

Pension Select.

Rapallo.

Dearest Douglas.

How good it was to see your
blessed hand-writing, & your good weather letter full
of real news.

Until the day before yesterday, there was no need
to enquire us for climate. It rained & rained &
rained, winds howled, several at once, & that fact has
lent of a Mediterranean that never goes in or
out soaked us with iced spray everywhere we put
our noses out of the anything but Select-Pension.

Also I've been wretchedly & unspeakably unwell,
I ran down like an over-worked man-spirit, & am
only just beginning to feel better. Also I missed my
dear friends, tho' we've made some new ones, &
a precious queer lot they are. No 'damned
nonsense about art', but chunks of life. It's a long

Stay to be told when we meet.

Our Christmas plans are in a bad way - We've
horribly broke. If you go to Lake Haurand, we'll
make the effort & come too, as long as we can
- I suppose there's a village pub - but we don't
attempt a town like Nice. If not, we shall
probably stay here.

I've begun something rather good & magnificently
unsalable. If we meet, bring 'the MS of the House?'
Fad's Review paid me £4. for a 3,000 odd word
stay, a nice bit & I've heard no more. He was in
magnificent fettle, but I always behave stupidly with
him, & fear the impression that I left was none of the
best. Paris was a dream - we didn't go to bed
for a week, & spent all our money as such things!

The last thing I remember was dancing solely
supporting myself by the lobes of Cedric Nans' ears.

I'm expecting an addition to the family. Not another
Camilles, but an enormous, savage, exuberant
Alsatian wolf-hound, who picked Gail up the
first day we walked over to Rapallo, & was loved
but him alone. It's a lamb with him. Its owner
is madly jealous because Gail can control the

least e he can't, e he's an American just out
from a two years' sentence for manslaughter because
he got D.T. e shot e killed three women.

He has nearly got them again. He continually
proffered a fresh attack, e he never saw him
anything but completely blank. Also, he ill-treats
the dog. All very complicated. But I just don't
hackerly see ~~was~~ what's to come of it.

We have also picked up with a new, ~~casual~~ man
here for reasons too difficult to enquire into.

By the way, my dear, has there been
recently published in England 'an Anthology of
English Ghost Stories?' edited I think, by Elliott O'Donnell.
If there has, could you get it for me - up to
7/6 e bring it out? I want to get ideas from it.

I could pay when we met, but it's no good sending
you here. The ghost-story is a form with which
there remains a lot to do.

Darling Doyle, let us know your plans. Let
Howard said something about our staying with him
too but it was never confirmed. Naturally we
should like that best, but can't very well re-suggest
it. Anyhow, where you go, we'll be e follow.
All our loves -

Jany