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**ONE'S DROP SCONES**

—  
QUEEN ELIZABETH II to US PRESIDENT  
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

*January 24th, 1960*

Jan. 24th  
1960.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Dear Mr. President,

In 1957, five years into her reign, Queen Elizabeth II made her first state visit to the United States as a guest of then US President Dwight D. Eisenhower. The favour was returned two years later when, in August 1959, the Queen entertained Eisenhower and his wife, Mamie, at Balmoral Castle in Scotland, a grand and sprawling private estate of the Royal Family's since 1852. What went on and was discussed behind those closed doors is unknown; however, one thing we can be sure of is this: President Eisenhower was seduced by, and fell in love with, the Queen's drop scones. So much so, in fact, that five months after serving them, she belatedly sent him her personal recipe and an accompanying letter.

Seeing a picture of you in today's newspaper standing in front of a barbecue grilling quail, reminded me that I had never sent you the recipe of the drop scones which I promised you at Balmoral.

I now hasten to do so, and I do hope you will find them successful.

Though the quantities are for 16 people, when there are fewer, I generally put in less flour and milk, but use the other ingredients as stated.

I have also tried using golden syrup or treacle instead of only sugar and that can be very good, too.

I think the mixture needs a great deal of beating while making, and shouldn't stand about too long before cooking.

We have followed with intense interest and much admiration your tremendous journey to so many countries, but feel we shall never again be able to claim that we are being made to do too much on our future tours!

We remember with such pleasure your visit to Balmoral, and I hope the photograph will be a reminder of the very happy day you spent with us.

With all good wishes to you and Mrs. Eisenhower.

Yours sincerely

Elizabeth R

MENU

DROP SCONES

Ingredients

4 teacups flour  
4 tablespoons caster sugar  
2 teacups milk  
2 whole eggs  
2 teaspoons bi-carbonate soda  
3 teaspoons cream of tartar  
2 tablespoons melted butter

Beat eggs, sugar and about half the milk together, add flour, and mix well together adding remainder of milk as required, also bi-carbonate and cream of tartar, fold in the melted butter.

Enough for 16 people

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**FROM HELL**

—  
JACK THE RIPPER to GEORGE LUSK  
*October, 1888*

On October 15th 1888, George Lusk, Chairman of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee – a group of concerned citizens who actively searched for the person responsible for a spate of killings known as the “Whitechapel murders” – received this chilling letter from someone claiming to be infamous serial killer Jack the Ripper. It was sent along with a small box, the contents of which was later determined to be half a human kidney, preserved in wine. Catherine Eddowes, Jack the Ripper’s fourth victim, was thought to be the organ’s previous owner; according to the note, the remainder of her kidney had been fried and eaten.

From hell

Mr Lusk,

Sor

I send you half the Kidne I took from one women prasarved it for you tother piece  
I fried and ate it was very nise. I may send you the bloody knif that took it out if  
you only wate a whil longer

signed

Catch me when  
you can

Mishter Lusk

From hell

Mr Sugar

Sir I send you half the  
Kidney Stone from one woman  
preserved it for you tother piece  
flew and ate it was very nice I  
may send you the bloody key that  
took it out if you only wait a while  
longer.

Signed

Catch me where  
you can  
Mister Lusk -

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**WIND THE CLOCK**

—  
E. B. WHITE to MR NADEAU  
*March 30th, 1973*

Author E. B. White won numerous awards in his lifetime, and with good reason. Born in 1899, he was one of the greatest essayists of his time, writing countless influential pieces for both *The New Yorker* and *Harper's*; in 1959, he co-authored the multi-million selling, expanded edition of *The Elements of Style* to much acclaim; he wrote children's books which have gone on to become classics, such as *Stuart Little* and *Charlotte's Web*. He was also responsible for writing hundreds of wonderful letters.

In March 1973, he wrote the following perfectly formed reply to a Mr Nadeau, who sought White's opinion on what he saw as a bleak future for the human race.

