

13 May '97

Dear Frances,

Your letters reach me quicker than the other way round, I think, so I'm sending this to Broadstone. Yours of May 7 arrived today, & I'm sure you will be interested to hear my latest bulletin. I've now arranged with "We Care" to have Patryce's services for one hour only, three times a week, every week, and this will start next Wednesday (Mon. Wed, Fri.) She will bed bath Maurice, & shave him, & wash his hair etc. & do any other jobs that will fit into the hour. I've just bought a sheepskin for him to lie on as bed sores are the enemy. So far he has tried to reject all helpful suggestions — rubber invalid ring, supporting pillows, etc. — but at the moment I'm sitting in his room like a dragon, & I dare him to throw this sheepie off the bed: they cost a bomb!! I'm very happy with this arrangement, & on the in-between days I will do my best to follow Patryce's methods of washing Maurice. Furthermore, Kathy (the R.N.) paid me another visit this morning & examined Maurice with

her professional skills, & she is going to get in contact with our wee Dr. Roback, to check if we could now cut back on some of those pills. I've been wanting to do this for some time (but he never complains).

Yes I do feel very far away from you all, & it is a great pity that Sandy & Joac have never got to know Maurice, but I do know that you are all very much with me in spirit. His own relatives would be no help. They have ever been a bunch of scoundrels.

What a pity you don't like Dick Francis mysteries; these days I find they suit my mentality perfectly, & I think he chums them out most skilfully. Also they remind me nostalgically of Goodwood.

Two nights ago I made a quick evening trip round the lakes in our Park, & saw a duck with nine day-olds.

Today I made the same trip & only saw one duckling, but someone assured me that they had seen six. They do get gobbled up by seagulls, & I believe, by the drakes. I love watching them when they are so tiny,

Tell Sandy that when I visited
Captain Pink in his retirement
home at Saltash in about '85,
I sat under the Brunel bridge
eating my lunch & waiting for
it to be suitable how to pay
my call.

James seems to be surviving in
his computer job. It seems a
very dicey life, as new
"generations" throw older
computer & their operators on
the scrapheap. So it is
splendid that he's still in.

Now the cigar is failing
& Maurice is still on the
shapskin, & while he is
snoring I will steal away.

Love to ya all at
Broadstone. You can feel
assured that we are well
under control at this end.

lots of love to

Jane