

American housewives are. The attitude of these most closely resembles the Germans. It comes near to an insult to refuse their repeated offerings at the dinner table, until either the dish is empty or your stomach is revoltingly full.

I think I mentioned that I come back here practically every day for lunch, as the time from room to room is only 15 minutes, leaving me half an hour to eat in. Dinah gets quite a bit of exercise during the day as the best shopping district is about ½ mile away, which she has to walk each time as she can't yet drive the car. That continues to run excellently, and to-day we took a 60-mile run to a canyon in the Verdugo Mountains, where the road had been completely washed away by the great floods in the early spring this year. The torrent must have been an extraordinary sight, as it had doubled the width of the river bed, sweeping away log cabins, trees and gigantic boulders. The new road was a very poor affair, and we had to jog along slowly for several miles. Even in October, the temperature inside the car in motion was 90! Poor Dinah, who has never been in a southern country before, feels the heat very much; and though she gallantly managed our 12-mile walk on Mt. Wilson, didn't feel like going very far to-day. We walked on about a mile from the place where the road ended.

On the whole, however, the temperature has fallen a lot, and we are very glad of the warmth of your Jaeger rug at night. Both in looks and comfort it is a constant source of pleasure. In my previous letters I failed to thank you for two very nice presents - the silk pyjamas which Dinah got at Swan and Edgars, and the socks which Francis sent from Bath. I am wearing a pair of the socks at the moment, while I can't be dissuaded from wearing the pyjamas on alternate weeks, so that all my other ones fall into complete neglect. They are plain blue and green and are of delicious texture. Will you also thank Francis very much for the shirts, and say I hope to write to him soon? Tell him how much I look forward always to The Times, and any cuttings which you or he are able to enclose.

Life at the studio goes on as before, though changes continue to be expected now that Mr. McKenna has arrived from New York. I hasten to say that he is no

relation whatever of the English family, having changed his name, I believe, from something unpronounceably Semitic. He looks, however, an extremely nice man.

I do hope letters aren't taking a terribly long time to reach England. No Atlantic shipping lists are published in the West Coast papers, and so I have to go on the Post Office schedule which must have been compiled long before the recent crisis. Things should now be returning to normal, though.

Let me have all the news of you and your doings, and what progress you are making. Dinah of course gave me a very full and exact account of how you were when she saw you last, but I hope you have got much better since then. I hope to post next by the Queen Mary which (d.v.) will bring the letter to you on the 25th. Dinah sends her love to you both, and hopes she will be able to enclose a letter written to-morrow morning.

And with all my love,

Raymond.