North Brooklin, Maine  
30 March 1973

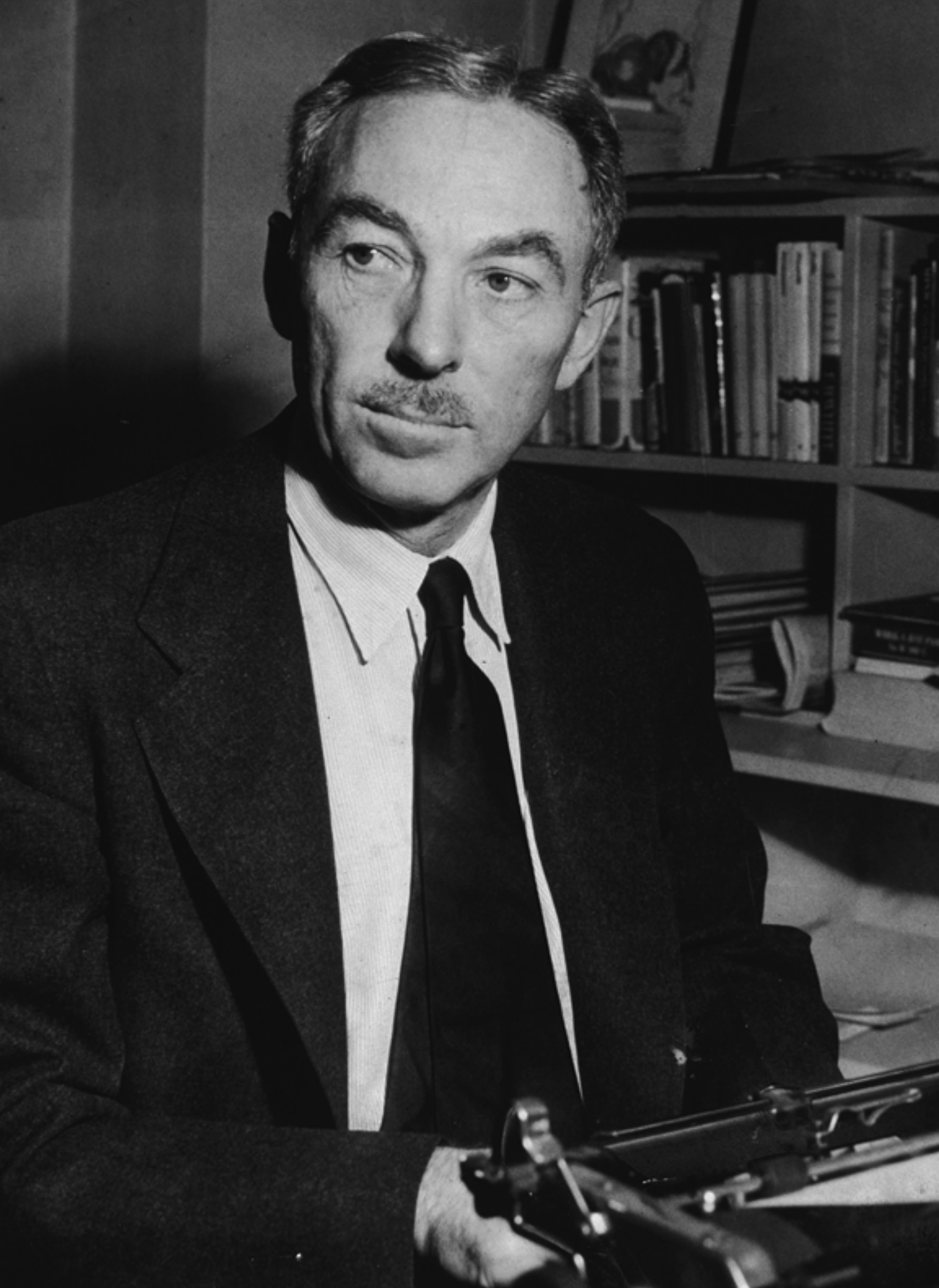
Dear Mr. Nadeau:

As long as there is one upright man, as long as there is one compassionate woman, the contagion may spread and the scene is not desolate. Hope is the thing that is left to us, in a bad time. I shall get up Sunday morning and wind the clock, as a contribution to order and steadfastness.

