother of the D.O. Brood, etc., a fact which seems to have excited both lady B and unconsciousable degree. I notice that Daddy maintains a complete silence on the subject, personally I regard the attitude of studied neutrality as being by long odds the wisest & most rational. Do I feel any excitement at being an uncle? Not in the slightest. Did my pulse throb at the blood and frozen temples? Far from it! I nearly took another bite out of a banana & remarked to Duncan: Well the population of 92 has gone up one. Because you never know the way a kid will turn out. It may be a pattern of every possible virtue & accomplishment. Like Anthony & me, or it may be a half-dead lazy moron like Hluxes or a repugnabte streak of meander like Ems. How if I was sure that this kid would grow up sweet & good-tempered & clever & respectful to the uncle I might feel inclined to write a postcard to Geoffrey or Goir to apprise them that I was not impressed at the prospect, but it may well be murder for the first three years of its life like Hluxes (it may be yelling at this identical moment for all I know) when it may go to the kindergarten & poke and its tongue at the teacher or pull pins under the other little
boys & girls let this reminds me of a priceless piece of pendant in this morning’s Times. “The increasing custom of taking young persons in state pupillaries & see pictures as part of their education. Of course it would have broken the cane’s head to write children.”

Then I suppose it will get the University & now fail in the English exam for not knowing who wrote Hamlet & point for moonlight piller rides after Charleston etc. I will fall in love with the wrong young man & make a swear. I get drunk or get its name in the Free lance as one of the smartest of the leaders of Wangummi’s younger set & generally bring to bear the dull head in service to the press. In the meantime consuming an immense amount of money however it turns out & swapp nothing for it bar perhaps drying up the dishes under compulsion & being made to do it. Besides getting all that of the whooping cough & making me pie & fighting & falling into the river & out of the ball & drinking its bath water & eating coal & getting scratched by the cab & breaking its knees & yelling & screaming at the wrong time & being sick & playing cricket on Monday for refusing to stand up like a good fell & to recite Twinkle Twinkle Little Star in company & refusing to practice the piano & letting the thermometer in two when the doctor comes to see her. And generally being a curse to the world. No, I don’t see in the least why I should get excited at the advent of a fresh child into the world. Can you? I could have quote a most pensive poem by Hardy, but won’t for fear of reducing Auntie to tears. How Auntie could bear it the old Wangummi at the angry
time is in Wellington when all the fun was going on. Heat me to a frazzle. She might at least have been on the spot to pour holy water on it's poll to show it what a bath was like for the first time ! And I really suppose having had such a lot of do with my upbringing she thought it hardly worthy of her to descend to anything lower. Well, I suppose I had better congratulate her on her great-uncleship. Now she says, it makes her feel she must be getting old. Never you mind, Auntie, you're a nippy youngster in spirit, full of kick and a nerve to espire de joie de vivre & no doubt in the years to come you will be hailing many another little nephew or niece, brothers of them, clustering round your knees & demanding pennies they pokey & pumming you cheeck. I suppose I had better get Grandma on the blace too & tell her to bear up under the strain & not to drop the infant in her trembling dejectitude when she holds it; or urge Daddy not to snap too loudly when he makes up or down in an odour of peppermint helping to conquer the wind. I suggest that Heffy's midnight job at present. Well, he can have it on his own. I notice you are all getting worried about what to call it, but that feeling has submitted some peculiarly self-willed suggestion which you quite superlatively described as his own son; of course if you had applied to me I could have fixed you up in no time, but as you didn't I won't say anything except that I rather fancy Anna myself. Still, it doesn't matter much; though it would certainly have been very comforting.
have been able to come back to N2 in my old age I say
Annie, my child, just run round the corner to the pub for your
part old uncle's beer I be as quick as you can I don't think
it on the way back & here's a penny for you a mad am you are
a good gal But I suppose such a pleasure will never be
mine I'll probably have perished in my second English
winter.

Let me say about the snap you sent that no doubt it is
good for you, but although Daddy comes out all right
I never saw a worse heaven of your in my life. Happy
your dress & your faces come out all right & etc etc &
if I should have known who it was if I hadn't been told.
I got a letter from Auntie which I think I mentioned
some time back which was gratifying to keep up to
Auntie one of these days though Lord knows when.
Also two letters from Ean which rather surprised me
till I found that the second was just to engage some infor-
amation from me & I may say that the right place for
a pump fellow going to write a history on psychology & get
information from is from his pig. Ean, it was bad
enough to have to run 8.30 am classes for him & if I
have to do Tommy Hunter as well it will be a bitty a
break-up for me. However I have very little to do &
I may be able to squeeze a bit out of lack of work. So far, so good, perhaps
in due course something will materialize. Ean will
come to understand that if I send any books out to him
it will be on the which understanding but I'll work amni-
tance by return of post plus 5% commission & a letter.
arrangement would be for him to send over the money first. Then I'll send out the books. This won't make any difference to him if as he says he is the Hunter's or Pulkhead's right hand man: for with the magnificent scale of pay the college council indulges in, the many tips he will get from justifiably grateful students, he'll have more money than he knows what to do with, while quite the reverse is the case with me. I occasionally feel called upon to give words to waiters a tip myself when she has been more than ordinarily brisk and obliging. Of course the expenses of a man of the world in a city that includes Piccadilly about all are many. Sometimes abandoning his usual just five or six a couple of tips, and so on, he has to be amiable to people of less than his own age when mending papers to mark them just a bit. The family has a pretty good reputation as far as in these lines, so it would be a pity to see it ruined by a young fellow at the outset of his career trying to eclipse his teacher and generally make a splash. Of course such notoriety is also a danger in the case, and therefore Tom will escape that all right. The great thing will be to keep his feet to himself when moving around among delicate types, be especially careful to keep when he doesn't know the answer to a question. Put forward by some false flattering young thing.

