

Tel. Nos
Seaman Cove.

Friday.

My dear Douglas.

I'm sorry to have left your letter for so long, but I've been trying desperately to get us a maid. Having had to let Mrs Roberts go, she has now returned naturally to Mrs Iglesias; while during August maids are at a premium here. There aren't enough to go round, & they ask anything they like.

At last I think I've got me, & a good one, suddenly out of a place who will come to fill in time. She wants 25/s a week & her food, which is more than I reckoned on, but it's to be ^{her} or leave her. For that she'll stay till night & do everything. (Mrs Roberts was 20/- in winter half a day & no food.) Can you manage to 'extra'?

My dear - I'm afraid we can't have Paddy till you come. We'll be working up

to the last moment to get our finances into
prospective order - for what I hope will be a
too-remote future. As we are now, we can't
even afford to have Cuddy. And when you're
gone, if places are still wanted in September,
- as they seem to ~~be~~ be - we may have to let
her go for a few weeks. (I'm holding this
piece of machinery over Naman's head;
she doesn't know you are coming & is under the
impression that while having to live at our
address home at once. So don't broadcast that
you're coming. Heartless she is, & the more heartless
she thinks she is - the better.)

I hear that Mrs. Caswell's book is to be
withdrawing. Pity, for apart from the hostility
about you, it seemed to be a very good book.
I suppose Murray kicked up a fuss, & who cares
about him?

A bientot, my dear. Louis & Wilkins's
rooms are booked. No more repairs. Our dearest
loves to you all.

Always -
Mary