

Friday
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My dear Douglas

Forgive friend - There's an ^{little} ^{boy} ^{and} Hugh is feeling some blank in his walk.

I'm glad of those long letters, be-
- cause at least they help hammer things out about the
boy.

My dear - he was a ^{little} ⁱⁿ ^{fernal} ^{little} ^{nuisance}, I don't doubt it. But remember his age, the
complex of circumstances that has helped make him. He
always speaks of Helen with affection & respect, but the
little beast does say sweet Alice, unbecomingly like that.
Adolescent boys & girls are ^{terrible}, tears & sulks & cheek
sultriness & rebelliousness - & Hugh is suffering from an
acute attack of that sort.

When he first got here - (forgive those detached
notes, they'll make sense, I hope, all together) he was
in such a grave physical condition as to take all our

attention. Now at last let's unpacking-

And you're not to think we're spoiling him - lots of work - painting, ~~was~~ like-art, Roman history, Tacitus, mixed poetry - gay work. And engravings, e walks a clean beard & combed hair & his room tidy. Uncle & Aunt with a beloved nephew!

I can see he's a difficult child, apart from his age. But my whole contention is something you don't allow for, the dis-equilibrium his mother is finally responsible for. I know what Mrs Talbough, ^{about} my hard-headed Camilla suffered from a mind free of the same trouble. Add to it that he was not robust - And worst of all that he never belonged. That's accentuated his faults, plus his adolescence business.

Of course the Palmeri would be fatal. How on earth did that happen? But he told me last night - he is easily influenced - 'I thought they were right till I got here - Now I see that' - (what ever 'that' was) - 'Isn't the right way?'

Tuesday

Up to now I've missed his virtues: because they hid as in the eye: & because I felt they weren't appreciated.

Now for his faults: or 'inherited' or 'acquired characteristics' as it was fashionable to call them.

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Remember - I hardly know his Notes. Didn't like her.
Suppose her was to be a sexual neurotic. No signs of
that in Hugh.

Well, he's not a sharp character. But he is, I
think, a fine one in the making. Hence the imbalance of
fine environment. He's moody, nervous, hyper-sensitive
to the verge of hysteria. Inclined to cynicism - mostly
adolescence. Selfish - mostly a child's want of judgment.

Slip-shod, absent-minded - awfully like me there at that
age. Bad-training would again work that out.

Remember your own boyhood, Douglas. You had a
full nervous breakdown about that age.

In short, for his type, he was sure to fly.
While the possibilities are infinite, for Good. It's bad,
mainly depressing. He might become a pitiable failure,
but never, I believe, a scoundrel.

Remember again, his health is really delicate.
That ^{can} make a boy peculiar & self-pitying just as it
does a man. Physical care is essential. In fact, his
eyes are bothering him so much - (often a result of S.F.)
that the findings are occult but true. ~~They~~ They are
red, discharging, uncertain to focus, & give him
a perpetual headache. So be's seeing what can be
done, for him. (He says they've always been a nuisance)

While for a painter this is doubly serious. 41.

While such things - least left weak after pneumonia, ^{toward it} after S. F.; fits of healthlessness which left him gasping & ashy after a walk up hill, bronchial pains after a deep breath, ^(both better now) slight digestive troubles - all these deleterious things, make him feeble. Conscious of his body as a healthy lad should never be. Make the usual mental pains of adolescence worse.

Yet none are his fault. Only our irresponsibility.

There! another big-fell riddled
And don't I know the gallant angel that Polini is.

This for today. Sent with wab.
@Hoyts very nearly a
D'Ang whole-time job!