Funnels for English rose petals, for scented, though I don't know as they were grown in Hampshire.

21/11/1912

The above is not as I have written it, but can you be at all odd less in news of moment to read. This time last year we were just getting into the Mediterranean so I was wondering whether I sent you a letter at Naples or not. I think I finally decided until after sufficient response, but that seems to be a decision upon and cannot come to mind to you. And I will start off by answering your letter. Mr. Daddy wants a respectful answer to some very delicate queries as to my degree of intimacy with various ladies. Well now this subject is indeed not such an intimate one, that I don't know whether I am just to confide in answering it at all, but in however a respectful manner let alone in a letter that I suppose will be good for general conversation. I make no remark on the highly intimate nature of the inquiry. That a father should endeavor to dissuade him of her son is indeed a dreadful sight of the fact that the 19th century is still with me from head to toe, which a unique. I might refer him to the Way of all Flesh as not perfectly, have him wish to see me as in fashion to run in and ask clothing shop, with a wife secretly on the stand? I might ask why should I, a man of London, Vienness & Parisian experience, let alone Wellingtonian, be subject to the ordinary fashions of life, let alone leading...
questions from his parents. I might say, Is this right, is it just, is it generous? I might demand, how would you like it if your own turned round twice. What did that lady call you when you had the same time at the Savage Club ladies' Night After Entertainment Dance?

I might demand. Well, this is the sort of intimate attack on me. I am accustomed, yet, from Tillie, and I think that a little should still break one time. I might plead the lost blood of youth and let it go at that...
you the being-adjusted tolerance to wide understanding B

Annie...

in re thesis: thanks very much for proposed help: if they take it in Smith College tearing all the cost I saved about 50 copies bookshie. if he doesn't I may try somebody else, but it's not worth paying you. Oye the thing I am doing now will probably go into Newton's imperial studies series if automatically, if it is any good - minus the pity, because I don't think much of the series. - I ignore probably remarks on Baldwin. English, the fact on the rise of English being down and I may reply that the more I see of the place the more I despise the English of the area I like England. The people I have sort unusual. Anything stupid everywhere, to the people intensely, passionately proud of it - about the only things they are passionate about. They are the same in X-Y-Z. Of course, but there is a different shade of emphasis there. Lived in Washington.

Thank you for the mention of a possible job with the Captain's papers - very much interested to it, possibly. I want a poor profitable in shop here. an other year. Do you think the Bemidji other would save it if you are up again too? I'd be willing to consider it at that rate. Otherwise there are plenty of lacks who do that sort of work. May the book appear immediately. They decides things in publish like J. Cape who would probably fix it all for her. Stop here down. Goodbye.
the bargain to produce a handsome book as well. Still I suppose it is not much use asking you to make a cake ready to "bake with enthusiasm. Particularly as I am always looking for ways to improve on the recipe, it is the usual way to say success. I might send them back if requested, but being a job which avoids the tints of complications of this kind, I am not equal. Thank you also for giving up the candelabra; I will have enough on my hands without the white remembrance of need. I had a letter from Campbell this morning, saying he would be there about the 26th when I shall be down at Dorothy James for a week or two. I suppose he can manage for a few days alone without himself at home, without making himself equally at home with the cake. I hope it is a large cake, because we have an unseasonably large circle of acquaintances, all hungry. There's an
al for a dinner, so saying it is not an ordinary set-up in any way at all, but that it is a grand event. Some people are meeting all the time at home in the great city. Bill Jelliff wrote saying he had got a job on a boat and asked me to meet him, as there was a question of whether he would be with the family. I shall be able to work it out. Then this is where Richardson's brother is. A girl called Copping whom I don't know anymore.
...
I am not saying — I quite agree with Daddy that you ought to stay in New York for your health, but in New York you may be less likely to have any chance of being fired. Keep yourself, however, healthy, and I agree with Dr. Lewaluk who said he may be that which you want as absolute truth, but any dream just could have told you for that. The first problem is to make you take it in, the others who matter and a successful one that for that ought to get at least a proper. I do not see that you really can run the place without a state in your own home, without my presence. Do you feel that rating up a large institution is the making of me back? Very many thanks to Daddy for endowing you with my presence, also we have never noted that in a discussion about it, we will have a minute one on the subject before anybody comes to mind. A man doesn’t want to make up the standard in those days. I commercial stress strain. I hope the books you are reading come all right. The Spike you sent has not arrived yet. I wish I knew which bookstores. If is not the only thing that has failed to turn up. Please pack carefully. By the way, as I put on the best of the Spike as helpful in my last letter, you or the collaborating editor may be interested to hear that according to the, there is nothing in the halls at any. the college to teach it. Anyway and then have thought it. I came to the conclusion that there were two or three things that, not entirely contrary to its history past, even if it did accept finite with uncommon persistence &c, distaste.
That man is a perfect fool anyway.

