

'Greyest'
New Milton
Hants

June 5th
1919

AL/2574

Dear Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck

I have been waiting
for my sister's return before
answering your letter. She has
been away a fortnight.

Thanks for proposing to
give us the sight of beautiful
Corfe again. It would be very
nice; but from any date in
July onward we may be in
the throes of a domestic up-
heaval. I am giving up

my Kensington abode, as soon
as a temporary tenant clear
out who ~~going~~ should be in
the next week or two, but
who sticks ~~at~~ threatens to be
indefinite.

It is rather a big job sorting
over everything that one must
keep handy, & warehousing
everything else till a new
house is ready for us - per-
haps not for two years!

So we have about a fort-
night's hard work awaiting
us some time next month,
to which everything else
must give way. After that

I hope we shall be free; and if you are
still at Cafe we might run over as you
kindly suggest. My sister joins her
appreciation of your offer to mine.

b717g
b717d
Fawcett Library
27 Wilfred Street
London S.W.18.

The Hawker jubilation left me sceptical.
It was a big adventure to start on, but not
bigger with possibilities of death & disaster
than what hundreds of airmen went through
day by day in the War. No: it was because
he made a sporting jump to beat the Yankees,
and because most people still believe that

he got within 40 miles of doing it, that
they shouted their heads off. I haven't flown
myself yet. The whole thing appals me on
the moral side: man has conquered the
air in order to make a hell of it. It's
no use saying war has become so horrible
that it must cease: it won't cease till
man has a change of heart: he will
acclimatize himself to the horror as he does
to bad air in the slums & call them 'necessary'.
So we shall jog doggedly on to the next war.

Always sincerely

Samuel Housman