

July 12, 1921

Dear Claude:

It was darned good of you to write me, and at such length, about Mother's funeral. Will you let me know anything I can do for Dad? I have cabled (on receipt of letter announcing Mother's death, which reached me only five days ago) asking him if he wouldn't like to come over to us in England, but I don't suppose he will want to go so far. Can't you persuade him to take a trip somewhere this summer? And do see that he takes a good hunt in the fall – he ought to join some club again. Is there any way of getting Gray Warner to leave that diamond with him? Let me know any time anything I can do. I'm so far away that it's hard to know what to do. I'll write Dad frequently from over here, and send him pictures and things.

We've been here now since May 26, and have enjoyed it – really enjoy this beautiful coast, with high cliffs and sandy coves along the sea, and with many old villages of charming whitewashed and thatched cottages, even more than London, though we did meet a lot of interesting people. One of the nicest people I met was old Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins – Anthony Hope – whose "Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau" you remember. He's a jolly old soul, fond of a good story and not averse to a glass of wine.

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Despite the long coal strike just over, and despite the present drought which is threatening all the crops badly, this country is in beautiful shape so far as the American traveler sees it – plenty of food, splendid service in hotels, good and fast and comfortable train, prices a little less than in America for everything – though not enormously lower by any means; clothes cost only two thirds as much, but food is about as much as in America.

You and Mary would enjoy a trip over here. Why don't you leave the kids with some one next summer and come over?

I don't know just how long we shall be here, but I doubt our returning before next spring, when I have finished my next novel which, after a long loaf, I started a week ago, and on which I am now working every day till late afternoon. When Grace and I go off for a walk or swim or both.

Love to Mary and the youngsters.

As ever,  
Harry