Sailors have an expression about the weather: they say, the weather is a great bluffer. I guess the same is true of our human society—things can look dark, then a break shows in the clouds, and all is changed, sometimes rather suddenly. It is quite obvious that the human race has made a queer mess of life on this planet. But as a people we probably harbor seeds of goodness that have lain for a long time waiting to sprout when the conditions are right. Man's curiosity, his relentlessness, his inventiveness, his ingenuity have led him into deep trouble. We can only hope that these same traits will enable him to claw his way out.

Hang on to your hat. Hang on to your hope. And wind the clock, for tomorrow is another day.

Sincerely,  
E. B. White



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**I AM TO BE EXECUTED**

MARY STUART to HENRY III OF FRANCE  
*February 8th, 1587*

For the best part of 20 years until she died, Mary Stuart was either imprisoned or on trial in England at the behest of her first cousin, Elizabeth I. Her entire life was anything but normal, having been crowned Queen of Scotland at six days old, married and widowed by the time she was 17, and was even Queen of France for a short period. She also had her eye on the English throne and that cemented her downfall. This farewell letter was written by Mary, then aged 44, in the early hours of February 8th 1587 to the brother of her deceased first husband. Just six hours later, as mentioned in her letter, she was beheaded in front of 300 witnesses.

Reyne descosse  
8 fev 1587

Monssieur mon beau frere estant par la permission de Dieu pour mes peschez comme ie croy venue me iecter entre les bras de ceste Royme ma cousine ou iay eu beaucoup dennuis & passe pres de vingt ans ie suis enfin par elle & ses estats condampnee a la mort & ayant demande mes papiers par eulx ostez a ceste fin de fayre mon testament ie nay peu rien retirer qui me seruist ny obtenir conge den fayre ung libre ny quapres ma mort mon corps fust transporte sellon mon desir en votre royaulme ou iay eu lhonneur destre royme votre soeur & ancienne allyee.

Ceiourdhy apres disner ma este desnosse ma sentence pour estre executee demain comme une criminelle a huict heures du matin ie nay eu loisir de vous fayre ung ample discours de tout ce qui sest passe may sil vous plaist de crere mon medesin & ces aultres miens desolez seruiters vous oyres la verite & comme graces a dieu ie mesprise las mort & fidellementproteste de la recepuoir innocente de tout crime quant ie serois leur subiecte la religion chatolique & la mayntien du droit que dieu ma donne a ceste couronne sont les deulx poincts de ma condampnation & toutesfoy ilz ne me veullent permettre de dire que cest pour la religion catolique que ie meurs may pour la crainte du champge de la leur & pour preuue ilz mont oste mon aulmonier le quel bien quil soit en la mayson ie nay peu obtenir quil me vinst confesser ny communier a ma mort mays mont faict grande instance de recepuoir la consolation & doctrine de leur ministre ammene pour ce faict. Ce porteur & sa compaigne la pluspart de vos subiectz vous tesmoigneront mes deportemantz en ce mien acte dernier il reste que ie vous suplie comme roy tres chrestien mon beau frere & ansien allye & qui mauuez tousiours proteste de maymer qua ce coup vous faysiez preuue en toutz ces poincts de vostre vertu tant par charite me souslageant de ce que pour descharger ma consiance ie ne puis sans vous qui est de reconpenser mes seruiteurs desolez leur layssant leurs gaiges laultre faysant prier dieu pour une royme qui a estay nommee tres chrestienne & meurt chatolique desnuee de toutz ses biens quant a mon fylz ie le vous recommande autant quil le meritera car ie nen puis respondre Iay pris la hardiesse de vous enuoier deulx pierres rares pour la sante vous la desirant parfaicte auuec heurese & longue vie Vous le recepvrez comme de vostre tres affectionee belle soeur mourante en vous rendant tesmoynage de son bon cueur enuers vous ie vous recommande encore mes seruiteurs vous ordonneres si il vous plaict que pour mon ame ie soye payee de partye de ce me que debuez & qu'en lhonneur de Jhesus Christ le quel ie priray demayn a ma mort pour vous me laysser de quoy fonder un obit & fayre les aulmosnes requises ce mercredi a deulx heures apres minuit

Vostre tres affectionnee & bien bonne soeur

Mari R

Translated transcript:

Queen of Scotland  
8 Feb 1587

Royal brother, having by God's will, for my sins I think, thrown myself into the power of the Queen my cousin, at whose hands I have suffered much for almost twenty years, I have finally been condemned to death by her and her Estates. I have asked for my papers, which they have taken away, in order that I might make my will, but I have been unable to recover anything of use to me, or even get leave either to make my will freely or to have my body conveyed after my death, as I would wish, to your kingdom where I had the honour to be queen, your sister and old ally.

