

Ursula Bethell

publishing the poetry

VALERIE LAURA

In August 1924, Ursula Bethell bought a cottage at 10 Westenra Terrace, on Cashmere Hill, Christchurch. The cottage commanded views of the Southern Alps to the west, the Pacific Ocean to the east, the Kaikouras to the north, and the plains and city spread out below. She invested it with the name 'Rise Cottage', in memory of the Bethell family seat in Yorkshire, and set up home in it with her friend of twenty years, Effie Henrietta Dorothea Pollen.

Ursula was in her fiftieth year, well-educated, well-travelled, and very religious, with private means, and a social conscience which had persuaded her to put aside her literary, artistic, and musical aspirations in 1897 for life as a social worker in South London, followed by five years' war work in the East End. When she travelled to New Zealand for the fifth and penultimate time in 1919, she may well have felt that she had 'done her bit' and wished, now, to be settled, for a while.

Effie installed herself in the kitchen, while Ursula attended to the making of a flower garden out of the heavy clay-based soil on the steep slope of the quarter-acre section. And, as she worked, she entertained a multitude of words which danced and sang their way into verses.

The 'garden' poems which resulted tell of the day-to-day happenings in the garden and in the cottage. They were inserted into letters to friends in England,

Then when they kept bubbling up, friends here read them & liked them, & wished that they could be printed in a book. I could not afford to have this done, but finally one knowledgeable friend said that 'some publishers *might*' & another even that 'some publisher *should*' so I decided to try for it, only then because I knew I could ask for AM's mediation....¹

'AM' was Arthur Mayhew, son of her English schooldays' guardian, and life-long friend. He had a career in the Colonial Office, and had had several things published himself, so he sent the manuscript to his own publisher, Faber and Faber, at the end of April 1929, hoping they would attract young de la Mare – son of Walter de la Mare – who 'reads' for the firm. But he wasn't prepared to publish & wrote a guarded letter....²

He then sent it to an old friend, Frank Sidgwick, of the firm Sidgwick and Jackson. Mr. Sidgwick was most encouraging:

I have already given it what Americans call the once-over, and find it very attractive, despite the fact that I am not much of a gardener, and that New Zealand horticulture is unfamiliar, and that it is largely free verse. But I think it worth putting into our usual reading routine, to secure other opinions. It is so nice to start on a MS. and feel

assured at once that the writer is a NICE person, with real feelings and sincere expression AND a sense of humour! ...

I can't say I think we are likely to accept it, but you never can tell. In any case I shouldn't like her to think we are insensible to its attractiveness, even if we are crudely commercial about its chances on the market. ...³

Two weeks later, at the end of May, Frank Sidgwick wrote again to Arthur Mayhew:

I have already written to you informally about 'A GARDEN IN THE ANTIPODES', but this is formal. We feel, I am glad to say, that we cannot afford to give the go-by to anything as good as this, and we should like to publish it this autumn. It is our duty to do so, but it will also be a pleasure – and it may or may not be a burden. As you say the author is aware that poetry as a rule is not remunerative, we should propose that, while we of course bear all costs of publication, the author should not receive a royalty until the sales have covered the costs – if they do! 4

A month passed while the letters were in transit to New Zealand, and it was the middle of July before Ursula was able to write to her publisher:

Dear Mr Sidgwick

- Not 'sir' because I infer from Arthur Mayhew's letter that we were introduced upwards of 40 years ago, I have already cabled to him my ready acceptance of what I feel to be your very sporting offer to publish the slight inventions of an unknown dipaysee He sends me your questions & comments with instructions to reply categorically & finally, which I now proceed to do. There is indeed no time for further reference to me if this book is to be a possible Xmas present in New Zealand this year. Forgive me if I am somewhat long winded – you know how anxious one is to think of everything before the dentist puts on the gag. ... Title. Would 'From a Garden in the Antipodes' be too long? I think 'from' " helps to describe the nature of the book's contents, which in fact began as metrical messages to Ruth Mayhew now Lady Head. and nine of the pieces I've sent are directly addressed to her and if some are just exclamations many have an absent acquaintance in mind

Blurb. This is the snag! I clearly see that I must agree to anything that will from publishers point of view help the book on but confess to clinging with positive passion desperation nervous persistence to private anonymity In England no matter but in provincial NZ I assure you that publicity is a really painful affair. I suppose it must be 'New Zealand' but must I be 'a lady' – couldn't I possibly be taken for a pensive old gentleman? ...

