

Oct 26.

My dear uncles.

I have just got your long letter about Irene. It's odd you're being worried about her because to tell you the honest truth I am too. I can't quite describe what I feel. At the time I thought I was in love with her as much as I should ever be with anybody. I felt so queer about Blanche that I thought I was in love with Irene but do you know the more I think of it the more I realize I'm not.

I felt that she was right into the family & that you all loved her & that she was the nicest girl I had ever met but now I'm beginning to wonder. It's awfully hard to describe.

I am most awfully fond of her. But sometimes since I've been out here I've said to myself now who would you rather see earlier over that hill and I'm afraid the answer is always Blanche.

I'd never marry Blanche now or I know it would never be a success she'd lead me an awful dance. I sort of felt that Irene would fill the job and that I would be really happy with her. I wish I had taken your advice & had it been in such a hurry.

I was sort of carried away that night but now I'm beginning to wonder if I was right.

I ought to have waited till I knew her better. When I know her better she may be right and again she may not.

She is an extraordinarily nice girl but as you say there is a vast somewhere. I felt that she fitted into the family so well that she must be right but we have got so awfully little in common when one comes down to hard/old.

Her not knowing one end of a horse from the other is an awful job. At the time I didn't think that that would matter but the more I think of it the more I think it does.

A horse is such a tremendous big thing in my life

This is really the secret of the whole thing. It  
she rode a week here on horses I would be madly in love with  
her but this makes an awful job.

It's rather odd (or not  
as you think) that I have never really been very good friends  
with anybody who doesn't ride and ride well too.

I always feel that Gordon's riding is a bit of a job.

It's nothing to shake of but it's just then.

If the little girl would learn to ride a bit good it  
would make all the difference.

Mrs dear this is all absolutely true.

It is awfully hard to escape myself. I can't quite get

the idea on horse that I feel. I am awfully fond of the job

but I feel that there is a job somewhere. She seemed so keen

and interested in all the things I do that I felt she would

soon learn to ride. If she doesn't I'm afraid there will

be a job. She has not going to stay with you is

rather a bad loss. She seemed so awfully fond of you all.

Mrs dear I don't know what to think. My mind is

just like a pair of scales wobbling from one side to

the other.

Anyhow I am going to take your advice and  
go awfully slow. I've said a good deal already, too

much haste under the circumstances. My note to Mrs

Carlin: "that the first day I met her I realized that there

would never be anybody else" may not have been wise

then I told the girl that I would wait for her

for years.

I realize now that I did things for too

quickly, that was my mistake. When I saw her

2.

I may find that I really am desperately in love with her  
or again I may find that she is only a friend.

In the latter service I'm a bit worried  
about it. I'm an odd bird Mrs and never worry much

about anything except about you if you're sick, but she it  
would be better if I did.

The affair with Blanche never  
really worried me but I don't feel that I have come out of  
that very well either. I ought to have taken your

advice & been extra nice to Di instead of going on  
the way I did. Sometimes when one comes home or leaves

like that for a short time one sort of loses the balance of  
one's mind. A queer balance it is at present.

I never noticed she was like that when I was at  
Badminton I thought she was so awfully happy doing just  
what you did. It was really on account of that that I shake  
at all. I felt that she was right into the family & quite  
happy to do any little thing that you did.

I'm so glad you wrote me that letter Mrs.  
I'm been feeling that you weren't altogether satisfied  
about it all and wanted to know just what you thought  
and so a matter of fact I agree with every word you say.

It's lovely to be able to write to you like this & tell you  
the absolute secrets of my heart. Dear Mrs Mrs there is  
nobody in the world like you.

It's hard to tell you really what I feel, or  
making this though I may have expressed myself too strongly.  
I'm most awfully fond of the little girl but I'm not in love  
with her. Chiefly I think because she doesn't ride.

I'm sending you a lot of her letters to see, as  
you say they all just look something. They are awfully sweet but

very dull. But of course she has been leading a dull life.

Bo's letters always had so much more in them.

Write to me again in Illus - tell me exactly what you think but don't worry about it all because I don't. I'll go very slow as you say & then when the time comes I'll get out of it or not as I like. When I know her better I might love her tremendously at least I'm only really fond of her & there's a deal of difference.

I wish I knew my own mind on the matter, but I can't follow what I feel at all.

Well we Illus. also has all been very hard to write. I wish I could talk to you about it. I want to know exactly what you think about it all, your advice is always right.

Best love darling in Illus.

Your loving

Pat

I have just read through your letter for about the 20<sup>th</sup> time. It is a wonderful letter Illus. I only wish you had given me some little kidding about that feeling before. I'm sure you did but that I was too blind to realize it. Unless you really like the girl nothing in the world will induce me to marry her. I know now that you will always tell me exactly what you feel about it.