

Sever.

7. 5. 34.

My dearest Aunt-

Forgive me. A ll the week.

-and I've been sick again with this malaria, with the
consequences I've been too tired to do anything. (While I
had forgotten all about them till your card came.) For
your letter arrived just as we was seeing Toller off,
& you know how in that kind of hurry things slip out of
one's mind.

The Mr Baker the child must have used
to be the organist at St. Just. A handsome young
man, I'm surprised he's gone! He has now got another
job in a village near Ruislip. He's also a very
good pianist, & helped the child with his practicing etc.

I am dreadfully sorry about the books I'd
forgotten my Aunt had them. Do you think it would
be any good if you sent me one, or perhaps if you'd

allow me, I could point out where they are wrong
from a modern point of view? At least I know more or
less what people like now.

I wish I had some money to send
you. Some I should have, but they've put off
publishing 'despatches' was till the Autumn; my
reviewing has fallen off, & at the moment everything seems
to have to be done in our hands. (This applies to Galina too.
I had had any, I'd send it at once.) On the other hand,
I may have sold some short stories to a few publishers.

Dear Aunt, I hate this excuse, but they're only too
real. We are managing as best we can at the
moment. I've finished a story for the 'Courier', but
Barnell wrote & asked me for. Let hope he'll take it,
& I'll send you that.

I suppose Sandecker breaks up early in July.
I'm hoping to see the child again, & the bathing then
will be glorious.

Now I will go & pack those dresses.

Ever your loving

May