

London,  
December 15.

Dear Dad:

I suppose this will get to you just about Christmas day. I wish it could bring you the weather we are having today—not some of the weather we've been having, for it has been bad: fog, chill, dampness, but today is like spring, with a sweet breezy and occasional appearance of a phenomenon which at first I could not identify, then remembered having seen in America—the sun, I believe it's called.

In only about four or four and a half months, now, I ought to be off to America, with book all done, would you like me to come right out to Minnesota—I'll probably be able to get away after only a week or so of business matters in New York—or would you enjoy coming East? I'll guarantee finding a wonderfully comfortable hotel for you.

Last Sunday we had a good walk in the country. It was a curious late-autumn day, warm but misty, the bare fields and trees somehow mysterious in the mist. We went down by train, early in the afternoon, were met by Henry and Mrs. Ainley—do you remember that when we lived in Kent, summer two years ago, we used to go over to spend the weekend with Ainley, who is one of the best-known actors in England? We walked a good long way with them, then landed at their house for tea; Ainley and I had another walk, with the dogs, then back for supper. In for supper came Lady Rhondda, who's supposed to be one of the richest women in the world, as well as one of the few women in England who are peeresses in their own rights, not just through their husband. She inherited both title and fortune from Viscount Rhondda, who had big coal and other investments all over the world. She's a very simply, hard-working woman of only about thirty-nine and the cottage at which she spends her weekends, across from the Ainleys, is a simple though comfortable old farmhouse. She is a strong Liberal, equally against the Conservatives and Labor.

Then—lets see. Tuesday evening, very quiet dinner with Sir Philip Gibbs. Wednesday afternoon, I had to speak before the American Women's Club—who have a huge and beautiful new clubhouse which was formerly the residence of Sir Edgar Speyer, the banker who lost his baronetcy during the war, as a German sympathizer, and went off to America. Lord what a house! It has about twenty-five large bedrooms. I suppose Speyer must have had a staff of at least thirty servants..... the talk went well—I talked only forty minutes which was about twice as easy as an hour. I was glad, though, that I wasn't back lecturing! Once in a while is more as plenty..... last evening, General Thomson, who was our guest in France, came up to the house. He expected to go to America in March, to lecture. Perhaps you may hear him there.

As I don't know whether to address him in Bertha or Sauk Centre, I'm enclosing a check and note for Fred. Will you please see he gets it? Tell Claude, when you see him, that he has owed me a letter for months.

Happy New Year and Christmas to all of you!

Our love,

H

\*Note from Edwin Lewis\*

I send you Harry's last. Some cold weather for last two days. [?] have been [?] stuffed with candy since Christmas. Several boxes in house now. Love to all, Dad.