TELEGRAPHIC ALDRESS.
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WHITE HALLS

VISITORS ROOM,
9, WATERLOO PLACE,
PALL MALL, S. W. 1.

June 8/36.

You nice letter aniver This morning Knew you women undershaw and Egopa. Mise about the book . It' hot going very luce. I have fine chapters written out of Its Begin but I fee the thing is a his wagne Ishall have to do a lotof re. Shapaig and do not believe I Can possiver fet it done for July. 1st. You see, Darling, I just haven to The OCE

capacity to work long homes at a shetch. Really I shoned only work in the hornings and play in the afunous. go off in Babette and lie or a hielside and listing to the waterfalls falling and the bumblelues bugging + perhaps fint a hir wire a nice man. I have been brying to work are day + it first wn. + do. so I have deader to ask the publisher for another month. If he won't allow it, were I, in sony but I made up my mins to - day

Shat Não mere hão Margo I wasn. L Going to do. (1) make mysup sich " one it (2) pur our a hoose I dedu. I Thunk good enough. and I shall tel him so + he can do What he lies about it. Wow, I feel better already. Just to till you about

I am Sending on your two articles or the petition to the Commatee here. I longher they woned

like to know about it. I am apaid to have you sent It Biron, Deaust, because I don. t Tur about the English law. Want till I have more leis me then I . Il make enguines here. hier to feel you dear & hupper sympathy - that is a very won duple thing. a luce wine of lasses how This word hup, hi, but I get hem Wen Horongh The Cold paper, + the land brai featin that comes from Its rest in I Caz. What a menay to have, The manullons to have done a Thing like that . It means sme Thing for clerning Smewhen.

I have just got to low some members of a group who are working for betterment here. Such a pice man, who is the editor of an "animals Welfare" paper, but a complete Cripopole. He has a good Fack + he wants me to do I'me withing for him or to speak at a conference on Neat parks - hils hipe conservation in Canada. But he is interested in the social movement, too. If you wire lear me To date of that Ishaet pm The Bankers mag. I will get him to probeish it widely ones here.

J. le lay for The ang. Cath. pampshless-+ other things you wention. Can sending yn bemon Baitett. s new magazine The world Review of Reviews. It gues a good resume' of The International Schialin from To eyer of other halins who don't regard Englans with quite the logic approval she accords herselp. You last bridget of Columns " was very hot Shiff. Smetures I am almost apais smo-body will knock you on the hear or

run you into jail. You are absolutely fearless. but I suppose you know how to cucumvent the Libel Law. R.B.B. Honer enjoy stacking a luie kuige into ym. I am some. But its Snippy splendis, darling, to see how busy + hoeful you are. It is a big responsibilityto, just now, shaping public opinion. as you say, a great deal of the lest Thought ones here is moving to socialism. I am tols oscind is strongly socialistic + so secretly is the thing. Someone who is very well informed lies he he didn't want It com at all but was only persuaded to take it because he was made to see he comes Mally do have as king Than any other way. But he complained it was not a han. s job. (This isn. t for publication) but it man be time, or if so, it's good. Yes. I saw after I wrote you, that 4m hav Changer the Burglang play

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Here is a nice line bit about the King for Mat live play you spotte of. anh. P. hers Ite story in Its last trashis mag. He saw he took him throng to The uneuplaged wear, anow + to Clyde, before To last electron + What to King saw about to honoring conditions was about too Shong to truit. One Conservature organizer remarked. " Every time Mat-fellow opens his month he loses us 100,000 votes. In a few weeks the King (then p. of tr.) wanted to make author hips to the hoste. Influence was brought to bear to dissuade him but he word go. So the powers decided to ment lost Thing word he to keep the visit as quiet as possible. Not let The press Know. However the P. o. h. Leans of this + he deliberately gave To

bush as much publicity as possible + per-Smally anauged that all the fores were showed he here to take down every thing he Saw about The conditions. It is a new era when a recoming Sovereign refuses not only a ponvale hain but even a private Coach + havels dom to Landring Lam in a 1st class cancage (reserve) Canying his own dispatch case. Looks a lit wear to plato's philosopher King all This for Churchar by the fine , dearth . While we are warming up ". The how to slip into such + relase + he back + look at the fire logether. It when well-lat. Ah! those pine Knot free. What a lonely thing they were in Remselves. One Comer write a pole about Pine - Kusts.

The lonely line Gacklings + whip - Inappings & the waderful architecture of the fearnes. What a lot of Things we had. Do you have wood pres in B.C. or beach - pres. I coned hunaquie to breel of red cedas logs burning. and a her of boughts in a line tent rear It sea. Sont of Icaz. are right long. Smell of pines, murmur of sea added. In Dearsh do you know That it is 15 years This Summer Suce Kaz. It was a sort of Great Dwede moment warn, t it, or was it for you. too. Like alice trespell. I ersag on Jourg Dom to Italy. For a time are to rivers are hung north. Hen one Corses the height of land and all the waters begin to run south, lowards warmth + light + flowers. In coned make a polen but of that.

I can fee how your white siek shirt feer yet. The sule so cool, with the trans flow undereath * you heart beating harder & harder. I didnit Know what that weamt then. It goes to Emember that we country most of the Lappor Aments. That we didn't let many blips. That must be the bituest regret of ago "The higher have beens" the squee on levele orange famely dry of price each twing but there was always just as much rest time. Rasher manuellors des worls, wonder of life Keeps angiting like that hedden for to after we are done wit it. I can always unaquie so much more than is prosince. by I can't quite fear round to R. B. s " all we have willed, or dreamed or hoped of land shall esuist." Oh love. Dear love. why aren. I you have this mount to love me up t have me laugh. Per-

<u>Transcription / Additional Information</u>

[Letterhead]
Telegraphic Address
Elagamont, London
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Telephone No.
Whitehall 3081

Visitors Room, 9, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

June 8/36.

