

From Geoffrey Keynes, M.D. to W.O.

Grove House,
Hollywood Road,
London, S.W. 10.

September 14, 1919.

My dear Sir William,

I must let you know how the Sir T.B. affair is going. St. Cosmas has, to some extent, retired from the contest; having done the greater part of the first draft of the Bibliography while he was in London; he has now, in fact some months ago, gone into the country where he is receiving instruction in the milking of cows, the growing of apples, and other bucolic lore. He is preparing in earnest to be a Dorsetshire farmer, and I expect will be very happy, but it means that I shall have to do the rest of the book on Sir T.B., or a good part of it. So I have taken over the MS from him, and I am rewriting the whole thing. I have nearly finished Rel. Med. which is one of the main jobs, so I am getting on. In a few months' time, when I have finished, I shall hope to visit you again, to go through it with your books. The Bodleian must be done too, but may be rather difficult as I shall be limited to short week-ends.

I am now working, with many groans, for the Primary F.R.C.S. (which I shall try hard to get abolished when I am older and more eminent) besides several other small surgical jobs; and on Oct. I am starting as one of Gask's staff in the new Surgical Unit at Bart's, of which we have high hopes.

I must also tell you that Richard Darwin Keynes was born a month ago to-day, and seems to have got a firm hold on life.

Yours ever,

GEOFFREY KEYNES.