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Abbotsford

Strudland

Nov. 24th 1915

My dear Roger

How heavenly if you really come with your needlework to sit by our fire. If a train materialises you must let us know beforehand if you can because there are nothing but very decrepit old four wheelers at Swanage station & a motor is essential. The weather is still much the same & the only thing I can think of to allure is that the hot water jugs are made at your Poole Pottery.

My cold has turned into a cough which on the whole is a comfort but I've had

to stay indoors today because of a slight
temperature. It is very nice to ~~get~~ your
letter & I think the poem very beautiful.
I don't know anything about the theory
of vers libres - the rules of the game -
I can only tell if I like the sound of
them or not & this doesn't seem to me
too regular - or anything but wondrously good.
If I were going to complain it wd be of
the three lines beginning "Now I'd throw it away",
but only the pale complaint that I don't like
them as much as the others.

Goodbye. You'll have to fall into
the rôle of an invalid if you come & share
all my remedies so you'd better be careful
what you recommend. Yrs P.S.