

Sarah's Well

Thursday

My dear Douglas

There's a writing-room, warm, separate, bureau, typewriter and view of the sea. Inside this house, on the top of the cliff, its as though we were hanging in a balloon, sky and sea and gulls wheeling. Come down quick. You can work as quiet as you please, and there is fish for a sea-lion.

Sorry things have been so damned. Come any moment you like. If we know when, we'll meet you in Penzance. If not, take a taxi, (vilely dear) or the first bus out -- there are plenty --to Land's End and get out at Sennen Schools, (before you come to the village). Take the main road on your ^{right} ~~left~~ in the direction of the sea, and after the first steep bit, but still very high up, you'll see a rough road on your ^{to my me} left, leading to the top of Sennen cliff. Follow it, and any one will tell you which is us.

All these directions in case you turn up, and in view of the peculiar postal arrangements, we haven't heard. Its about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from Sennen Schools to us. If your luggage is too heavy, tell the conductor to leave it at the Post Office and Mr Roberts will fetch it later.

Only come. It is hardly believable the difference this place has made to us. Stay as long as ever you will.

Both our loves to you both

Mary
Gabriel