I don't know what much more comment is called for by your letters. I am glad you have had such a good holiday together. I trust you can do very well with such a
honeymoon periodically, it is certainly a bit stuffy. Daddy doesn't
like being bored at all, but if he keeps helping the doctor to
keep off nightmares it ought to be a bit better than it has been in
the past. While in a few years no doubt we'll all be
earning such magnificent salaries that we'll be able to pension
you both off in a nice little cottage somewhere out at the Nuth
with a garden and a kitten. I'd learn to mow, let's hope so
anyhow. I hope Auntie Winn is jolly, too. by the time you
get this, you might give her my kindest sympathy if she
doesn't do well. By at least by 1929 when John
comes marching home again.
Mrs. Ethel was going to Oxford,
but after leaving London she went to Cambridge. Paris is a
hotel known for many places in London. So thought he would
settle down for a bit at the British School of Studies to
do some practical plumbing or bricklaying for a while. When
he isn't acting the British School of Art he goes to the Westminster
School of Art (I mean is that the place Alan was at?) + to a
wood engraving class. The pictures are better too. I forgot
about I think a week for being there fast. But cost of living.
But then he has a grandmother who gave him £50 when he
left home & sent him £25 at Christmas so he has ought to
have a certain margin to come on. However he swears he
hasn't is always on the rocks. So I suppose he is like all
other artists or literary men, shifters & incontinent. Alan
seems to be the only one who can make a go of it & so
doesn't think when he has saved up a nice little pile he com-
pleted his plans for coming over here again. Some girl will
help him, that will be the finish. Thanks for the tickets,
from English literature you have copied out for me, and
the bit about London rain isn't accurate enough. I never see
such rain. Although there was a bit of real rain to day
with the sky visible over part of Oxford Street, I even the
rain positively in like on a different direction. They say this
is evidence of spring; so it may be so. That it came quite
on time was very welcome. I have now gone the way of all other
tentatives, good or bad. With regard to the deal at Davies &
the remark of mine that Drude quotes an name, I believe
that last remark was not altogether unambiguously. The
issue I referred to my A Poet's Alphabet, but as I have now
given it away, the matter need no longer worry him. That
the mines! I understand I was to get $3 for each of my articles,
there. The damn things closed down & I haven't got a penny for
anything prose or verse since last July. If you hear of
Mannus you might put in the book. If anybody cares to sing a
C.P. perhaps he will do the full work for me. I don't impor-
pore the damn things were signified; or even all published,
so I'll take a guest for the lot. I think I can handle if I get
that. I wrote to Pearson Phillips about the last letters, last
week, but haven't had an answer yet. When I get one I shall
probably send if not to Mrs. Newton, director, to gratify you
with your correspondence with her. Thanking for jotters in your
last letter, which were truly appreciated. In the Paris, the
day after we got to London I met Jack Pearson on Connie Rich-
son's streak, how about all going to Paris at Christmas?
which we expected, boy, you've spilled a bit full. However, that was only Oct 1, Dec 2 we were all much lower in funds. Soriie, we'd see an aunt in Wales. Good dates for a buckabee show out of 7-11's friend at South African house, Lady Frances Ryder C.B.E. - they do a good job for students at that point - & I went to escape on the Johnsons'. To me all got off pretty cheaply. Which is more than I am going to do this Easter, I am afraid. I think I mentioned on going down to Bristol for a V.I.S. conference for a week. We filled our cheques for £3.10 & posted same in, three weeks up. The first half this total cost is as the prospectus said in large letters, did not include train fare. That wouldn't be so bad in itself if I hadn't already fixed up the lecture ship, which will cost me a few quid. I suppose. Then I'd better not down to see Auntie Jeanie, as she has asked me to come or thrice if I didn't at Christmas, to do my bit to keep the wheels of family affection oiled. Still I can make up the cost of railway fare in red misty monets. So there's hope for the troops yet. I have only been to three concerts this week, and all first-raters. London on Tuesday, they finish their series tomorrow. I deserve after 50 or 60 more. I'll know a bit about Beethoven's quartets. I will now include a diagram of myself after eating the latter quartets. Also as the space is handy I include a diagram of me going up the Charing X Rd of a Saturday night.
There was a good Philharmonic Orchestra concert on
Monday; Beck, Stretch, & Beards, conducted by a cornet
from the Feltland; loud & lusty, & well sung like a blast,
who made the orchestra up to thirty deeds. The audience
began to wish it undersea. A few warmer morning
showers evoked their burst. But one thing, we fancy, had
several of our own conductors understand. The great German better
some of his compatriots. To that was that (of the Bulletin he
more particularly) was no doubt everybody fell duly
encouraged. But B.W. was a bit more comforting on Sunday.
Thirdly, on Saturday afternoon, I went to the St. Matthew
Passion, done by the Bach Choir, the Vaughan Williams conducting.
And a more curious conductor in some respects. I
see, and he got results. It was the best choral singing
the whole I have heard here, pretty well perfectly done. The
characters magnificent. I was startled to ten afterwards when
taken home to supper & to play the piano a yap by the Rossfield.
I don't think I have mentioned them before. There is a
young man by the name of Ross at the I.H.R. one of the
students there, lit librarians, he asked me out to his part one
night to feed & play a fiddle. His good parents, themselves the
benefit of my views on life, which I shared with my acquaintance
friend with his chippens, & Mother Ross, calling attention
her own with superannuated specimens with Vitamin concretion. I was not feeling anxious. However, I didn’t stay as late to get half of my mail, which was due and waiting for me. I doubt I shall be the blowing out and nine again some time, as the food is good and plentiful to the family bright and intelligent.

