

August 23rd 1928

Auckland Castle,
Bishop Auckland.

My dear Harold,

Your letter reached me at
Wooler in Northumberland where
I have rented the Vicarage for this
month, and have been taking
holiday. This house is well
placed, being but a few miles
from the Scottish border, and
surrounded by a charming country,
unusually rich in historic memories.
We have been making expeditions
& seen much that is curious
and interesting.

I send you the enclosed papers, which may perhaps interest
you.

It is pleasant to hear of your happy family life. I hope that my godson is shaping well, and that when, (as I hope may be the case before very long.) I see him, he may be something good for an old man to see.. An old man — in

November I shall be 65 — realizes his description with difficulty, and not without a certain sadness.

The gossip in and out of the newspapers about the appointments to the Archbishopric has left me in no doubt that in the eyes of my contemporaries my antiquity

has been an obstacle, probably a
final ~~obstacle~~, to my preferment.

But I had made up my mind to
decline the offer of York, even if it
had come to me. I like Durham,

and the distinctive work of a
Primate would have meant a greater
sacrifice of independence to dignity
than I should care to make.

All my greatest predecessors —
Junstall, Morton, Cosin, Butler,
Van Mildert, Lightfoot, Westcott —

(do the names mean anything to
you? they are great names in
the History of the Church of England)

have died Bishops of Durham, and what was good enough for them is certainly good enough for their last and best successor. The untoward action of the House of Commons has created a situation of great difficulty, & when the Bishops meet next month to determine their course, they will have to take some grave decisions. In addition to everything else, the great Castle of Durham threatens to collapse!

May God bless you & your wife, and give you much happiness in home & work!

Your affectionate uncle,

Herbert Dunelm: