My dear Thunberg,

This I think will be the last letter I write from Brunswick Square, as after next week I shall probably be on my travels again. And after this summer heaven knows where I shall finish up. Well, well, a very convenient room it has been, some strange sights it has seen in the last two years, so I'm very sorry to leave it, the trees in the square below, and taut cases, taut passersby, as your cothurs the Trenchies say (whom I am soon to visit), it is not for me to repine in the face of destiny. The trouble is that there collected so much junk together that I hardly know what to do with it all—yesterday I bought two pewter mugs, very cheap, not very old but good shapes, so you see the collecting instinct is now breaking out in a fresh form. The real trouble about this life is that anything a man wants, a great many other people want also, so that you never get a fair chance to do much yourself. And of course just when I start to want brass pokers, or something like it, as a good son of yours, the dented stuff becomes fashionable & expensive. I think I shall bunk off to Sweden, because there, although they make very beautiful glass & pottery, there is no wealthy upper class there, so the stuff is made at fairly moderate...
prices. You can get some of the Swedish glass in London, as a matter of fact; it is first-rate very cheap, generally tinted brown or blue or green; most pleasing. I think in fact that if I stayed in England long enough I could furnish a very nice flat. If I came back to NZ I shall probably be bringing a few centurics of stuff with me. What beats me & I am astonished at my own moderation & as some one once said in the House of Commons in the glory days of the 18th century) is the extreme fineness of the bones I have bought, amid every temptation to lash out, not more that a couple & hundred or so, only about 10 small shelves full. I think you ought to write a special letter congratulating me on this stupendous feat, as it will no doubt appear a matter for congratulation to you. In my same moments, when I return to my normal self, I can do nothing but reflect on my wasted opportunities - I ought to have collected 2000 at least. A very poor showing. Well, it can't be helped now, & you may have the reflection in addition that this vicious system of self-denial strikes in grave danger of becoming a habit with me. Terrible, I call it.

I must now discuss your last letter. I think the cassia over Sanny Palmer is extremely ugly, as is the bookplate designed for the library - a shocking thing indeed. That's the worst of having things done by the family, instead of having them done well. I entirely fail to see
the significance of most of the design, except to fill up space. This is a thing Keppel could have done for them supremely well. As for the Commonwealth fellowships, I thought of putting in for one, but there were various conditions attached which I did not like. I'd far rather have the Rock here at half the salary. God knows how halfway got one, except by sheer self-advertisement & push; the same which brought him from N-Z to England. These things have their value even in Cambridge. I do not like the creed. I see Baines still takes you out when you feel photocratic.

As far as I remember, the snap you mention, Older of Daddy once was taken by Jeffreys, who was the only other one on the picnic. Well do I remember that day; we walked up over the pine plantation on 1st Victoria road round to the other side of Evans Bay. Of course we were all more energetic in those days than we are now, being in our first youth, as it were. Why do you think it would have been better for the Mansionfield to go back to N-Z? I hear that she couldn't get on with her family, that Old Branching was scandalized to the marrow by the mere fact of her existence as one of his patrons — certainly she was a queer person to be the daughter of a bank-manager. If he bad work was about N-Z; it was all in retouched. I'll bet she couldn't have done any work there with much. And where would she have put-
...and it — in the Free Lance? I had a letter from
Mrs. Hannah saying she found it quite impossible to do
my work; so one way or another it seems to me that
K. Th. was bound to get it in the neck. Middleton's
impressed me as being a clever bird, but a大纲 line.
No, I am not going to write a congratulatory Remick on her
new haven, whatever that may be. Do you refer to her
doughty? It seems true that such things are commoner
than O.B.E.'s, certainly not to be mentioned in the
same breath as a Ph.D. Why get excited at the automatic
appraisal of the matrimonial state? If excited, why
run round in circles haranguing? Latter I would con-
sole with the jolly in the new or dreadful responsibility
she has taken on, but if I did that she would merely be
made to me — so the obvious remaining rhetorical question
is why write at all? And echo answers why? The
girls business is certainly pretty cruel; this had a
rather spin, but jolly, it is glad she has the kid now, I
expect. A rotton time for it to happen too. — You do
 seem to have done pretty well out of your writer set — no
response to you at all — fair distance, so far as I can
see you are just lying down at your ease exploiting
the world. It seems a terrible thing to broadcast church
services like that. I suppose they can't return the
sound of your voice to the church when you join in
the hymns to cheer them all up. I should think
arrangements would be made to extend the collections by part. I suppose that in the end you will give up reading like the British people, I just keep on to your favourites all day except when you go to the pictures or take in equal
credit through the eye. I thought you hadn't mentioned Dickens, Thackeray, or Johnson, T. Carlyle, or the other
giants of a few months ago lately (not mentioning Jane
Austen) and this accounts for it. A sad business. When
the mothers of the country go downhill like this, what can
you expect but a decadent race? - Not then mean ? my
picture looks like a fat Harold Lloyd? Everybody here
has been saying for the last few months how thin I
am getting. As a matter of fact I am about 2 stone
below normal; perhaps the fat leaves the rest of me
means to my face. The picture was pretty crudely retouched,
so that may account for the overfed effect. However I am
healthy enough, you will be glad to learn, even if I have
just got through a calamitous cold, brought on by going
out in my glad rags to Westminster. This seems to me the
an unanswerable argument against the use of such things;
so Jim may as well vote if he is thinking of investing in a
set.

Well, well to think the Hoggs are also on the
move! Emeren wander into them some day when I get
back from Paris. I always imagined that Jim was
having rather a hard time of it, what with inspections
was
derive so fast; but apparently there's money in farming yet. Cost a handy trip; I might be well-advised to come back & go on a journey for a bit myself. Yes, the 

break-up all right; certainly it was a hard time for a sympathetic course like Daddy to make, but we all have our absent-minded moments. The book can at least say that it has traveled about 50,000 miles near.