Pseudonym. Indispensable. Evelyn Hayes was chosen in haste for the Australian magazine – Sounds rather flabby but there it is – Hayes – Sir Henry of Cork – my great great grandfather deported for life to Botany Bay for attempted abduction of Quaker heiress. Built fine house & grounds (now public tea gardens) with convict labour – imported several tons of Irish Earth to avert snakes from garden –

Evelyn – cowardly vagueness of gender – (? perhaps sound association with Evelyn Hope) E. Hayes if you like. ...

Acknowledgements Twelve of the pieces were printed in Sydney I have written to a relation in Sydney who knows the editor asking her to obtain permission to reprint, whatever is required, & send direct to you – This will save a mail. ...
Number & Sequence of pieces

I really did not suppose that they would be accepted en bloc if at all – and sent 58 tentatively, not knowing how many wd. go to bake a book, having cut out some I thought too dull. Two or three included I thought might be considered too trivial or uninteresting. ... Those you mention as being out of place at the end are some I thought might be out of tone with the rest – having too much of sensibility or sentimentality? or perhaps too much alike? And what about the 58th & last one Would it not be better to end with the Easter lines? ... Please cut out or include as you see fit. The order was arranged to follow the season of the year & to mix the subjects. They were made during two or three years I have gone over them again carefully and put them as I think they should be if they are all retained Might need rearranging if some are done away with ... Also, as to little labels or names of poems please use or not use as you think ... I shall hang my head if the work does not pay its way – am not thinking of royalties! The construction of this garden has eaten up many pounds & it would be very nice if it brought in a few pence –

My MS was typed by a girl unused to literary work, I think I have noticed & corrected most of her mistakes, but the faults in & absence of punctuation are my own ignorance Proofreader please supply.

Arthur Mayhew and Frank Sidgwick worked long and hard on Ursula's manuscript, bearing in mind her 'small prejudices' and idiosyncratic punctuation, until, by the end of September, the book was ready to go to press.

Two weeks later, on 12 October 1929, an advertisement appeared in the *New Statesman* for

FROM A GARDEN IN THE ANTIPODES.

By EVELYN HAYES

Square 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

An unconventional book, describing in verse a New Zealand garden, the Gardener, the Housewife, a distant friend, a large Persian cat, a small Japanese Orange-Tree, and plants, pests, postmen, and passers-by⁵

the description being almost word for word the wording suggested by Ursula⁶ as well as that printed on the title page when the book appeared on 23 October 1929.⁷

There was a steady stream of short, favourable reviews in English newspapers and journals until about February 1920, but it was not until 18 July 1931, twenty months after publication, that *From a Garden in the Antipodes* was reviewed in *The Press* of Christchurch.⁸ Three days later, Ursula wrote to the reviewer, Mr. J.H.E. Schroder:

Geoffrey Alley, who rang up to congratulate me upon your very delightful review in last Saturday's 'Press', encouraged me to waive anonymity & thank you for it – may I use his encouragement as introduction & do so. Morning paper & spectacles were handed to me on Saturday with the words 'Read that Settle down to it Its almost posthumous!'

– ... When my friend Mr. Barker told me that he had sent the book to you I was vexed with him, insisting that it was not to be pushed but make its own way. I thought that it must have become known to the literary editor of the Press in the regular way of trade, so to speak, having been reviewed very well (and characteristically) by D'Arcy Cresswell for the NZ Press Assn – & inferred that it judged to be negligible – But your notice was well worth waiting for – May I say that you are the first reviewer ... who, like Mr. Frank Sidgwick himself, appears to hear & see things as I did when writing.

