13th August

Dear Albert,

I have just realised that it is almost six weeks since I spoke to you on the telephone - I now expect that this letter will only arrive after you have left for home. However on the chance of it catching you I will send you a few lines. After having been unable to read or write for over a year I have grown very lazy about litter 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 just feel the heat too much here. 'tis been nothing but cold, & complaints of it I am longing for the warmth of stoves & I still feel that there can't be a war but at times, I am a little shake. It does seem dreadful that these two friends should be able to upset the whole world like this, in order to gain their own vanity & injuriousness. By the way did you see that Sir T. Buchanan had said that he thought he would go in for politics now. I'm thinking you can't make a complete pandemonium of the house
Before going to Scotland I was taken to Sydneyburne Park near Yonkers. I had been in a theatre for two years and enjoyed the Minstrelsy. An Italian can't except F. Christie & the did in the light of the sun. Christie was a genius as gardener, they turned it into a work of art. It was told that it was all designed & planned by the gardener. You see yesterday quite suddenly the whole street was filled with a fire, it got the hand, the pans voice & a very pleasant tune. I looked out & I saw two very well-dressed people entering exactly as if they were on a platform. Smoke was showered on them from my home - I don't know if they were refuge Opera dancers.
I’m English people perhaps lying if I’m a bit. I don’t expect that will come to this full again as they would not dare such a donkey again. It was the complete unexpectedness that made everyone take notice.

I expect to be here till the middle of March, the end of September so I will write you from there to let you know how I’m returned.

Bless you. Always your friend,

Esther M. Blackman.

Demis Mackett is writing a life of Bandel. He has been taking out stories to put letters & dates from Poland to John to me letter. I wrote John to 
ask if I think he should do it all. I have my own story how to write but also how to spell.