

Monday.

[2 Aug. 1915] Pen, Pass.

Dearest Ruth, I wonder if you will get a letter from me to-day. No post arrived here yesterday - but I believe they treat us better on Bank Holiday, and the man who brings our letters will also take letters back to Lambert's Cottage - her party arrived quite properly on Saturday evening.

Nice men both. I quite like her husband. We all went over to Tryfaen yesterday & climbed the Central Buttress - your first climb wasn't it? But you should have seen us yesterday, five on a rope; we fairly made 'the mat of that climb. Bessie Graham is stiff & slow; Owen quite active & promising. I believe poor Cottie

herself was the greatest encumbrance
to my progress. It looked to me as
though all her body muscles were
feeble & that she doesn't trust
herself for a pull - However she
led a bit towards the top, that
was better. I expect she'll soon
recover herself a lot - of course
she always was weak with her
arms & yesterday she was further
handicapped by some very much worn
nails in her boots.

By the bye
my boots are a great success - for
the first time for I don't know
how long I feel properly shod - excell
ent nails & the weight comes over
them. And the 'half horse' you made
are splendid. Oh! what a comfort
it is to get those things right!
I'm feeling now that I do everything
so easily. And I am feeling fit.

I have moments when I wish some one were here really to drink with.

Ursula will arrive sometime to-day, I hope. And Hugh goes off to-morrow. We're very lucky with the weather. The glass has been steadily falling - yesterday ~~the~~ wind was right round in the east - and even so it stayed fine except for a thunder storm. Wonder of wonders! I hope it will go on.

The song has just sounded for breakfast - rather late; it must be 9.0. I bathed in the lake above the Hotel this morning for the first time. I expect if Jim had been here we should have

been up there every morning

I am glad you are feeding so well,
& that you still spell body well-
wise with two ds - 'bothy'!

I'm reading some interesting essay
in the these days, by Jane Harrison,
a great Cambridge figure - one
very good one about the woman
question which goes to the root of
the matter & discusses the prejudice
current as to what the 'position'
of woman ought to be & the whole
relation of the homing part of
woman to the gregarious social
side. I think I shall send it
along to you soon.

I'm afraid I've been writing you
rather dull letters. I never seem
much to be in a mood for talking
to you this way. It's a pity it takes
so long to get 'each others' letters;

it makes' this sort of talk so more
than ever a monologue & it seems
so impossible to answer your
letter of 3 days ago when you're
probably written two letters since.

Something else I meant to
say but the groans of the ~~young~~
new climbers and their most
desperate efforts even to get up
from a chair have dissipated my
thoughts.

Ah! me. You'll be here
again my dear dear Ruth
to share these joys.

Jr. Irving
George.

