

Tel-el-Vos

Sevens.

Tuesday.

My dearest Aunt.

Please let me have a health-certificate. I haven't had one. We've been having a very good, very strenuous time over Easter. The child is being marvellously good - the greatest improvement in last holidays. Much better-mannered, less affected; & I believe, happier, & really & truly settled in, & getting on with every one as well as I could wish. She goes for enormous walks with her Italian, & made the best impression as an old friend, likely to be very useful to her later, who we visited specially for a week to have a look at her.

Look here, if she came back one day earlier, would that be time enough? She has plans & picnics up to almost the last

moment. I know she can hardly bear herself
away from her dog & her expeditions. If one
day would be enough for fittings etc. I could send
her back one day before. She is in such health &
spirits & the life here agrees with her so well.

One amusing thing happened: did you
remember how her father wanted her to go to the
Russell's school? Well, he did; & I wouldn't, tho'
the Russells both wanted her. Well, one day, Lady
Russell invited - up her. She had brought part
of her school for the holidays & so have they have
been Port Antonio. She wanted to see what the

child was like. I show her what she had missed.
So I sent Camilla off with her for the day to
see for herself. (Balind & I dined there later in
the evening.) Camilla came back, thoughtful
that she hadn't see these, & they were all a little
disconcerted that the child, without having had
a less 'fancy' upbringing showed such intelligence
& independence. We all laughed.
I haven't any less for you.

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A rather admirable letter from my Mother I haven't
answered, & several & several from Tony - all about
himself & not very informative at that.

Other wise, just to garden & to child &
bedroom walks. I can't do any work until the
holidays are over. Then my book on Cleopatra,
which Heiberman will take. It's a thing I've wanted
to write pretty well all my life, & I shall do it
in much the same way as 'The Macedonians'

Forgive this exceedingly dull note. My
lived to-day - it turned after months of drought to
sudden soft rain & stirred up the malaria in
my bones. Nothing serious, but I feel it there. Just
a few thousand eggs which of a million also

Good night, beloved Aunt.
The same than I can say that you can't cure
her -
Ever your most loving
Tony.

We helped to decorate the church. The
child will be good at that sort of thing