My dear Manning,

I am apprehensive the mail may come tomorrow being Monday instead of Friday, or rather that there may be no supplementary mail on Friday, that being the one I usually catch, so I had best send you the enclosure in time for Monday by the post, and make sure of getting something written by you. I fear I have not seen for some time, though I don't think that I can write with much ease for his letters, which I am reading now.

You say you have read them several times, but I doubt also it would do you good to read them again. So if it is not near by for you to take my advice, I think you had better do so. You give a formidable list of books you have read, apparently in a week, though as the list includes both Nicholas Nickleby and Dombey and Little Dorrit seems a tall order for a week even for you. I thought just like I have in regard to some more of your advice, how you expect me to read Dickens while I am in London? - 1 thought I had explained at considerable length that apart from the world's worst books on history I read about one book a month - so that a lot smaller than the anything your Dickens ever succeeded in writing. Anyway I reckon Dickens is a

Anyhow I reckon Dickens is a

You think Dickens is
Propostions. Never thought much of him myself. I much prefer
the Kellwell family. However you are able to work a point on
me; you can fill up the lines with the things below you've
read other back. I think you've done a good deal of work.
while I've got to fill up my five lines all out of my own
head. I see you have been doing a bit of psychology, normal
and abnormal. Why don't you read a bit of history for a change
to get an idea where you stand in time as well as in mentality.
Have you finished that Gibbon yet? That's what I want to
see you getting into. And I suppose that by the time you
get this you will be up running some train again staying
you haven't got any time for reading anywhere. As a matter of
fact I don't trust you myself. I shouldn't be surprised if
you just made up that list out of your head, to show what
could be done without proper supervision. I good thing you
don't have to make a statutory declaration, or it might be all
up with you. And by crapes! I shouldn't have any sympathy
for you. I always did think you wanted careful watching.

Post your disapproval I de be wearing my blazer to your
phase "false colours". False or not he wore a lot of them, because
he had on a pair of light blue shorts, bright red stockings,
Kentucky football team, as well as a shorty shirt. All the
shames in the Black Forest turned round & questioned. As
for Auntie's questions about the potatos, I don't quite know
whether they were good absolutely or in need for me; but anyhow
don't go pining any of them away to stay auntie or to auntie.
Please come to daddy's portion of the letter. I see you generally make him stand first now to write to you. I thought I should have said and a good many more things long ago, but in spite of the fact that I have handed over mine it have made suggestions ranging from painted hints to plain demands to my companions, they continue to do nothing in the matter of sending out the copies I have ordered of their photo. They speak of fair words, but do nothing more. Write to the Post Office that the only really honest people in the world are New Zealanders. They're dead sure to publish anything like that. I'm glad Daddy liked the "Kite" Blake. And that reminds me - in is the book on your coffee table. Helpke I send you for Christmas. Don't of course not labelling under the illusion that it will tell you anything you don't know about a friend so intimate; but I thought, well, they say it is a good book, if it may interest one keen analyzing feminine mind to see how what knew so well appeals to another. So I hope you would check it into the fire indignantly before you have read even so far as the title page. - The Holcomb arrived as good as new, thank you - it was all right sending it here. I believe I asked for it to be sent to the Institute because we had arrived at one of our peripheral weeks of thinking of moving out of this place into a flat or some such idea. How ever really needn't be so apologetic about it. I think I have exhausted my remarks. I even had to make an the subject of right words - obviously if neither of you give a damn what.
the doctor says, it's no use my praying for you, or cursing you, so far as that goes.

[Note: Now it looks like as if the gas is going out and so it was only last night at 12:30 that I got a list in the news of the things not been used since, unless by that confounded fan that hangs. Will say the gas has a mean list of maps, scripts, anything.]

This thesis seems to be a veritable blooming thing. No use trying to impress me with these - I live in an atmosphere of the damned things. They only make me feel slightly sick. I finished the second draft of my introduction the other day. Of that, I am sick to death. I suppose I shall have to rewrite it all over again some time. I think I must learn to play on Duesen's organ, too. Will have to buy one soon to - £2.10 for a portable organ - light is one damn cheque after another. It was painful to fork out £22.10 for another year's fees, especially as you get practically nothing for it at all. As far as fees go, in the States you can do a whole Ph D on 20 guineas - here, counting various things - as they have to use, that's somewhere else, it's never true. Thank God I had a bit of cash of my own, or it's precious few concerts I should have been to. At about time that she was 25 years wrote up the fact that from 7 & 6 to 500 their handling school fees in fees which is a large estate just money cheated away.

Thanks for the Winterur Assen circular. The usual
sort of people seem to be running it. I don't know two or three of them. P.J. Smith is a young sort of cane to have for the Treasurer. His willing that he'll never get through a degree of any kind - he's too keen on improving his mind. He will of course do his best to smash the thing up by sitting among the girls & priming, or he may even lecture, which would be worse. He gives me a bad taste in the mouth. However it is an excellent idea. I finish up the meat with supper. If it was in the Women's Common Room, Daddy was hearing on holy ground - that was where the Rich got farewell me with many sad stories over my virtues. I made me a present of that small, entirely ill-fated blanket. I think by the way Bill sent it back last for a new one.

