

Perratt's Farm.
Laverton
Broadway
Worcestershire
Wednesday 26th April 1922

Dear C.G.

Mildred and I have come away to the Cotswolds for a week's ramble over the hills to enjoy seeing the delights of springtime in the country. The trees in the orchards, and they are numerous around her, are just bursting into blossoms. Primroses, daffodils, anemones, celandine, etc are in bloom. Last Monday we made an excursion of 14 miles to Pershore, the native village of my grandfather Sanders. It is a charming place with a most interesting Abbey. It was my first visit. In 1916 your sisters were there fruit picking and Mildred was pleased to go there again.



This morning it is pouring with rain and so I get a favourable opportunity for writing to you. I have a book on Refrigeration on my knee but have not made much progress with it. I find that in making cold one makes heat and the

engineers aim at reducing the heat as much as possible because it is simply wasted. I shall aim at utilising it, so that profit may be made in both ways.

I return to Barnes next Saturday and Mildred goes then to Birmingham, resuming school next Tuesday.

We are planning to have a holiday in Switzerland next August but to have a quiet time in 1923, saving up for the following year when we hope to have you with us. I shall have to make up my mind soon as to moving or not, but expect I shall agree to stay at Barnes for another 3 years and not go farther from London, although I should like to be in the country with motor car and garage.

We shall be very glad to hear from you as to receipt of the blazer and as to the prospect of your remaining in the Army.

There are only 2 guests at this farm besides Mildred and me. They are the Rev ? Railton, Army Chaplain, and his pupil, Guy Bracken, nephew of Mrs Asquith. He is a great Australian standing nearly 6 feet and very stalwart although only 16½ years of age. He behaves to us like a perfect gentleman but when his tutor endeavours to control him as to smoking or reading in bed he rebels and fights like a wild bull.

We go on today to Chipping Campden and stay there for 3 days. It is about 10 miles away. I believe that this farm is in Gloucester but that Broadway is in Worcester.

Letter incomplete

3 Woodlands Road Barnes London SW13

16th August 1922

Your welcome letters dated at Chakrata about the 25th July arrived here yesterday, Tuesday. We shall take them out to Switzerland, - let Mildred have hers and perhaps she will read the others. It is good to know that you have got into a restful haven and are likely to remain there another month. Some people would enjoy it and others would be awfully bored. I am sure you will have the capacity to pick out the good. So much depends on what is in the mind. We have been discussing golfers lately and how they see and take golf to the exclusion of everything else. Some things do crowd others out but be assured you are continually in our minds and we are looking forward to 1924 so keenly as you are. Various possibilities flit through our minds but at present we see through a glass darkly. My experience with regard to Merchant ships suggests that the possibility of an engagement as Assistant Purser is very remote, but of course there will be an extra number of passengers coming homeward in the spring. But I shall hope for a much better holiday for you. We are now busy with arrangements for leaving next Saturday morning.

2.

The little things to be done drive other things out of my mind. It is somewhat doubtful whether I shall be able to write while we are away so I have made an effort to write something today although I have to dress and go off to your Aunt Alice's home to meet the Biaginnis'. Your Aunt made a good start by winning 3 out of 4 Chess games but then lost the next 4 and does not expect a better fate today. The worst part of games is that there is usually a loser but that may be good education if it teaches us to lose well.

I could pitch you a good yarn about finances and learning to love simple things but I find it very difficult to practice it because of the way it affects those around me. And at holiday times I must let go a bit.

I have looked up the names you mentioned but cannot identify Stevo. Does he spell his name Steevens? Ella will type out full particulars and will send you a copy to correct for us. I should also like to know what increase of pay comes on promotion to Captain. The increase will not mean much relief if

marriage comes about the same time. You will understand my fears when you joined the Army. Now we have to do our best and you may rely on me not forgetting the position although I do not know at present what I can do.

Letter incomplete

Hotel Beau Rivago
Paradiso, Lugarno

29th August 1922

Dear Cyril,

It is very difficult to find a spare moment. Our holiday has been very full and of constant variety. We have had strenuous times but feel we have never had such a glorious holiday before. But I must squeeze out a few moments to tell you we received your letters of the 29th July last Friday and they were by no means the smallest delights of a very great week. Mrs Hay sent them on from Barnes. We leave here next Saturday (2/9/22) and Beatrix and Ella have decided to go straight home. The rest may stay a day or two at Dieppe to rest or may go on. We must leave over an account of our holiday and reply to your letters until we get settled once more quietly in Barnes. Beatrix has taken some nice snapshots and we have crowds of pictures of places that interest us.

