Dear Everybody,

The "Empress" is due to-night and I expect they will be letters from you to-morrow but I find that mine have to be posted to-night or early to-morrow as the time of catching her on her return trip. She remains at the City P.O. to-morrow at 5 but as we are close at the City the Canadian lines are so slow.

I am afraid she won't be making many more trips. Then we shall have to watch for the fast N.Y. boats.

Been having a very quiet week since my return from Norwich. Chiefly concerned with clothes. I bought one of my old green coats (3 yrs) & am having it taken in a little & bunches 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 wholesalers. 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. Saw one I liked in raisin color but as it was $300 I didn’t quite fit. I resisted. Blanche is still looking but I gave up. They have promises to report any “fruits” to save me the fag.

Everyone here talking about the Disarmament Situation and very interesting talks ones on 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 suspect 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 has been growing and when was a strong feeling that she shoned be given more equality. Hitler, however, looks 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 breakfast. Mrs. Abercrombie who wrote that she would like to see Mrs. H. if she came this time, also wanted to see her. She didn't know whether that meant here or not. She didn't know whether that meant here or not.

As it turned out, she didn't have time and asked Mrs. H. to go to see her at her hotel in the evening. Mrs. H. said she was there at her hotel in the evening.

There was just a procession of people all day and that was just a procession of people all day and that was just a procession of people all day and that was just a procession of people all day.

The old dean was nearly all in. Though bright to the old dean was nearly all in. Though bright to the old dean was nearly all in. Though bright to the old dean was nearly all in.

Lady Pentland, her daughter, was in Scotland. Lady Pentland's daughter, Lady Balmorole in Canada. Lady Balmorole in Canada. Lady Balmorole in Canada. Lady Balmorole in Canada.


She was taking it midweek kind as ever. She was taking it midweek kind as ever. She was taking it midweek kind as ever.

I think she is a very fine woman and she seems to know a lot of intellectual people and nice people regardless of rank. Don't think she has a great deal of money. She lives in Hampstead - quite near.
and I am keeping house & he lies at my feet while I write. Has been hinting "walks" for some time, but I told him we should soon be going to the P.O. Ring at the door bell — proves to be the milkman who was selling sausages. Seems a strange combin who was selling sausages. Seems a strange combin —

I inquired if it was a new one & he said no, altho' it was a new one & he said he altho'. Every week they had what they called a special push-up. Seems some article & this week it was sausages. They always have 'em. However, I didn't respond. They always have 'em. However, I didn't respond. Saw a horse yesterday with the don almost covered with white roses. Leaves beginning to turn brown & fall off though. Which shows winter is near. So crumpets, yes. They are the sure sign.

Shops

Lovely weather, sun shining, quite warm.

Roses & Michaelmas daisies & mums & dahlias in the gardens. Saw a horse yesterday with the don almost covered with white roses. Leaves beginning to turn brown & fall off though. Which shows winter is near. So crumpets, yes. They are the sure sign.

Hope Ruth's suit turned out a success. Tweeds everywhere here. Dr. S' coat would be quite in as far clothes line not so much. The vogue. How does Dr. Cooking?
2 Golder’s Court.
Woodstock Rd
Golder’s Green, N.W.II. London.

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 or 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 brought over 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. Saw one I liked in raisin colour but as it was $30.00 & didn’t quite fit, I resisted. Blanche is still looking but I gave up. They have promised to report any “finds” & save me the fag.

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 could 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 just 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 daughter - who was little 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 hinting “walks” for some time but I told him we should soon be going to the P.O. Ring at the door bell! Proved to be the milkman 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 irrepressibles off again to the Shops.

Lovely weather, sun shining & quite warm. Roses & Michaelmas daisies & mums & dahlias 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 fur collars are not so much the vogue. How does the cooking get on?