

Wednesday

DSC 915

Penny Pass.

Dearest Ruth I was delighted to find your letter on the hall table when we came in about 5.0. Such a day! Started about 10 o'clock & didn't begin our climb on ^(Liwed) before 2.15. The mist was very thick, but how we walked all the way past those well known cliffs beats me altogether. Of course we had to go round the far ~~of~~ side of the lake & there was a certain amount of snow about. I won't attempt to describe exactly where we went - its too long a story - suffice it to say that we ascended ~~an~~ an easy gully thinking we were below the West Peak & found ourselves on the mountain ridge; we then imagined we were on the Snowdon ^(west) side of ^(west) Liwed whereas we were in fact beyond the Far East Buttress on the other. Eventually we found ourselves below the rocks of the East Peak at 1.30. After lunch we had a very good climb - not very difficult, but containing some quite stiff passages which could probably have been avoided. Wet greasy rocks & a cold east wind blowing, but not much rain. I led; & when once I was used to it found myself in good form. I wore two shirts to-day (kheki mes) - a thing I don't often do - an excellent way of clothing oneself. These remarks apply only to Reade & me - Miss O'Brien did not arrive last night (the steamers from Ireland

are not running in daylight (these last days for fear of submarines); he arrived this morning after we started & is with us now. Our fourth can't come at all. I've never had Herbert alone before that I can remember; he is a good companion.

I believe I didn't tell you anything about Alan in my letter of yesterday. This chiefly; - he's quite wonderfully more responsible - & soberer. Evidently the constant necessity of control & thought & care has matured him in one direction very quickly. I don't know that this is wholly a good thing. It may have been that I was dull but he seemed less interesting than he used to be & I don't if his job - which he will stick too after the war - will make the real best of him. It's a pity he couldn't have gone to the Varsity first. However he'll always be one of the nicest of people.

I liked your letter my dear Ruth very much - except the alarming account of your being ill. What was the reason of your ^{high} temperature? If you put a fomentation on your breast I suppose you ~~had~~ thought it was due to milk fever? Is it all right now? And by the way is Clare taking a bottle now? I hope so; I'm sure it's a good sound plan - it makes a kind of reserve.

I half agree with you as to the reasons underlying exaggerated care for bodily comforts - but then you must remember that with a couple who are very fond

of each other it often takes the form of exaggerated care
for each other's comforts & that, if it doesn't come to the
same thing, is equally as the French would say 'l'ennemi
du bien'. I feel more inclined to diagnose an insufficiency
of spiritual activities - you'll know what I mean
by that after all our talks about such things.

You won't get this till Dec-31 at ~~the~~ the earliest
& I know you'll be thinking more about M's wedding
than anything else. I hope you'll enjoy your part
of the entertainment. Who's going to do the cooking
for your guests? And how many nights will they
spend at the Holt? I haven't yet

heard from that man about taking our house - I'm
thinking it's quite time something was done about it.
Please tell me in your next letter ⁱⁿ what spirit
Mised read mine to her; I was afraid she might
think it rather a lecture. I hope not. Also kindly
put a date to your letters. I like to know when
they were written.

Now good night my love. Thinking of me in the smoothest
state of mind - "all serene". I shall leave this
open till morning so as to tell you what sort of day
we are expecting; the weather's stormy at present
& likely to be rainy. I want at least one bright day.
Yo. loving George.

Thursday. The clouds have lifted, though God's
has still a dark cap - & the glass gone up - so we
ought to have a fine day. Rather windy & distinctly cold.
We'll probably go to Augsburg, Ditzingen.



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