

3 March, '00

Dear Frances,

I do hope you are feeling safer & happier having been put in hospital. I don't know if you are still in the Radcliffe or what has happened, but I'm sure you will get this letter.

I believe Sandy & Soar came to visit you recently and I'm sure you get visits from David and (sometimes) from Florence.

This is Income Tax time here, & even though I get mine done for me, I still have to get it all in good order before I hand it over. And I'm sure if I had anything of a brain I wouldn't have to toil at it like this! The accounting man always tells me how beautifully I sort it out for him, so I have a reputation to live up to. In a month's time we all change our clocks, and apart from the fact that

it has rained all day today, Spring is well on the way. So I've done a fair bit of cleaning and Spring cleaning & feel rather virtuous!

Very very much love to you. I'm sorry the ward is so noisy at night. There usually is one person who gets to be a problem at night.

I'll write again soon (but this is almost the last of my air letters).

Love
Jane