

Sunday

Postmarked Dec. 29, 1919

My dearest Aunt Ada.

We were away
for Christmas, & got back late
last night. We spent it with a
friend four miles from a station
who is so proud of his cooking that
we were never left in peace a
moment because of the fresh things he
had ~~us~~ brought us to eat. He
cooks à la Provençal with cream &
oil & garlic, & stuffs quiet birds
like chickens with almonds & chestnuts
soaked in rum. He loses his

tempers if you don't go on & on.

We were greedy enough but we've
used to living mainly on coarse bread
& heaps of vegetables & fruit, not on
chocolate & brandy & pâté de foie gras!

He meant so well - he cooks like
a cardinal blue but ~~to have~~ ^{have} - I think
it's the fourth deadly sin - thrust
down your throat! We are
thankful to be back. I went to
Murray's this afternoon & danced for
four hours without stopping. Tonight
I'm feeling better but I never want to
look at ~~with~~ a ~~trifle~~ again.

Forgive these horrid details
We are giving a party on New Year's
Eve. Very sorry it promises to be.

We've had rather a jolly
Christmas - & as before your 5/-
came it a moment when we'd spent

our last penny -

Very many thanks my darling
Aunt - We are sending you dozens
something from the press directly it comes
from the binders - a book of poems
by a friend ~~of~~ ours. They will
interest you I think - he's a very
remarkable man. And John says it's
a lovely book the best he's
ever got.

All our love to you -

Good luck to the board of

Guardians -

over you.

Mary

Is it any use asking you
to this? the play is so great
shakes - it's just as excuse for
a party? But if you can
come to it lovely -