

Tebel Vos
Sennen
Cornwall.

8. 10. 35.

My Dears

This silence is not want of love. Only since you left, I've been in the last throws of finishing my new book. The one about my childhood. I'm working like a fiend and the end is dimly in sight, but I tire easily, and the day's work done, find the utmost difficulty in writing letters as well, -- except the business ones, editors and publishers and that sort of thing. So half my friends think I'm dead. Also I've got involved in a row with an author. He wrote a book I considered rather a vile production, vicious and hysterical; and having it for John O' London's I, rather gently, said so. Now he's protested -- as a cutate might if an unkind parishioner had accused him of saying 'damn'! I'm sticking to my guns, and he's getting angrier and angrier. In no way ashamed of his rotten book, but furious that anyone should have dared to say a word against it! And I have to be careful, for he has friends on that paper. As it is, I shall probably lose my job! The Press to-day in a bad mixture of timid and corrupt. They managed to get rid of Ellis Roberts, that darling, from two important editorships because he's a Christian and a Catholic. Dissenters, of all kinds, are felt to be 'safer'.

Poor Angus Davidson! He and I went fern hunting on Skew-jack the other day, and he fell into a bog-hole, wrenched his back somehow and caught a chill, and is badly laid-up. So I've him to

nurse, partly, on top of it all.

Gabriel and I hope to go off to stay at Tidcombe with Odo Cross, once the worst of the book is over. Meanwhile I've lots of the Fathers to read up for a book on Julian the Apostate I've had in my mind to write for years. The ~~rug~~^{Bulbs} rug isn't finished -- that word looks as if it were spelt wrong! and I've three hundred bulbs, nearly ~~to~~^{to} ~~xx~~ put it, and the weather is awful.

My dearest Aunt, have you ever read 'The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire' by Professor Glover? Its one of the most magnificent books ever written, it even makes Murray seem superficial. Get it in your Library, I beg of you. Indeed, I entreat you to read it, if you haven't. As for you, my Lass, ~~the~~^{the} more than one work for your birthday.....

The man is crying fish.... the Royal George (much improved lately in manners) is telling the passing world how her son was knocked over by a wave on board his ship and broke his nose. Also how the new District Nurse, a darling, is taking the bread out of her mouth: 'A-laying of them out, like as I belongs to do, all these years and no complaints'.....

Adieu, for this moment. Heaven bless you both.

You most loving niece & mother

Jay