My dear Hunny,

If you ask for the explanation of my writing to you at this peculiar hour, which has rightly surprised you, it almost surprises me as I write (for the light is just beginning to come into the room again, & by the tinge of that untroubled clean expense, a somewhat unreal phantasmal blue, I may get a fine day for my return to England — my soul!) I almost feel as if I were just arriving myself, to stand on the upper deck (the actual deck with Duncan & the first other busking looking at the stars & the midnight lights on shore) — if you receive your breath I ask you this, I say, I will tell you.

For the Ploughing gets in at the ungodly hour of 7 in the morning, (failing gap or striking a rock coming up the Thames) & the special train leaves Hammersmith at 8:15, which is just about the time I am generally doing my exercises & inspecting the peculiar lines of my abdominal muscles in the glass; & the only train that leaves London at such an unreasonably late hour as to be at once possible & surprising, the impression that I have come to meet him leaves Hammersmith Street at 7:30; & Hammersmith it is a long way away, so I sat to myself at about 11 o'clock (last night) well, how am I to do it? And the only answer I could think of was stay up all night. Which I accordingly did; & furthermore, by writing solidly from about 8 pm to 5 45 am.
finished the chapter I was working on. Counting up, I see I have done 15 loose pages since I started this—yesterday—morning—a record, by gum!—my usual outside only total being 5. Reckoning 400 words to the page, quite a moderate allowance, which gives scope for crossings-out, corrections & lines thrown up in dis-just & completely changed; we have thus the amazing total of five thousand two hundred words. I have done the same over & over so it must be right. Or should it be fifty-two thousand? I don't know—let Daddy do it for you. And here I am, still writing feverishly on, in grave danger of missing the train because I can't stop. This is easier work though, I don't have to stop every line or two & put a *, which refers you to the opposite page where you see what you see. Now it is just much darker & the sky is almost white, & there's a perfect blue mist in the square; one that must have been there every morning for the last week (when I've been awake to see it before ducking under again) & as the leaves are beginning to fall almost as thick as in Vollenhoven, I'm afraid autumn is with us again.

Also my feet are cold, & about 4 past 4 I had to put on my dressing-gown so we shall soon be all for it again. I'd just have a hot bath now, only it would make the unfortunate brutes a foot away from the bath-room, who am I to punish them? Well, I really am glad to finish that chapter; that was my last one of analysis & description, so now I've only got to go back to the West Indies, a place where I can pretty well left to the end; & write up my conclusions in a nice...
flippant way to balance the introduction, to nurse, tell a bit here and a bit there, to perhaps take and a bit somewhere else, to get the things typed, to make an index, to gather a bibliography, and we're done! And glad we shall be to have it off our hands, also a bit sorry not to have it to tinker around with in spare moments when not at the piano, or discussing the respective merits of fugues and octaves, as I was doing with a came or in a bookshop this afternoon, or just ambushing round looking finally at things.

The question now is whether to have a shave before going for that train; but there won't be enough light in the bathroom, & there isn't enough room in my room to shave now that it's chopped in half —I'm not like Auntie Win, I don't like shaving soapy water over the books — still, I shall look pretty rough by the time the special train gets back to London, because it's sure to be late. A good Fiona Law trip it is too — about an hour up there & 6 hours back through the worst part of southern England from some near London & the way, so worse waitings, if possible, for the rest. Still, if I hadn't been such a mopy I would have gone to bed, got up at my usual time, had a good breakfast, walked five minutes to St. Pancras to meet him. But no man say henceforth that I don't love my brothers — what a blasted nuisance they are though. And here it's 25 to 7, & almost light enough for a shave, or even to eat an apple. No use changing my collar though; why waste a clean collar on the tithing train. For will be storms away a good 1st class breakfast too — if paper, fruit & fish & an omelette & grilled kidneys & tomatoes & toast &
marmalade & coffee & saying Well, so lump Steward! & trying to look casual as he gives him a quiet. Or may be it is the lot; I forget which - probably a quiet with Em. Well, I had better dash off & do something. Damn Fincham & Co! Then goes the milk-cart.

7 minute. 4 p.m. Well, of course, the infirmal ship was held up by fog & I had to walk all the way from Tilbury Docks to Tilbury Pier. I stand around there for a couple of hours while the customs officers went on board & they played around with a ladder & so forth. Something fierce; the price of those little railway-journeys to & fro. 1/5 one way & 2/6 the other way, it cost me, it was a blooming cold morning by the river. However he looks healthy enough, though wearing a very low cap that appears even.