The column goes to Mr. Sidgwick at once; he will enjoy the manner of it, as well as the recognition. Moreover, from another point of view, it should cheer him up. The times are nebulous & publication of verse a risky venture ... My little work hasn't repaid its expenses yet & I wish it would, & your recommendation will count.⁹

As it turned out, Ursula purchased the unsold copies of the book herself, in the three years after December 1934, so that they should

not be remaindered for I wish to pay for what has not been recovered of the cost of production The book has now become to me a kind of sacred thing, & I want the remaining copies to go where they will be valued.¹⁰

The letter to Mr Schroder in July 1931 marked the beginning of a fruitful association, which saw Ursula submitting verse to him for publication in *The Press*, under the signature 'E.H.'. The first to appear was 'Picnic', on 7 November 1931,¹¹ the second, 'November', a fortnight later.¹² The following month, while Ursula and Effie were out of town, a cheque for £1/11/6 arrived at Rise Cottage:

Do you know, I thought poetry in the 'Press' was for honour & glory – but now, on my return, I find a very charming bit of pink printed matter, on which I meditate with surprise & satisfaction. And what the upshot? intensified diffidence – or shall, slump-wise, hungry shoals of little fishes surge around the portals of that fine engraved office? (I have often wished, lately, that my wares were of a marketable sort!) In any case, need I forgo the private pleasure of, perhaps, occasionally, submitting a composition to your kind & critical eyes? No, no.¹³

And so it was – she continued 'submitting a composition' every so often, and Mr Schroder continued printing the verse of 'E.H.' in the literary page of *The Press*.

Two of the poems published therein drew a response from their readers. 'Weathered Rocks' appeared on 12 March 1932,¹⁴ and was followed a week later by a letter from 'V.I.R.', who objected in quite strong terms to the use of foreign words in the poems of 'E.H.'. Mr Schroder forwarded the letter to Ursula, and she replied, in part:

I have a little Latin and no Greek; but French I know well and like, and it is from the French language that these words leak in; that I know, because so often a French word presents itself most a propos, though I do not dare to use it:¹⁵

The following month, 'Autumn Dawn' was printed.¹⁶ This time a letter came from 'S.M.', who complained about the lack of rhyme in the verse of 'E.H.', and

enclosed his own – rhymed – version of the poem.¹⁷ Ursula responded by producing 'Autumn Rhyme (for S.M.)', which appeared on 23 April,¹⁸ much to the delight of 'S.M.', who was most impressed.¹⁹

The poems published in the *Press* were quite different from those in *From a Garden in the Antipodes*, despite being written by the same person at the same time in the same place.²⁰

A notebook has survived from about August 1929.²¹ In it are jottings, mainly word sketches of the sky at dawn or dusk, detailing the lights and colours thrown across the plains and the mountains by the sun and clouds. These then became the bases for poems which increasingly incorporated a more philosophical note, that same philosophical note which also emerged in the poems derived from the times Effie would bring out the large Essex motor car, place some rugs and a hamper containing wine, cheese and other dainties in the back, and the two of them would go for a drive out around Tai Tapu, Oxford or Rangiora, even as far as Ursula's brother's estate at Pahau Pastures, near Culverden, or the Upper Rangitata Valley.

'Are you getting poetry?' she /Effie/ wd. say as we drove along 'I won't talk'²²

It was as if the abandonment to creativity in the garden and in the garden poems enabled her then to look out beyond her 'small fond human enclosure',²³ to make stronger and fuller links between what she had read in the Bible, the Prayer Book, the poets, the philosophers, the mystics, and Nature. These later poems are more 'studied', more considered, more planned, less spontaneous. And, yet, all were inspired by the same set of circumstances – a cottage on the hills with a garden, a view, and a special companion.

