My dear Nanny,

Ah! la belle France encore une fois!
Qu'elle est magnifique! le pays de vin blanc, miange, bière et champagne! But, the side is rotten. I think, however. I had better answer your letter first. Some received with thanks, but also, I received theirs.

Well, well, I thank you are brave enough to travel round the country and stay with your daughters in the again, not to mention the Smith family. P.J.'s name is Patrick James Fogge—hence both the P.J. the foge. I always thought this seemed a bit overwrought by his eloquence, that a very charming lady—of course she has come to the point of marrying Jane to you. Is lending you Catholic books support for that she's just all right. I found considerable over the years of foge being terribly temperamental, unless that she means by that is that he changes his mind terribly often. Likewise over the strain of melancholy in his character. Still, no doubt the knows more about him than I do—always thought, or someone told me that his father was a German. His mother Irish. Still your hear all sorts of peculiar stories about a cause of the plan's temperament P.J. As long as he takes Hennie and regularly in the car. I suppose he will be all right. I always thought a lot of him myself. — Glad to hear
Father Johnson is coming along all right - the world can ill afford to lose the services of one of its leading persons, either in scholarship or in eloquence. - What? this? Perhaps you associate withDick? the girl who lives out at the mill? will he have to go through another apprenticeship? - a bit stiff, if so. Still, if it keeps him out of marriage it won't be so bad. That's the worst side of the life of people like Sandy & Tony - they are whisked off in spite of themselves. Very gratifying about Peggy Ring - I believe I did meet your uncle George Hole once or twice, didn't I much? A terribly married habit you seem to have of listening in to church services on your wireless, although I suppose that if you started off during the sermon it possibly is not so bad. But then how do you know when to come back for the last hymn & benediction? I suppose your persons vary a good deal - not like when I used to go down to the times in old George Ernest Hole's time - I knew exactly how much time I had in those days.

There is so much to comment on in Daddy's letter. I know not where to start. Very comforting it must have been to him to realise that if it takes enough interest in me to inquire after me - much more so to learn that I should get my doctor's degree all right. It is when you get a word of praise from a leader of thought like the one that you really do blush with pleasure to realise how privileged you are to live in the same world. Sorry hat...
Daddy has been entertaining doubts of my pulling it off, but now his mind will be completely at ease. Roy wasn't at Schlesfield's meeting; he should have liked to have got up & sneaked him up over his 'autism' that history is a science & not an art - how a bloke of his age can argue such a point beats me - I dare say because he is not an historian. It makes me tick. However, just forbid that I should limit the feelings of a parliamentary librarian.

I merely remark that the controversy died about twenty years ago, except among undergraduates & professors. Daddy will be justified to learn that in the main I agree with him. See e.g. Hanley, Recollections of a Historian. A great pity there wasn't someone to say Schlesfield, though. 

Peter seems to have pulled on his feel pretty well in N-Z; he never could understand how anyone could like Canterbury. I believe it has been a mental blow to him that tobin Richardson doesn't want to go back, so did not apply for a job at the Agricultural College. - I am interested to see you have had enormous life. I have read a good many reviews of it; I refuse however to bite at the remark that he was an 'imperialist', therefore would not appeal to me - I will not even reply in nearly kinds, in la Newton, that burn an historian. - The University (U-N-Z) seems to get harder & harder in their mode of conferring degrees - apparently the minor reforms haven't been able to affect the mentality of
As for the Congressionary Ceremony, the names enough to damn it. It was pleased to see, however, that the Duke of Bedford &c. were invited, even at 4.

As for what I have been doing for the last fortnight, I am rather vague. I organised a small party to go to see a play in the Guildhall, which has been much praised. It turned out to be a thoroughly feeble thing, whose only redeeming point practically would have been its - it was agreeable, with an understanding acting as well as he could get - a terrible washout, more especially as I could not have gone any time during six weeks.

Last Saturday however saw justice, according to 1st. Thackeray not well done, but being a play that is acting proof, always able to fill up its affect. Certainly playwright can write. There are only two more of his plays revived, so I hope to see them both when they come back. Even with a rotten thing in the theatre in one hand you can still see stuff like this off a run. Russian Ballet also have been again, including an extremely poor new thing of Cherin's, Apollo these fetes missed the things I really wanted to see, for one reason or another. There been turned my attention more to galleries lately, for the benefit of my younger friends, also for my own. I must also tell you one start-up piece of news which will either make you up against you to sleep properly - I have bought no fewer than two
new suits. I went down to Hanbro's sale & couldn't see one that would do for general utility, all day & evening wear, so after much hesitation & consultation with the man I got two, one a very dark brown, the other a lighter brown, pattern of which I enclose. I reckon I am well equipped for about five years now, come what may. The case said I would get tired of the suits before they wore out on me, but he didn't know me. They had both to be cleaned so as to permit of my wearing my brown shoes. £2.5 this debranch cost me, I'm lucky I am, that I did not have in W.2. where it would have been about twice as much. I enclose the receipt, so that you can see that there is absolutely no deception. After doing this fell deal I had to go to the Tate, to look at the modern French pictures, so as to read my mind. A terrible day.

