Letter

Undoubtedly all of us who were fortunate to visit Old Hall Farm at Stiffkey came away with our own individual thoughts of this memorable day.

Having 'brushed up' for the occasion and re-read both The Phasian Bird and The Story of a Norfolk Farm, I considered how lucky we were to be guided by Richard Williamson. We were certainly given an intimate portrait of H.W. in his farming environment.

The one building in particular I wanted to see was the Granary, mainly because of Chapter 26 of Norfolk Farm, A Vision of Christmas.

Members may be interested in reading the words of H.W. which are in the frontisphece of my most prized possession. This is a copy of the first American edition of Goodbye West Country.* The actual book was given to Merrill North. These few poignant words indicate the significance of the feelings of H.W. in those far off days of 1938.

Rex Cornell Braintree Essex.

*See page 44

We would welcome letters from members. Our correspondence page is somewhat sluggish yet. - Ed.



LOETITIA WILLIAMSON

Members will be pleased to know that, following the unanimous decision of the committee, Loetitia Williamson has been offered, and has accepted, Honorary Membership of the Society. We look forward to a long and rewarding association.

GEORGE HEATH

The Editor regrets that the name of George Heath has been omitted from the list of officers of the Society. George is one of the Society's two Vice-Chairmen. The fault is the Editor's alone, and he offers his application.

To Merriel horth, whose mind points to the Magnetic horth, this book of fragments is given by her book of fragments is given by her respectful friend & neighbour, Mr. H.W. Stiffley, I July 1938.

Fridy Night, the Fried Fish Shop alight and Soldiers hat a showlers in oil-lamp silhotelite: and noisy, while the radio guis at dance music, of the Night Cart Man trudges lovely about his business hast may open door. First I July - and the guas back on the first objective below. Thickval, 160,000 cascaltes. I July 1938, I all's to do again, they say. No: No: No: No: the luxurum Soldier is the strayet force in Europe. Soon all men will praise him, and Good.

Inscription by H.W. in front of Rex Cornell's copy of Goodbye West Country, published by Little, Brown and Co., Boston, U.S.A., 1938.

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