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Aug. 31 - 1944.
Rogger

Dear Mr Dickinson

● My answer to your charming letter comes late, but I knew you were on tour, perhaps still at Bombay; then early in August an unprecedented deluge swept away 36 bridges, three iron ones, from Kulu down to Pathanote, and all traffic had been stopped; for two weeks we had no mail. The route is still in a chaotic state, but mail is now restored.

● Of course we were sorry to learn about your difficulties "which baffled all descriptions" on your way to the plains -

But since you left the precincts of the Arthurian Abode did it not occur to you that the most ^{gallant} gallant Paladin of the Arthurian Knights had his seat at the Round Table called "the seat Perilous"?

Most naturally this seat in our most materi-
alistic and mechanical epoch had to be exchen-
ged for a seat in a contemporary luxury but
no less perilous.

Many, many thanks for the little jewel "Florentine Night". It has been greatly appreci-
ated by all of us for the beauty of its style and
form.

The Lady of Infinite Understanding passing
the petals of white rose blossoms through her
fingers over an urn still haunts me with
her charm —

We are happy that our beloved Italy will
soon be freed from the Pandals, and who knows
we may perchance meet amidst the hills of Fiesole
or at the Forum of Rome!

With best wishes from all

Helena Roerich