

Welcaube House.

Welcaube.

in Jude

Postmarked:
13 August 1920

7, dearest Aunt.

Forgive me for

leaving you letter for so long.
I am so sorry to hear about
Granmie — how I hope it won't
prevent you going to Nansay. That
seems the most important ^{thing} in the
world.

Everything goes well here — I
managed to be ill for two days.
It was really very funny — in
respect. I expect it was the ~~beginning~~ of the
7th month something but I had a
'crise de nerfs' ending with frightful
pains in my inside. I thought the
baby was going to be born. So

did everyone else. I was quite
prostrate. Cecil scoured the country
for Peter, & sent him off in his
car to fetch a doctor. The idiot
explained nothing when he found
him, & the doctor said —

'You mean to say that a friend of
yours has come down to that
hell-jasaben place to have a baby?
Its unholier —' & arrived fully
impaired.

Meanwhile the pains stopped
& left me as weak as a kitten.

He was quite stupid — gave me
quantities of morphine which had no
effect except to upset my tummy.

However, quiet, fresh air & kindness
have entirely restored me.

I know what it was. It was
mental stress at the news contact with
Fitz & Peter, unpressed, & upsetting

my inside thoughts my nerves. I could
tell that because the neuraphia allowed
me to live through my indignation
(not a very fair one) with them again.
It's all over now.

One wretched thing has come to
light. Tony went to Loren last
June to go to the Theatrical Garden
Party. He went round to Fitz's to
borrow money, she wouldn't let him
have any. So he went round to
some really poor people - Ederis
Greenwood & his wife - & they, who
have always been very kind to him,
lent him £2. 10. He hasn't
sent it back. I know it is a serious
shame to them - Ederis is a struggling
actor with nothing but his salary.
Georgie has a baby of two. They can't
afford it. Georgie - who is the most

generous person mentioned it to Fitz
before Fitz left to come here.
What is to be done with
such a boy? He will make
himself delegated a fairly.

He is furious that he has not
been allowed to come here - wrote
me a letter full of insults to
which I - in Oliver Shäclay's
advice answered as follows -

' Dearest Boy.

If you want to
be friends with people & your friends
have parties you must see to it
that they want you -
with a good-ness of heart will
take you anywhere. I do not
believe you deficient in either, but
other people want some evidence,
especially when it is a matter of
sharing their food subtly.

Ever yours.

Jimmy

I told your Aunt to be his about
you - they know the truth of what
I said as well as the rest of the
world.'

He had accused me purposely
of blackening his character to you.

What is to be done with
him?

All my love to you both.

Ever yours lovingly

Jimmy

Have written to the doctor.