Tomorrow Mildred, Beatrix and Ella rise before 6 and go off as soon as possible to climb Mt Generoso, - it is only about 5000 feet and not very difficult. Last Thursday I and your sisters climbed 10,700 feet up the Matterhorn and were fairly tired when we got there. My first exploit when we got there was to drink 3 large cups of coffee. We came down 3,700 feet in an hour. On Friday we crossed a glacier.

On Saturday we journeyed here and were thrilled by the dashing streams and the snow clad heights, - and then came a change when we passed thro' some of Italy into Italian Switzerland.



Ella has just told me she has written to you today and I'm very glad. It was also a pleasure to know that I have not bored you with my thoughts on refrigeration and wireless. Later I must tell you about the funicular railways which take the people up the hills and mountain sides. We shall like to hear about your journey to Simlo and be assured that 1924 is our goal.

Your Ma has been reading *The Broken Road* by A E W Mason and I am looking forward to doing so as it deals with India. Forgive me for forgetting you recommended "From Private to Field Marshal" – I looked up some back letters but could not find the reference before I wrote. Well, I must get to bed, and post this tomorrow.

The Broken Road is a 1907 novel of adventure and romance by [A. E. W. Mason](#), set in [India](#) during the period of [British rule](#). It first appeared in serial form in [The Cornhill Magazine](#).^[2] As a result of the book's publication, the British Government abolished a regulation that had prevented soldiers of the [British Indian Army](#), no matter how valorous, from being eligible to receive the [Victoria Cross](#).

Ever your affectionate Dad GAH

3 Woodlands Road Barnes London SW13
28th September 1922

Dear C.G.,

Your letter to me dated 26/8 and one to your ma dated 6/9 arrived yesterday morning. I had to go to town to Board of Trade and your ma wanted to go to Scotland Yard to recover a lost umbrella so we went together and had lunch and went to Drury Lane to see "Decameron Nights". It was just a gorgeous spectacle with some good music although the soloists were poor. In the evening I had a C.E.M.S Committee Meeting. Your letters to your sisters will be sent on today.



THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

No. 2539.—Vol. xcvi. [REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.] SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1922.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
By Island Post, Ltd. 14b.



1. SALADIN, THE HERO, RESTORES THE PERSECUTED PERDITA TO CONSCIOUSNESS. 2. THE DEATH OF THE VILLAIN RICCHIARDO (AFTER HIS VERY LURID CAREER) AT THE HANDS OF SALADIN. 3. A STREET IN VENICE, ONE OF THE PLAY'S SEVERAL REMARKABLY EFFECTIVE SCENES. (SALADIN, MR. COWLEY WRIGHT; PERDITA, MISS WILETTE; RICCHIARDO, MR. H. A. SAINTSBURY.)

"DECAMERON NIGHTS" AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

We assume you were recalled 2 weeks sooner than we expected and so lost your trip to Simla. If so, I am sorry as I should have liked you to have gone there. However, - back to Fyzabad will not be entire loss. With good health and bearable surroundings you will find plenty of interesting occupations and I hope you will have even better times there than in the past.

Your ma is rather given to fears and hardly likes your looking forward so much to coming home in 1924. I sympathise with you entirely as the matter is also constantly on my mind. My first thoughts were also somewhat on your lines but I shall not like you coming home in any but a comfortable, dignified way and you

2.

may rely on me doing everything in my power to assist in giving you a good time. I have already given your ma £50 for extra housekeeping expenses during your stay and she will take care of it until you arrive.

As regards motoring from Brindisi in February I am not so sure. You will have your mind on being back in London, - others will be wanting to see you, - the weather in February is very unsuitable for motoring, - it is very questionable whether any of your sisters will be free to come to meet you. If you leave a sight of France, Switzerland and Italy until your return in September all these points will be the other way. As regards buying and selling a motor car I am not sure. I have dreamt of motor cycle and side car to take your ma about in England and Mr Freaker has got 10 years younger since he bought one 6 months ago and has been running about with Mrs Freaker. Graham is cool on the subject and prefers walking. Your ma will be too nervous, I am afraid, for a side car and that points to your idea of a motor car. We must see what can be done in the time. It would certainly add to the pleasure of your stay here if you had a car to take you about; and your sisters would enjoy any rides you would give them.

