

Welcombe House.

Postmarked:

August 5, 1920

My dearest Aunt.

I'm sorry I sent

Such a depressed mail yesterday.
It was so wet, so cold, & the food
supply so ill-organized that our wast
fabrics were roused.

Yesterday afternoon the wast was
over. It cleared up - our supplier
of over-due food found in the cook
cooked seals appeared off the wall
rock, we took long walks - found

the public house at Nagenslowe -

The question of Tony is settled

by the food difficulties - The countryside
has more people to feed than it
can support - every farm-house is
full to bursting - every egg
is commandeered days before it is laid.
However, thanks to John & Oliver
we have wangled our share - but
I don't think we could feed
anyone else.

Cecil's appearance was another shock.
He's gone thin & white, & for half-an-
hour he'll rag, & then curl up &
never speak. The truth about
Johannes is more complicated than
we supposed. The Notts had a lot to
do with it - but the rest ~~is~~ seems
to have been a more subjective trouble
I can tell you all about it when
we meet.

We have got over the place's desolation
it was a shock after the rich
loveliness of the Pyrenees, rocks &
beauty & an awful sea. Now we're
~~any longer~~ happy & shaken in — the
house is delightful — I never felt better
in my life.

Cecil asks to be remembered to you,
John's love & mine — can't
write any more — they all arguing
about literature & I can't let some
of their stale waxes pass!

Gay - Darbys is very good —
you don't appreciate your blessings
in knowing the author.

Ever your loving

Gay.