Tonight, after dinner, I have been advised of my sentence: I am to be executed like a criminal at eight in the morning. I have not had time to give you a full account of everything that has happened, but if you will listen to my doctor and my other unfortunate servants, you will learn the truth, and how, thanks be to God, I scorn death and vow that I meet it innocent of any crime, even if I were their subject. The Catholic faith and the assertion of my God-given right to the English crown are the two issues on which I am condemned, and yet I am not allowed to say that it is for the Catholic religion that I die, but for fear of interference with theirs. The proof of this is that they have taken away my chaplain, and although he is in the building, I have not been able to get permission for him to come and hear my confession and give me the Last Sacrament, while they have been most insistent that I receive the consolation and instruction of their minister, brought here for that purpose. The bearer of this letter and his companions, most of them your subjects, will testify to my conduct at my last hour. It remains for me to beg Your Most Christian Majesty, my brother-in-law and old ally, who have always protested your love for me, to give proof now of your goodness on all these points: firstly by charity, in paying my unfortunate servants the wages due them – this is a burden on my conscience that only you can relieve: further, by having prayers offered to God for a queen who has borne the title Most Christian, and who dies a Catholic, stripped of all her possessions. As for my son, I commend him to you in so far as he deserves, for I cannot answer for him. I have taken the liberty of sending you two precious stones, talismans against illness, trusting that you will enjoy good health and a long and happy life. Accept them from your loving sister-in-law, who, as she dies, bears witness of her warm feeling for you. Again I commend my servants to you. Give instructions, if it please you, that for my soul's sake part of what you owe me should be paid, and that for the sake of Jesus Christ, to whom I shall pray for you tomorrow as I die, I be left enough to found a memorial mass and give the customary alms. Wednesday, at two in the morning

Your most loving and most true sister

Mari R



**I HEAR YOU LIKE TOMATO SOUP**

—  
WILLIAM P. MACFARLAND to ANDY  
WARHOL  
May 19th, 1964

As product marketing manager for Campbell's, William MacFarland must have been overjoyed with the incredible public reaction to Andy Warhol's first exhibition as a fine artist in 1962. Present at Los Angeles' Ferus Gallery was Warhol's now world-famous, unmistakable Campbell's Soup Cans piece: 32 silk screened portraits, each representing a different variety of the company's soup product, all arranged

in a single line. These works helped bring the Pop art movement to the masses and provoked huge debate in all corners of the art world - all the while holding a certain soup brand in the limelight. In 1964, as Warhol's star continued to rise, MacFarland decided to show his appreciation to the artist by way of this letter, followed by some complimentary cans of soup.



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## BILL HICKS ON FREEDOM OF SPEECH

—  
BILL HICKS to A PRIEST

June 8th, 1993

As an outspoken stand-up comedian with strong, unbending views on the most divisive of subjects, the late Bill Hicks was no stranger to controversy during his all-too-brief career. In May 1993, less than a year before he succumbed to pancreatic cancer at the age of 32, a live recording of Hicks's *Revelations* show was broadcast on television in the UK. Shortly afterwards, deeply offended by its "blasphemous" content, a priest wrote to the broadcaster, Channel 4, and complained about the recent screening. After reading the complaint, Hicks, never one to avoid a discussion, replied to the priest directly by letter.

8 June 1993

Dear Sir,

After reading your letter expressing your concerns regarding my special 'Revelations', I felt duty-bound to respond to you myself in hopes of clarifying my position on the points you brought up, and perhaps enlighten you as to who I really am.

