

Sevens

4. 1. 36.

My dearest Aunt.

I would love written long before. but was I have got a proper doctor, etc says that I certainly have had a touch of bronchial pneumonia. That is clearing up, but the real thing that is wrong is my glands, the thyroid especially, which is not doing its job, & accounting for ^{all} ~~most~~ of the ^{slight} bad health of the last two years.

He hopes by Nanda to be getting me right, & already I feel better. That overwhelmed with work I can hardly get do.

Here is £30 towards the child's clothes. What more do I owe for them. (I've got some of the money provided when the picture was sold — now it all depends on Graham whether there will be enough to let us come to London for a

health so I get in to lunch with writer & editor.

A thing I have never done, & which, if only from
the financial side, I ought to do. I'll send you
all letters and I am steeper. And something you
will like to read.

Trying to work & get well & finish
up neglected jobs — like a person who has missed
several trains in succession!

Always your loving
Jay

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