

Monday August 30

Dear Father:

Hop-picking is in full tide all about here no – I suppose that Kent is about the greatest hop-growing region in the world. The hops are in long vines rising on poles, and the hops hang like delicate pale pine cones. Down for the picking have come thousands on thousands of real London cockneys, men, women, and most especially children – babies lying beside the picking bins and running under foot. They live in huts with beds of straw and woven branches; cook their scant food in cans hung up over camp fires; and at night throng the pubs and drink beer in incredible amounts – the women seem better pickers and MUCH better drinkers than the men! – and always they talk in that thick hooting voice which an American can scarce understand, with “bloody” in every sentence. I’m enclosing some pictures of them.

New book going fine. The play, however, from letter just received from Harrier Ford, is not yet in rehearsal.

Dinner last evening at the country place of Henry Ainley, the actor, with General Sir John Maxwell, Lady Maxwell, as English captain and some other people – very gay and amusing. These English officers speak with caution but one feels they like the Americans incomparably better than they do the French.

About my address, of which you wrote. Till say September 18 (as we leave here October 1<sup>st</sup>) address me direct at The Bell House, Bearsted, near Kent, England. But after that, and always, the Guaranty Trust address is good, as they forward mail with much speed.... As you suggest, I won’t send the rest of the batches of clippings to you but direct to Harcourt... all fine except that Grace has a bum tooth which she’s goon up to London today to have X-rayed. Wells seems to be very happy in the garden here.

Love,  
H

\*not from Edwin Lewis to family\*

You will note that Harry leaves Kent on Oct 1<sup>st</sup> and his address will be  
c/o Guaranty Trust Co  
50 Pall Mall  
London SW, England  
After Sept 18<sup>th</sup>

Father.