Through her friendship with Mr Schroder, Ursula was introduced to D'Arcy Cresswell, to whom she then showed her poems. In March 1934, he wrote to her:

I should like to bring out a collection of your poems – ... We could do an edition of 250 copies for £10, & with a style of refinement above anything else done here.²⁴

He was in close association with Bob Lowry and his Unicorn Press in Auckland, and proposed that the printing should be done by them. In August 1934, however, Bob Lowry got mixed up in the Free Speech Demonstrations here, & was for some weeks removed from his work²⁵ which had the effect of delaying the completion of work already to hand.

Ursula took advantage of the lull to seek Mr Schroder's advice:

D'Arcy invites me to have a dozen or so of my poems printed in a booklet by his man in Auckland – ... Do you think it would be acceptable by the public? In other words do you think that if I took £10 of my slender capital & had it done ('in time for Xmas') I could expect to – putting it bluntly – 'get my money back'? I should have to see about it immediately.²⁶

Three weeks later, she wrote to him again:

I am trembling on the brink of this Christmas poem – booklet – won't you put out a hand to restrain – or to egg me on? – One pictures you with finger on Public's pulse – would it be a little tired of E.H. – or wd. there still be some appetite. Could you suggest a good, catch penny title.²⁷

At last Mr Schroder's longed-for advice arrived, and Ursula replied:

My hearty thanks, please, for the really thoughtful advice about proposed publishing venture – just what I needed. In the light of what you say we think – better give it up – or at any rate postpone – D'Arcy first made the suggestion some months ago, when I was feeling rich with my wool cheque in hand, & it seemed quite an amusing gamble, incidentally solving 'my Xmas present problem' – But now the money's gone & it wd. be a case of risking capital – less & less a sensible proceeding. D'Arcy said that £10 would produce a booklet of about 12 pieces. Yes, I was to pay

Miss Pollen asks 'Do people want little pamphlets of poetry lying about?' Her answer is NO – & she would like to spend more in getting a more numerous collection done in book-form, and preferably in England.²⁸

Two or three weeks later, the two friends celebrated Ursula's sixtieth birthday. Effie

made my birthday a reminder of my own pilgrim-emblem – the cake surmounted by its '60 years' milestone, was adorned with my pilgrim shells. She made me read the Bunyan hymn 'Who would true valour see' etc.²⁹

Then they

drove again, on a lovely afternoon, round by Loburn, taking one to whom we had promised an outing. It was to be our last drive. I wonder indeed that, that week, I had not a inkling, so much importance did my dear friend give to my 'diamond jubilee' week & so much kindness did she spend on it. My heart was so full of thankfulness on the second Sunday of that 'Octave' that with energetic impulse I offered to God all I had, friend, home, life itself. How swift, how apparently ruthless, was the answer!³⁰

Effie died, suddenly on Thursday 8 November 1934, on Show Day, when Westenra Terrace was deserted and Ursula could do nothing but sit alone with Effie and watch her die.

It means a complete shattering of my life; from her I have had love, tenderness, understanding for 30 years, & close & happy companionship (in spite of the inevitable superficial differences) in this home for 10 years. I shall not want another home on this planet –

I have always felt the pressure of the 'Either-Or' of life – deliberate cruelty or deliberate love. Just now I am conscious of nothing but darkness, nothing but heartache – but these purging tears, my reason says, *do* purge. At once, in a flash, I saw unrolled the many occasions on which I had shown hardness of heart & selfishness, & made *stupid* mistakes arising from selfishness, and such a showing is purgatory.

And 'E.H.' has creased to be. Already another 'E.H.' had been signing letters & 'poems' in *Press & Sun* & I had decided not to use the signature again. there will now be no occasion to do so.³¹

A couple of days later, Ursula tried to explain further what Effie's death meant to her:

I see to have lost God. No, He exists – & my reason & my whole experience tell me that He exists & that *nothing* is lost, but I am in the dark & in pain. You say that this sorrow will bring gifts, & I believe that to be perfectly true – or else everything is madness. I never could slur over things, or take anodynes, I want to know it all – and this death & destruction that I saw, must be lived through & known – But I must tell you this: the *consciousness* of God came to me, as to so many, chiefly in the solitudes of Nature – Face to face with horrors in East London, in the war, that wasn't enough – I looked at my crucifix & tried to understand – I took Christianity for my life-pattern finding no other better one, or nearly as good, & it has been my road – But (how shall I express it?) a blind following – a dim road – And now that everything is broken up & I am starting out again, alone, I begin to wonder, am I now to learn what that 'and' really implies – "This is eternal life to know God *and*" – That one 'acquainted with grief' There was evidently a perfect relationship of love – could not one say a perfect human relationship – and then 'Why hast Thou forsaken me?'³²

