

Sever

→

Thursday

My dearest Aunt.

Here is the child's face. You  
better has not heard of it, I fear I know why -  
the whole Tidcombe household has gone off to Dartmouth,  
even Reed. The Housekeeper - the boy to explain, but  
Mr Croft has been desperately ill & visited as the whole  
South to Cambridge. All in a violent hurry.

Aunt dear, I'm was too well yet.  
If you send her to me, but it will be to try & be  
useful & considerate for a few days. I am recovering  
quite properly, but it's tiresome, the least extra strain  
throws me out to a ridiculous extent. I've had a  
miraculous escape, but am paying for that smash  
still. Also I'm deadly behind hand with

by work, all urgent, as you can well imagine.

So, unless you think it essential she should live  
to morrow with the others, I should have suggested keeping  
her till Sunday or even Monday. Every day is  
a gain with me, I feel my whole system 'getting over'  
it, with each night.

Only everything is still such an effort. A stay  
caller, when they're gone, almost reduces me to tears!

But I leave it to you. I'm not much good  
even at letters yet.

Jay

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