



February 21st 1948

Dear Mr Prieto

Although it now seems so long ago when you had an exhibition of drawings in Leeds, none of us have ever forgotten it or you, and especially owe you many thanks for your kindness in sending me every Christmas a memento in the form of a Christmas Card drawn by you.

I have always felt very ungracious, because I have never sent you my thanks and return greetings. My excuse is that I have had such complicated affairs between my duties work etc in Leeds at Weetwood Hall, and the University and my responsibilities in my home in Cornwall. Between all these I have had little time or energy left. And so I have neglected all the things and people I care much for in life; I have seen no pictures in London, I have been rarely to Oxford, and to Cambridge not once since I went last to see my friend Mrs Ingham when she returned from America, in 1944. But Mrs Ingham has seen you in Cambridge for I sent to her, your invitation to an exhibition of your works in Cambridge and asked to to see you. She was delighted both with the exhibition and to meet you.

The recently I saw the drawing you made of Dr Offer; it is delightful, very sensitive and alive, and it is also Dr Offer, as I like him best. Also I enjoyed the little oil painting of you, which he had chosen as one of his gifts from all his friends.

Every time I come to London, I say I will go and see Mr Prieto, but always I have to hurry to do what I must do, and go on as quickly to Cornwall or back to Leeds, as I can manage. And when I come up for some special reason from Leeds, I have only just time to do what I must and catch my train back. Also my life has been complicated by having to take great care, for my heart which had not been very good since 1937-8, became much worse in January 1945. I cannot any longer walk up hills! I fear I now am paying the price for my strenuous times in the Alps!

I am really trying to 'retire from the University and Weetwood Hall, and I hope by next year at this time, I shall be permanently in Cornwall. I shall look forward to people coming to stay with us. Perhaps I shall be able to persuade you to come, and find something of interest to draw and paint in Cornwall? My house is about 100 years old, it is white and full of light and peace. We have a large garden and orchards; we are about 80 feet above the estuary, and Lerryn is one of not the most beautiful villages in Cornwall. Our Port is Powey, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles down the estuary, which is tidal to Lerryn. I love the country, so you can imagine how I long to be always there.

I see Senor Irizer occasionally; he is busy and I am not so much in the central university buildings as I used to be. I missed the Penzols very much, but Mr Brown who you possibly know, and who is now head of the Department of Spanish is a charming man, and so is his wife. They both know Spain well.

I am not very good with a typewriter, but I dare not inflict my difficult and I fear, illegible writing on you.

My good wishes, and gratitude for all your kind and gracious gestures to me,

Yours very sincerely

Arthur King