

40 Murray Road. Wimbeldon

12 August 1926.

My dear North,

I have sad news to tell you before I answer your little scolding. My dear wife died very suddenly on June 22<sup>nd</sup>, five minutes before I came home as usual about 6 o'clock! She had for years hoped for a quick death & had deserved it by her pluck and her unceasing and very successful efforts to help and cheer other people. She had been rather unusually gay the few days before her death, despite occasional pains across the heart which she thought were asthmatic. So Joyce and I have to be glad that death came when as she wished, and that she escaped the weariness of a long illness, which she always dreaded, not only for her own sake but for the unhappiness it would

cause to others to see her suffer.

== Joyce had a baby, another little girl, exactly a fortnight after her mother's death, and ~~is~~ got up yesterday for the first time. She had rather a bad time especially for some hours after the child was born, but since then has made steady progress, and the little girl is very sweet.

= I'm sorry your address has remained unaltered in the notice in The Libray. I pulled myself together to ~~alter to~~ substitute Woot's name for Wanship's in the last number, & should have thought of it then, but addresses have a way of slipping out of my head.

== Jenkinson's Ulrich's Zell was not a ~~the~~ reprint, but its first publication! He had never been satisfied enough with it to let it appear in print. I presume his widow has now received the fee for the lecture under the terms of the Sanders Trust.

== The Short-Title Catalogue of English Books, 1475-1640 is at last approaching completion! Its 609 pages are all in

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type; 3024 are printed off, 305-400  
passed for press; 409-520 passed for  
revise. Only 89 more pages of proof  
to read. Title & preface written; only  
six pages of Memoranda, including list  
of libraries, to be licked into shape.

// The Society gets more & more members,  
but it is harder & harder to get books

out.

// I hope all goes well with you,  
at Fifth Avenue and at home.

// Please remember me kindly to  
Mrs. North. I know she will be  
sad at the news with which  
my letter begins.

Sincerely yours,

Arno Ballard