And I done say he'll tell you all about himself, so why should I worry. I may be my brother's keeper, but I am not his reporter. I have got him packed here, in 31, for a day & a half, while he looks round for a room & generally puts his things; have taken him down to the Food Reform Restaurant, so you may rest in peace. The girls got back today too from visiting various annals in various countries, so it is quite the happy re-union. Now I find that my young pupil Sprinkle is turning up at St. Pancras at 6 p.m. - so there is another expedition for me - better this time though. Think the love. I finished my chapter; that's what I say. I can take the work off with a clear conscience now.

For your letter & enclosures & thank you. I am glad
to learn of their saying something sensible for once in his life - as for the other abysmal idiots, well, I am afraid it's no use saying even half help them, because I am sure he wouldn't leave Mother alone. They gave me the pip. Anything'll do for us, as long as it's some person. I may say that the forwarding. Wiston College Old Boys' Association, Seaford, is no longer appreciated - give them to one of my nieces for end-papers. This reminds me that I was told me this morning that according to Ronnie, there is to be no Board School for Betty, nothing less than that. Now I say give the kid a fair chance for a start anywhere. I send her to the Blue Babies for a week or so. That was the stern school I passed through, not alone the child's fate; I well do I remember playing firemen in the old playground, being told by a teacher that you mustn't swallow cotton because once a lady died and she had swallowed cotton. They found that it was all wound round and round her heart. Well to do I remember the hypnotic swing of twice one is two, twice two is four, twice the sternman keen, twice eleven is twenty-two, twice twelve is twenty-four! All sit back with glee of self-conscious satisfaction, a hard job well done. Well, that's what Betty wants. And then probably she will spit at a little boy & he will smack her face for her, & Ronnie will have to write to the headmistress about it - no longer alone! This Watson. Well, I seem to have got somewhat off the track, so I will stand again.

Thank you for your letter; sorry about the Seamanship, but
I never done it. You will by now know what I have done with the two gentu mugs, very cheap, and all the rest of the junk. The mugs I am gradually polishing up a bit - I like a dull gleam better than that kind. As for your sister's two green mugs, they are evidently not much good to you, certainly not to me. So I think she might just add a candle to her will, bequeathing them to me. As for the books, I am prepared to take charge practically immediately. Thanks for sending over the books – they'll be something else to curl around with me. Yes Mr. H.全力 in the U.S. is my case - the books was well-received, I see. I thought he might give me one, but he didn't. -

I hope your minds are now at rest about the degree. Hope to have the following thesis finished off next in a couple of months. I started in either in December or at the beginning of the 2nd term. There is some good stuff in it here or there. I'm sorry. Newman's eye has been playing up, but it is quite restored by now, I think. I chuckled over the doctor. Sorry also that the tooth has fallen in love with a stewardess; still I read a long time ago that men were naturally polygamous, so it doesn't surprise me. Probably the Fannie good, make her pull herself together a little more permanent.

wonderful what a bit of jealousy will do to a girl's looks.
And yet if it came to open rupture, so sad for the child! In the absence of agreement between the parents, suppose custody would be made over by judicial order to Auntie. - Stiff
about Stephen. Why don't they put his Darnell St scheme into operation. The opera company doesn't attract me. The prospects you send would alone make me run ten miles to get away from it, if it were a tolerant bloke as you know.

There's not much to report beyond work to a garf Mann. Aren't sold any strings of childhood yet; I am going to put it up to auction. I had a nap to taste a bead of it, the asked one shop if they had a copy, if so what they wanted paid. £5 6s.

Then adjourned to a different shop, rang up the first to say he had a copy, still, what would they give him? - A good copy? - Yes. - £2 10. - Thank you. I think I'll put a reserve of £40 on it. I hope the boom will still be booming.

