

The Hotel.

S. Bertrand

Haute Garonne.

9. 6. 20.

My dearest Aunt.

I was so glad to get your letter, in the Album. We should love to have it - I had meant to tell our stationer, but he's such a fool at addresses.

You can't think how glad we'll be to see you in Sept. As to arrangements - I hardly know what would be best. There will be plenty of time then to arrange - The most economical would be to have it at the flat with my doctor, a very good worthy nurse I know of. But there are obvious disadvantages - We can talk it all over when we meet.

Dearest Aunt, I'm getting very well, & doing us end of work. All we are short of is things to read so the Album will be doubly welcome. (You haven't

by any chance a history of France you
could send out? - to be most faithfully
returned. My French history is all in
patches. Don't bother about it at all,
but in case there is one in the
Milkmaid's library. —

Here we have the oddest collection,
a French piece Tasso, mercifully save
Stendhal & some Beaudelaire, somebody's
doctair thesis on early Greek philosophers!

John is going on a pilgrimage
to Lourdes in a few days - I shan't
go, it's too hot in the plains, & will
take nearly a day's travelling to
reach. (Only 30 miles, but you've
no idea at all of the state of French
local lines) (The difficulty of the
homedward journey will not be the Toulouse
- Paris part, but the forty miles
between here & Toulouse.

Indeed I will try not to
give way to nerves, it is getting
easier as I get stranger.

All the thanks in the world, my
darling Aunt, for all that you are
doing for us.

Dear yours -

Nancy -

John sends his love & says he
knew you'd understand about the
washing up. I've quite got over
the fall, & I know it won't do any
harm, & I keep down bad thoughts
all I can!