



TELEPHONE No. 1422.
R.A.C. & A.A.

DOLPHIN HOTEL,

SOUTHAMPTON.

Sept. 25. 1922.

Bets dearest:-

Back at the beginning of our adventure, how strange it is. And B. and I are separated for the first and only twenty four hours of our trip. Why? Let me begin at the beginning.

I wrote you last from Oxford. We left there Saturday at noon on a train direct to Dover, for our visit to Forbes-Robertson. Some where along the way I spied a large time table of our train which had Canterbury on it. Says I to myself says I. why spend the night at Dover when we can go to Canterbury

So I tried to grab the Guard at that moment shouting "Conductor" to him which phased him not, of course, and much to the amusement of our "carrige" companions. Later I did get him and found we could change to the back part of the train, so to Canterbury we went again. Again we went all about the beautiful Cathedral this time at almost dusk and it was a dream. Then we took a walk partly after dusk, and the town changed like magic to moonlit days. We expected to see knights in armor coming down the streets, or at the very latest Mr. Pickwick. It was quite enchanting and we named Canterbury the Rome of England.

Sunday morning we made the short



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trip to Dover were met and driven out to the great Hamlet's home. It was very exciting. He looks like a man of barely fifty really, though he is seventy, but he has a bit of rheumatism and is not as agile as he once was. He has four daughters the youngest seven and the eldest twenty. Lady F.-R. (Gertrude Eliot) and the eldest daughter are at present acting in South Africa. He presides over the other three with the assistance of a ~~cousin~~ very charming Mrs Chapman.

In the afternoon we took a lovely walk. His house is right in the top of

the highest spot along the Dover Chalk Cliffs. One can easily see France, a great stretch of it, and all the many boats that go in and out.

He talked and talked. He is a most charming person to know. He told me lots I didn't know about Tynan's work at the Canon City Pen! All together it was a most delightful day.

He returned for the night to Dover to leave for here this morning. He went to bed. (We had a double one) B. fidgeted and turned, and finally said "Laurie, do you think he'd sit for me, ^{again} if I could get some clay just to make a real note of the construction of his head?" You see, she did the Hamlet that was burned in the fire entirely from photographs



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Which is mighty hard work. He sat for the
first bust she made of him a great
many years ago. I was quite sure
he would gladly. So we telephoned
out this morning and he said "come
along". So we parted. I for her to
get one days work at hitting, she to
hunt up clay, and armature etc. So.
In addition to my plates, salad bowl
etc etc we now carry home a head
in clay, which must be craped in
air only, so as not to touch it.
How I pray for sun. to morrow. I
saw the majestic as the train came in

and can hardly realize we are off for home. How very thrilling. The nicest part of all the trip will be coming home.

Oh dear, will we talk. - I could sit in the smoke of a camp fire for hours and revel in it. I could ~~eat~~ eat a whole side of real forest to God bacon, and drink gallons of coffee.

How many wine going to have a bottle of Champagne to-morrow night to celebrate the success of this trip. Wouldn't you like some?

This will of course come on the boat with me. Sunday.

Got some U.S. money this aft. morn but it looks funny.