I had a long nap with taste. The other day, as a matter of fact, he repeated that he thought Capt. H. was good stuff. He also gave me back a word. He said, said Deplorable, that's damn good and I consider you've got real brains. This from the greatest man in the world! He also spoke to Chapman of the O.U.P. about it, who said, yes, they'd publish it all right, but I heard from another source that the bloke who really manages the business in America, the assistant sec. of

A.N.C. Inc this way: so in my case there's hope. I went to stay over here long enough to see it through the press agents. Little (name) told me some interesting stories too. We both agreed that the O.U.P. business of the academic profession was one of the worst most contemptible close corporations in England. If I ever come back to N.C. it will be to be handled.
myself upon, not 7 P. (They all registered astonishment)
Nothing doing in the way of jobs yet, though there may be
some movement in Manchester. But who wants to go to Man-
chester? I think I told you that the Southampton job
had been settled long ago? — I got a note from Edith
B. day the other day — $25 Capt 8. cost me — $15 for
extra copies & $10 for dedication to author's corrections, typeset
proofs. They got you not many, these printers. Well, I only
hope the return in notoriety will make it worth while. They
said he sent review copies to a lot of papers in or I'm suggested
also copies to booksellers, so you might make up what-
comes, Daddy, get a special exhibition piece in one of
their side-windows, with an enlarged photo of me as central
piece. Nothing like publicity. They only cost me 10/- each
and, so you can get from Joseph, Keath & Co. off at 2/-; feel
frustrated that I should waste the cash from the funds of their wives
& children. I sent Peter Harris one, you know — use it as
a fiver to get an afternoon tea.

Yes, my pains! another reason why I had to work all
last night was that I spent the whole Bloomsbury afternoon
looking for a birthday present for Daddy. I meant to mention
this in my last, but I forgot. As a matter of fact, I have
been looking for it for about 3 months now, and believe
me or believe me not, it seems impossible to find in
London a book that is at once reasonably cheap and will
do for him. Finally, after examining the Cambridge U. Press,
Influences: A huge joint, & several other joints, I gave it up for the day
and to Bridges' latest essay just by way of something to go on
with. I am now looking for a decent copy of Erasmus' Colloquies
for you Daddy, so keep on hoping. I've got two myself, but
they're not up to much. The probability is, of course, that if I
get a really good one I shall keep it or send you one of the deeds.
Anyway while rummaging around one joint I saw a very good 7½
Clarendon 3 lots at £10 a lot. Those seem to go for a
lot less in proportion to their size than anything else & I am
giving quite a battle for them - you seem to get a lot for your money.
The man said he would let me have the 6 lots for 50/-, so I
am seriously considering it. Erasmus times they are though,
it weighs about 3½ lb each. Still if I go back to W. I shall
take them & I shall be saving some day. Very handy for pressing
headers, posts, straightening out kinks in children's heads &c. 50
lots, I think I'll do it. When I settle down I shall
want a row of posts on the bottom shelf all round the room.
I'll have to pinch a brass staple from a church to read
them on though. Yes, I think it would be a sin to let
them go at that price. I could have a lot of gum pasting
up the covers with Holme's Cream 25/ - it would do for
a change from cleaning the gutter.
I saw Newcomb's Ellis in the B.I. the other day,
At least I was sure to do it was him. I nearly fell at his
feet & cried, 'Plastic! Plastic!'
I suppose a folio Matthew's 'Print wouldn't be any good.
To you, Daddy? I prefer my pete, smaller myself. — Did I have Bertrand Russell's "Sceptical Essays" last time I wrote? Some good stuff in them. That case has a considerable sense of humor, though you might fail to like it as a whole. — I was almost forgetting to say that I am having my lecture published in Econocia, the daily journal of the C.S.E., in November. I'll send you a copy. I must devise it a bit first, though. I wish I had a year to sit back in and rewrite my whole in permanent traits and make a book of it.

I am also having a bit more published in some new Cambridge way that is coming out next month, with a的速度 by the one who dragged me in to it. I cannot start thinking about my next Xmas card, if any, for a long time. Some thing else must have happened in the last fortnight; but I can't think of it. Time seems rather blurred these days, with only two chapters to go. No. Strange! Not another. Blooming thing can I think of, really 10 pages at that. When Auntie has had me over some cocoa and ice, though I have not yet seen it—please pass her hearty preliminary thanks. There are also vague rumors of cakes and biscuits, but until something more definite emerges I cannot attempt to express praise or blame. So I had better finish off, wishing sending both? your much love, as much for other people's good for them.

Jude

P.S. Special mention for Auntie & Auntie Win. I hope they still refrain from rowing — i.e. quarrelling.