

New York, Feb. 1

My dearest Ruth, Three letters from you reached me in two days after I came back here on Monday — the first I had had. You poor darling with the family wanting everything to be done for them & no V. to help you. If only you could go out freely in the evenings & be gay — but I suppose you don't even do that, & then I know you must be lonely. I've had some lonely moments too, sometimes when people are there sometimes when they are not; often & often I long for you to be with me. At this moment I am in a small restaurant for dinner; one soon gets tired of observing such superficialities as one may observe in a place like this, & if I were not writing to you perhaps I should be a little weary of life. How shall I tell you what I do with myself — going backwards will hardly do. Since coming back to New York on Monday afternoon the train has been pretty full. Dinner that night with the Wablers — it is M^{rs} W. who is my 1st cousin — a dull couple to meet me & Bridget afterwards, but I like going there; it takes $\frac{1}{2}$ hour each way with dressing for dinner (generally including a hot bath about $5\frac{1}{2}$ hrs before I get back! Woken early on Tuesday by the noise of ^{the} Avenue beneath my window (though I'm on the 12th floor) & so rather

late for breakfast, which I always now take in the hotel, slowly, with study of the newspapers. In the morning mostly busy with preparing a speech for lunch - occasional calls about from one or another who wants to see me more or less on business or ask me to a meal or fix a detail of meeting. Then to a luncheon crowd mostly of pressmen - inevitably folk though I get very few words with any but my neighbours at lunch; little to eat which is a mercy. Before my speech music of some very talented Russians over here. I spoke about 20 min. I think they were satisfied, though not enthusiastic.

Oh what an evening! I went round to see the Oppenheims - she is a relative of Aunt Jessie's & I had not been there since dining a week ago or more. They were dull - insisted on taking me out to a 'revue' - an appalling show for the most part & my ear-drums are split - and here I am in bed near midnight. And when I am going to have time to write to you fully as I want to?

I was talking of Tuesday - but I can remember little beyond an interview at 5.0 p.m. with a young man who collects

news for the press & is connected in some way with the hotel - his business I suppose being to boom its celebrities. That lasted over an hour. And then something nice happened - one Tom Byn, head of Cambridge House in London, and a friend of mine though not a close one at Cambridge turned up & I had a few minutes talk with him - He is over here talking about religion & so busy that I can't hope to see much of him.

Dinner by myself shortly but luxuriously in the hotel, where the food is good & one is quiet & then for a brisk walk into the keen air up ~~the~~ Avenue as far as the University Club where I'm a temporary member, to look at some new books. Read the new Jane Austen which is interesting though not much to it & then pulled down old Li Hing Chang's memoirs & forgot the world for another hour or so - & then before I went found the Manchester Guardian Weekly - & so home to bed with another little brisk walk well content.

Widest morning, much concern of myself to some enjoyment of life & people before starting breakfast at 8.0 with good intentions of devoting the morning to my speech at dinner; but the paper, telephone calls - one or two letters took me on to 10.0 a.m. - but as far as reading

some of my 1922 chapters - MS when Mr. Carson
 came in - a curious short-billed respectable
 disillusioned observant journalistic person who
 was once attached to Northcliffe - wrote a life of
 him - is now a news manager in part for Keelick
 - a very long talk rather interesting with
 him & then about $\frac{1}{2}$ a hour's work before
 a little job in town brought me to 12.45
 when I was picked up at the hotel by a Dr
 Pierce - lunched pleasantly with him - 3 other
 scientists at a nice little club & was borne
 off to the Presbyterian hospital where
 much testing of my lungs took place for the
 edification of these gentlemen who now
 make out that my 'vital capacity' is 2cc
 normal

Good Night Dear -

Feb. 2. Waiting in my seat for Hamlet.

I was trying to give you an idea how I spent my
 time - as, after all, there is still the best
 chance of picturing my life however dull the
 uncommented facts may appear.

I had barely come back from an incredibly slow bus,
 because of a shower of sleet, from the distant
 hospital before it was time to keep my appointment

for tea with Mrs Wheeler, a nice, dark theatrical lady, temperamental, artiste, a little worn but genuine & interesting too. And then back to get an uninterrupted hour, which turned out to be an interrupted $\frac{3}{4}$ hour before dressing for dinner.

