

June '03

4926

Villa Himalaya  
Montrose

Tues. June 2<sup>nd</sup>

Dearest Darling Pippa

It is too dreadful and wretched about Harry. but it is almost impossible to believe. Poor poor Brendels I can't bear to think of them. How wretched, how wretched it is. I imagine to-day has been like that-dreadful day I shall never forget, when poor Willie was buried in the little churchyard near Chalkwood. It was almost the same time of year wasn't it? How horrible it is to be away when everyone is unhappy; it makes me long to see you more than ever. Darling Pippa I ache to see you often and often. I can't bear to think that you are miserable. I sometimes feel like a deserter who has run away for his own pleasure and left all the hard and

painful things to be done by other people.  
I feel as if I had left it all to you, you  
poor good little Pippa - and you are the  
person I want to be happy most in the  
world.

I wonder whether you will ever be able  
to come and stay with us. I wonder whether  
you could come to Venice when we go. I  
don't want you to go on with Allens:  
wood because if you do you will never  
be able to come and I really feel some-  
times as if I couldn't exist without  
you coming for a long time. Please  
begin to think of the Venice plan. We  
want to spend September October and  
November there. It will not cost more  
than 5 francs a day we reckon, gondola  
and gondolier included. I shall go on  
writing about this until you settle to  
come.

Wed. Yesterday evening in the same times as

poor Harry I see Mr. Fuddlay's death. I  
suppose there is no mistake and that it  
is the E.R. one. How vile.

I have had a letter from Cousin Minnie  
she seems to be rather ill and depressed.

Is it certain it wasn't diphtheria?  
It sounds like it.

I will stop now as I must write  
to Edith, but I will write again soon.

Aunt Sell seems better and more cheer-  
ful than a little while ago. She has  
taken a villa at Mentone for next  
winter, and a little house in the  
country at Sedbury in the park of  
Lady Elizabeth Biddulph, as a permanent  
and I think she is quite pleased about  
it.

My fondest love to you all my  
darling angels

Your loving Dooty.

Simon sends you his love. He wants you to

Come and see us at Venice very much.

I have just got your second letter.

The story

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