

TELEPHONE NO 2.

LANGLEY LODGE,
4 Aug. 1920 HEADINGTON HILL,
OXFORD.

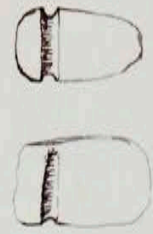
(20)

My dear Spencer

I was awfully glad to hear from you & get some of your news, but I am much concerned about the evident loss of one or more letters which I sent to you during the war. They must have gone to the bottom (a fate which met other letters sent abroad) as you got no acknowledgements from me of the books, papers & collection of stone implements which you kindly forwarded on to me. They did arrive all right, much to my joy & I wrote to thank you & Kenyon. I wish I had duplicated my letters & forwarded by different mails. Judging by the state of the Mediterranean which was infested with submarines, the wonder is that any mails got through. Any way I send you my hearty thanks for the consignment & I enclose a formal acknowledgement of the most interesting series of Australian stone

implements sent by Kenyon. These are very valuable to the Museum & include types which were not already represented in the Museum. I don't know Kenyon's address now, but I hope that he may know how grateful I am to him. I remember so well his wonderful exhibit of implements, which was such a feature during the Brit. Ass. meeting.

There is one type of Australian axe which I cannot get hold of. It is the rather large



type with groove for hafting with a bent stick. So far this have evaded me, though the type is

well-known. It is so interesting to compare this with the similar grooved types from N. America. Do you know of any good-natured aldrinist who would spare a couple of examples for the P.R. Museum. I remember seeing one in an office in Brisbane, where it served as a letter weight (!). A delicate hint failed to dislodge it & only the tattered remnants of what was once a conscience prevented my

stealing it & doing a bolt. Conscience are incompatible with Curatorial functions. Bridal methods are the thing - just as in Oxford one never gets any credit for one's labours unless one perpetually thumps a big drum & makes oneself generally unpleasant by blowing away on a trumpet. I have slaved & ingathered for the University for 35 years or so & have spent a heap of money to keep the Museum going, & have never received any encouragement, except from the outside. However I still survive & am awfully keen on the work.

It is sad to hear of your resigning your post, but you have so many interests that you will be just as busy as ever, & ethnology will gain the more, & the Museum will benefit from your concentration. I hope that you will thoroughly enjoy your new abode in the country, though my own recollection of "Darley" makes me believe that the move will cost you many a pang. I have liked to picture you & your wife at "Darley", where I spent such a ripping time with you.

So both your girls are married + scattered far & wide. It is a sad penalty for getting on in life. Our only grandchild (aged nearly nine) is staying with us just now. Quite a jolly little person. Remembering my own early views as to middle aged people (i.e. anything over 30), I assume that she regards me as a hopelessly decadent (if not decaying) patriarch. Maybe she is right, but I don't feel old.

I heard quite incidentally through Chummy that Lady Spencer was in England, + I have been hoping to hear from her that Oxford is one of the places which she proposes to visit. I don't know her address (Chummy merely said Scotland) or I should have written to beg her to spare us a few days. We would so much like to have her with us.

You absolutely must show up here again.

I doubt if I shall get out to Australia again much as I long to. I got rather bowled out during the war, as I had a roving commission on behalf of the Anglo-French Red Cross, + I managed to overdo it. Result, my heart

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went all to pieces & I was picked up for dead in Amiens. Got bored with being dead & came to after a couple of hours & was packed off to a military hospital in Rouen. Eventually I got home & got back to my work. I'm much better, though I have to go slow & avoid physical exertion, though how to avoid it is a puzzle to me which I have not yet solved. I had a very interesting time through the war & saw much in the Trench war zone, in Macedonia & N. Africa. The actual fighting lines were a great attraction & my missions were of a very varied nature & kept me on the move all the time. I was up here during term & spent my vacs on Red Cross work abroad. I was amused in Salonika at accidentally happening upon that delightful person, Mary Stirling, whom I had not seen since Adelaide. We met at

a restaurant where we had severally drifted for afternoon tea [mine was fresh beer] & as I had no idea that she was there, it was some time before I took courage & accused her of being Mary Stirling. She was working like a good un for the Scottish women who were very active in Salonika in 1916. She came & stayed with us when she got back to England.

I saw Makinowski a little while ago. He has done very good ethiol. work, & performed a masterly coup by going into partnership with one of those charming & clever Masson girls. He certainly is a lucky man!

Oxford has reverted to normal, except that the numbers of undergrads has been far in excess of normal. After years of being aarrison town it has now again the semblance of a University.

One's work increases steadily, & the Museum

grows apace. It has outgrown the original building & I badly want an extension.

So let me hear from you now & again. This is a very rambling letter, I fear, but I have an engagement very shortly & must keep it.

Kindest regards to Lady Spencer & yourself, in which my wife joins.

Yours ever

Henry Dalfour.