My dear cousin,

Of course you can have copies made of the Jockin Hayward family group, and make any other use you like of it — and keep it as long as you want.

Your flair for genealogy is astounding. I wish you should have been in the College of Heredity. By the way, have you any samples of the family crest or crests?

The burs are use the Hayward bridge, though my father seldom if ever used it. I have some family teaspoons with a single bird on them. (? Lemmings)

The butcher or Andras cast was a bar with the words “Nut en schoedehir” (useful but dangerous, it was understood) underneath. I can’t have seen it since I was a boy, but I remember it vividly.
There was a picture of Capt. Isaac Hayward in his pre-war regalia (a red coat, I fancy) in the old house at Hayward's End. I don't know if it interested me much in those days.

"Texas" Green, of course, is a purely play-istic gallery politician. I knew him first as a hostel official and he was a damned good one.

I'll see if I can do anything about those letters from Surman in England, but I'm doubtful. Rebecca Hayward, who was my second cousin, is dead, as I told you, and her two sisters must be very old. Apparently all the correspondence stayed with the three women. I am not sure they value and preserve these relics more than the average man?

I am inclined to think they do.

I suppose you had her or had some correspondence with the Adelaide Haywards at some period. Mrs. F. Rundle (my cousin) who was in here last week (she came to Sydney to see the Test) told me a Mrs
Isaac Hayward once called on her.

John Hayward, the brother of Isaac II, who was brought up, desiring of his mistress (and apprenticed to a miller, I suppose, or was it a saddler?) must here lived to a great age. He was alive, his wife, too, I think, when I left England in 1891, though I never heard of him, or knew of his existence. But he lived and died at Cleerton, near Holt, a sort of change on all the Haywards, who were accessible—and on the Wyldes, too—I learned since how dear, hence he wrote him!

My sister once received a snuff-box in his possession which a Dutch admiral, a forebear, took from a Spanish admiral, or et al. arms, presumably. I don't know what became of it; its history must be something similar to that of yours.

You know the time about as much.
As I do about the Dutch connections, and I indeed I know little except what I got from my father, which could be only a fraction of what must have died with him. I don’t know any tale of our family book long time to most casual interest in it. I have a sister at home (Mrs Flemming of Redford-on-Avon) with whom I have corresponded for 40 years pretty regularly, but she is very weak on these points.

My father used to say that the orange Londoner couldn’t go back beyond his grandfather. It’s true of lots beside Londoners, but housewifery or cook or one of them live at Bladon, letters? I have never been but the name is familiar to me.

Yours sincerely,

C.W. Andree Hayward