

Nov. 2. 42

CRIPPS'S CORNER,  
FOREST ROW,  
SUSSEX.

My dear Fisher.

I was glad to hear from you again, especially as it was to vindicate my niece. But I cannot pretend to make any intelligent remarks on the subject. I shall be 93 next June; my sight, and probably my brains have gone slightly down the hill, and technical Meaderian terms constitute now a considerable difficulty. You seem to be carrying on as hard as ever, on which I congratulate you. I am sure my father would have been very much pleased to know that the Lybicum puzzle had been solved.

I wonder if you heard Hurstley broadcast. I thought his part very good. But such a performance should be either a lecture or a play. I disliked the other performer terribly. I am trying to read

Hussey's, near Bigbury, but it is  
so full of technical terms that I  
don't understand a lot of it.

However I am naturally pleased that  
he backs up my father's views on  
some big questions.

I live here very quietly, with my  
old staff taking great care of  
me, and occasional visits from  
nephews and more from nieces.  
One bomb <sup>fell</sup> within 120 yards of us,  
which hardly shook us, I think  
because it fell in a deep bed of  
clay.

I wish you had told me something  
of your own family, of which I have  
heard nothing for a few years. I  
hope all goes well with them;  
and if anything induces you to  
write again, please let me know.

Yours ever

Lionel Darwin