

Tabel-Oos

8. 3. 33.

My dearest Aunt.

Just a line of unadorned
capitulation! I'd a hunch she'd come round,
I believe a letter I sent to her came to Tony
helped. Anxious, anything but angry, but
put in such a way that she could not but
realise she was breaking a promise most solemnly
given: that she hadn't a word to say to stand us.
To Tony I was more direct - but again
careful to give no handle to bad temper.

That was two months ago. I've heard
nothing from her; only one rather apologetic card
from Tony to say he was writing. And then
not a word. News comes. I'll be all
discussing. Trust me -

Ever your loving
Tony