By dear Albert,

The day I got your letter I wrote to trace up the address of Peter Davie, now in the Army, who is co-literary trustee with dad Cynthis Anglith. For Harris's works. But called Cynthis has the sole rights on the plays as soon as I got Peter Davie's address I wrote to him and asked him if he agreed to you asked him if he agreed to it in the most urgent, to put it in the most favorable light to dad Cynthis. Today I have received her reply, which I enclose. I am so glad you could wish I was able to go ahead with the orchestration. I wish it were within reach to hear it! In order that you should get the permission
of the agent I am going to
find you another copy in a few days—do if the
original should get lost
as many letters do in these
dreadful days. This will be
a chance of the copy getting
to you. I have been more or
less of an invalid ever since
for some time from the after
effects of the shingles on my head.
In my eyes do last summer
I decided to consult Dr. Norman.
I decided to consult Dr. Norman. Dr. Dott—a world famous head &
spine surgeon in Edinburgh.
He operated very successfully and
he operated very successfully. The
regards the original pain. The
operation took five & half hours.
He took away the 5th nerve. After the
he took away the 5th nerve. After the
one that runs down one side
one that runs down one side of the face & several branches on
of the face & several branches on
the top of my head. He said he
could not make a complete
cure as some of the nerves were
some of the nerves were too near the train that
he has done wonders with the pain.
that is left is only in Spain.
that is left is only in Spain.
that is left is only in Spain.
My face is nearly straight again but I am told I will take about another six months before I quite fit. I was in charge of the operation. I was in London, most of the time but not all. The bad air laid me low and I was surrounded with bombs and mines beside the road. I was brought down in this district but the house escaped and I'm fine. I only hope it lasts. I'm just learning orchestral playing and conducting. I do this in my free time. I live very quietly and have a few friends left in London. I'm good at "Wall" and rifle. I did mind the air-raid at all. I hope for
will not fit. Raid is dangerous. It would be most distracting to orchestration. Voronelli looks most attractive--I am glad you have it. The Sunshine after your illness is.

I did go yesterday to the lunch-time concert at the Met. Salem play heard my friend Horina semi-choral. Kodal's Sonata for Violin and Cello--unaccompanied--Do you know it? I would think it was the most difficult Sonata or even Concerto ever written for the Cello. It was beyond my grasp at first hearing, but it fascinated me all the same. It reminded me of the scene in your description of the scene in the "Boz David." You made one--the "Boz David." You made one as Barrie both hear and told it. As son met said of you the day you met him at tea--"He has a great sense of the theatre." Please forgive a stupid letter. I don't want to gainsay a day in Don't want to gainsay a day in sending you lady Cynthia's card. (She was Barrie's Secretary) That makes very cold / foggy which makes me feel very stupid, too the tone of most wishes for 429 above all for the "Boz" success. Yours truly

Esther McBride