

Nov 19
1931

14, St. John's Wood Court, St. John's Wood,
London, N.W. 8. 19/11/31

Dear Stanley.

We have now a permanent home in London, a small furnished flat, just a penny bus ride from Oxford St. It is a comical Victorian place with family portraits (in oils) in the dining room and inlaid furniture in the living room. Three beautiful old pieces that you would love. The chintz-covered chairs look imposing but date back to the days before Springs so that they are not luxurious. But there is some nice old silver & some remarkable old china, Rockingham & Spode, in the enormous china cabinet. The place is "centrally heated" that means kept at about 60 to 65 by hot-

water and the English think it is almost stifling hot.

We, with our decadent Colonial taste, prefer it a little warmer very often & then we turn on the electric fireplaces, of which there are several. One of the best features is the kitchen.

Meals are prepared just as in a restaurant but sent down the lift & served in your own apartment. Breakfast

costs about 1s. or 1¹/₆ if you are very carnivorous,

luncheon (4 courses) 2¹/₆ & dinner 3¹/₆. The cooking is

excellent & everything is sent down with warmed plates &

in covered silver dishes ready to put on the table. After the

meal is over you put the dishes back on the lift &

only have to wash up the knives, forks & spoons.

It's quite an ideal way. We usually take one

meal a day & they send us such large portions

that if we order 2 we have almost enough left for another meal. Now we order one meal but omit one course either meat or fish + double up on the other. There is always enough soup + dessert for 2. So you see it's a regular bargain counter. They serve delicious chicken, turkey, pheasant, sweethearts, etc. A little unimaginative about desserts as English cooks always are, but they come out strong on milk puddings. It's giving us quite an insight into English ways of living because we have to shop + deal with tradesmen + so meet all sorts of queer people. Yesterday the dirtiest small boy I have ever seen, with a very large focus upon his nose + when I opened it he announced himself as "Allshow". Seeing I was in a fog he repeated it - "Allshow". Bagley.

The first testis are the very active & live ended up with a pang is. Conscience.

Then the maid in the hall came to the rescue. "Keshawp Baglep, Edgware Road". This still didn't seem very clear so the maid explained. "Vim, paraffin, soap & dipsos." Then I tumbled to it that he was taking orders for cleaning goods. Evidently sold by one special shop. So we ordered some good old Sunlight- soap & gave the kiddie a penny which I hope he was to buy some Lifebuoy with. He was a poor advertisement of their wares though intellectually quite bright & shiny.

Our landlady is a cousin of Sir Maurice Anderson, the king's physician, or one of them. When she heard I had arthritis she said "Oh, but you must have that seen to at once, now I'll write to my ~~brother~~ cousin & ask him who would be the best man to consult." We supposed she would forget all about it but two days later appeared a note from Sir Maurice kindly recommending some Mr. Seth, a specialist in neuritis. Which he said his cousin said we had. Very English, both ways.

We have been here less than two weeks but already

Specialist's
with 3 + 4
quinars.

~~Do you know a ~~boy~~ ~~boy~~ or man who
has done a lot + met a number of people. We had tea
on Mon. with Mrs. Raymond - Lillis, a Canadian. I think
she was one of the Cassells. Met a Mrs. Bethune, who is a
niece of Lady Ross, Toronto, a Lady Kirkpatrick (husband
Indian general) + Mrs. Kirchhoffer whom we knew in Ottawa.
She is 86. + as bright as a dollar. At 83 she climbed
to the top of St. Pauls with her grandson. right out on to the roof.
up the final ladder + all. She said that all the way up there
were signs: The Deane requests visitors not to write names
etc. But she felt her achievement deserved to be recorded~~

so well. Clara Kirchhoffer ^{aged 33} and Bob ~~aged 13~~ who is just thirteen
have climbed to the top and written their names
But they hope they won't be seen.

In ~~fact~~ although they aren't afraid of food.
They are certainly afraid of the Deane

Pretty bright wasn't it.

Mrs. Bethune has asked us to tea som. + to-day we go to
the Lyceum Club, the most famous women's Club as the
guest of Mary Macleod Home, the writer, + to-morrow to
the American Women's Club as guests of an American woman
You see how friendly + kind people are. Already we have

weather truly British. rain every day but not very heavy. a mile & Mrs. Hammett hasn't begun to look up her old friends.

