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1117, Masselin Avenue,  
Los Angeles.

September 25/38.

Darling Mummy,

This letter should have been written from Mt. Wilson. Yesterday, however, as we read the news belatedly in camp, the European situation seemed so threatening that we both wanted to return here where the radio would bring us into direct contact with England, and where we could buy the latest editions of the papers. The same newspaper also told us that Mrs. Corbaley was dead, and this was another reason for hastening home at once. I'll come back to both these things later on, and meanwhile will tell you what has happened here since I wrote last.

It sounds impertinent as it is certainly difficult to write about personal happiness under the shadow of the events which are moving us all towards war. But in a previous letter you were kind enough to say how glad you were that we were out of it at least for a time; and with the knowledge that we never cease to think of you at home, you may be glad to hear about things at this end. Dinah was given a fine time in New York by a friend of her father's, and in Chicago by the niece of one of the readers. She arrived at 6.55 a.m. last Saturday week, and I was at Pasadena to meet her in the beautiful car which Charlie Greene had lent me for the occasion. There was a long round of visits the first day, and Dinah met all the readers together in a body, which might have unnerved a stouter heart than hers! However, she bore up very well indeed, and the readers all thought her perfectly delightful, as they have been telling me ever since. She was staying with the Parsons, who were extraordinarily kind in inviting us to meals and making things convenient for us in every way. But Mrs. Parsons gushed most terribly and talked about cooking all day long, which nearly drove Dinah to despair.

You will have gathered from cables that there was some confusion about the

day of our marriage. Owing to wrong information given by the Licence Bureau, I had changed the provisional date once or twice, through an attorney friend, Louis Lieber, who was procuring the judge to do it. Finally, Louis made a mistake himself and I hadn't the heart to get him to change the date again. And so we were married a day earlier than we had intended, which necessitated a great rush at the last moment. Dinah wore a delightful blue dress she had bought the day before in Westwood, and on Wednesday morning we both had breakfast at the Parsons and motored down in our old car to the City Hall. Though the judge was a Justice of the Superior Court, he was a man of only about 32 - one of the nastiest kinds of American public servant, who has reached his position by political manipulation. However, he was exceedingly affable and talked a lot about his recent tour in Europe with Rosalind Russell, the film star. In fact he made me feel as if I was marrying her rather than Dinah!

The rest of the day we spent settling into the apartment, which Dinah fortunately likes very much indeed. We finished all the unpacking and putting away, and this gave me my first real opportunity of appreciating the things which you and Francis have given me. The rug is a perfectly lovely one - the warmest thing on earth and yet so light as never to be in the way. When you add to that the delightful choice of colours, you will see how much I like it. And will you tell Francis that the new shaving brush is perfect bliss, and is so large that it seems to cover my face all at once. I have never shaved in such a sumptuous and luxurious manner in my life!

Inquiry by telephone showed that the Mt. Wilson hotel (on the top) was much too expensive for us to go to, even though we should only have had a small cabin to sleep in, and no hot water. So we decided to go to a camp called Opid's Camp, which is about 4,500 ft. up, and thither we drove on ~~the~~ Thursday. Dinah had never done any mountain driving before, and was rather alarmed by the sharp curves and precipices; but she was soon carried away by the splendour of the views, which stretched far up into remote pine-covered canyons, and far down to the city whose ugliness was covered from above by a luminous veil of mist. The temperature in the car at the foot had been 100F., but as we climbed for mile on mile

it gradually cooled, and the air became fresh and exhilarating —

And there I'm afraid I simply must stop, fragmentary as the letter will then be. For two hours Dinah and I have been listening to Hitler's speech, which was relayed here with interspersed translation, and then to reactions and interpretations from Europe and America. You will know how in these unquiet times we are thinking of you always - more, I really believe, than of our own personal affairs which have fallen into sad neglect, with meals at all the wrong times and engagements put off. The reason this must go immediately <sup>is</sup> that it has to catch the Bremen and will only just do so if I take it to the post office immediately.

I will end with one word about Mrs. C. Her death was not entirely unexpected, as she had been ill off and on for some time. Last Wednesday, moreover, Kenneth Warren, whose father is her doctor, told Dinah and me that her condition was serious. Nevertheless, the news is a great blow. Though something of a tyrant, she was a fearless and upright woman whose friendship could only be gained by worth, and which once established, lasted. It is too early to say who her successor will be, or what effect there will be on the department. But you shall know all this as soon as I do, and the next letter shall carry on from this one and be sent by the next boat.

Dinah sends you both her love. It is a source of enormous happiness to have her here, and we are settling down quickly into a domestic and financial routine which we will tell you more about when there is more leisure. Meanwhile, we think of you all the time, and follow the news from home with eager anxiety.

With all my love,

Thyself.