

7. St. James Terrace.

My dear Douglas.

I am so sorry.

Directly I got your first letter I put it
right with Silo & King, via Hut'san.

Now, she is taking your letter to them to-
day. Joy, who pleased me that you wished

her to see it for someone else, will see it
to night. Alec will fix up to morning, &

then Naboney. My dear, I know how
awful it is. It was happened to me

with a cheque paid in to a Paris account
& I was drawing in London. Horas

ensued - Skulik, a handsome American

woman - - - I aged rapidly.

That is pure pain for Alec, I don't
doubt. The more I see of that family

the less I like them: (I don't see much, so
that's hardly fair but I hate them for
disloyalty to you - just revising a story
about the Lunov's.)

News - I haven't done the Paul Robeson
sketch yet - Too damned hard up. But
hope to.

Nurray has departed - back to Nice,
sunlight, a whammy about. Alas, but
on the whole best. He had a poisonous
Cough here, & was getting ^{even} an arranger
balance of eustachia about me. (He also v.v.)
Geoffrey has tried to sample his step-father.

I deplore it.

The Paris crowd has gone back. Fat
'histories' there, but too long.

A pet of a piece has appeared, here
West. You'd love her.

I miss you very much. If I wrote it
twenty times! Couldn't say more.

Will fix the letter exactly as you say.

All love to you Mary.