

1920 ?

Friday

My dearest Aunt -

As always - very many thanks for the clothes - forgive a pencil "scrawl" done in garden during absence of fountain pen!

I'm very much better to-day - the hot close autumn has been trying everyone - It is very good to hear about Grandma -

Tom is a peevish of a child -

He came up a week ago - on the worst day I've had - I was curled up very wretched - a very painful de looked unutterable calamity - then burst into a recital of his usual grievances - I thought that I was the one who was being caught - what made it worse was that he was obviously cooking up a lot of stuff - truth to what purpose I don't know.

He was very nervous, exaggerated  
fearfully, looked very ill, nearly  
cried, tried to defend himself, but  
the substance of his complaint was  
waaaay, waaaay, waaaay, do abscond  
his need of it - his right to it  
(without doing any work) the vile way  
life was treating him - etc. ad lib.

It pelted me but I listened - He  
had called meaning to be nice but  
couldn't control himself, & I was too  
tired to deal with him. Eventually  
he went out & bought a brown for  
tea - a sign of caution.

I can't make out what is going on at  
Gallens - Tony's ~~story~~ account was  
so obviously distorted - they've sold the  
Bristol tea set - (I was shocked.) Not had  
run herself into debt on her own account -  
life was a conspiracy to ruin them -  
(As if the universe hadn't something better  
to do.)

He tried to be amiable in spite of -  
indeed it was horrible to see him

in such a state — It would be all  
right if his stupidities were balanced  
enough to make him cheerful, but he  
was unpeppably wretched.  
He said he would probably come  
to tea next Wednesday.

Cecil Nairland scolded me — said that  
my passionate affection for the boy —  
— was that he had disappointed me —  
was making me cruel — that ought  
to give him ~~any~~ some of sympathy  
attention I had — So on Wednesday  
I dressed myself up, & got a lovely  
tea & was ready for a great effort.  
He didn't come & I haven't heard a  
word since till your card this morning  
tells me that he is at Gallions.  
Such a different programme as he  
sketched ~~us~~ we —  
Let me know what happens — please.  
As to mother — give me love. I don't  
know what to think — your principles are  
all right — I don't know if they could be put  
into practice now. — See you next time —  
Mary