Thanks for same where thanks is due. The quotation from 

K-N Brown about Hausman was interesting; he must have been a quite penetrating course himself. This F. B. 

Daddy Johnson is very keen on him, I remember. As with 

T.anken are cultivating F. S. This family, or anyhow 

F. S. can; it is quite interesting to learn that the can is 

still in existence, for in its first week, if I remember 

rightly, it met with some pretty hectic accidents. No 

doubt T.anken can hang over the fence on washing 

days, or other days, I carry on long conversations 

with her opposite number. Are you there, Mr. 

Smith? Are you there, The Neighbor? And 

park the child when necessary to dash down into 

the great city for dissipation with Father, etc., etc.

very kindly these neighbors can become. Daddy's 
description of his collars doesn't appeal to me. Give me 

the soft variety every time. When a man wants to reach 

his chain after all he always has his hands. Sometimes 

I bet he wouldn't wear one more than three times once in an
English winter. Pretty stuff having to pay all for himself
at Adamson’s. I reckon you might have started him
off with a quid or two anyhow. As Ida makes
some remark on the opinion held about me by great
men I may say that he is not considering
himself. Had to get a certificate of good character for this
Cambridge thing, & I just kindly filled the bill. Later
also he said: “Mr. J. comes of an honourable stock,
his father being a prominent & highly respected citizen of
Winton N. Y.” So there you are. You’re an honour-
able stock. In a covering note he said he didn’t
know Daddy himself, but he had heard all about him from Nobby
Staun.
To none of us is without fame in his generation.

I posted off my applications to Florida the other day.

I can’t say that I feel as if I want to go much, too
or no too. On the other hand, this Cambridge thing has
its drawbacks. Its principal one being that Cambridge isn’t
London. It would be better if it weren’t for the stupid
survivals of keeping terms. Even old fry knew what coming
up persons after dark, & so forth. A grand plunge into
medievalism it would be at the age of 27 after N.Y. to
London. However it would undoubtedly be worth some-
thing financially later on, as lacki says; or would
give me time to finish & revise my astronomy thesis
at my leisure. I don’t care when I hand it in
in fact, if I can get it published — lacki suggested that
the Oxford Univ. Press might take it — I doubt whether I shall ever land it in for a degree at all. And then I could work at old Stephen etc. Glad the Rockefeller people — two years more in London was what I wanted. I think I could work it, too, if I just took the offers of licenses held out there! Why indeed apply for scholarships under these conditions? However I think I shall be able to pay my own way all right — so you need not hesitate to add once again your offer to the others. It really makes a little shock to wonder what he is that so many people should apparently not only admire him to a certain extent, but come forward with offers of £200 at the end of the year etc. etc. Sometimes I gaze in the glass as I shave of a morning to try to account for it, but I’m dashed if I’ve been able to so far! Anyway it looks as if we were all going to be provided for some way or other — all have just got a ruinous London scholarship, which has pulled him out of low waters, so there is rejoining all round the family circle. So he is off to Paris and other parts of Europe again now, to work for a year. He was applying for this Hamlin job, but pulled out when he got the scholarship. I think I shall too, if I get the Cambridge thing. A real pity for Daddy; take it is not an Oxford studentship; but you take what you can get; or rather you think you may take what you may not get. I’d like to see Cambridge in the autumn.
However,

I have been knocking around a good deal since I last wrote. But every time I had heard the title of the opera? I tried to get into tickets, but got badly left in the queue. Chaliapin has been singing in Tad and Sen Jardine, but not having all the afternoon to stand around in I have given him the go-by. I really can't recall what I have been to now, save that I have a vague general memory of going out. I am going tomorrow with Claire Hathorn to Hampton Court and then feeding with Allen or Neil or Neil offering to a movie "Many Happy Returns" which you have probably read all about in Punch. Last week the whole first went out to Welwyn Garden City to Carrie's for a Quint around the woods or some vision. I think I saw his pictures in Norway and Sweden, where he spent his last holiday. Now if they only planned a few townships in NZ - like His &c. instead of yapping about town-planning, it would be an excellent thing. It looks pretty good now, but will be first-rate in a few years. A very dinky little flat Carrie had too, bed-room, living-room, bathroom, & kitchen. All came up very flash & clean. I shouldn't mind living out there myself, were it not so far from London. All the latest improvements too - movies, breakfast-fodder, factory, railway station & community spirit - what more do you want? We had a very hilarious time, it was a pity the last train left as early as 10.35.
has his bedroom decorated with, say, lampshades, a photograph of V. O. C. and a Japanese print. Some clothes really live ideally. This reminds me of a good exhibition of English watercolours the other day, small but choice, at a joint in Soho. A very beautiful Cotman of a well the best I thought. I asked the price: 750, say the lady. Jumies! says I. Oh no, say she, pounds. Oh well, says I, if in that case will you send it? So that was that. I also had a look round the Ralston's place the other day. Some very good reproductions there and I but I was mainly surprised at the price of the paintings, about twice to four times the size of the prints. Not like a couple of these prints for my flat, when I get it. Also had another look in at the National Gallery. Also went to a very interesting exhibition of furniture at Warwick & Filmer's, I fell greatly tempted to buy up a couple of old panelled rooms, complete with furniture & carpets. If I had the money, though, I think I'd have a lot of stuff made by good modern handicraftsmen. Just as good as the old, the Vite who makes the stuff gets the money, not some cow with a flash office or a title. We also knocked round & viewed a few London churches one day, St. Bartholomew the Great & so forth. But beyond all this my memory is a bit vague. I think I shall never cease.

with much love to you both, Jack