Dearest

Your nice letter arrived this morning. I knew you would understand and sympathise about the book. It's not going very well. I have five chapters written out of the eight but I feel the thing is a bit vague. I shall have to do a lot of re-shaping and as not believe I can possibly get it done for July 1st. You see, darling, I just haven't the old

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capacity to work long hours at a stretch. Really I should only work in the mornings and play in the afternoons. Go off in Baberts and lie on a hillside and listen to the waterfalls falling and the bumblebees buzzing & perhaps flirt a bit with a nice man. — I have been trying to work all day & it just won't do. So I have decided to ask the publisher for another month. If he won't allow it, well I'm sorry but I made up my mind to-day

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that there were two things I wasn't going to do. (1) make myself sick over it (2) put out a book I didn't think good enough and I shall tell him so & he can do what he likes about it. Wow! I feel better already. Just to tell you about it.

I am sending on your two articles & the petition to the Committee here. I thought they would

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like to know about it.

I am afraid to have you send the Biron, Dearest, because I don't know about the English law. Wait till I have more leisure then I'll make enquiries here.

Nice to feel your dear & helpful sympathy – that is a very wonderful thing. A little 'wind of kisses' now & then would help, too, but I get them even through the cold paper, & the little bird's feather that comes from the nest in Kaz. What a memory to have. It's marvelous to have done a thing like that. It means something for <u>eternity</u>, somewhere. [Pen]

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I have just got to know some members of a group who are working for betterment here. Such a nice man, who is the editor of an "Animals Welfare" paper, but a complete cripple. We had a good talk & he wants me to do some writing for him & to speak at a conference on Nat'l Parks - wild life conservation in Canada. But he is interested in the social movement too. If you will send me the date of that extract from the Bankers Mag. I will get him to publish it widely over here. I'll write for the Ang. Cath. Pamphlets & other things you mention. Am sending you Vernon Bartlett's new magazine The World Review of Reviews. It gives a good resumé of the international situation from the eyes of the other nations who don't regard England with quite the lofty approval she accords herself.

Your last budget of "columns" was very hot stuff. Sometimes I am almost afraid somebody will knock you on the head or

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run you into jail. You are absolutely fearless but I suppose you know how to circumvent the Libel Law. R.B.B. would enjoy sticking a little knife into you. I am sure. But it's simply splendid, darling, to see how busy & useful you are. It's a big responsibility too, just now, shaping public opinion.

As you say, a great deal of the best thought over here is moving to socialism. I am told Oxford is strongly socialistic & so secretly is the King. Someone who is very well informed told me he didn't want the crown at all but was only persuaded to take it because he was made to see he could really do more as king than any other way. But he complained it wasn't a man's job. (This isn't for publication) but it may be true, & if so, it's good.

Yes, I saw after I wrote you, that you had changed the Burglary play

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but the whole thing is coming more & more unstuck every day.

Here is a nice little bit about the king for that little play you spoke of. An M.P. tells the story in the last Nash's Mag. He said he took him through the unemployed areas [lanon] & the Clyde, before the last election & what the king said about the housing conditions was almost too strong to print. One Conservative organizer remarked, "Every time that fellow opens his mouth he loses us 100,000 votes." In a few weeks the king (then P. of W.) wanted to make another trip to the north. Influence was brought to bear to dissuade him but he would go. So the powers decided the next best thing would be to keep the visit as quiet as possible. Not let the press know. However the P. of W. heard of this & he deliberately gave the

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visit as much publicity as possible & personally arranged that all the press men should be there to take down everything he said about the conditions.

It's a new era when a reigning sovereign refuses not only a private train but even a private coach & travels down to Sandringham in a 1st class carriage (reserved) carrying his own dispatch case. Looks a bit nearer to Plato's philosopher king.

All this for chit-chat by the fire, dearest. While we are "warming up." Time now to slip into silk & relax & lie back & look at the fire together. The world well-lost. Ah! Those pine knot fires! What a lovely thing they were in themselves. One could write a poem about pine-knots.

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The lovely little cracklings & whip snappings & the wonderful architecture of the flames. What a lot of things we had. Do you have wood fires in B.C. or beach-fires. I could imagine the smell of red cedar logs burning and a bed of boughs in a little tent near the sea. Sort of Kaz. all night long. Smell of pines, murmur of sea added. My dearest do you know that it is 15 years this summer since Kaz. It was a sort of Great Divide moreover wasn't it, or was it for you too. Like Alice Meynell's essay on going down to Italy. For a time all the rivers are running north. Then one crosses the height of land and all the waters began to run south, towards warmth & light and flowers. You could make a poem out of that.

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I can feel how your white silk shirt felt yet. The silk so cool, with the warm flow underneath & your heart beating harder & harder. I didn't know what that meant then. It's good to remember that we counted most of the happy moments. That we didn't let many slip. That must be the bitterest regret of all "the might have beens." We squeezed our little orange family dry of juice each time but there was always just as much next time.

Rather marvellous old world, wonder if life keeps anything like that hidden for us after we are done with it. I can always imagine so much more than is possible but I can't quite get around to R.B.'s [[Browning's]] "all we have willed, or dreamed or hoped of good shall exist." Can you?

Oh love, dear love, why aren't you here this moment to hold me up & make me laugh.

[Pen]