Where I come from — America — there exists this wacky concept called 'freedom of speech', which many people feel is one of the paramount achievements in mankind's mental development. I myself am a strong supporter of the 'Right of freedom of speech', as I'm sure most people would be if they truly understood the concept. 'Freedom of speech' means you support the right of people to say exactly those ideas which you do not agree with. (Otherwise, you don't believe in 'freedom of speech', but rather only those ideas which you believe to be acceptably stated.) Seeing as how there are so many different beliefs in the world, and as it would be virtually impossible for all of us to agree on any one belief, you may begin to realize just how important an idea like 'freedom of speech' really is. The idea basically states 'while I don't agree or care for what you are saying, I do support your right to say it, for herein lies true freedom'.

You say you found my material 'offensive' and 'blasphemous'. I find it interesting that you feel your beliefs are denigrated or threatened when I'd be willing to bet you've never received a *single letter* complaining about your beliefs, or asking why they are allowed to be. (If you have received such a letter, it definitely did not come from me.) Furthermore, I imagine a quick perusal of an average week of television programming would reveal many more shows of a religious nature, than one of *my* shows — which are called 'specials' by virtue of the fact that they are *very rarely on*.

All I'm doing in 'Revelations' is giving my point of view in my language based on my experiences — much the same way religious broadcasters might organize their programs. While I've found many of the religious shows I've viewed over the years not to be to my liking, or in line with my own beliefs, I've never considered it my place to exert any greater type of censorship than changing the channel, or better yet — turning off the TV completely.

Now, for the part of your letter I found most disturbing.

In support of your position of outrage, you posit the hypothetical scenario regarding the possibly 'angry' reaction of Muslims to material they might find similarly offensive. Here is my question to you: Are you tacitly condoning the violent terrorism of a handful of thugs to whom the idea of 'freedom of speech' and tolerance is perhaps as foreign as Christ's message itself? If you are somehow

implying that their intolerance to contrary beliefs is justifiable, admirable, or perhaps even preferable to one of acceptance and forgiveness, then I wonder what your true beliefs really are.

If you had watched my entire show, you would have noticed in my summation of my beliefs the fervent plea to the governments of the world to spend less money on the machinery of war, and more on feeding, clothing, and educating the poor and needy of the world ... A not-so-unchristian sentiment at that!

Ultimately, the message in my material is a call for understanding rather than ignorance, peace rather than war, forgiveness rather than condemnation, and love rather than fear. While this message may have understandably been lost on your ears (due to my presentation), I assure you the thousands of people I played to in my tours of the United Kingdom got it.

I hope I helped answer some of your questions. Also, I hope you consider this an invitation to keep open the lines of communication. Please feel free to contact me personally with comments, thoughts, or questions, if you so choose. If not, I invite you to enjoy my two upcoming specials entitled 'Mohammed the TWIT' and 'Buddha, you fat PIG'. (JOKE)

Sincerely,

Bill Hicks

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**YOUR PAL, JOHN K.**

—  
JOHN KRICFALUSI to AMIR AVNI  
1998

In 1998, aged 14, aspiring young cartoonist Amir Avni decided to send a letter to John Kricfalusi, creator of the seminal animated television show, *Ren & Stimpy*, along with a few cartoons he had drawn, some of which contained relatively unknown characters of John's. To his delight, Kricfalusi replied, and not with a hastily scribbled acknowledgement of a few words.

"I think John puts a lot of faith in the younger generation of cartoonists," explains Amir, over a decade later, "and wants to make sure they are well educated. He sees the younger generation as the future of cartoons, and that's why he's so approachable and good-willed."

An admirable stance indeed, and one which has inspired at least one fan to follow his dream. Avni has since studied and taught Animation at Sheridan College in Canada; he is currently, as of 2013, working on a new show for Cartoon Network.

Dear Amir,

Thanks for your letter and all your cartoons to look at.

We're having trouble opening your flash-files, though; when I click the player it opens a blank screen. I have somebody trying to figure it out. If it doesn't work, maybe you can post them on the web and give me the URL.

Your comics are pretty good, especially your staging and continuity. You might have the makings of a good storyboard artist. I'm sending you a very good how to draw animation book by Preston Blair. Preston was one of Tex Avery's animators. He animated 'Red Hot Riding Hood' and many other characters.

His book shows you very important fundamentals of good cartoon drawing.

Construction. Learn how to construct your drawings out of 3-dimensional objects. Learn how to draw hands, so they look solid. I want you to copy the drawings in his book. Start on the first page. Draw slow. Look very closely. Measure the proportions. Draw the drawings step-by-step, just the way Preston does.

