

4, THORNSETT ROAD  
ANERLEY, S. E. London

My dear Morley

Do you remember some time ago suggesting that I should send you something that might be considered as a contribution to the *hats* Home Journal? For many different reasons the enclosed may be of no use to you; but here it is: please don't hesitate to return it. I have been intending to write for weeks past; but time flies, & days are full & will be short, & I am getting old, which seems to make them desperately shorter. Last week I pronounced with delight on a letter from Rick, & the war has already brought

very here. But I suppose this is impracticable. I had me  
have a word from you when a fine moment comes to  
be kind! I remember  
to be the friends we have  
in common.  
Yours  
W. de la Rive

me or two friends I made in America to England. Just this time last  
year I was at Yale. It hardly seems possible. How long is the  
young man? I suppose he is just beginning to rise up from his  
four or perhaps to talk. It's odd that a father of four should  
not remember exactly these best of all others - but I know twelve months  
is a prodigious era, & that he will soon be that. Do you ever  
reappear among the small fry? Do they still meet? or has the  
troubled that see too? My new collection of verse should be appearing  
at the end of this year. Otherwise I am still working on at the Ministry  
of food. I wish there were some hope of seeing you, of course yours, too,

Nov. 17. 1917

Your letter came this morning after I scribbled  
the enclosed. C. M. Janeri is a perfect Deane, & I'm  
an expert in P.D.'s quite apart from Pies! Do  
you know Charles MacLeod. He wanted the Yale prize & is  
now - after doing some Mac. work over here - sailing West  
again on Tuesday. The book hasn't arrived yet, but it  
will be very welcome when it does. Please don't let  
the dogged winter for a moment be a trouble. It's  
long & probably quite unsuitable, but it will enjoy the journey  
to you, & if it is no use to you, keep it & read it some day.

to be furnished with by love to him & his  
paper. In for W. J. M.

de la Mare, Walter (b.1873)  
Poet and artist. London.

A.L.S. to Christopher Morley (b.1890).  
[16- 17 Nov.1917] 3½ p. (2 single sheets,  
octavo) With embossed address of 14 Thornsett  
Road. Anerley.S.E.

He sends a possible contribution for the  
Ladies Home Journal, & reminisces about  
his visit to America in the previous year.  
Tells of war-time experiences, and speaks  
intimately of Morley's family and his  
own.

My dear Morley

Do you remember some time ago suggesting that I should send you something that might be considered as a contribution to the Ladies Home Journal ? For many different reasons the enclosed may be of no use to you; but here it is: & please don't hesitate to return it.

I have been intending to write for weeks past; but time flies, & days are full as well as short; & I am getting old, which seems to make them desperately shorter. Last week I pounced with delight on a letter from Rita [?] & the war has already brought me one two or friends I made in America to England. Just this time last year I was at Yale. It hardly seems possible. And how is the young man? I suppose he is just beginning to rise up from his fours & perhaps to talk ? It's odd ["how" cancelled] that a father of four should not remember exactly these best of all ..... - but I know twelve months is a prodigious era, & that he will soon be that. Do you ever reappear among the small fry ? Do they still meet? or has the war troubled that sea too? My new collection of verse should be appearing at the end of this year. Otherwise I am still working on<sup>at</sup> the Ministry of Food. I wish there were some hope of seeing you, & of course yours, too, over here. But I suppose this is improbable. Let me have a word from you when a free moment comes & my kindest remembrances to all the friends we have in common.

Yours ever

W.J. de la Mare.

Nov. 17, 1917.

Your letter came the very morning after I scribbled

the enclosed. C.M.Junior is a Perfect Deare,  
& I'm an expert in P.D.'s quite apart from  
Pies ! Do you know Charles Howland. He  
endorsed the Yale prize & is now - after  
doing some war-work over here- sailing West  
again on Tuesday. The book hasn't arrived yet,  
but it will be very welcome when it does.  
Please don't let the doggerel within for  
a moment be a trouble. It's very long &  
probably quite unsuitable, but it will  
enjoy the journey to you, & if it's  
any use to you, keep it & read it someday to  
C.M.Junior with my love to him & to his Papa.

Ever yours

W J d l M