

O Douglas, O. Nam, O low-
 - grade intelligence! You gave me a crossed
 cheque in London, unobtainable under a
 fat night; I pen would have been all
 night. Anyhow (every one was broke) Phil
 Lasell came to the rescue & I ain't got
 safely off, plus the 100 francs you so kindly
 lent me.

I found the child, getting for
 you, in line to do an afternoon's shopping
 on a journey as one cup of coffee absorbed
 hours previously. So took her by scruff of
 pretty neck & fed omelette, beer, hot-biscuits
 & a Benedic'tine, all she would look at.
 Tummy meat - Take care of her. She
 needs it. Beauty, sweet ness & intelligence
 like that must be cherished, & it all lies in

your hands. She is a priceless treasure
for you to "perfectionist", she's ~~also~~ clearly
had too hard a time. Do, do take care
of her, forgive her impertinence for
saying what you know far better than I.

All love & good-bucks. V. T.'s letters

arriving -

Jany -