The next week before 2 got some post stuff to the linen, another Philharmonic show, the Dream of Orpheus conducted by Elgar, and pretty well as good as the Passion for stringing, it being a Man of Superman. I went to this one Wednesday. I saw the novel shortened version, the finish thing all round for play, showing combined. I was in my life. Then seen up that they were doing the whole thing. The Friday after, starting at 5 pm, Duncan’s de Trenite’s and I went to that. He got to the queue at 4, to late to get a peak, got inside about 4-30 and started till 11.30. All for 1.60 by crisp top, it was worth it! They had an interval of 2 hours from 7 to 7.30 when we speculated around. After that, the line filled with people selling bananas and apples, and the lady having guaranteed they were warm right by the time we staggered up our three flights of stairs, I fell on our beds, but I wouldn’t have missed it.
£25. It's a neat shame a post company doesn't take same there & x 2; it's a very paying proposition line apparently. Even George David did have a wonderful performance at a show called "I Vancery" Farmer; I believe he has played it since the play was first done. Well, my dear, if you could see a few things like this it would add to your days. The people, the plays, the music, I see no mistake. But yet there's not a bit of acting in the play. Scene - just 2 in has straight talk. I must say I give the girl the palm. I enclose the Times report of the first night in a grand & glorious performance. Unfortunately from one point of view than a Vanderbilt which was only billed for a week, fortnight, then followed by other shows, was repeat a success that they are playing it till the end of the season; 5-6 shows out of the others for the time being. But the opera is back this week, so there is quite enough to go to.

We went down to Christie's yesterday afternoon for the first time. I then cursed ourselves for putting it off so long. End of the world's a marvel! I never heard such conversation before. Apparently he knows everything about everything. He started off by discussing the question of papal supremacy in the first century, finished up by giving lectures away at one of his cottages. Now after discussing about 50 people, giving his own seminars, shows off 5 of them of his Oxford days. "I've known it."

Bradley: "say one case." "He knocked me down on a bike and I goes off into an extended account of his"
little way, which I will tell you when I get home.

He is a book collector, mainly of stuff bearing in his own subject, but pretty shoddy in other things. He once bought a book case outside Heffer's in Cambridge for £16. He raised upstairs & sold it back to them for some enormous sum.

But that is a habit of his, anyhow according this wise.

He seems a decent sort. But he reckoned the judge wrongly & had sent was about Besnell, who bought a lot at The Alpine Progress from an old lady in a country market place for £16. It was marked £50, but wanting to the pedlar he offered him 4/7, which he steadfastly refused to take, compromising on 1/6. He then sold it by auction for £500. And then Besnell wanted to get rid of a huge edition in 6 large toto, of some early 18th century authors, Hannah More, Eney, & he couldn't get anybody to buy it from him. So he took it into the market, burned it. Then he got on to the Healy-Jellinek controversy.

Apparently most of the money is pro-Jellinek. He had a yarn about Healy, which is pretty illuminating. He wanted to get an up-to-date naval staff organized or some thing, & he got hold of some bright lad in the service. He got all the information he could from them, then he showed things over, thought a lot & worked up a scheme. Then he got back along bothsides & got his ideas on the plan. He talked till twelve, but Healy didn't say a word. He was there to being a par. Lincoln Pretty of Halland, it walking home even through Hyde Park with Healy. He said, "Well, Lord Healy, the old man talked better than I've ever heard him tonight. What did you think of him?"

Healy gradually said, "Him? I was trying to think what I'd told him all that so that I could back him."

As much as novel reform. Well, goodnight & God bless you all. Grammar papers & the rest of you!"