

5 Via Miramonti.  
Merano.  
N. Italy.

?Nw [1935]

AL/2280

My Very dear,

nothing has prevented my writing except such a rush of work that I did not know which way to turn. I came back to Merano, and with Sadie away I had to do quite a lot of cooking, also had to get to work and write a novel for the spring. Since then I have written a life of Marie Lloyd, which needed lots of letter writing, lots of information to be sought out, and all the rest of it, and now I have been asked to write a serial. Now if that is not work tell me what is!

[publ. 1936]

You have been having a gay time! Staying in these lovely luxurious places, and meeting everyone and going to theatres and so on-- you surely lead a gay life!

Here, we are living in a country which is at war. Of course I am a Pacifist and very much Pro League, for it seems to me that these two things are the only hope towards the making of a new and saner world. However, the Italian people remain as kind and pleasant as ever. They never mention the war, and neither do we. When you hear of rudeness to English people-- all I can say is this. On the top of the Brenner Pass which leads down to Italy from Austria there is a huge placard,

[Began  
Oct. 3. 1935]

Welcome to Italy, to English tourists.

We go everywhere, eat in public restaurants, and no one ever takes the slightest notice, or reminds us that we belong to a race who has upheld sanctions. No, the people are a lovable, kindly race here, and I for one shall not think of leaving unless things altered strangely. I think too, that it might well be over by the New Year. Certainly they are gaining in Abyssinia, there is not much doubt about that. I don't quite see either

why we need to get sentimental over those people. They are a savage, bloodthirsty lot, they have resisted the advance of progress, and their country unless "taken over" by some nation stronger than themselves will always be a happy hunting ground for adventurers and trouble makers.

I was awarded The Eichelberger Humane Award for my book "Hau Honour Come Back," in America. Naturally I was very delighted, as it really is a distinction, having been previously awarded to Shaw, Wells, Arliss, Radclyffe Hall and others. However, you may imagine my dismay when I found that it had been given to me AND to Adolph Hitler. It was not given to him on political grounds, but naturally I could not have my name coupled with his for ANY REASON whatever, so I had to write and ask the Committe to allow me to respectfully decline it. The result has been over two hundred letters from Jews and Christians alike, telling me that I did the right thing, and complimenting me. I hear that in Germany I am known as "The Jewish Novelist who insulted the Chancellor" and very proud I am of the title!

Well, Sadie and I have settled down to a winter of work. Brian Bullman has rejoined us, and is, I am glad to say, much better. You remember he is Daisy Collinson's son, and such a dear boy. In the New Year we hope that Mabel Collinson's daughter, Bessie, will come out for two or three months, and we have several other friends coming as well.

Thw eaather is glorious. Crisp and beautifully sunny. The sun is streaming into my room as I write this-- my tenth letter this afternoon! The nights are cold, but the cold is so dry, that it makes you feel wonderfully well, and makes walking a real pleasure.

I have been asked to write "the book" for the Ripon pageant which they are having for the commemoration of the 1050 year of

3 the charter. They wrote and asked me what fee I should want to do it, so I replied that I'd do it for nothing, and they could take it as my contribution to the pageant fund. They were very pleased and published my letter in several Yorkshire papers.

Ar/2280  
cont

Muriel is pretty well, bless her, I wrote to her only yesterday. I saw Aunt Nellie and Uncle James when I was in the North, and thought them both looking well, though they miss poor Constance very much. Ripon was unchanged. I had a great success there, and was made much of. I saw old Mrs William Harrison, Mrs Tom Williamson, Dr. Husband, who still lives opposite to our old house in Saint Agnesgate. I saw Jack Thompson, who was my nurses husband, and he was very dear and sweet. Altogether I had a grand time, and went on to York to address a meeting there, called on the Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House and then after the meeting went on to Leeds where I gave Nellie and Jim dinner at the Queens.

There, dearest, I think this ia all my news. Dont think badly of me, for really my work is growing at such a rte I have scarcely time to answer business letters. I think of you very often and always with love and affection. Please give my love to Muriel, and much to your dear self. I shall write again before Christmas if its only a little note.

God bless you and keep you well,

always with love,

*Naomi*

