

2 Golden Court. } Golden Green. London.  
Brookstock Rd } N. W. 11. Oct. 18.

Dear Everybody.

The "Empress" is due to-night and I expect there will be letters from you to-morrow but I find that mine have to be posted to-night or early to-morrow to be sure of catching her on her return trip. The mail closes at the City P.O. to-morrow at 5 but as we are a good way out we have to allow an extra half-day. I am afraid she won't be making many more trips. Then we shall have to watch for the fast N. Y. boats. The Canadian lines are so slow.

Been having a very quiet week since our return from Norwich. Chiefly concerned with clothes. I bought one my old green coat (3 yrs) + am having it taken in a little + touched up. It will do very well to fill in. Blanche knows a woman who is a wholesale milliner. I think they rented rooms from her when they first came over - and she took us to several wholesales. I want to get a warm dress that will do to go out to lunch in. We went to one very swanky place where they

sell sports models from France and Switzerland. I saw  
one I liked in raisin color but as it was \$30<sup>00</sup> & didn't  
quite fit, I resisted. Blanche is still looking but I  
gave up. They have promised to report any "finds". &  
save me the faq.

Everyone here talking about the Disarmament  
situation and very interesting talks ones the Radio.  
There is a growing feeling that Germany is not to  
be trusted. That she is really preparing for war  
and glorifying war by propaganda all the time.  
France is undoubtedly uneasy and it may be  
with good cause. I expect she has led the  
British ministers to think it would be folly to  
give in to Germany's demands - because everyone  
says that until lately British sympathy with Germany  
had been growing and there was a strong feeling  
that she should be given more equality. Hitler,  
however, talks like a madman - the same  
kind of madness that led to war before,  
It's like giving a lunatic a gun to play with.

Yesterday we got ready to receive the marchioness of  
Aberdeen who wrote that she would be in town for the  
day & would like to see Mrs. H. if she comes find time.  
We didn't know whether that meant here or not  
but polished up a bit just in case. As it turned out  
she hadn't time and asked Mrs. H. to go to see  
her at her hotel in the evening. Mrs. H. said there  
was first a procession of people all day & that  
the old dear was nearly all in though bright &  
kind as ever. She was taking the midnight  
train for Scotland. Lady Pentland, her daugh-  
ter - who was with Lady Marjorie in Canada -  
asked us to tea for Saturday but Mrs. H. had  
another engagement so she said she would  
set another day. I think she is a very  
fine woman and she seems to know a lot  
of intellectual people & nice people regardless  
of rank. Don't think she has a great  
deal of money. She lives in Hampstead - quite near.

Wuffie and I are keeping house & he lies at my feet while I write. Has been hunting "walks" for some time but I told him we shoned soon be going to the P.O. Ring at the door bell - proved to be the dock man who was selling sausages. Seemed a strange combination. I inquired if it was a new one & he said no every week they had what they called a special "push-up" of some article & this week it were Sausages. Seems they always have 'em. However, I didn't respond to the push - not knowing what the cook's plans might be. The two unrepresibles off again to the

### Shops.

*Tony's Garden*  
Lonely weather, sun shining & quite warm. Roses & Michaelmas daisies & mums & dabbias in the gardens. Saw a house yesterday with the door almost covered with white roses. Leaves beginning to turn brown & fall off though, which shows winter is near. No Crumpets yet. They are the

### Sure Sign.

Hope Ruth's suit turned out a success. Tweeds everywhere here. Fr.'s coat would be quite in as for collars are not so much the vogue. How does the cooking get on?



**MB Williams to her family, Oct 1933**

**Transcription / Additional Information**

2 Golder's Court.  
Woodstock Rd  
Golder's Green. N.W.II. London.

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