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Elsfield Manor, Oxford.

25th April, 1935.

Private.

The Rt Honble W. Mackenzie King, etc.,
Laurier House,
Ottawa.

My dear Mackenzie,

I cannot tell you how much your letter of April 2nd pleased me. One of the chief attractions of Canada is the prospect of working intimately with you. This week-end I read the life of you, which you kindly sent me - a very judicious and admirably written work, and it has given me a new understanding of your public career. Whatever happens in Canadian politics - and I take it there is not very much doubt about what will happen - you and I will always be in the closest association.

Susie asks me to say how much she looks forward to seeing you again, and to occupying the "Viceregal Lodge" at Kingsmere.

My Mother has been quite heroic about the business, for though she is an old and frail woman she never had the slightest doubt but that I should accept the invitation.

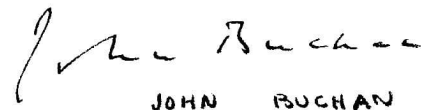
Violet Markham showed me a letter of yours on the question of a peerage. This is a really rather delicate matter. My own views are very strongly yours. I belong to an ancient family which has always escaped elevation (except by occasional hanging!), and I have no wish for any kind of title. I have already refused several ~~proposals~~ ^{proposals}. Had a peerage been offered me in the ordinary way of

Birthday or New Year Honours, I should have unhesitatingly declined it. But the difficulty is that under the new arrangement I am only the personal representative of His Majesty, and if His Majesty chooses to think that his representative should be a peer you will see that it would be very difficult for me to oppose his wishes. I am afraid the matter must be left at that. In any case I fear I must have some kind of title, for he proposes to make me G.C.M.G. and that means the hateful appellation of "Sir". What I should like is what you suggest - to become a Privy Councillor and retain my plain name.

I hope Bennett's health will not smash during the Silver Jubilee celebrations. Susie and I were at Windsor last week, and found the King in extraordinarily good spirits.

We both send you our love.

Yours ever,


JOHN BUCHAN