

What <sup>shattered</sup> a Christmas!

Tabel Vos

23. 12. 35.

My dearest Aunt.

Thank you more than I can

say for the most lovely table-cloth, which is  
exactly what I most want. It is most dear of  
you -

Your suggestion is the best about the  
book - I shall do that - or perhaps invent a name, &  
make clear it is inserted.

Since your letter came - before I think, but  
I'm unwell - I've had bad luck. Caught a chill &  
had a doctor for me, who said it was slight congestion  
of the lungs. But I've been in bed ever since,  
really bad for me. Allowed was to sit up for a little,  
but not to go out for Christmas - Not to Church or

anything Na to any of your parties here.

I got like this once ten years ago in London,  
was sent to a nursing-home - So I know what it  
is.

Dreadfully sad & disappointed.

Can't write much - Of course! It was the  
day I wrote to you last that I fell so ill - but it still  
all crowded in my head! Hence this letter.

Tell the Lass - how glad so want to  
have missed a wholly unrefined water - that her  
Verse books are coming And another of A. P. Herbert, I  
want to mark & unweary digest - And a  
'dozens' - But this is all I can manage to-day.

Business and I am fit for it

You don't say anything about yourself - so  
must wait till my mind's in working-order again.

Always your loving

Jay