After you finish ~~the d~~ each drawing check it carefully against the drawing in the book. (if you do your drawings on tracing paper, you can lay the paper on top of the book to see where you made mistakes. On your drawing write the mistakes. Then do the drawing again, this time correcting the mistakes.

Here's another important piece of information for you:

Good drawing is more important than anything else in animation. More than ideas, style, stories. Everything starts with good drawing. Learn to draw construction, perspective.

Ok, now it's up to you.

Oh, by the way — OLD cartoons (from the 1940's especially are better than new cartoons. If you copy the drawings in new cartoons you won't learn anything — except how to get bad habits. Look at Tom and Jerry from 1947 – 1954 or Elmer Fudd + Porky Pig from the 40's + early 50's.)

I'm amazed at how much you know about us. How do you know about BOBBY BIGLOAF? and MILDMAN!

You can see Jimmy + George Liquor on the internet. Oh, I guess you know that.

ALLRIGHT Bastard, let's get to work. Draw! and slow now.

My email address is [redacted] if you have any questions — not too many I hope! I get a lot of email and it's hard to answer it all.

Your pal,

JOHN K.

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## THE ELEPHANT MAN

—  
FRANCIS CARR-GOMM to *THE TIMES*  
December 4th, 1886

In December 1886, the chairman of London Hospital, Francis Carr-Gomm, wrote to *The Times* newspaper and told of an unspeakably disfigured 24-year-old man whose appearance was so "terrible" that he was reduced to living in a small, isolated attic room at the hospital, hidden from view. Carr-Gomm was in fact describing Joseph Merrick – "The Elephant Man" – an unfortunate man born in 1862 in Leicester, England who began to develop abnormally as a child, resulting in enlarged limbs, lumpy skin and impaired speech by the time he was a teenager, not to mention an unimaginably difficult adolescence. A short-lived career as a living exhibit in London soon followed and then a trip to Europe during which he was robbed and beaten. On returning to England, jobless, penniless, sick and depressed, Merrick was admitted to London Hospital, at which point its chairman wrote to *The Times* and asked the public for assistance.

The positive reaction from the public – letters, gifts, money – was both overwhelming and unexpected, and essentially funded Merrick's stay at the hospital until his death a few years later. Shortly after he passed away, Carr-Gomm wrote one more letter to *The Times*.

From *The Times*, 4 December 1886

To the Editor of *The Times*

Sir, – I am authorized to ask your powerful assistance in bringing to the notice of the public the following most exceptional case. There is now in a little room off one of our attic wards a man named Joseph Merrick, aged about 27, a native of Leicester, so dreadful a sight that he is unable even to come out by daylight to the garden. He has been called "the elephant man" on account of his terrible deformity. I will not shock your readers with any detailed description of his infirmities, but only one arm is available for work.

Some 18 months ago, Mr Treves, one of the surgeons of the London Hospital, saw him as he was exhibited in a room off the Whitechapel-road. The poor fellow was then covered by an old curtain, endeavouring to warm himself over a brick which was heated by a lamp. As soon as a sufficient number of pennies had been collected by the manager at the door, poor Merrick threw off his curtain and exhibited himself in all his deformity. He and the manager went halves in the net proceeds of the exhibition, until at last the police stopped the exhibition of his deformities as against public decency.

Unable to earn his livelihood by exhibiting himself any longer in England, he was persuaded to go over to Belgium, where he was taken in hand by an Austrian, who acted as his manager. Merrick managed in this way to save a sum of nearly £50, but the police there too kept him moving on, so that his life was a miserable and hunted one. One day, however, when the Austrian saw that the exhibition pretty well played out, he decamped with poor Merrick's hardly-saved capital of £50, and left him alone and absolutely destitute in a foreign country. Fortunately, however, he had something to pawn, by which he raised sufficient money to play his passage back to England, for he felt that the only friend he had in the world was Mr Treves of the London Hospital. He therefore, through with much difficulty, made his way there, for at every station and landing place the curious crowd thronged and dogged his steps that it was not an easy matter for him to get about. When he reached the London Hospital he had only the clothes in which he stood. He has been taken in by our hospital, though there is, unfortunately, no hope of his cure, and the question now arises what is to be done with him in the future.

