

# The Manager's Letter.

In the air,  
August 5th, 1925.

I promised a number of Vic friends I would write my message for the Magazine as I was flying to France, the first stage of my holiday. Flying is delightful; I am glad I had the faith to take a return. This is a twin engine Farman Goliath carrying twelve passengers. Just as the saloon motor which brought us from the Haymarket to Croydon was starting, Robert Atkins appeared on the scene to wish me 'bon voyage,' and arriving at the aerodrome our conductor's wife greeted me. It was good to have Mrs. Corri, such a faithful co-worker for so many years, kiss me and wish me God-speed on my entering the aeroplane. These two leading representatives of Shakespeare and opera made me feel the blessing of my work was with me. Someone handed me cotton-wool for my ears and I gave myself up to the delights of going through the air. We circled round and round the aerodrome in a spiral way, rising each time till the height was sufficient to cross the hills. It felt to me that the earth had gently left us, and not we the earth. The woods were so delightful, the tree-tops making a wonderful carpet. In many places the harvest was being gathered and at the height we were flying the haycocks and great sheaves of corn looked like heavy footprints on the sand. All the farmyards looked so clean. Everything seemed tidy. "Distance lends enchantment" is realised fully when flying over the country. I had a great thrill as we left the land and the blue sea was below us. We passed through some rain and lost the sea; we floated over wonderful clouds and I ate my lunch of cake and fruit with my eyes fixed on this glorious carpet of clouds. After a while it was clear again

and the sea danced and sparkled below us. Nearing the coast of France we saw a steamer ploughing its way to England. We skirted the coast passing over Etaples, crossing the estuary of the Somme, where a fleet of fishing boats was picturesquely sailing up the river—a peaceful sight—and I said a prayer for the souls of all those dear fellows who had fallen near this river during the war. We flew inland over Abbeville and Amiens—the first year I worked at the Vic, my aunt Emma Cons took my sister and me abroad and we had a delightful week-end at Amiens. I never thought that 26 years later I should be looking down on the city from the sky. Then a plane flying to England passed us on our right, and we crossed over the great forests of Chantilly and Montmorency.

Paris is now in sight, so I must briefly say how I am looking forward to this season. I am glad to say that Charles Corri, Frederick Hudson and most of our old opera friends (with the exception of Muriel Gough, whose charming personality we shall not soon forget), will be with us again. The Shakespeare Company retains four of the girls and five of the boys who made good last season, and I am happy in having again our valued friend John Garside, and in the fact that Horace Sequeira and Duncan Yarrow are returning after a long absence. I know that the new members will do good work for me; and I feel that it is an honour to the Vic Shakespeare company that Baliol Holloway should join us, and that the long talked of event of Edith Evans' coming to the Vic is at last really happening. All those who have followed our Shakespeare work here will be as glad as I am that Andrew Leigh is our producer and will wish him great success and happiness in the season's work.