

Postmarked June 23, 1920

Hôtel de Comminges.  
St. Bertrand.  
Haute Garonne.

O, dearest Aunt.

As you say, \$3 is better than nothing & I think I can plant that essay in the Dial as an American paper I have an introduction to.

The heat has come here with a rush between the hours of 1 & 5 it is hardly possible to go out. We sleep & go for long walks at night - last night we climbed up a dried water-course for miles & came <sup>out</sup> at the top in a gap between two little mountains. There were miles of valleys & hills we had never seen & a little moon hanging over them. We climbed down the further side & saw a big snake & I had an instinct - which John very reluctantly heeded - that if we kept on down a far enough we should find a road to Tiberou a village on the way to St. Bertrand. The instinct was all right, but at the bottom of the valley was a torrent, a kind of lava the woodcutters use - with trees over it pitch dark & two feet deep in loose mud crossed with stones.



It was that on the Laurent - we followed  
it for miles while the moon sank, &  
Jimmy refused to believe that it would lead  
us anywhere. Then we saw a dry white line  
lead out of it - ~~a lead~~ but in the wrong  
direction - I insisted we followed it & in a  
hundred yards it turned into mere grass - I  
found a field - path parallel - Then we were  
surrounded by barking dogs - large yellow ones  
like wolves violent in manner, but peaceable.  
It was the village after all - it was very  
late, every dog in the Pyrenees woke up, &  
when we got back to St. Bertrand we  
found the ~~village~~ village dancing outside the  
lun.

We're very well - the Athanasium is a great  
blessing - Good luck to all your enterprises.  
We shall by a come back by sea if we  
can get a line that touches at Bordeaux &  
Plymouth - If not I must find out whether  
the Best-Plymouth packet is still running.  
There seems no point in going to Landau only  
to spend another day in the train - & think of  
the horrors of Paddington on the 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> of  
August, after a journey from the S. of France!  
I sit on the deck of a cargo boat then  
crossing to Plymouth! All our loves.

Yvry.