He has the greatest horror of the workhouse, nor is it possible, indeed, to send him into any place where he could not insure privacy, since his appearance is such that all shrink from him.

The Royal Hospital for incurables and the British Home for Incurables both decline to take him in, even if sufficient funds were forthcoming to pay for him.

The police rightly prevent his being personally exhibited again; he cannot go out into the streets, as he is everywhere so mobbed that existence is impossible; he cannot, in justice to others, be put in the general ward of a workhouse, and from such, even if possible, he shrinks with the greatest horror; he ought not to be detained in our hospital (where he is occupying a private ward, and being treated

with the greatest kindness – he says he has never before known in his life what quiet and rest were), since his case is incurable and not suited, therefore, to our overcrowded general hospital; the incurable hospitals refuse to take him in even if we paid for him in full, and the difficult question therefore remains what is to be done for him.

Terrible though his appearance is, so terrible indeed that women and nervous persons fly in terror from the sight of him, and that he is debarred from seeking to earn his livelihood in an ordinary way, yet he is superior in intelligence, can read and write, is quiet, gentle, not to say even refined in his mind. He occupies his time in the hospital by making with his one available hand little cardboard models, which he sends to the matron, doctor, and those who have been kind to him. Through all the miserable vicissitudes of his life he has carried about a painting of his mother to show that she was a decent and presentable person, and as a memorial of the only one who was kind to him in life until he came under the kind care of the nursing staff of the London Hospital and the surgeon who has befriended him.

It is a case of singular affliction brought about through no fault of himself; he can but hope for quiet and privacy during a life which Mr Treves assures me is not likely to be long.

Can any of your readers suggest to me some fitting place where he can be received? And then I feel sure that, when that is found, charitable people will come forward and enable me to provide him with such accommodation. In the meantime, though it is not the proper place for such an incurable case, the little room under the roof of our hospital and out of Cotton Ward supplies him with all he wants. The Master of the Temple on Advent Sunday preached an eloquent sermon on the subject of our Master's answer to the question, 'who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?' Showing how one of the Creator's objects in permitting men to be born to a life of hopeless and miserable disability was that the works of God should be manifested in evoking the sympathy and kindly aid of those on whom such a heavy cross is not laid.

Some 76,000 patients a year pass through the doors of our hospital, but I have never before been authorized to invite public attention to any particular, case, so it may well be believed that this case is exceptional.

Any communication about this should be addressed either to myself or to the secretary at the London Hospital.

I have the honour to be, Sir, yours obediently,  
F C Carr-Gomm, Chairman London Hospital.

From The Times 16 April 1890

To the Editor of the Times

Sir, - In November, 1886, you were kind enough to insert in The Times a letter from me drawing attention to the case of Joseph Merrick, known as 'the elephant man.' It was one of singular and exceptional misfortune; his physical deformities were of so appalling a character that he was debarred from earning a livelihood in any other way than by being exhibited to the gaze of the curious. This having been rightly interfered with by the police of this country, he was taken abroad by an Austrian adventurer, and exhibited at different places on the Continent; but one day his exhibitor, after stealing all the savings poor Merrick had carefully hoarded, decamped, leaving him destitute, friendless and powerless in a foreign country.

With great difficulty he succeeded somehow or other in getting to the door of the London Hospital, where, through the kindness of one of our surgeons, he was sheltered for a time. The difficulty then arose as to his future; no incurable hospital would take him in, he had a horror of the workhouse, and no place where privacy was unattainable was to be thought of, while the rules and necessities of our general hospital forbade the fund and space, which are set apart solely for cure and healing being utilized for the maintenance of a chronic case like this, however abnormal. In this dilemma, while deterred by common humanity from evicting him again into the open street, I wrote to you, and from that moment all difficulty vanished; the sympathy of many was aroused, and, although no other fitting refuge offered, a sufficient sum was placed at my disposal, apart from the funds of the hospital, to maintain him for what did not promise to be a prolonged life. As an exceptional case the committee agreed to allow him to remain in the hospital upon the annual payment of a sum equivalent to the average cost of an occupied bed.

