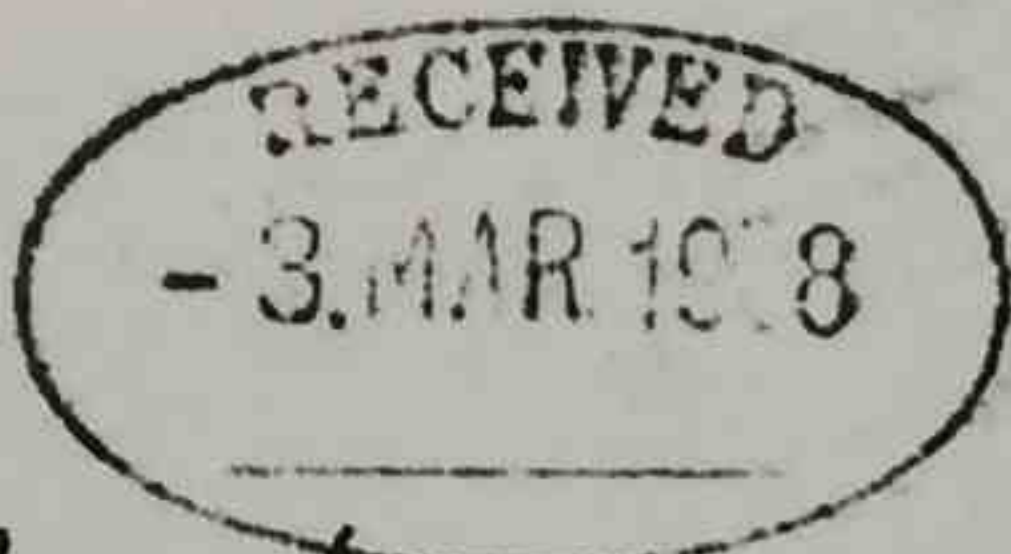


32, Bouverie Square,

Folkestone.

2nd March, 1938



Dear Colonel

*Newton*

I am most grateful to the Musicians' Company for giving a harbourage to my works. You will see by enclosed notices that I have some excuse for my unwillingness to destroy them. The Overture and one opera has had several performances, with good notices (I am keeping that work for the present on the chance of more performances).

I am, more or less, laid by, owing to bronchitis nowadays, which makes it impossible to come to London, for instance, and make personal efforts for a hearing. Moreover, there is no chance of a hearing without substantial financial backing, and though a small income makes me independent to a certain extent, it is not enough to allow finding a fairly large sum for a hearing, even were I disposed to this. Some years ago I did get into touch with influential quarters in the theatrical world, only to be turned down without even a glance at the work after eighteen months. The piano and vocal scores are in one parcel, the orchestral score ~~and~~ *as the matter is* should anyone ever be anxious to look at them, ~~and~~ I am asking you to accept the *libretto* of the Opera Bouffe for yourself as a curio or record of ~~without value~~, ~~without~~. I wonder if you will spot the hero. Both these works were written twenty years ago. It may interest you to learn that for the past fifteen years, if I make an average of £10 a year, I consider myself fortunate.

Please convey my appreciative thanks to the Company. Possibly it would be more commonsensical to destroy them, but I haven't the heart to do it myself, so I leave this to the future and the Company.

Yours very sincerely,

*Ben Gooch*