We decided to come over to Brittany for a start to our holiday tour. There was some talk of Bill Jolliff's coming, but he couldn't get away till August, so none of the coxes, Etc. could come at this time. So as Elaine Kathleen wished to delay no longer I agreed to act as sole escort, expecting to pick up someone or other in Paris to help steer through the pitfalls of that great city. I was to go to Paris at midday & then through various places in Normandy to Reims, thence to Paris, thence to Cherkes & thence, if there is any cash left, we may go to
Bungal for a bit. And we have no fixed plans, so I should like to see a bit more of Britain also. We left home with Mormore on Monday, after a hectic Sunday & Sunday morning's packing in my part, leaving some notice for them; but as the head for St. Helen's left on Tuesday, later the journey at Winchester for St. Mary's Cathedral to the things. A very pretty little town it is too - the High Street full of bow windows, or rather it was once; now they are coming down pretty rapidly, the girl in a photograph shop told me as the chain stores go up. There is also some pretty old Victorian Gothic, but the place as a whole is charming. I am coming to believe what a man said in a book I have been reading - 'For Sad Man in Architecture - that the 18th
to early 19th century was the golden age of building in England. I tell you, of my pilgrimages to Jesus towns, the house is charming too, with a bow window. Cathedral very fine, College ditto. The old Cold Castle, where they used to have the parliament England, not bad - King Arthur's Round Table hung up there, as large as life - hills round the town quite hillside - everything looks nice indeed. I should like to cycle all round these cathedral cities one of these days; but I hope I shall never have to live in one. Wool shops in the chief pursuit of Winchester - the antique industry seems now to have taken their place. From
The road for St. Helen's left for Southampton.
but the train came straight in to the docks, there was no time to see more of the town. I must buy down there some day, however, have a good look round; it felt quite an agreeable thrill from being for a whole up hours in Hampshire, the land of one branch of my ancestors. It was a very smooth passage across, the Southern Railway are quite kind to you - they own the boats - hot water for shampoo & nice little separate towels. Sadly stop at breakfast however, in the middle of eggs, but one must take these things as they come. You join on the swamps what you lose on the round about - got bed & breakfast at Winchester for £4, if we are getting it here for £7 the three of us! It's slower here than in Paris though. He came to dinner through reading a wonderful description of it in a guide book, not so infected with tourists as all those wonderful old houses & all the rest of it; but so far we haven't seen much beyond a mediocre modern square street. But the surroundings are very pretty - hills of almost bush; a beautiful river, the Thames, up which we came from St. Malo, so we learnt that we looked in the wrong place yesterday for the wonders. So perhaps this afternoon will prove more profitable. Yesterday afternoon as a matter of fact I spent not yesterday night in sleep in a paddock, afterwards had a battle in the river. The
weather is glorious; even in England it had been almost just once for about a week. Wonderful what the country can do when it tries. The British were even better, as you will admit. The food here also is excellent, though a good meal costs as much as 10 francs, namely 1/3, but compare with the what you got for 1/8 in Angleterre. In Manchester it was pure rotton, apart from the rooms. But here you get soup, broths, vegetables, omelettes, antipastos, salad, roast beef, cheese, etc., etc., all thrown in. My word, the cheese is all right too - Petit Lait, a white soft cheese something like cream cheese, which you eat with sugar. I do think the N. E. farmers might turn their attention to producing something a bit more attractive in the way of cheese than the tack that you buy as best Empire cheese over here. The Canadian stuff is far more toothsome, though of course more expensive.

Well, this letter is something of a mishmash, there is not much of it, but I must knock off now, as I seem to have exhausted myself. I go out to see something preparatory to moving on. Perhaps the long series of commands and complimentary phrases I do not turn out my best piece on holiday, so believe me, with much love, yours very truly,

Jack
Barkers
Kensington

Telephone
WESTERN
5432
(100 lines)

Name

Permanent
address

Asst. No. 326
Date 57/1/28

126 L 37.0
Lucy 6126

126 L 37.11
5726

£12 50

Exd. by 35059 36

Goods to be sent to
PLEASURABLE SHOPPING

VISITORS to Barkers have at their disposal a delightful suite of rooms for recreation and refreshment.

THE Restaurant (3rd floor, with a special service of lifts from the Grand Central Entrance and Marketplace) is a most attractive apartment, noble in its proportions and elegantly appointed.


Adjoining the Restaurant are the Ladies' Rest-room and the Gentlemen's Lounge and Smoke-room.

THE beautiful Terrace Tea Gardens for afternoon tea and light refreshments are on the same floor.

Orchestra daily, 12 to 6.

NEW SODA FOUNTAIN SALON IN THE BASEMENT, WITH THE LATEST AMERICAN SPECIALITIES.

Orchestra daily, 12 to 6.

John Barker and Compy.
Ltd.
KENSINGTON,
W.8.