

June 20th

I was thinking, as I crossed the channel last night, of Stella: thinking in a jerky disconnected way, with the boat train arriving, people talking loudly, chairs being dropped, & the screws ~~the~~ beginning, & the steamer suddenly hooking ~~these~~ And as the first morning after a broken night is distracted instead of beginning again (as I ought) I will write ~~what~~ down some of my distracted & disconnected thoughts.

How many people are there now who could think about Stella on the 20th June 1939? Very few. Jack is dead. George & Gerald are dead. Kitty Maxse & Mayant Mansfield have been dead for many years. Susan Lushington & the Stillman are alive. ~~Angela~~ Perhaps my I think after her disconnectedly & more truly than anyone now living. Jane Vanua & Adrian, & perhaps old Joseph Farrell. She was the only daughter of the handsome barrister Herbert Duckworth; & of her childhood I know practically nothing. She was the only daughter of the handsome barrister Herbert Duckworth; & he died when she was 3 or 4. ~~She did not remember him:~~ She did not remember him, or those years when my mother was as happy as anyone can be. I think, from my anecdotes, that ~~she~~ & Annoumen when the unhappy years were at their height. Her first memories of her mother were of a widow, going about

doing good, in the steam, visiting the Cancer hospital in the Brompton
Road. (This I know she did: one care she saw "thru" her the
lives our Quaker Aunt) Thus Stella grew up as a
child was in the shade of that widowhood; &
perhaps then ~~she~~ took the ply which was so
marked - a devotion, almost fanatic, to her
mother: a passive, suffering affection; & a
complete dependence unquestioning dependence.
They were the sun & moon to each other: my
mother the definite & positive; Stella the reflecting, -
subordinate. My mother was stern when her. But
all her devotion was given to George, who was like
his father: & her care was for Gerald, born
posthumously & delicate. Stella she snatched - so
much so that before than marriage my father
prophesied. And she replied that it might be true: it
was because she felt Stella part of herself.
A pale silent child, I imagine her; slender, modest,
uncomplaining. ~~She was not clever~~ very
domestic, ~~passed~~ caring only. ~~She~~ to help; in the home;
so completely unambitious. ~~She~~ to get so gentle, - so
honest, & in some way so ~~indomitable~~ that
she always made her own impression on people -
~~was~~ ~~had~~ ~~fact~~, like Kelly, Lushington, who, much more
brilliant, won her with a real laughing tender men.
for her own sake. But this charm, - it was
partly modesty, partly humility, partly the
unselfishness, - she was ~~naturally~~ a
so naturally, not clever, not quick, not
but a I should say, an artist - that is
without pose, or to nothing: without any
commonplaceness - herself without effort -
this quality was queer, in the sphere of
George & Gerald, who were so unmetaphorically
& thoroughly Shakespeare. She had created

all faint of the Wickworth respectably. She had none of their
shrewd commercial twinkle. Instead of the little brown
eyes that were the she had very large blue eyes;
dreamy, candid. And she was without any of their
worldliness. She was lovely too, in a far vaguer way
than my mother. She reminded me always of
some white one of those large white flowers - elder blossoms,
cow parsley that one sees in the fields in June.
Perhaps my mother's name, "Old Cow", -
suggests the cow parsley. But or, again a white moon in a
pale blue sky suggests her. Or then large white roses
that are semi-transparent. She had beautiful
hair, growing in horns over her forehead; & no
colour at all. ~~She was very~~ Probably she was
taught at home by her mother; & went to dance.
She played the violin, was taught by Arnold
Dolmetsch; played in Mr. Marshall's orchestra.
But as Jack told me of her death, she
thought herself so stupid as to be almost
wanting; & said that the Rheumatic fever,
which she had as a child, had "touched" her.
But what I am what was remarkable,
considering the mind of George - George, is
that however unwholesome she was, she
was not, as Mrs. Lubbock might have been,
in the least a dull ordinary ~~or~~ upper middle class
girl. She had great charm, great sensibility; -
if she had lived, ~~never~~ ^{never} have been
the remain quite distinct in my mind. And, what is
odd, is that I cannot compare her, with any one
I have ever known. I have never seen anyone who
looked like her; or ~~was~~ reminded me of her.
What would she have looked like now - how would
she have talked, in a room full of busy people?
I cannot see her, or my mother, in that way at
all.

As she was 18 when I was 6 or 7, I used sometimes to be
sent out with her: for a girl then could not go about alone.
So among my earliest memories, is the memory of
walking by her side when, I suppose, she was out in command;
& the Grand dame, the woman took me into a shop & gave me
milk & little biscuits with sugar sprinkled on them.
I think we went about London in harness together.
~~But there were not~~ But she lived downham in the
drawing room; & there were many young men, it seemed to me,
in love always round her. Vaguely we knew that
Arthur Studd was in love with her; &
Ted Sanderson; & I think Richard Norton; &
~~James~~ Jim Stephen - He would come
wild & mad to the home in coach & four;
rush up to the nursery where we sat at
breakfast, brandish his sword thick.
We had mysterious orders about time to go out
by the back door, & I met Jim we were to
tell him that Stella was away. Undoubtedly
the man had been very attractive, taking my
mother's place at his round tea table. She was
always going out often dining out, & dancing, &
there were her Dana cards, the next day,
with the pencil attached, & instead
against all the danger, & sometimes a prize
won at a Colliery. But how all the time,
asked about as she was, admired & pampered,
there was ^{always} ~~always~~ her doglike devotion to
my mother: ^{remains, perhaps, attached} her perpetual worry about her health.
A kind of fight went on between them - how
how to save my mother; from being ~~enforced~~
how to help her. It was not foolish; for during
those years, the brain men whom we knew; &
the illness from which she died. Came no doubt
from the insistent acidity - the persistent
nervous. Looking after, doing too much. Stella must have
been scared what was the truth - my mother was
worn out, I fancy unmercifully: so that when
the sickle fell, her heart failed. This
I think behind
Dead was always I think behind
Stella's mind.