

Sennen

Sunday.

My dearest Aunt

As I should have said to you a week and more ago -- may I accept your very kind offer to keep Camilla for these holidays. I hesitated, because there would be a number of people, old friends of mine probably at Sennen ~~in these holidays~~ⁱⁿ, with some charming young things of her age; and I thought it might be a good thing for them to meet. But she behaved to me very rudely in a letter and I changed my mind. Now I have heard from her, and as she wants to stay with you, and ^{since} you are kind enough to have her, that's all right. Only, after your kind offer and her behaviour, these holidays were 'off' anyhow!

I have been working like a demon, and that's about all I have to say. A large new book is the result, and in it, my dear Aunt, all the gratitude I feel about your care for my childhood and girlhood fully if not adequately expressed. 'Flue came at the end and extreme fatigue. I still have to take quite elaborate care of myself, which is a nuisance. (For that, ^{is} shall not be sorry to have quiet holidays for once.)

£10,000 Mother says about the picture, and I am sending you money directly I get my cheque. It is all past comment. I have written its bitter record and put it away among my private papers, which Anhus Davidson, who is my literary executor will deal with as he thinks fit after my death.

I'm sorry to have so little news, but here, dearest Aunt, is a moral problem for which I want your advice.

There is also in the book an account of my school days at St Andrews, and there again an attempt to write an appreciation of a mistress there (still there tho' now very old) to whose teaching I owe an infinite debt. To her I ^{also} ~~also~~ wrote, thanking her and telling her what I had done, and had a very charming answer. Then, out of the blue, another letter (by the way, I had offered to shew her the MS in proof, as I will you, in case there was anything she did not approve.) Then, this letter begging me to leave her out of my account of the School: Because she is very old: because she hates the idea of publicity: because she thinks I'm mistaken -- that I did not learn so much from her, have mistaken her lessons for 'Lessons life taught me later'.

Now, what am I to do? The part about her is integral. It is absolutely necessary for my own development as a character, for my picture of life up there. Besides, she's mistaken -- I do ^{owe} ~~owe~~ her an immense debt. And I don't want to spoil my book. Now will my publishers be pleased.

If you have any counsel to give, I should be thankful for it.

And, darling Aunt, is there any book for Christmas you would like. Any? (Or anything else?)

Just off to Penzance to start my doings. We are giving a Christmas tree for our small children friends, and I have to persuade last year's Father Christmas, who has an imposing figure, to do it again. In a paisley shawl and a cotton-wool beard. I am making a huge rug of hooked wool for one nursery, have still a cat, a

fish and a bird to finish. And its backing.

Dear Aunt, write soon --

always your most loving

Ray