



HOTEL PONCE DE LEON
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

Dear Mrs. Warner,

Mrs. Bass has had
bronchitis - not bad at
all but she has been
as Blue as it is possible
for a human being to be.
Lonesome for her own
people, lonesome for
her own home - and
discouraged because
her sickness seemed
to fall upon her out of
a clear blue sky in

perfect climate. I almost believe she would be as well off in Chicago taking care not to overdo. She is on the mend.

Your mother is a dear and her sense of humor responds quickly but it needs to come out more than it does when she is sick. But in that condition probably all people act much alike.

Outside of St. Augustine itself, the countryside is a bit monotonous but the climate is always lovely, even when it rains.

There is no particular news, except that Mr. Chauncey Defew lives directly above us.

I go to practise at the convent school. I rent a practise room by the week. It certainly is strange how the music is a delight to my very soul - taking away

from the rest of the monotony.
At other times if myself needs
sweetening, I work like a Trojan
saying over all the good things
I know and always - I try to
carry around the spirit of
sunshine and lovingness and
once in a while it works on
my special object, your mother.

My dear love to you

Adèle Breau.