

[1920]

The Hotel.

S. Berliand do
Comminiges.

Hauté Baronne.

My dearest Aunt,

Here we are, &
here I think we shall stay till the
end of July. It is the most adorable
place in the world - We can live here
at a maximum of \$5 a week (at the
present exchange) in a perfect comfort
Verquig a luxury - Put up a prayer
that the exchange doesn't drop till
we are ready to go home!

We have an enormous room with two
carved walnut beds, & mirrors &
deep arm-chairs, & unlimited hot-
-water & refined sanitation, & a
garden on a terrace with a twenty
mile view, knee deep in flowers
you can pick - The Cathedral
bells play a carillon half the day, &

the country-side is like the garden of Eden. Only we have this Paradise to ourselves! Apparently the people come over later - in July & August to see the church (stuffed with unique works of art), but we are slow, & the place cooks like the Ritz!

Oh the eggs & the wine, the asparagus & the cheese, the cutlets & the trout from the Garonne - long vanished from the English menu!

You should see Jimmy, he's the colour of a brick - He's off down the precipices to St. Gaudens on a bicycle lent by the landlady, & he's the most rapid & reckless performer I know. I hope I shall see him again!

So many thanks for your letter my darling Aunt.

I don't think that anything will happen till the end of October - that at least is the doctor's calculation. I am getting very well - (was ill

in handa - violent sickness or cold I
could not shake off, but that's over -
I don't think I'm going to be sick
again. I could hardly be more
unwell. My worst trouble is a
luncheon. I ^{have} ~~don't~~ at any time to
worry unnecessarily over little -
money - changes of plans - but
to be able to control it, was I can't
always. It's a pure nervous outlet
(was Daddy like that?)

If surroundings count that
child ought to have a chance -
We're under the Swiss peaks &
the Baronne comes down like a
streak of light. All round are
foot hills covered with an endless
forest. In the valley are vineyards
& olives & cherry & apple &
acacias & palms! There are
grottoes & Roman baths, & Gothic
churches, & solitude - a wise
friend of ours Ezra Pound put

us into it.

By the way, do lucky you've got a ^{man} ~~man~~ let alone any prospect of another relation left. In Arizona I, forgetting the nature of medical ~~provements~~ ^{provements}, fell over a gutter. Smashed my head, a regular 'knock out blow' & gave my knee an awful cut. Luckily I did it outside the doctor's house — he was infinitely kind to us — but I was rather ill for days & can only just walk freely again.

I'm glad to hear that there are people in the world who can be found to marry Doris Barlow & Mr. Huber. I was at school with Doris Barlow & she has a hideous disposition!

Good luck to your Confessing darling Aunt, one of the best things that life keeps for my baby is to have a grandmother like you.

Both our loves. Larry