

Woodman's Cottage, Boxhill,
Dorking.

11th February 1918.

My dear Rolf,

I am terrified by the news I read in the papers from Finland, and I am thinking of the people at home day and night. If you are still in Sweden, you will surely let me know anything you hear. It is like a night-mare, whoever could believe that it would go so far? I went up to London to meet our delegates, and at the same time collect notes at the British Museum. I met Reuter, too, and was so pleased to hear that he had seen you at Stockholm. But that time seems so far off after what has happened since. None of the Finlanders in London seems to know more than I do, that is what we read about in the English papers I try to keep away the horrible thoughts by working at my book, and by walking in the wood and observing the first leaves and signs of spring and listening to the birds, but the thoughts come back again. What can I do? Let me hear from you soon, if you, as I hope, are still in Sweden.

Ever yours affectionately,

Edward Westermarck