And, yet, even while talking in this way, of how her life had, to all intents and purposes, come to an end with Effie's death, and of how her religious faith seemed unequal to the task of grieving, she also talked of her hopes to have printed a choice of the poems which have appeared in the Press³³

although it was not until the beginning of 1936, about a year after she had left Rise Cottage, that further mention was made of the idea:

I have, since the book, gone further afield for subjects in my verses, & a good many about the N.Z. scene have appeared in the Press & North Canterbury Gazette (most rhymed) – I am hoping to have a selection from these printed in N.Z. in the course of the year, if I find I can afford it, ...³⁴

Over the ensuing months, she sought the advice of D'Arcy Cresswell, Dr Helen Simpson, Mr Schroder, and a number of other friends. Between them all, they settled on a publisher – Denis Glover at the Caxton Press in Christchurch – on the number of poems to be included, and on the order in which they were to appear.

Ursula wanted, initially, to call the book 'Weathered Rocks', after one of the poems in the collection, but D'Arcy Cresswell expressed strong opposition to the notion³⁵ and the matter was left hanging until the manuscript was in Denis Glover's hands, and Ursula was away for the winter at Mt Harper:

but I couldn't think of a title – I went back to arrangement by seasons – on D'Arcy Cresswell's advice – & am wondering whether 'Time and Place' or 'Seasons & Places' would do.³⁶

Rodney Kennedy, the recipient of this letter, replied:

Time and Place certainly – certainly that's much better and very right a universal savour about it. ... I am glad you got back to the seasonal arrangement. I feel that it is most fitting – you see this all leads back to your original conception of the setting.³⁷

Denis Glover, on the other hand, was *not* impressed: *Time & Place* will not do. You aren't writing a treatise on the Fourth Dimension. I have been reading Milton & others on the hope of a phrase, but so far the lucky number hasn't turned up, except perhaps *Pipes of Straw* – modest, pleas-

ant, though not quite apt. *The Singing Years* occurs to me now, but it won't do.³⁸

Writing to Toss Woollaston, Ursula commented:

I won't write to Rodney this time, but thank him for his letter. I always enjoy his incisive remarks & have a real respect for his judgements – So glad he approves of 'Time & Place' for the booklet – Denis Glover was all against it, but Dr. Helen Simpson (Ph.D. you know not medical) calls it 'inspired, nothing less' 'the exact right title' – So I shall insist.³⁹

At last all difficulties were sorted out, and, towards the end of August 1936, *Time and Place*, "... by the Author of From a Garden in the Antipodes" was published, just before Ursula returned from the Upper Rangitata Valley.

By this stage, it was quite well-known that the 'Evelyn Hayes' of the 'garden poems' and the 'E.H.' of the *Press* was Miss Ursula Bethell. Indeed, judging by the number of letters she received from friends in New Zealand as well as in England when the first book was published, it would seem that the only ones in the world who did not know were her brother and nephews. Until, that is, 19 September 1933, when Ursula read in the *Press* that in his presidential address to the Christchurch branch of the English Association, Mr L.F. de Berry had said,

When we think of gardens, we must think of Miss M. Bethell or Evelyn Hayes, the 'E.H.' of 'The Press'⁴⁰

which prompted her to write to Mr Schroder:

Do pray cast your eye on the middle page of Monday's Press – or was it Tuesday? and see why my newspaper-addict friend ran to me with the cry 'Look, the fat's in the fire now!' which is good Irish of course for 'The cat's out of the bag' – and please sympathise with the feeling of mixed anger, amusement, and gratification which took me – Ye gods and Whemina Stitches – I was almost moved to make you my congee – but then the all-too-useful cheques – and then, the lookforwards! So here you are – But does the lewd fellow suppose that one shelters behind a silly pseudonym for no reason?

