



WITH ALL BEST WISHES

FROM

GABRIEL AND MARY

My dear Douglas,

Bad carriage sat on a spade (or is it)

on my shoulder when you. You wrote me an admirable letter last summer, & I didn't answer for a bit, because we were hoping to be able to visit Patrick down during the summer. That held us up - but I found we couldn't, because we didn't have an inch of space, with friends been sleeping in tents. Then I began to write a book about Cleopatra & got lost - round 4th. B.C. & only recently half-way off.

Then the speaker said 'what a treat I'd think you. what a treat you are'. Françoise looks as if a glorious one & helped me. I'd like to be fabulous, but don't expect to be.

Harassingly poor - but it might be a worse Christmas. How we both hope that all is well with you & with Talia.

We've written to you Patrick. My own self is turning out very well indeed. We have left for good now, to ask better.

As always -

Jany