

Petals. June 23.

My dear old Jones. 1917

I must tell you how  
much we loved your  
poem. It is so beautiful,  
and simple, and true.  
It seems to me about  
the best thing you have  
ever done. That ballad  
refers was an  
inspiration and the  
whole thing is just like  
the dear ~~simple~~<sup>gentle</sup> laddie.  
It is an infinite comfort  
to us. It seems a pity  
to keep it to ourselves.  
We were thinking  
of having copies of it

we had a good many people  
to the Motion called a W.  
you see she is a lovely  
body.

Much love, V. B. you are  
a wonderful man.

W. Anna -

J B's poem about his  
brother's master