

Tabel-Vos

Seuen.

3. 3. 33.

My dearest Aunt

Very many thanks for your lovely, sensible, & 'helpful' - kind words, but accurate in this case - letter. You are perfectly right. We must build up a pair. But, oh my dear, you must forgive me if I talk to you still about it. I have ~~no~~ one else, no one who can understand as you do, & who knows the people concerned. I still can't understand it. (It would be easier if I could.) What has Dolly been up to all these years? How has she managed to learn nothing of affairs? Or people? Or the names of this wicked world the possibilities of disaster? You're the sister & a woman of sharp practical sense. Have you any theories? It is this that puzzled Graham when we discussed it. Neither of us understood

her such a fool. I daresay I was as gullible <sup>2</sup>  
at five & twenty as she has since been told from  
about five & fifty on. I'm pretty sure I'm bolting  
like such an idiot now. Another thing. It is ~~not~~  
maddening to think - what have they to show for  
it all? A few years brilliance in Society?  
Not a bit. (I've had some myself, certainly in  
Paris!) Is they'd been shipwrecked as above  
tallent scheme for human happiness a better bet,  
it would be less - infinitely less - painful.  
Not they.

But my mind is shades worse.  
While, my dearest Aunt, I'd like you to believe  
me when I say I had a premonition of it,  
years & years ago. There was a swellshop, an  
'atmosphere' about the pair of them that affected  
me, as a young woman. Swellshop almost with  
kiss. And there was ~~at~~ a time, only <sup>once</sup> ~~at~~,  
about five years ago, when one night an impression  
came to me that I shall never forget, that my Father  
was going to warn me of swellshop. Some insignificant  
character. I kept a full record at the time in my  
diary. And I shall never forget it. I wasn't

Sunday.

3.

thinking about him, & there came a sudden feeling  
of his presence & personality. There was something so  
urgent about it, that I used the Indian receipt for  
cleaning and kind of sense in perfume - deep breathing  
etc. - Then words came, with this over-whelming sense  
of his - personality again. I could let you know  
easily. It was as if he was under so great difficulties  
in 'getting things' to me as I was in following him!

Enough of it for the time - tho' you'll hear  
more, I'm afraid. I have no-one but you.

I'm exceedingly, infinitely relieved about  
the child of Sandecotes. While in a year, things  
should be better. Indeed I've slept sounder since your  
letter. The relief was more than I can say. Bless  
Miss Harding. I will write to her.

A request. Do you remember the name  
of Mother's doctor, who did her operation such  
many years ago? Ruth Manning - Sanders is  
suffering exactly as she did & wants to go to him.  
If you don't remember, I'll write to her direct; but  
I'd sooner not until I have your consent over  
myself. (You see, she has broken her most solemn  
word about Camilla. enough of it -)

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By the way - I've just heard from the  
child. She says (i) I promised that she could have  
her friends to stay with her <sup>as much as she liked?</sup> which I'm sure I  
never did. (2) Can she bring me for 3 weeks,  
next holidays. Name illegible. Daughter of a General  
at Aldershot.

Well, a five-roomed cottage we  
maid doesn't make hospitality easy. Do you  
know anything about the lass? Gabriel - who I have  
to think of too (we can't stand an over-dose of  
immature life), suggests a week, not three. So am  
writing to that effect. But she's a silly child.  
Instead of coaxing Mother, she demanded it, almost  
with threats! A most un-charming letter. I nearly  
said 'No' on the strength of it! But it isn't her if  
you can about courtesy: about trying to please: about  
pretty ways never being wanted. That people do so  
much more if they're asked sweetly, so that if my  
policy, we should take trouble.

Enclosed - The Macedonian, I do so  
hope you'll pass it for your Library, for it's far  
away the best thing I've done. Gabriel says

Let you might call it a little out-spoken, but <sup>S.</sup>  
let his best Aunt, Aunt Anne, loved it; & you  
& she are both women who love letters & are of the  
same generation. So it ought to be all right.

Ever your most loving

T. J. J.

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Good luck to your Library - anywhere.