3.

I am in good health and there is no reason why I should not try to earn some money. I enjoy work. One thing that has made me think more of such a thing has been bad news from Denmark. Will & Sally Stalker went there on 31st July

for a holiday. A fortnight later Will had to go into hospital. A fortnight ago he was operated on. Glands were pressing on his bladder at the bottom of his stomach and had to be removed. The operation was satisfactory but I don't know when he will be able to get back to London to work. His place may have to be filled up and he will not get any pension. Her has never been well off and I should like very much to be able to help him. I have had the Board of Trade work again on hand for the past 10 days, which partly accounts for the fact that I did not write to you last week. I hope to put the final touch to it next Monday but shall have to stick to it to get it through by then.

And I tell you that our next door neighbour has got ahead of me with Wireless Telegraphy, and has a wire fitted up in his garden.

I shall go to the Exhibition next week and hope to send you some account of it. The enclosed cuttings from this morning's paper will show you something of the present position in the matter. It may be a hobby for me: it will be something for you.

4.

We had Aunt maria here for the last week end whilst your Aunt Alice was with her friend Miss Sharrock at King's Langley.

We had to keep Aunt Maria in bed on Sunday because she developed a bad cough but she was nearly well when she went back to Castelnau on Tuesday.

We had the Carrs here for Bridge on Saturday and went to the Jones' at Emperors gate for Bridge last Tuesday. So we get about. I do what I can to make it pleasant for your ma and I enjoy myself in numerous ways.

I should have gone out cycling today with the Sellars but the weather is dull and overcast- threatening rain.

And there are so many books I want to read! I am only complaining that I am overdone with good things for myself and I want others to be equally well treated. What a pity I cannot give them a bit of my health and happiness. It is

like having a Bridge hand with such good cards that one could make the tricks in 2 or 3 different ways and have to throw aces and Kings away.

Ta ta dear boy. We like to hear from you

Yrs ever
GAH

3 Woodlands Rd, Barnes, London SW13
12th October 1922

Dear Cyril,

Writing to you last week was squeezed out by pressure of other calls and I have difficulty in squeezing it in this week. In my last I was discussing your holiday in Europe in 1924, - a matter very much in my mind. By that time I feel sure there will be a considerable reduction in fares. Cargo freight from America have just been reduced from 10 to 40 per cent on all the leading lines of ships. There are signs of reduction in every direction. But you may count upon £40 towards travelling expenses from me.

You may like to know something more of my financial position and I shall be glad to share it. In 1907 I reached £600 a year and never expected to go higher. Perhaps the greatest pressure was the time when the girls were at Cambridge, and more particularly during the first 2 years of the war as Beatrix and Ella were both at Newham for the first year and you were a bit expensive for the second year. But my salary was raised to £650 in Oct 1913 and the strain was not serious.

In 1918 the value of money fell considerably and Civil Servants were given a War Bonus to meet it. At the same time my services at the Office during the war were specially recognised and my salary raised to £700. War Bonus rose from time to time reaching its maximum in the summer of 1921 when mine amounted to £500 a year. A fall was certain and my pension was calculated on my salary I retired in August 1921 instead of waiting until February last, when I was 65 years of age, the limit of service.

Only $\frac{3}{4}$ of the Bonus was counted towards pension and my pensionable salary was £1089 of which I get $\frac{1}{2}$ as pension. In addition I got a gratuity of about £1900. My life is insured for £550 and, with bonuses, £700 will be paid. I propose to leave your mother a life interest in the lot, with equal division amongst all children afterwards; - you to be executor if in UK at time of death, otherwise Mildred.

You can understand that I do not wish to draw on the stock in hand as it is a small enough security for your ma in case I die first. But if we are content with a quiet summer holiday I can easily save a bit without any discomfort. We live rather quietly and very happily. We have great reason to thank you for introducing Rose as she is still with us and suits admirably. There is never any difficulty. She was naughty and had a miscarriage last February but your ma helped her through and I expect it has been a lesson to her. She is in better rooms now with better companionship.

Returning to your journey home I must admit I am frightened of the idea of trusting to a second hand motor. Arthur bought one for £100 or thereabouts and find it and a side car most useful. He and his brother, Harold, are close pals and go about much together. But once or twice they have had trouble and expense with it. Our ride from Yarmouth to Buxton comes back to my mind and the more serious trouble of a motor out of order in the strange roads of Italy or France rather frightens me. I feel it must be a good new one or not at all. Freaker has a beauty in which he takes Mrs F, for glorious spins (side car) but each time he has called here he has been 5 minutes in obtaining free ignition and getting the thing to start. I should like to know what has been your experience with your second hand motor.

