

[From KINTYRE]

Skipper

[1917]

Sunday

My Dearest Ruth, I'm afraid you'll have no communication from me before Wednesday except the p.c. I wrote in the train! The wonder is that any letter ever comes to or goes from a place so remote as this! Well - It's all right. I don't know where to begin to tell you about it. The getting here was very good. About 2½ hours in a steamer circling about in these wonderful lochs. We went actually through the Kyle of Bute. The boat was full of holiday-makers - nice fresh-complexioned people dressed in pleasing tweeds & gay children with whom I amused myself after the introduction of the spy-glass - It's such a nice simple way; you just stand looking very knowingly through your glass till they can't bear it any longer & then make your offer. And then Tarbert where I was to take the Campbeltown coach. The real problem was as to whether the coach would take me and my baggage; eventually after half an hour spent in loading up in the very deliberate Seabird fashion, it

contained all the aspirants & their baggage; it was  
a slow coach though automobile & I was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs  
late at Redhouse where I found Ethel Graham  
waiting in the car.

It's the most  
enchanting country you can imagine - the Loch  
Tarbert side of this great tongue perhaps better  
than this with a luxuriance of vegetation - broad  
woods & moors everywhere. This house is  
right on the sea. It ~~is~~ a very ugly construction  
but has any number of pleasant enough rooms,  
and a garden which seems to my present  
ignorance to extend itself indefinitely with trees  
& lawns in every direction. There is a considerable  
multitude of women in the house & two other men  
- Emma Gordon's father & one Lee Warner who  
runs the Melici Society. They seem to understand  
country house life quite well - they pair off perfectly  
& don't seem to get in each others' way.

I had a good battle yesterday afternoon with Mary  
& Frances; & after tea quite a good walk up a  
glen & over a little hill & down another glen.

The ankle is behaving very well.

But what I have liked best of all was the night. I slept in a delicious soft grassy place up the hill & under some trees - sweet sleep with the gentle murmur of the wind stirring in the tree tops & the distant thrumming of the nightjars. Oh, it was good. And early this morning I walked down a grassy way to the sea & bathed in the cool water.

Apparently they've had a long spell of dry weather here & it's very warm & rather misty. Asoan is visible but one can distinguish almost nothing in this present east wind haze - which is a pity. You know of course that I'll be going there on Wednesday. The Hotel, Corrie Asoan, Buteshire. I hope if you write to-day you'll address it there, but I fear you won't.

I want tremendously to know whether Bob is to get his leave now. I expect not. And whether if Mildred & your father leave you, you will have

Worsula. Perhaps you'd rather have Clare all to  
yourself. But I can't bear to think of you being  
alone when I'm away enjoying myself. Oh how I  
wish you were here! I produced the photos  
of Clare last night after dinner - with all the effect  
that even you could have wished for. I took  
all of time this morning & I must take a look  
of Hugh Gordon before I leave.

I shall be short of news in these remote places  
& how glad I should be of that if were ordinary  
times; as it is with you please guard the time  
for me so that I may read it - W. when I  
return.

It's towards lunch time - this afternoon  
we are to walk up the town up, as Mary  
Ann says - so I had better finish now.

Ever your loving  
George.

