

6th December 1933.

My dear Fred,

This time I must send my letter typewritten, as I am so terribly busy before I leave tomorrow. I wish to thank you for your good wishes, and bid the same to you: keep well, and your family. I hope when I return at the beginning of February to find you fully recuperated, and able to spend a few days here with me before I go off to meet Lucy. I hate to leave my home again, and especially to go to America, but I cannot help it. It must be done, but I hope next year that I shall be able to do more what I like.

I am so glad that everything is settled satisfactorily about the book, and I thank you warmly for your assistance. Last night I had Helms here, and he left me this morning. He really is a very nice genuine man: the more I know him, the more I appreciate him. We settled everything. I told him about the coloured prints, and he will see to it that they are more silver in colour, and we have decided that a drawing should be added to it. You may remember it - a full-sized finished drawing of the Bishop of Dublin which I did years ago. It is a most beautiful head, and spirited. I am so glad that this is to be included, as it will add still more to the interest of the book. He thinks by the end of this year that he will be able to let you have a ~~copy~~ ^{copy}, and the book should appear for certain by the middle of February.

Since I saw you I have had a telegram from Lucy sending me best wishes for my voyage, and telling me how much she is enjoying the peaceful time with her sister.

No more today. With my renewed best wishes,

Believe me, dear Fred,

Ever yours,