

Sennen

12. 10. 34.

My dearest Aunt

Will you and Camilla please forgive me, for I promised to write to you about her weeks ago. Mea culpa, but Gabriel has had such a shocking time. ^{far worse than when I was here.} For days we didn't know what was going to happen about his arm, whether it would be necessary to operate or not; even whether he ever would get the full use of it back.

Finally I insisted on a consultation, and am thankful I did. The new man changed the treatment, and now, at last, he is getting better. Still in his horrid little room in the Hospital. They won't hear of his leaving; but no longer in such pain, and able to sit up. For nearly four weeks he lay in one position, his arm out, suspended with pulleys and twenty pound weights and things.

So this, dear Aunt, is to apologise to you both. And to ask this about Camilla. I am sure she does not get enough exercise, and she tells me that she suffers ^{from} ~~from~~ almost certain constipation by the end of each week. Now, as we know, nothing is more dangerous. One's whole health depends on that. So we planned, with your approval, that she should get up an half-an-hour earlier each day, and go for a shapp walk before breakfast. Also to ask you for raw apples with which to start each morning.

I hope you will agree to this and let her do it. And, if you do, encourage her to stick to it. Which won't be too easy

on winter mornings! Only I believe so infinitely good for her ~~as~~ if
she does.

I would have written to you about this before, but Gaby
has been in so bad a state, and I so often in Penzance, or cramming
in work here for getting some rest, or trying to -- that my letters have
have got behind.

Tell her that a letter for her comes to-morrow -

Ever your loving

Gary

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