

4.7.24

Achmetaga
Euboea.
Greece.

My dear Ruth. The first news
of it has just reached me
here - Oh my dear if
only one could escape
from the misery of it for
a moment: or think of
any way to help you.

It's true, they say it's
true: He's truly dead,
that "paid-like spirit.

beautiful and free". Up
there on his mountain.

One can't be thinking yet
if even of the comfortable
words that the poets
invent to make it seem
more bearable. only one

runs away from one's
one mind, tries not
to remember as one
wakes up.

Encourage to you. It is
hard for us, and how
much harder for you, to
think of you without him.
I remember when first
I met him - He came
to Monte Fiano - ran up
barefoot on to that
terrace. And then
we went up on to
my hill there and we
sat in launders and
he told me of 'finding'
you in Venice.

And do you remember Cornwall to us. He will

a morning in Francis'
shop when first I saw
his Ruth. Yours always
been, you too, such
a good unit, "the
Mallory's".
I'm dull, sick with thinking
of it - all. I can do
is to send you love from
both of us, so much of
it. You know don't you
how glad we shall be
if you can think of any
way in which we can
help - - e.g. about the
children, and coming to

Cornwall to us. He will

be writing soon about
this, but at the moment
you will not hear from
her as I have kept the
news from her. She has
been ill with paratyphoid
fever and had a relapse
just when we were to have
started at last for home:
I am nursing ^{her} here in this
remote but most kindly
place, and she is getting on
splendidly; but she needs
all her spirit still and I
woud if possible to delay
the shock for a few days
till she is better able to
get over the feeling of sick-
ness.

May we meet soon
Yours ever
Will Anstis-Rosier