A few days later, she added:

Oh vexation bids fair to be drowned in amusement – I have had several condolences from friends who know & sympathise with my Victorian dislike of publicity – But my nephews, whom I saw on Sunday, are really impressed! Anything in the nature of an *ad* – appeals to their idea of concrete value – & my brother writes to congratulate! I do hope they won't take to *reading* my productions!⁴¹

No sooner had *Time & Place* been published than Ursula was considering yet another volume. In October 1936, she wrote to Rodney Kennedy:

There are still enough in MS to make another book, but I don't know whether they are good enough.⁴²

However, it was not until 1939 that the idea became a reality:

I went to Wellington early in June ... and in a few days' time caught a bad form of influenza – went about too soon & too much & was sent to hospital with a 'dilated' heart for six weeks ...

In hospital I was warm & thankful, & was able to go over the collection of verse I had planned – The Caxton Press is doing it & it should be ready next week – 'Day and Night' its

called – I am obliged to feel rather commercial about it & hope to catch the Christmas market!⁴³

A week later, on 27 October 1939, Ursula sent Mr Schroder a presentation copy of her third book.

Both of these New Zealand-produced books were well-received by the reviewers, but not by the purchasing public in the grips of an economic depression and then facing the spectre of another world war. But, that was not altogether the purpose of either producing, or publishing, them. *Time and Place* was compiled as a memorial to Effie Henrietta Dorothea Pollen, the 'E.H.D.P.' of the dedication page, 'without whom these had not been written',⁴⁴ while the third volume, *Day and Night, poems 1924-1934*, was dedicated to Rise Cottage:

To you, beloved threshold, I have lifted my eyes. To you I dedicate these songs and whatever grace is in them, as the bond of my affection.⁴⁵

Those ten years at Rise Cottage, from August 1924, to November 1934, in the company of her dear friend Effie, were the happiest years of Ursula's life,⁴⁶ and, out of her happiness, she produced the poems which stand as a lasting memorial to the life they shared, and which now mark a watershed in New Zealand poetry.

Valerie Laura is a Christchurch writer working on the biography of Ursula Bethell.

This is an edited version of a paper presented at the annual Stout Research Centre Conference in 1992. The author acknowledges the assistance of the Literature Programme of the Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council of New Zealand.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹ Ursula Bethell to Frank Sidgwick, 15 July 1929, MS 38B, Box 1, Canterbury University Library.
- ² Arthur Mayhew to Ursula Bethell, 30 May 1929, MS 38A, Box 6, Canterbury University Library.
- ³ Frank Sidgwick to Arthur Mayhew, 14 May 1929, MS 38A, Box 6, Canterbury University Library.
- ⁴ Frank Sidgwick to Arthur Mayhew, 29 May 1929, MS 38A, Box 6, Canterbury University Library.
- ⁵ Ursula Bethell to Frank Sidgwick, 15 July 1929, MS 38B, Box 1, Canterbury University Library.
- ⁶ *The New Statesman*, 12 October 1929, in MS 38B, Box 1, Canterbury University Library.
- ⁷ Ursula Bethell to Frank Sidgwick, 15 July 1929, MS 38B, Box 1, Canterbury University Library.
- ⁸ Frank Sidgwick to Arthur Mayhew, 23 October 1929, MS 38A, Box 6, Canterbury University Library.
- ⁹ *The Press*, 18 July 1931, p.13.
- ¹⁰ Ursula Bethell to J.H.E. Schroder, 21 July 1931, MS Paper 280, Folder 1, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ¹¹ Ursula Bethell to Monte Holcroft, 29 December 1934, MS Papers 1186, Folder 3, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ¹² *The Press*, 7 November 1931, p.13.
- ¹³ *The Press*, 21 November 1931, p.13.
- ¹⁴ Ursula Bethell to J.H.E. Schroder, 19 December 1931 MS

Papers 280, Folder 1, Alexander Turnbull Library.

