

You do know enough proverbs for this purpose.

TELEPHONE:- HAMPSTEAD 1095

6, BELSIZE PARK GARDENS,

HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

4294

Sept. 13th
1915

Dear Roger

I'm so entranced to
hear its difficult. Amused
too because it seemed hardly
worth sending I thought it
so pellucid. There are two
people in it & two dogs -
mine who lives in a scrub
of lightermen & wharfingers,
& yours who is spelt with
a capital letter & whose
portrait you didn't recognise.

Neither of them very domestic
lets. - I can't give you any
notes or punctuation because
I've only got such a scribbly
copy & it's probably not exactly
the same as yours. But you
might try a comma after

'allure' & another after 'Touque';
+ a hyphen between Touque & gambols.
Now that I see it again I'm

thankful that its full repulsiveness
is slightly veiled. As for the
arrows & things, I'm sorry to

tell you that they're much
do's conception of your
character. I hope you'll be
able to survive the shock of
the revelation in your reduced
state. How lovid that you
should have been ill. If you
don't come to London I shall
be obliged to go & pay you
a visit in a mask & a
domino with the blinds of the
cab drawn down to escape remark.

I'm going on Wednesday to
Netfield to spend the night
with the rich & great. I dare say

I shall get my champagne out
of them but I daresay it won't
be so much better than the dachet
after all. That was a very nice
Sunday. This weekend I have
been plunged in Tragedy. Three
Sisters were living together & the
youngest - the pride & delight of
the other two - has killed herself.
Dreadfully harrowing affair & the last
straw was that there had to be an
inquest when all the village worthies
sat in their dining room & cross-
examined them. What truly extraordinary
things go on don't they? This letter is too
long & I am your affectionate

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Proverb

4294

(From the French)

My dog aloof peering through tangled scrub
Not all dog wild sharp slanting eyes suspecting
Arrows of ice chains smoke of your mouth
Though when you whistle Toby gambols circling
Allure a warm hand calling to his tongue
Sudden his bristles move jealous he sniffs
From those pale marble steps his intimate air
Knows where I stand silent + stare at Yours
The massive footed laughing to the clouds
Cold in the fires of such despairing hearts.

No fun because you've got the clue -

Defective Vision

(From the French)

4294

Will he appear monstrous
Beast of abnormal grin
With dribbling blabbing tongue
And coat curled harlequin blot.

Shading his head his tail a wild standard astream
While from their sockets roll exuberant globes
Crowding his goblin way distortion reflection refraction
Reeling to right upsetting lurching to left overburning

Or shall I see him small
Nose-like tightfitting smooth
Tunnelling under my feet
Velvet at work in the dark.