

Seven Ave.

23. 5. 32.

My dear Douglas

We are now established in 1 Naive
View. You were quite right. It is enchanting,
& there is a room for you & Nalin, & a bath
with taps, & we're too grand to pull a chain,
instead we press a button as at the Ritz.
Everything is here when you want it again,
my dear.

I hadn't an idea that Gabriel
had such exquisite things. They'd make
magic in a county-council town hall, Sheraton
& admirable french chairs & glass & china &
toys. And pictures. I'm death with
longing to show them off.

I've washed & waxed & polished them all
back into beauty again. It's like making
a work of art to display them properly.

So there's no news but home-news.
(Innumerable other afflictions have been
heaped on our heads, but not enough to
bow them.)

Mr. Wise remembers you lovingly, &
we hear no more of Ruby. Indeed, the
cyclone center has shifted along the cliff, to
the two Roberts families. The full of Jensen
fores & just too tired to visit them - lived
a day - but triumphant.

Cave soon.

As always -

Jay.