You will have gathered that autumn is near with us. The leaves are turning brown. The streets are getting even muddier than they have been all through the summer. The autumn mist however is also with us. It makes a great deal of 
often London. It is beautiful you may remember it was the first thing that struck me on my arrival. Also the leaves are coming down and this is the last week of a very full week too. We had two programmes almost entirely a.u.p. and yesterday, the Thursday before this place packed. When we got there last night there was a notice up saying that all seats for Saturday, Sunday or Tuesday had been sold already. You can get tickets for Friday of course. It's hard. Have had some good stuff. Oscar Frisch's Symphony that Monday, this more of his things tonight. One of them is Chausson Tandem - Vaughan Williams, London Symphony which is why I am writing this in the morning. Every second week is an opera. I go with one of my purses to the theatre this week. I haven't done much work. So what can the start once - we call that. And as I have been to the dentist twice this week. There's been much talk of what can the start once, we call that. I am going to take a long trip with one of them during the James - I hope for the weather is good at the right time, because I want to ride down to back on my bike, which is 85 miles. The dentist is a great catch. Well it had a cold.
a S. African. Just finishing off at the Royal Dental Hospital, the case continued there. So we got our teeth done there. I spent a whole day altogether on about 10 teeth with treatment as though we were in this place to get them all. So actually I felt quite just from sending a small portion of the case. I would otherwise have wasted our time and a bit more on to as I came up the Charing Cross at Charing Cross road. We have been thinking of coming from this point, but every time we look at the tickets we think No, feel what with our hotel expenses we'll hardly be able to get into the omnibus, let alone entertain visitors. It's a hard life.

A lot of interesting stuff coming out this autumn too. But of course as I always said, writing books is a stupid game, only a damn fool would pay for it.

I had a quite good day last Sunday—went for a walk among the forest, the trees and the thick forests. The trees were beautiful, it was quite a nice little bit of woodland, it is. And who are these people who own the Lake Arms? It is a famous pub, situated in the best possible position at the junction of several roads. It suggests the reflection that they probably built the pub just to make the roads afterwards. Well, I had a sort of realization that it was run by two sisters of an uncle's. Bellin although the name up outside is of the T.O. who...

or something like that. However, I thought I would
take a chance, I walked up to a bar impressively or
the barman enquired if there was anybody connected
with the place. He had a nephew in No. 2 who
lefting two other Hendy women seated hopefully on a
bench on the other side of the road. But the
barman just poked at me and blandly said, "I don't
know what you mean." It sounded quite usual
now, but I elaborated and explained myself with
a good deal of care. But now the poked poked at me in a fish-
lime way; I said there was no one there by that
description. I don't know what she took me for.
I suppose she thought I was merely out to get a free
drink in a suspicious crowd, these English. As I did my
poked continuously, I never even asked for a glass of water.
You might think over the case of these people though, or
let me know if this is the right spot, because we may
be passing this area again some day or find a pit
more or less stone-encircled. We did get some pot
with as a matter of fact at 10 and coffee at a Bureau
diner. Or supper, at José Cott's place, where we
went to finish supper and where I finished getting the shells
on the piano for a change of not very important family
I
shut.
Then going to Finkley on Saturday or
Sunday, all being well. Another person invited
Dancer as well, and he was too busy, leaving for a
job as W.C.A. lecturer for a while, I thought I might desist for six months more to do so. I thought I might take down some of my old friends instead, but perhaps it will be only one more left the point at. In the whole it might be unwise to cause a scandal either in rubbing. I will not say to MR. X, the face of which reason to X. I was at first sure beyond a doubt. But you will see that I am quite concerned in the matter, even if practical considerations do hold me back. You might give Frankie the best advice to cheer up while the rest for battles to still get back from the army to be home to resume a more constitutional Bar. I have done some more Christmas cards, then! So you can well look forward to getting cheap and artistic gifts for the folks.

I suppose you heard about the death of Bridie Logan—she's been ill. She was well, having been shot at my great regret. She's been at the hospital, and I will do to the idea of patients. She's been so the afternoon, but an Thursday, which is a great occurrence. She frequently took me for miles, not only in great heights and speed, after I was at the cabin. I may write another after the cat has come in. The moment it has to go.

With love from your very respectful son, Jack.