

40 Murray St<sup>n</sup> Wimbledown  
London. S.W 19.

6 January 1940

My dear North,

Many thanks for your letter of good wishes (thanks also to Mrs North). I had a very quiet Christmas<sup>day</sup> with my only surviving sister who, if she live, till the 2<sup>nd</sup> of 9<sup>th</sup>, will attain the age of 86, not quite a family record, but I think the highest as yet reached by any member of my own special branch of it, children of Edward William Pollard who was born on 12 October 1809, nearly a hundred and thirty years ago, when our <sup>national</sup> enemy was our present firm ally, France. My only grandson (I have three granddaughters), William Quincy Roberts, by my dear daughter, Joyce, is a Captain in the Somerset Militia & will have arrived in France in a day or two for his battalion to complete its training there, in readiness to help the French should need arise. We began fighting side by side with the French <sup>in the</sup> in the Crimean war, & it seems inconceiv-

now that we should ever again fight against them,  
I hope that a generation hence our relations with  
Germany may be equally cordial. I am sorry  
you think that the outlook is at present black.  
I should call it grey myself, for there seems little  
prospect of speedy peace, but I am quite hopeful  
that England & France will be ~~on~~ the winning side.

I am a lonely man now, as my dear wife  
died in 1926. Two years after I retired from the  
British Museum. However I am expecting  
Joyce and my two younger granddaughters  
Katherine (Kit) and Alice (Roberts) to arrive  
from Bath on Monday and in obedience to  
my daughter's instructions I have taken tickets,  
as usual when they visit me in the Christmas  
holidays, for the Wimbledon pantomime.

As you know I gave up my share in the Secre-  
taryship of the Bibliographical Society some  
years ago, and also my later job, the  
Honorary Directorship of the Early English Text Society,  
& find idling less difficult (& also less dull)  
than I had expected. I hope your experience  
is equally happy. Ever yours sincerely

Alfred W. Pollard.