

Dec 1st

Dear Mr Unwin,

This is no canny! Do you know that in the good old time a little preceeding The Raiders I could have got you certainly hanged and probably burned for wizardry. How did you know that I wanted a copy of Miss Symond's book. It is a fact that only two hours ago I wrote and had posted a note to you ordering a copy. It beats Stead's telepathy. If the letter gets to you before this (which it may) you will think me a very ungrateful fellow. But it came with a great surprise, especially as I had been telling you that I remembered the author long ago, though among the fleeting myriads that flowed through Davos I cannot hope that she will remember me, but it will make a point in a Borrowish half adventure half fiction book which in the intervals of my leisure I am writing – on half a dozen years knapsacking through Europe – don't trouble, it will not be ready for long. But I am indeed very grateful for your charming gift – it is delightful to be so remembered. I shall look at it with a great deal of delight for I know the place well, have tramped all these dusty Lombard roads till I could find my way by feeling in the dark. I have been reading the Memoirs of your old friend the Breitmann. They are intensely amusing. What an old Trojan to talk about itself it i! It beats Bannachet, as we say.

With kind regards ever truly

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