

send these letters back June 21. 24,
they are very precious to
me

BRIDGE END,
OCKHAM,
SURREY.

My dear Ruth

Writing is no use - & yet I can't
not write. Apart from the passionate
futile protest of one's whole being
against its being true, against
the loss of him, I think what I
most feel I must do is to pay
my tribute to him, to you -
tell you what, to people like me, he
meant & was, & always will mean &
will be. That may sound a selfish
sort of need, but I don't think it is
jealousy. No one can come in to your
heart - no one can stand in the
terrible place where you are now -

but the people who loved him ~~but~~
come ~~but~~ a little nearer than
the rest. And my personal love &
misery, which is nothing to you,
is still the thing that makes me feel
nearest to you.

You see he has always meant
an enormous lot to me - he ~~is~~ one
of the people who have counted
most in my life. He was almost
the first real friend I ever made -
in fact at ~~now~~ now seek on being
friends he was quite the first. And
I got so much from him - all the
things I cared most about, pictures
& books & climbing, he cared for
more & with more knowledge. He
was always taking me on further,
showing me new roads & a

BRIDGE END,
 OCKHAM,
 SURREY.

fresh point of view. You know how
 he did that to people, better than
 anyone. He was so sound, so clear,
 he had such an extraordinarily
 delicate perception for all those things
 that he shaped ones own views,
 with out one's knowing it. The pleasure
 he let me in to! Half or more than
 half that side of my life I owe
 directly to him. He had such an
 appetite for beauty. And no one ever
 had a greater genius for appreciation.

And in ethical things I think he was
 even more remarkable. In any question,
 big or little, of right or wrong one felt
 sure that he would instinctively be
 at so high a sight. I remember how he

talked about that kind of thing &
still more how he did. All sorts of
occasions - his patience once, when a
keeper or some one was rude to us
on one of those big Sunday walking
parties - his unselfishness in trying
things over & over again in Wales,
his astonishing courtesy; his tolerance
in action & speech when he was feeling
acutely intolerant & impatient.
He was one of the people one wanted
naturally to throw one self on.

But to call depress it. You know
better than anyone all the ways in which
he was sane & precious & lovable &
valuable - his love of moral beauty &
how much he had himself - how
dear he was & how companionable.

3.

BRIDGE END,
OCKHAM,
SURREY.

I never was with him for an hour
without getting happiness or the
time & something to take away.
Knowing him, I have known for a long
time, was one of the best treasures I
had - a sort of mine of riches.

I can't believe it - not at all.

Oh Ruth my dear, I am, I am so
miserable for you. He was all this to
me, only a friend. I think if I
were you though I might some
time be able to feel that - this &
all - I was a very happy woman.
that what I had had of love &

Companionship + happiness had
made me sick for life.

Just one thing - don't, please
don't, try to keep up + be brave
or anything like that. I am so sure
it makes it worse afterwards.

Your courage will be perfect - I know
that - I mean that in any way you
can let go, do. But oh, how
dare I suggest anything? I am
all muddled, + stupid - you must
forgive me - I love you both so
much.

Mary Anne.

p.s. If + when - any time - you would
like to see me I shall love to come.