The A.A.C was not a big show, about 40 people of whom a few were stars, but Oh! how many were anything but that. The presiding on my left is a parson presbyteria I think, a keen good genial man anxious to impart information & quite without interest in anything I might have to say. On my right was a lady of partly foreign extraction I judged who had climbed a peak in Alaska & endured a temperature of -60° !! Her intelligence it appeared had remained frozen ever since though she didn't tell me so. We sat down to dinner at 7.30 & rose at 11.45. The parson in his speech honoring me read 3 passages from the Everest book of 1921, describing how we saw the Mountain - my part of course. Three others spoke after him rather well. Then I rose - every one else rose too as is the custom here & chatted for a little - sat down again. I had several things to answer from other speakers.

& then gave a serious discussion of the problem
 of climbing Mt Everest. There was not much
 fun or fizz over it but it went well enough.
 After that we sat around the table while
 I was bombarded with questions. Altogether
 a very pleasant-homey part. We drank
 nothing but water & it left me very dry.
 Afterwards I went round with one Schwab
 who is an A.C. man & has done much in the
 Alps & one other to the swellest of N.Y. clubs.
 We went down to the old wine cellar which
 is now lined with lockers; one of these was
 unlocked, a bottle of gin was produced & handed
 over to a barman, who then mixed three long
 drinks known as Tom Collins. I enjoyed my
 Tom Collins very well & we sat talking & drinking
 pleasantly enough until after 1.0. Quelle
 vie!

On Thursday, i.e. yesterday, what did I?
 Oh yes - busy in the morning, after a late
 breakfast, mostly with correspondence I think.
 At noon I started forth down town, i.e. in the
 direction of downtown away from the residential
 & towards the business parts - to lunch with
 George Watten whom I picked up at the
 Cotton Exchange. We duly went off to his office

with another man also, one Hubbard, a rich happy
 cultured & agreeable old bird, who eventually
 took us along to his club for lunch. This turned out
 to be a very swaggy city men's luncheon place chiefly
 at the top of one of the highest buildings in N.Y.
 We went up - - 'express elevator' to floor
 35 & then shot up to 40. The express elevator
 shoots up pretty fast, about 400 ft - 40 secs
 or there will it does, for it's an ~~entire~~ business going
 about these heights & depths is one that stops it
 nearly every floor. Watten had made about
 60 dollars in the CMA Cochange & felt like a good

[Sc. 1 over - the soldier challenged the officer
 - tell Arthur]

lunch & so we all lunched well & afterwards had
 a look at the view from the roof & presently I
 began walking back ~~to~~ to the hotel - but the way
 was so long that I ~~had~~ gave it up & took the
 elevator (i.e. raised railway) in order to greet
 Mrs Cobden Sanderson at tea - do you see here
 who she is? - Ferd's 'Speyer's' described little wife
 - a very nice little lady she is, & a friend of Annie
 Craies. And after she was gone I was busy with
 arrangements - the 'press' & letters - until
 Poel came to see me - he's an old friend from
 Cambridge Day, just outside the closer circle

o I've seen nothing of him since, but he's the nephew of William Poel of dramatic fame, helped to start our old Marlowe Society at Cambridge & gave me a ticket for Hamlet to-night, in which he plays the Ghost, though he only speaks for the ghost in microscopical.

And so you see how the day flits by - here I am home after midnight - finishing this for the mail which the toll leaves at 6.0 a.m. - which makes me wonder whether I caught last week's? And after all this he told me nothing of my impressions & nothing of Philadelphia which has been much the best of it so far - staying ten miles out with a businessman, big game hunter & president of the local geographical society - a very big town, a large & enthusiastic luncheon party Saturday, a very enthusiastic lecture same evening (1000 or so geographical); lunch & tea part next day with 1 speaker & another lecture (over 2000 in a fine hall) in the evening. I had barely a moment to myself but the people were pleasant & I enjoyed it.

On Sunday night I lecture here in theatre - everything depends on this for press reports - all Monday night again in a large club, Tuesday I stand to Montreal for a lecture Wednesday - Friday I lecture Toronto. I shall worry though I suppose - I kind to become more amusing. To-day after 2



9

The Waldorf-Astoria

New York

fearful hours making - stay for a journalist who could
 not write shorthand (none of them can) I went to see the
 MSS of Boswell's letters to Temple in Pierpont Morgan's
 Library - very interesting; & a very good lady the librarian -
 these took me out to an amusing luncheon party - the
 richest little crowd I've been in & the food was good!

I've said not a word of sympathy over your last
 magnetic adventure - My dear I am sorry - but it's
 in the day's work with a car I suppose - sheer bad luck.

Now I must go to bed.
 Hamlet was mostly bed.

Dear love, it's no good prebending, I can be happy
 in this sort of life without you. I just long for you to
 be with me now. Ever your loving
 George