

TEL: WESTERN 8395.

13th August17, PALACE GATE,
W. 8.

Dear Albert

I have just realised that it is almost six weeks since I spoke to you on the telephone. Now I expect that this letter will only arrive after you have left you home - However on the chance of its catching you I will send you a few lines - After having been unable to read or write for over a year I have found very hard to get on with letter writing - It now seems quite an effort to take up my pen except to sign

a cheque or something equally
short. I hope that you have
had a very successful tour
I don't feel the heat too much.
Here there has been nothing
but cold to complain of,
I am longing for the
warmth of Italy - I still feel
that there can't be a war but
at times I am a little shaken.
It does seem dreadful that
these two friends should be
able to upset the whole world
like this in order to gratify
their own vanity & megalomania.

By the way did you see that
Sir T. Beaumont had said that
he thought he would go in for
parities now - I'll be managing
que ca to make a complete
pandemonium of the house

of Commons!

Before going to Scotland I was taken to Fynewbourne I had heard of on Pasynale - I had not been in a theatre for two years & I enjoyed every minute of it. An Italian cantata except Mrs Christie & they did it delightfully. Mr Christie seems to have a genius as far as every border was a work of art, & I was told that it was all designed & planned by the garden.

Yesterday quite suddenly the whole street was filled with with a fine, it rather hard soprano voice & a very pleasant tenor. I looked out & saw two very well dressed people singing exactly as if they were on a platform. Noisy was showed on them from my house - I don't know if they were refugee opera singers

or English people, perhaps
doing it for a bet. I don't
expect they will come & this I feel
again as they would not have
such a demerol again. It was
the complete unexpected men
that made everyone take notice.

I expect to be here till the
middle or possibly the end of
September as I will bring up
war flat by the 1st of
your home returned -

Bliss you

Always your friend

Ethel M Blackburn

Dennis Jackail is writing a life of
Barrett - He has been to see only
sister to get letters & dates from
her. I think he should do it well.
I have not only forgotten how to write but also how to spell.