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made, with a companion, a six-weeks' journey into a remote corner of Afghanistan, during the crisis of last autumn, and the first news he had of the crisis came from a German engineer somewhere deep in the Afghan wilderness, who was building a power-station there, and greeted Mr. Emanuel on his return from the wilds with 'So you are going to fight us at last!'

WE shall be issuing shortly *What Can We Believe?* (Letters between Dick Sheppard and Laurence Housman from 1922 to 1937, Large Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net). It is not usual for an author to publish his private letters during his own lifetime; but in publishing this book Laurence Housman is carrying out the wish of his friend, the late Canon Dick Sheppard, whose share in the correspondence is published with the consent of his daughter and literary executor. This correspondence was the outcome of Dick Sheppard's wish to draw out from one who had strayed farther than himself from the paths of orthodoxy, and whose opinions he valued, a candid statement of his doubts and his beliefs; and from this contact of two unusual and very different minds, we get an exchange of letters on religious problems, and other controversial matters, of a startlingly unconventional character—very serious in aim, but very libertarian in expression, and possibly rather shocking to those who do not share the writers' conviction that laughter is an aid to religion. These letters form the record of a warm and intimate friendship, in which, though opinions were often divided, there was complete sympathy and understanding.

Where I Work

by H. E. Bates

[This passage is part of an autobiographical note written for *Readers' Union*, who recently published a collection of Mr. Bates's short stories, and is quoted with permission.]

WRITERS are always being asked how and when they work; and recently, while in America making a serial version of my novel *Spella Ho*, I astonished several Americans by saying that I wrote out of doors all the year round.

From time to time one sees pictures, in the illustrated magazines, of the writer X at work in his study. He is poised at a mahogany table with fine inkstands, and is surrounded by books. He gazes earnestly into space like an intellectual penguin. There will never be a picture of me like this. I have built myself a pleasant little brick and tile summer-house under a south wall in my garden. It is open to the south on one side. And here, on about 250 days of the year, I am doing some sort of writing, regardless of the weather. It is an invigorating, untiring way of working and I commend it to all jaded, dyspeptic and otherwise tired writers.

In this summer-house of mine, *Spella Ho* was written in three months during the late winter of last year. And here, looking out on a pleasant landscape of oak and horse-chestnut and farm-buildings and haystacks, with a foreground of lawn and flowers, I hope I shall settle down to a life's work. For I have a feeling, in spite of over twenty books behind me, of having just begun.