

Sennen.

24. II. 36.

My dearest Aunt

Forgive a typewritten letter; I have too write so much that I'm enclined to get ~~what~~ what they call 'writers' cramp; which also can be quite dangerous to one with my job if it ~~gets~~ <sup>gets</sup> ~~bad~~ bad. I know of a ~~woman~~ <sup>woman</sup> who has a pension from the Government because her hands beca<sup>m</sup> ~~me~~ completely ~~crippled~~ crippled with it, working in an office in the War! So typing is a rest; also my handwriting is supposed to send people mad. (Do you find it so very hard?)

Unfortunately I'm not much of a typist either -- my spelling goes, as you see.....

I am thankful that you agree that it would not be wise just now for Camilla to go to her Father. I feel the same about it, whether her half-sister would be there or not. I know that kind of household. They used to amuse me once, but they are not the kind of place where I'd trust any child for which I was responsible -- Above all when she was beginning to grow up. It did Camilla no good before in Essex. I thought that Mother being there would have helped, but it didn't. Slowly I found out the ideas he had had put into her head; and its taken you and me years to reduce the impression they made. Also, he knows certain people it would be fatal to have on intimate terms with a girl just making her appearance in the world. (Not necessarily

bad people, but injudicious. Whom many of my friends would look on with contempt, fairly or unfairly. It won't do. We must watch our step, above all just now. Once she is of age, she can please herself.

Darling Aunt, I am singularly bad at letters, being lost in Julian. A long book, with an extra amount of sheer work because so little is known generally about the 4th Century. Its very well documented, but people just don't seem to read about it. So I have to reduce a really immense amount of history into vivid terms so as to let them know where they are. Make the Council of Nicaea come alive, for instance. (I wish you would write me on a post card just what you remember of it, without looking it up. That helps, telling me the 'temper' of the ordinary educated mind.) Mostly its just embalmed, ~~stomach~~ along with why Constantinople was built, and what Athanasius and Arius were fighting about. And why. And the pasquinades at Antioch and the goose at Daphne, and what the nuns sang pointedly when the Emperor Julian rode by. Heaps of material, in an age singularly like our own, but no one seems to know anything. Did I tell you of one friend, a frenchman, who when asked what he knew about Julian, said: "Julian, Julian - l'Apôtre, n'est pas?" Or the other, who said hopefully, "the Imposter".

Forgive me if I beat you this before.  
You rejoice my least were than I can possibly say  
by telling me ~~the~~ the child is learning to be more coincidental,  
above all, to you.

Of course, if she goes to Lardas, I suppose I  
must let her see her Father. That can't do much

have. Or rather, to a risk we have to take.

We'll go with it some later. The full of glass

for Christmas. How are you keeping - cold body,  
The kids, you love with you worries me very much. She is fast  
much of a tax as your expenses.

Yes, I'm very worried about Tony's job.

Ever your loving

Tony