London is certainly a wonderful place. New York is more exciting but you are ready to leave it in 4 or 5 days. London goes on & on. There is something new every day. He heard the Gresham lecture on Astronomy & are going to the Hibbert lectures next week. Heard a Stravinsky concert & opera & several plays. The list is inexhaustible. You must come some time prepared to stay & get into it. It is fun.

My hand seems slightly better but I have been rather worried about it. All the joints are affected, from the shoulder down, & are sometimes quite painful. But you see I can now write fairly well. I have hesitated to consult a Dr. because there are so many quacks & I thought you thought Time would probably cure it. I believe my liver isn't working very well & that may aggravate it. Have difficulty with fats & sugars.

MB Williams to [unreadable], 19 Nov 1931

Transcription / Additional Information

Nov 19 1931

14, St. John's Wood Court, St. John's Wood,
London, N.W.8. 19/11/31

Dear Stalky [MB's brother Ernie]

We have now a permanent home in London, a small furnished flat, just a penny bus ride from Oxford St. It's a comical Victorian place with family portraits (in oils) in the dining room and inlaid furniture in the living room. Three beautiful old pieces that you would love. The chintz-covered chairs look imposing but date back to the days before springs so that they are not luxurious. But there is some nice old silver & some remarkable old china, Rockingham & Spode, in the enormous china cabinet. The place is "centrally heated" that means kept at about 60 to 65 by hot

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[Written in the left margin, vertically]

The fruit lasted all the way across & we ended up with a party in Cornwall.

Then the maid in the hall came to the rescue "Keshamp" Bagleys. Edgewater Road." This still didn't seem very clear so the maid explained. "Vim, paraffin, soap & dipso." Then I tumbled to it that he was taking orders for cleaning goods. Evidently sold by one special shop so we ordered some good old sunlight soap & gave the kiddie a penny which I hope he uses to buy some Lifebuoy with. He was a poor advertisement of their wares though intellectually quite bright and shiny.

Our landlady is a cousin of Sir Maurice Anderson, the King's physician, or one of them. When she heard I had arthritis she said "Oh, but you must have that seen to at once. Now I'll write to my

cousin & ask him who would be the best man to consult." We supposed she would forget all about it but two days later appeared a note from Sir Maurice kindly recommending some Dr. Scott, a specialist in neuritis, which he said his cousin said we had. Very English, both ways.

We have been here less than two weeks but already

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[Written on the top margin]

Do you know a good book on anything that I could buy. specialists cost 3 & 4 guineas

have done a lot & met a number of people. We had tea on Mon. with Mrs. Raymond-Willis, a Canadian. I think she was one of the Cassells. Met a Mrs. Bethune, who is a niece of Lady [Moss], Toronto. A Lady Kirkpatrick (husband Indian general) & Mrs. Kirchhoffer whom we knew in Ottawa. She is 86 & as bright as a dollar. At 83 she climbed to the top of St. Pauls with her grandson right out on to the roof, up the final ladder & all. She said that all the way up there were signs: The Dean requests visitors not to write names etc. But she felt her achievement deserved to be recorded so wrote.

Clara Kirchhoffer aged 33 [sic] and Bob who is just thirteen

have climbed to the top and written their names

but they hope they won't be seen.

For although they aren't afraid of God

They are awfully afraid of the Dean

Pretty bright wasn't it.

Mrs. Bethune has asked us to tea soon & to-day we go to the Lyceum Club, the most famous Women's Club as the guest of Mary Macleod Moore, the writer, & to-morrow to the American Women's Club as guests of an American woman. You see how friendly & kind people are. Already we have

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[Written in left margin]

Weather truly British, rain every day but only about 50.^o Fog yesterday. Quite an experience. Love Fuzzy.

a circle & Mrs. Herridge hasn't begun to look up her old friends.

London is certainly a wonderful place. New York is more exciting but you are ready to leave it in 4 or 5 days. London goes on & on. There is something new every day. We heard the Gresham lecture on Astronomy & are going to the Hibbert Lectures next week. Heard a Stravinsky concert & opera & several plays. The list is inexhaustible. You must come some time prepared to stay & get into it. It is fun.

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