Dear Fred,

Your of May 13 received. I am glad to say that we have had a cable from Adrian to notify that he got safely out of Greece, but it only came yesterday morning—taking 12 days in transit—and of course we have no idea where he may be now. But even this was a great relief.

I am returning your book, "Fugitive Pieces, Vol I", with thanks. I suppose there wasn't much copyright in 1714—or it didn't last long—otherwise such pieces could hardly have been issued without its authors' names. "The Life of Drake" is from Richard Hakluyt's "Voyages"—and Hakluyt died in 1616. About the other works you mentioned I know little. Extracts from the writings of Roger Ascham (1515-1568) and Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) may be found in the "Oxford Book of English Prose"—and doubtless other anthologies, but they never held much interest for me.

To my mind the book's best recommendation is that it was published by Thomas Davies, Covent Garden. It was in the well-known bookseller's shop that Boswell first met Dr. Johnson, and was presumably snubbed by the man who was to be his idol. You may find all about that in...
Boswell’s “Life of Johnson”.

I can’t make out which was the “wick” near Lacock, that your nephew visited in England, though I have searched gazetteers and maps of the Sydney Public Library for a possible clue. The only “wick” mentioned is the one in Gloucestershire, not hills, of which I wrote you — and which my father never mentioned as a Haywood squallage in the dim past. However, ‘wick’ is a common enough termination in English place nomenclature, and that may be the explanation. Certainly there were Haywards at Lacock in the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, and possibly sooner. My father, in his desultory researches came upon one — a Jacob, I think — who was a Cordwainer at Ash Melksham, close to Lacock, in 16 hundred and something. I remember his asking me what a Cordwainer was; curiously enough, he had never come on the word. I was able to tell him that it was a Shoemaker (derived from Cordova, Spain, where Beakers came from), and I think his interest in this possible ancestor flickered out.

With kindest regards to your wife and yourself from us.

Yours sincerely,

C. W. Andree Hayward
rest of them. It is a pity you never went to
England, and was given an opportunity of browsing
on the other side of the correspondence, the letters to
Joakim and his brothers. My sister Nellie mentioned
to me once that she had inherited a whole boxful of
family letters and records, which I doubt if she
has ever dipped into. I had a letter, by the way,
elast year from Henry Scott Hayward's only surviving
daughter—that is his wife's grand-daughter—
Clarence. She was over 90 then.
My cousin Helen Davies, my uncle Martin's second
daughter, died last year. The enclosed cutting from
a Gloucestershire paper might interest you. You
needn't trouble to return it. I never heard about
the Browne descent before, nor indeed did I know
that she had ever been in Australia, though of course
I saw plenty of her in my boyhood.
I need hardly say that we shall be exceedingly
pleased to see you whenever the fates permit.
My daughter Lucie is at present down with us
from Canberra, where she and her husband are
both in Government jobs. They left W.A. over a
year ago.
Will send regards to your wife and yourself.
Yours sincerely,
C. W. Andrée Hayward.
Title:
Letter C W Andree Hayward to Fred

Date:
1941

Persistent Link:
http://hdl.handle.net/11343/41756