

Sevens

Sunday

dearest Aunt.

Not having heard from you I have been meaning to write for some time - why I have not in the last weeks you will understand in a moment -

A month <sup>or so</sup> ago I went to Landa, as you'll remember - Stayed a fortnight, having a most wonderful & successful time. Returned here by car, stayed a few days; then, to wind up, before settling down to work again on the Child's holidays, proposed to spend a few days at Tidcombe House in Wiltshire, with some of my oldest friends.

So, about 10 days ago, I motored off again in a friend's car, & on the way, we had a frightful accident. Car wrecked completely, (thank Heaven it was no-one's fault) & I'm

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still having rather a bad time with bruises & that  
slow, stupid bruising called 'shock'.

If it hadn't been for my friends at  
Tidcombe, which we needed essentially, I should  
have been much worse. I've only just got  
back from there, couldn't leave before — so there  
may be a letter from you, forwarded to Tidcombe, &  
not yet released through the Post, as they are all away  
for the moment.

I saw John in London on my way down — (I  
spent the night at their house in Curzon St, not up to  
hotel —) & made as light of it all the as possible.  
But I'm still very weak, not up to anything like  
stairs of any kind — One knee was driven right  
through the wooden shelf opposite me in the car, & scraped  
to the bone! It is healing beautifully, but is a slow  
business, & I'm still very lame.

In fact, as an escape from death  
or dreadful injuries, it was miraculous. But it has  
been the nearest thing to that sort of experience

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known. Never been than my Paris - smash some years ago, a far more painful! You see, we were coming up at 25 miles an hour, when that cyclist appeared at just where, in trying to avoid him, we crashed into the hedge. (He got off with cuts & slight concussion.)

So, dear Aunt, I'll be well in time for the child - when does she begin? Certainly in a week from now I ~~shall~~ <sup>shall</sup> be fit to start living again in an ordinary way -

So will you let me know?  
(Mother has no idea how bad it has been. I made an effort to tell it from her. It would only add to her troubles & she could not help - but understanding these things -)

Embrace the child for me - tell her that I do  
Cross is coming down in August, & that he has a new car, a black Packard light, which is the finest & most splendid I've ever been in, & that we should all have a good time -  
Blessings on you, dear Aunt. They want me to do a book now on Julian the Apostate.  
Love your loving - Jay