

Dear mother,

Feeling well and think I
am well on the way to
recovery. It is dreary here
but one must make the
best of it. I think I know
what's wrong now - melancholia
the stuff no doctor in the world
can analyze. Some times it's
very nice here though.

Any way, wondered if you
could send me that copy of
French poetry translated by
August 1 - Gray - ever
yours

Love and best wishes to
Everyone.

V. d. Frey

P.S. - Long live the Queen
"a certain person".