

Seven.

30. 3. 38.

My dearest Aunt.

I can't tell you the pleasure
your magazine gave us. The Editor is a beloved
friend of mine, & it had a stay by me last month
before. Did you see it? I particularly loved the
stay by Edward Lewis, a delicate, true, lovely thing.

I'm sorry the child's not been well. She
told me all about it - I knew she'd be safe with
you. Indeed this Spring hasn't been too healthy. A
bad 'flu epidemic in this village - we were all
ill. I especially - could not throw it off. I am getting
in Farnham, it is excellent.

It is sad about 'Life & Letters'. It may
have to stop. I have just heard from Eli-Robert
the usual question of finance. He proposes - if
he wanted £20,000 to put on a rather indecent
musical comedy, he'd put it in his time. Just as he
wants £2,000 for a serious paper to encourage the arts,

- it is almost impossible to find.

'Cleopatra' is fast ready. One was given
struggle with the final proofs & I waste my hands
of it! Perhaps it will sell. Do you know, the
boxes made was than £60. & that only once, with
any look of mine - Only this time, the boxes,
because people will see the name 'Cleopatra' & hope it
will be all about love-affairs. They'll get a shock,
but they may have bought it first. That's my one
hope.

I long for the child. Included her face. What a
stock it was to find so was full price, tho' at a size
she was that year ago!

No. Not to say being in London & I
hear no good news of them. It doesn't bear too much
troubing of. Strange to think that the only solid
piece of 'Bull's' possession, the no point of stability
is their tiny house & garden, such books, antiques,
pictures, objects d'art as it contains. The family book
attends me - & also Bahad - there. We continually
find something valuable to me has spotted, been in

those days. Last week an XV Century steel
 fender, a splendid, antique piece of pure chrome,
 bright red all ~~over~~ over from being left out-of-doors!
 I got it for a few shillings, took it home in a friend's
 car, & spent 3 weeks on it with glass paper - all
 the glass-paper, every & oil & buff-brick; & now it
 looks like a mirror, & is worth anywhere several
 pounds. Saw her with a crystal bottle paruchia
 in a curio-shop at St Blas, Cahors gave it to me
 for a cheapie - finishing present - for about a quarter
 of what Yamanka in Bond St would have asked.

It's an ambition to have essentially a house in which
 every object, for use or ornament or both, shall be equally
 satisfying to the eye. (It's a safe form of investment) &
 the more as poor as rats, sunbeams, with the blessing of Heaven,
 these things came on my way because we love them.

I wish you would come here. I want to take
 you over to St Hilary, where Father Walker has devoted
 his life. Have you heard of his work there? Does the
 Miracle Play they broadcast each year? There is the a
 bers as at Parker, & they are releasing hand-sets. We're

lately became great friends, & I go over there a Sunday
whenever I can. (The less said about Sewan Church
the better.) Our Rectō is very old & utterly out of
touch with this heathen parish. So I take Camilla to
St Hilary whenever I can, when the Service is long &
glorious, & the people have given their whole hearts
to it & to the work of the Church.

Here I can't blame her if she doesn't want
to go, to cheeriness & emptiness — an utter negation
of devotion, tho' the Rectō's a friend of mine & an old
chap in his way.

Now I see I haven't told you that Bobbit is
still away. He went North at Christmas to see to
his property up there, & the best way of getting a bit
of it in the market. Then disaster, (then paany) followed.
For the Aunt he went to stay with, who looks as thin
as her son, had a stroke, is 'failing' as they say,
& can't bear for him to leave her. Her heart is so
bad that the least thing might kill her, & she clings to
him in such a way that he feels he can't leave her.
I had a letter from their family doctor, who I know

rather well, explaining how serious it is; that he
must stay as long as he can. It's all rather miserable
- but since the holidays are over, I think I shall go up
a pair here.

The old lady was once a great woman of
affairs, managing director of a firm of importance
in the Tyne. Now she won't give it up. It's so easy
scarcely sign her name, & Bahad has to do it all,
address business, not his duty.
handling it. Poor dear! We miss each other.

This is most news to date, I think.

Ever your most loving -

Jay

I suppose I'll meet the child, as usual, on the
5th? If I don't see, I will.