You might tell Annie I don't approve of her abandoning her husband for the delight of Haypenny, which is a dangerous place for an unattached girl. I admit it would be a distinct relief to get away from it for a bit, indeed I wonder that she has been able to stand it for so long; but I warned her against that before she left England. She may remember. In better or worse, so runs the sacred word, or to that effect, if she didn't perceive before she slept in that it would be a pretty poor life is it a Christian thing to try a snack and lay the back door near? I ask her, as many a round, as brother & sister. But I don't suppose I'll get an answer. She never even seems to think a care is worth.
writing to. Sniff! Sniff! It's a hard life.

Witches, looking at, calling me cynical? Daddy, this time. The amount of abuse I get from all my friends is astonishing. Here are some, 18,000 miles away, ask a polite question. She gets accused of general cynicism. If writing papers I cynical remarks are on the facts. This is as bad as marking papers as V.O.C. again. A more painfully well meaning, transparently honest case. I never did meet, I yet even his family turns on him & reads him. Oh fool! as the immortal Tom Breden so exquisitely & incisively says. Oh fool! that men would see a little clearer. Or judge less blindly when they cannot see the fool! that men would draw a little nearer to one another, that they'd be nearer the end, understand. That book I V.O. verse that I gave me has been a real present.

That Professor's Sentimental 2:6: She read the 7:5, Not understood 1. and others, and half our visitors they ran with laughter. Personally, I think Not understood needs great overrated soggy will into the discard.

Well, well, I get away from the poets because matters. I went to two dock lectures last week. The brighter lecture by Prof. Robertson, Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield Union, on history, citizenship, for one. He started and well, but not to the point soon after. I gather he had one or two good ideas lost somewhere; but he got in more words to the square minute, arranged in more, more complicated metaphors than I've ever seen at his. The other was a thing.
by forsh in liberty, for school teachers took sick, I afterwards found, it pre-digested pep it was. However optimistic we are, optimism is my disease, not cynicism--I am going to hear Philip's jazzy band tomorrow. On hearing that, not that he can tell me much, but still he might make one or two jokes. To quote Daddy's words, a man has just picked up his name, where he can these days. Dairy went to two concerts last week--the last in the series, Cocteau, Ravel, and Delius--all first rate. to a choral concert, the Royal Church Society in Brussels' Regium & Consort Golden Morning & Dance. It was a bit disappointing in the Chorus--it struck me as being a purifying Anglican anthem more than anything else. However apparently it is not, all the papers said it was a pretty poor performance owing to the fire which filled the hall (which) was an overblown misfortune. But the whole was good stuff. He conducted it himself. He has two choirs, sub-divided into smaller sub-choruses of men's voices, a very big orchestra, et cetera. It was a whole-time scale. There is a terrific sweep in it--it pictures a sort of early Christmas ritual dance; words from some apocryphal gospel of St. John. There are too many named concerts this week, though, about 5 a night. Condon String Quartet is giving all Beethoven quartets through the week. Opera at Jodrell Bank--B.M.C. Suppose you have heard all about Beethoven's great opera scheme? Should be in it all
So if I were going to be here for 5 years, it doesn't seem to be going too well, all the same. The English are a pitiful lot of chumps. Then the Berlin Symphony Orchestra is playing on Friday & Sunday. There are about 18 smaller concerts. This means doing precious little work at night, while the only nights you can shake free you have to spend in writing letters. I see my thesis going in about 1930.

29/11/27 There wasn't any snow or rain on Friday. So I have to take the afternoon off to get up to date. The weather is better than on. It is dark enough in the mornings normally, but just as I put on my coat to leave the day turned pitch dark suddenly & completely, with the further pop the faithful & marvellous times predictor. The combination of pop & thick rain is injurious. Tell you. Luckily the pop was just big enough, but the rain still pours down. My mind goes back to the bird who yapped to me on the Old Hall as we tied up at Fitzroy. "Yes" says this bird, "the more I hear the more I like the English climate. You're lucky to have such a fine afternoon. I arrived here. It wasn't quite as bad as this afternoon."

went to lecture on Sunday afternoon. There was a pretty good event - one or two of them slightly touched up since I heard them last. He had some good books that were. Did I ever tell you how he picked up a copy of Charles' Dickens ("bad?") Emblems on the forrington road for 5/6. He took it straight along became place like Grinthis to get £20 for it + a set of the D.N.B. + a set of 17th century things he wanted? The
seems there was a plan that way. He had a good set of tutors at Oxford—Durey, Turkey, Barker—what more could a man ask for? Unfortunately there was a regularite S. African there who gapped the whole time I talked and tossed the ink about. I tried a lot of other quarters, but it would take too long to write them out.

The Sunday before I was invited out with some others, the usual two or three, to the Camps, Helen Josephine Camp being a girl who has taken Ross's place as assistant librarian, office boy at the Institute, Father Camp the celebrated mathematician who edited the Magy of the Thirteenth Age, and Mother Camp something or other historical.

My dear, old English, as you might say. Old Camp has retired from the P.R.O., where he was assistant keeper of the records. He has a Victorian beard and spectacles. I think up some allegedly funny academic stories when he came up a word past. Campies, Jem (i.e., Miss J.), and Camp.

Helen Allen not being there, they were all free to give their unencumbered impressions of America, while they all, as I understand, made a great impression themselves. I played the piano was invited my pressed to go again, so our invasion day if I had more relatives to make myself a nuisance to. Charming people, after visiting whom, as A. P. says, you appreciate Jane Austin a great deal better.

I stop with love & best wishes for a bright & prosperous New Year.

Your affectionate son,

JACK.

P.S. By the way, Uncle Henry was from Brussels.