

My dear Mrs. Mallory.

By a remark that Col. Norton made to me the other day it sounded very much as if you had not received a letter from me from the Base Camp written in June — one or two other letters of about the same time have failed to get home, including 10 days or so of my diary, so I must write to you again. It is very hard to sympathise with you adequately on the death of George, whom I always felt one of my few real friends and loved as one of the most delightful & splendid of men: for one knows how much more ~~that~~ than that he

must have been to you, and I
can hardly imagine what a pap
he must have left in your &
your family's life.

I am so glad that I have met
you, although for so short a time,
as I feel that instead of writing
a merely formal sympathy I
can stretch out my hand over
7000 miles of sea and take
hold of yours and ask God
to make us both see how
George is not dead, but how
all the delightful things he did
& said, and all the strength
& beauty of his very exceptional
character, are still there and
will forever be part of your life
& part of the lives of your
children; & part I hope of mine.

that his fine body was wrenched suddenly from his still finer soul which is even now looking down and wishing that you may have real comfort. And I wish you may, too, as only God can give it. I know there must be a terrible gap, which perhaps you feel now more definitely ~~that~~ than at first; but my earnest wish is that you may feel it less & less.

One more word - a great comfort to me - don't you think George died ~~up~~ just about as good a death as anyone ever has? I don't think he would have wished a finer one; I in that envy him in many ways, for

He and I had I suppose much more in common than most of the Expedition, as we both had I think a true appreciation of beauty, & a true desire to see mankind more beautiful and less vile. ~~He~~ I always felt I could talk to George about anything without restraint, & that the talk would always be on a high level. And now his body is gone; but his mind & his soul are not. I don't believe he had any lingering death; personally I think he was almost certainly killed outright on a loose bit of rock which Norton & I saw when we were up there; and I believe

I still have the prospect of a possible death in bed or from old age - a dismal prospect when one lifts up one's eyes to the hills. I have always wanted to die on a mountain.

Well, Mrs Mallory - this is too long a letter already, & I fear but clumsily expressed. Nevertheless it conveys the very most genuine wishes, prayers, & sympathy from
Your very sincere friend
T. Howard Somerville.

as from:

Neyyoor

Travancore

S. India

Sept. 12. 1924.