

Nov 11

Peter dear; Please write to me at once and explain something I cannot understand from the newspapers. WHY did Wilson call the new M.P. for Smethwick a parliamentary leper and ask Home to disown him? What technicality was involved which made such a remark possible? Wilson is surely not crackers and would not spout like that out of sheer bad temper because his boy lost his seat? I want to know. Please.

I am charmed with Labour's program (Speech from the Throne bit.) Nationalisation of steel means damn all to me; don't understand it; don't care; besides the Tories ~~will~~^{will} give it all back to whomsoever owns it, the minute they return. I must say I do not see why this item seems as important as a Loyalty Oath or not eating fish on Friday. But I am delighted with rent control and schools and scholarships and an Ombudsman (a real and glorious innovation) and no means test and I don't see why there shouldn't be a capital gains tax (we pay 25%; that's fair isn't it?) and it is really splendid to stop office building in London. That most beautiful city was getting more ruined every day. Now if they just clap a ceiling on sky scrapers, I will think they are great men.

The reason I am so full of the world is that I actually read the Sunday ^SObserver yesterday. It is a most beautifully written newspaper, probably the finest going; and I am going to make an heroic effort and subscribe. Do you read it? No, you are a Times man, I feel sure.

I sold Dr. Aziz Khan short again. The bear grease he prescribed was fatal and I broke out like an underprivileged baby with prickly heat; the malaria tablets he prescribed (two, once a week) gave me a liver attack. So now these are in the discard. But his daily pin-cushion treatment, and the anti-histamine pills do seem to be doing a brave job, and I am ~~xxxx~~ thoroughly glad I went to him. And bless you, really, Peter for all your kind efforts on my behalf.

The monsoon is changing, it is at the standstill period; and it is very hot and I love it. My Africans work in their shorts (no side to this house) and I in my Marx and Spenser bikini. I continue to be absurdly, irrationally and steadily happy. It is very droll.

Love,

Martha

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AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY
ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

Sender's name and address:

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