Here, therefore, poor Merrick was enabled to pass the three and a half remaining years of his life in privacy and comfort. The authorities of the hospital, the medical staff, the chaplain, the sisters, and nurses united to alleviate as far as possible the misery of his existence and he learnt to speak of his rooms at the hospital as his home. There he received kindly visits from many, among them the highest in the land, and his life was not without various interests and diversions: he was a great reader and was well supplied with books through the kindness of a lady, one of the brightest ornaments of the theatrical profession, he was taught basket making, and on more than one occasion he was taken to the play, which he witnessed from the seclusion of a private box.

He benefited much from the religious instruction of our chaplain, and Dr Walsham How, then Bishop of Bedford, privately confirmed him, and was able by waiting in the vestry to hear and take part in the chapel services. The days before his death, Merrick was twice thus attending the chapel services, and in the morning partook of the Holy Communion; and in the last conversation he had with him Merrick had expressed his feeling of deep gratitude for all that had been done for him here, and his acknowledgement of the mercy of God to him in bringing him to this place. Each year he much enjoyed a six week's outing in a quiet cottage, but was always glad on his return to find himself once more 'at home.' In spite of all this

indulgence he was quiet and unassuming, very grateful for all that was done for him, and conformed himself readily to the restrictions which were necessary.

I have given these details, thinking that those who sent money to use for his support would like to know how their charity was applied. Last Friday afternoon, though apparently in his usual health, he quietly passed away in sleep.

I have left in my hands a small balance of the money which has been sent to me from time to time for his support, and this I now propose, after paying certain gratuities, to hand over to the general funds of the hospital. This course, I believe, will be consonant with the wishes of the contributors.

It was the courtesy of The Times in inserting my letter in 1886 that procured for this afflicted man a comfortable protection during the last years of a previously wretched existence, and I desire to take this opportunity to thankfully acknowledging it.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

F C CARR GOMM

House committee Room London Hospital, 15 April

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## I LIKE WORDS

—  
ROBERT PIROSH to VARIOUS  
1934

In 1934, a New York copywriter by the name of Robert Pirosh quit his well-paid job and headed for Hollywood, determined to begin the career of his dreams as a screenwriter. When he arrived, he gathered the names and addresses of as many directors, producers and studio executives as he could find and sent them what is surely one of the greatest, most effective cover letters ever to be written; a letter which secured him three interviews, one of which led to his job as a junior writer at MGM.

Fifteen years later, screenwriter Robert Pirosh won an Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay for his work on the war film, *Battleground*. A few months after that, he also won a Golden Globe.

Dear Sir:

I like words. I like fat buttery words, such as ooze, turpitude, glutinous, toady. I like solemn, angular, creaky words, such as straitlaced, cantankerous, pecunious, valedictory. I like spurious, black-is-white words, such as mortician, liquidate, tonsorial, demi-monde. I like suave “V” words, such as Svengali, svelte, bravura, verve. I like crunchy, brittle, crackly words, such as splinter, grapple, jostle, crusty. I like sullen, crabbed, scowling words, such as skulk, glower, scabby, churl. I like Oh-Heavens, my-gracious, land’s-sake words, such as tricky, tucker, genteel, horrid. I like elegant, flowery words, such as estivate, peregrinate, elysium, halcyon. I like wormy, squirmy, mealy words, such as crawl, blubber, squeal, drip. I like sniggly, chuckling words, such as cowlick, gurgle, bubble and burp.

I like the word screenwriter better than copywriter, so I decided to quit my job in a New York advertising agency and try my luck in Hollywood, but before taking the plunge I went to Europe for a year of study, contemplation and horsing around.

I have just returned and I still like words.

May I have a few with you?

Robert Pirosh  
385 Madison Avenue  
Room 610  
New York  
Eldorado 5-6024

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Jan. 5, 1955

Dear Miss Swain,

I am taking your suggestion regarding Charlotte Braun, & will eventually discard her. If she appears any more it will be on strips that were already completed before I got your letter or because someone writes in saying that they like her. Remember, however, that you and your friends will have the death of an innocent child on your conscience. Are you prepared to accept such responsibility?

Thank for writing, and I hope that future releases will please you.

Sincerely,

Charles M. Schulz



The Ax