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Dearest Pippa

I daresay you don't really want to
hear about the coils & horrors of
English life, but I haven't anything
worse than would tell you. In fact,
owing to my absence from London &
(or in it owing to my absence from it?)
there seem to have been no crises coming
my way. The only thing was Vincent's
illness - which I daresay you heard of. He
is now convalescent, with only one nurse,
but as all his own family have
departed, Dorothy has gone to his at
Courtfield Road, & so I have been
cheated of her visit. Susan & Oliver
are here, & Q. B. & P. Quite as
amplish home.

The portrait is well begun. We had
incredible trouble & fish trying to get
an enlarged photograph, but with
Bant's help & every other hindrance.
But now all is swimming along - a good

deal of literal swimming too - Simon
turns out to be a very brilliant
bricklayer.

I had the MacCarty on Bank
Hill, that is to say with two
children, very nice children - B is
much determined to marry Dermot
as soon.

As to office life, there has been, of
course, a refusal from Snowden, &
an unexpected vague white wash
answer from Graham. All we have
done is to publish our news this
summer (with his permission). Nothing
else of importance, except a refusal
from James to contribute.

It is rather strenuous here with
B & C, each wanting continuous
attention, & in different occupations.
I suppose the time will come when I
shall look back with regret to the

perpetual cries of "mother mother
come watch me!" but it was
it is rather excessive. However my
carpet sewing is a great study, & I
am also making extensive alterations
in my novel, & studying the history
of Christianity. This last is a work
of unrelaxing pursuit. Have you ever tried it?

It is so long since you went away
that I almost forget what news you
know & what you don't. But as soon
as you get back it will all cluster
round you again, so I need not write
hard to remember. Margaret has had
her Chapter accepted (I think) by Hiccupman
(I think) & is overjoyed. She felt
up a grand dinner for Jos, & at
the last moment he had to go to a
Catholic meeting. It was said to be
on the position of women, but I fear
it wasn't. How thankful I am with

lots in Parliament. Every day
I read the Times I get a renewed
glow of pleasure from that thought.

I hope you have taken notes for
my autumn desk into the country
you have been through. And now
that you are in Paris, I hope you
are not ruining yourself by buying
hundreds of evening papers.
I shall be very glad to see you again.

Yours
Ray.