

November 15, 1957

Dearest Wm :

Good luck in your interview. If you are wholly at your ease - and why not? - all will go well. But try to raise some sort of enthusiasm for your proposed career: dont-care-ism doesn't go down well.

There's never been so wet a November since - since last time - but we have had about three sunny days, and I even bathed three days ago at Can Floque. The best news is getting 3 bottles of butagaz smuggled from France, which means no more dirty carbon in the kitchen until the supply gives out.

We hope to spend a few days in Austria with Jenny on the way to *Jugland*, but she is all snarled up with the Bevan libel case (on November 21st) & doesn't answer letters. She was very nice to Lucia and Juan on the way through.

I expect my Goodbye To All That will create a stir again as it did in 1929 when it first came out - Canellun was built on the spoils. The Sunday Express reviewer cabled could he fly out & interview me. I cabled "yes: but you'll have to come out to Deya", & that's the last I've heard. The pups are eating raw meat now & are very large & fat & active; Mother spends most of her time trying to make them make little puddles on the Balears.

Castor is trimming the trees in the garden; the oranges nearly ripe. The stupid lilac thinks it is spring & is flowering like the pear tree. Did you hear about Ann's dream when she was (in real life not dream) crippled with a slipped disk and in agony, & the doctor kept ineffectually injecting her with anaesthetics. In the dream a woman said: "I have a wonderful recipe for you downstairs, come and try it!" She crawled out of bed, fell downstairs, & somehow in her fall slipped the disk back. Now she's as right as rain. Alastair's address is: Bell Rock House St Andrews Fife. He's writing a novel there.

Tomas is learning to read much faster than any of you: good Old Lob! The cats resent the puppies & constantly sneak in to wet the sofa. Emilia & Jaime & family and Marnie are coming this week end.

Hope to God the weather mends.

Love Father

---

*Postscript by Beryl Pritchard ( Hodge, Graves )*

Please get 2 photos (passport x4cm large) and send them to Enid for your *Yug* visa. Better get some extra copies as you never know. Love, Mother. BG: An Aviaco plane from Barcelona-Palma crashed Friday night at Puigpudent. Only two passengers aboard.

---

*Postscript by Beryl Pritchard ( Hodge, Graves )*

STOP PRESS. Have changed our plans due to a letter from Jenny who begs us to spend Christmas with her in Rome. So get the photos but bring them with you. We can get *Yug* visas in Rome. Will get you a ticket from London to Rome leaving on the 20th. Is that right?

And a couchette. Or is it the 19th? Can't you arrange the driving test when you get back? Just let me know as soon as possible if you want to leave the 19th or 20th. Hope you like this idea as much as we do. Love, Mother.