

August 17th, 1960

Dear Emmett,

I was pleased to hear from you that there had been even a mild response to your notice in Nestor about our plans. For some reason, alas ! I failed to get my copy and so I have not seen your notice - and Lisa is not here to show me hers. Could you possibly spare me a copy ? - or tell me who distributes them here, as that is probably the difficulty. My set begins with p. 31 ( as I was not on your original list) but I am now trying to keep it complete from p.31 on.

Meanwhile, for some reason as yet unknown to me (I tell you this for your information and your entertainment !) E. Clay is in a temper about having been mentioned in Nestor as the source of Mycenae Maps in England. I had written in June to say what I was arranging - and, though I had no reply, had assumed the cooperation of our own office. Now she has written such a letter to poor Mr. Hugo, who is quite blameless in the matter of course, and he has sent me copies of their exchange of letters. I tell you this only in case you should hear echoes of the storm which might disturb you. I am of course the culprit and while I wait to hear from Martin Robertson what my crime is I am trying to find a workable alternative scheme, so that customers may not be disappointed. John Cook who has been here has been helpful and is writing to a friend of his in the Gordon Square building (on another floor !) who he thinks might take over. While I am busily counting ten in various languages to avoid a quarrel I amuse myself with composing attractive notices to put in Nestor to cancel the E.C. notice such as "the London <sup>Office</sup> has now refused to cooperate", etc., etc.

Please do nothing until I have something workable to substitute. I have asked E.C. to refer all queries to me direct. And please destroy this rather naughty note which is distinctly off the record. I thought I should like you to know that if I disappear without a trace that it will not be suicide - all most indiscreet.

I am so glad you have found a suitable house in Madison. It is a nice place to bring up a family. I am vague about "greater Madison" as I have not visited the place since 1940.

A little minor surgery (with nine days in a clinic after an operation) has delayed my departure for Mycenae, but I now have the surgeon's consent to join the party next week, probably going down with Lucas Benachi. I feel almost as good as new, and promise to be careful.

My best to the family and so many thanks for all your splendid help. If I ever get the British Estate Duty paid I hope to make a contribution to Nestor - what a valuable enterprise it is! I shall bear you in mind about cuttings but Lisa and David leave me little to spare.

Yours ever,

*Helen Grace*