*You may like to compare the following
accounts of London and India*

The Charm of London.

Misguided persons are to be met who will maintain that London is dull and depressing, and that they need frequent changes from its monotony. Their frame of mind is surely the Hegelian night, in which all cows are black. For, above all cities, London offers to those that have eyes to see and ears to hear a free gift of strange contrasts and illuminating collocations. Her choicest sights and sounds she hides from the wise and prudent, who shorten space and lengthen time by the use of motor-cars, and reveals to the babes of locomotion who go on foot or by omnibus or Underground. To these London is a giant lucky-bag; man going forth to his labour until the evening never knows what he may draw from it before the day is over. Where else may you hope to see a millionaire merchant or a gaitered Bishop swaying from a strap in time to the sudden sinuosities of a Tube? If you are in luck, you may flush a peer of the realm taking a twopenny ticket in an omnibus. Another omnibus may afford the instructive spectacle of an eminent limb of the law attempting a premature boarding, and heavily defeated in the ensuing encounter with the uniformed marshal of the waiting queue. The eyes of dramatic Justice twinkle beneath their bandage at the thought. In a spacious avenue you may pass a world-famous statesman smiling gently at his own thoughts, and within five minutes see in Downing-street a, if not perhaps the, "gentleman with a duster," whose thoughts make other people smile ungenially. Hard by, beneath the shadow of an office consecrated to the affairs of the gorgeous East, appropriately exotic water-

fowl, of nightmare aspect, scoop up fallen twigs and leaves with bills like steam-shovels, and thoughtfully regurgitate the proceeds as unprofitable. Within the same park-railings classes of school-children scattered about the grass imbibe mental nutriment, one hopes more permanently. The vagrant who spent last night beneath the stars sits to-day on a free seat in the sun, listening to band music as good as any England can supply. Streams of homely wit and wisdom flow gratis in and under all the streets; the badinage of busmen; the pithy discourse on relativity addressed by the harassed Tube conductor to the flustered passenger travelling hopefully in the wrong direction; the blasting invective, or the piercing gibe, launched by the taxi-driver at the innocent whom he has just failed to massacre. The inanimate, no less than the human, contributes its quota of suggestive contrast and association. Across London's fairest open space looms London's ugliest pile of building, unparalleled outside the imaginings of a Heath Robinson. The shaft of a campanile that breathes Byzantium soars up from the narrow marches of Pimlico. Over the roofs of flats and offices it salutes the twin towers of a sister faith that tell of Norman England. They in turn pass on the greeting, across the river-bend, to the great dome which rears itself as the very hub of London's encircling wheel. And this is the London from which some would flee. So true it is that man must reap as he has sown, that he may only hope to harvest interest and delight where he has scattered the seed of attentiveness and appreciation, whether his field be life or London.

Of course it will be a great assistance to you in getting about if I can have a motor of some kind. A 3 wheel car has some attractions although very few are seen on the road and I don't know the price. There again there will be a reduction next year. Price of petrol has already fallen. I should like to get some good training and experience in advance. I want to take your ma about and she would feel much more comfortable in 3 wheel car than in a side car.

You may like to compare the following accounts of London and India.

3 Woodlands Rd, Barnes, London SW13
7th December 1922

Dear C.G. (*Cyril: My father speaks of his mother*)

Once again I have left writing to you until the last moment and I am rather curious as to when you receive my letters as I may overstep the mark and just lose the mail.

Today is the 90th anniversary of my mother's birthday. She died 10 years ago and your memory of her may not be very clear. She was the kindest, sweetest lady I ever knew. Her memory is helpful to me still.

We have been having a humdrum time and I am writing merely because I want to keep in touch. We should have been glad to have had a letter from you but I cannot do a quarter of the things I wish to do so I can fully imagine you are in the same boat.

Your Aunt Alice went to Kings Langley for the week end and we had Aunt Maria here. She did not give much trouble but somehow we have to listen to her or play cards with her and so other things get blocked.

On Tuesday I spent morning and afternoon at a C.E.M.S, Conference and won a Chess Match in the evening, - my opponent making a bad blunder, - no credit to me.



Grandma Harriet Hooke 1831-1912