- ¹⁵ *The Press*, 12 March 1932, p.13.
- ¹⁶ *The Press*, 19 March 1932, p.13.
- ¹⁷ *The Press*, 9 April 1932, p.13.
- ¹⁸ *The Press*, 16 April 1932, p.13.
- ¹⁹ *The Press*, 23 April 1932, p.13.
- ²⁰ *The Press*, 30 April 1932, p.13.
- ²¹ Ursula Bethell to J.H.E. Schroder, 27 October 1939, MS Papers 280, Folder 1, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ²² MS 38B, Box 5, Canterbury University Library.
- ²³ Ursula Bethell to Rodney Kennedy, 11 November 1936, MS 741, Hocken Library.
- ²⁴ *Collected poems: Ursula Bethell* edited by Vincent O'Sullivan. Auckland: Oxford University Press, 1985, p.2.
- ²⁵ D'Arcy Cresswell to Ursula Bethell, 12 August 1934, MS 38A, Box 3, Canterbury University Library.
- ²⁶ D'Arcy Cresswell to Ursula Bethell, 12 August 1934, MS 38A, Box 3, Canterbury University Library.
- ²⁷ Ursula Bethell to J.H.E. Schroder, 22 August 1934, MS Papers 280, Folder 1, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ²⁸ Ursula Bethell to J.H.E. Schroder, 17 September 1934, MS Papers 280, Folder 1, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ²⁹ Ursula Bethell to J.H.E. Schroder, 23 September 1934, MS Papers 280, Folder 1, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ³⁰ Ursula Bethell to Monte Holcroft, 3 January 1935, MS Papers 1186, Folder 3, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ³¹ Ursula Bethell to Monte Holcroft, 29 December 1934, MS Papers 1186, Folder 3, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ³² *Ibid.*
- ³³ Ursula Bethell to Monte Holcroft, 3 January 1935, MS Papers 1186, Folder 3, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ³⁴ Ursula Bethell to Monte Holcroft, 29 December 1934, MS Papers 1186, Folder 3, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ³⁵ Ursula Bethell to Johannes C. Andersen, 24 January 1936, MS Papers 148, Folder 19, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ³⁶ D'Arcy Cresswell to Ursula Bethell, undated, MS 38A, Box 3, Canterbury University Library.
- ³⁷ Ursula Bethell to Rodney Kennedy, 28 June 1936, MS Papers 741, Hocken Library.
- ³⁸ Rodney Kennedy to Ursula Bethell, July 1936, MS 38A, Box 5, Canterbury University Library.
- ³⁹ Denis Glover to Ursula Bethell, 7 July 1936, MS 38B, Box 2, Canterbury University Library.
- ⁴⁰ Ursula Bethell to Toss Woollaston, 10 July 1936, MS Papers 741, Hocken Library.
- ⁴¹ *The Press*, 19 September 1933, p.3.
- ⁴² Ursula Bethell to J.H.E. Schroder, 23 September 1933, MS Papers 280, Folder 1, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ⁴³ Ursula Bethell to J.H.E. Schroder, 27 September 1933, MS Papers 280, Folder 1, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ⁴⁴ Ursula Bethell to Rodney Kennedy, 29 October 1936, MS Papers 741, Hocken Library.
- ⁴⁵ Ursula Bethell to J.H.E. Schroder, 27 October 1939, MS Papers 280, Folder 1, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ⁴⁶ Ursula Bethell to J.H.E. Schroder, 27 October 1939, MS Papers 280, Folder 1, Alexander Turnbull Library.
- ⁴⁷ *Time and Place* / by the author of *From a Garden in the Antipodes*. Christchurch: Caxton Press, 1936.
- ⁴⁸ *Day and Night, poems 1924-1934*, by the author of *Time and Place*. Christchurch: Caxton Press, 1939.
- ⁴⁹ *The poetry of Ursula Bethell* / Joyce M. Morton. Thesis for MA, 1949, Wellington College of the University of New Zealand, p.8.