

VILLA HÉLÈNE
AIX-LES-BAINS

March 23 '31.

My Dear Tavarisch,

I have received a
very nice letter from
Dr. Mackenzie and
trust that my letter to
him was accepted by
you in the spirit in
which it was written.
The prospect of seeing
you & your Edith is
verily a pleasing one
but I don't doubt me
whether I'll be here this

112.

Summer. I think I must
make a shift. My physical sufferings
have been as naught compared
to others but the slow, steady,
intangible effect of that insidious
force called shell-shock creeps
progressively and not retrogressively.
I'll give you a secret & that
is that we "front-line" men,
who have survived, felt too much,
~~smelt~~ ^{smelled} too much, said too much,
heard too much, sensed too much,
and, in the intense moments of many

3.

nights and days, especially nights.
we, in our ardour, burnt
ourselves out.

I think that in the
Oxford Book of English Verse you'll
find a poem intitled "An
Upper Chamber". It is by my
Aunt Frances, - Mrs Dannerman, - and,
though I have it not at hand,
I seem to remember that there
were lines to this effect: -
"Night my 'Tanager' and, my
'herald', 'Fear'."

These wrinkles are the
only obstructions in my path
to recovery and I am determined
to set them aside. The process
may be long but I am
a stout in my resolve.

Affectionately,
Owen Jones.
