

June 16

1924

36, Essex Street,
Strand.

My dear Bob . . .

You go on lending my
books, I shall starve;
but so long as you give
me cigarettes, that will
never matter

I should say thank you
as pretty as I could
to any message from
Arthur; but I
could recall anything
happening there that
has made any

difference in my life

↳ I was never at home

with a north country

accent. ↳ the

same plate for

meat & pudding.

When I rode to

the riding for

live for eight.

My 25 ; 1

↳ report

↳ the

King's

2

36, Essex Street,
Strand.

Dear Sir,
I have had notice

of my own appearance

there. Nothing to do

with the Sunday Times.

I am always yours

truly

J. S.