

Seneca

29. 12. 36.

My dearest Aunt

A thousand thanks for the stat-
- head - which we loved. Even a Scotsman
who came to tea & usually suspect all stat-head
outside Scotland. Eat rather more than his share of it!

I send the flowers - thank you in
despair - Penzance is no shopping - centre.

The child seems to be enjoying
herself in Landa, exclaiming that Tony made
scenes, abusing Mother & vilifying me, which
puzzled & rather distressed her. Oh dear.

Here she has the loan for friend's party
& is really learning to ride quite well.

This is haste - I have been rather
unwell for some days, but the doctor says I will
pass. Shall return by about Jan 12th? Always your most loving
Tony