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Grafting
April 1. 22

My dearest Ruth, I have been so stupefied by a cold all the way that I feel as though I had very little to tell you - but I fear if I don't get this off to-day it will miss the next mail. The repetition of last year's march is naturally not so exciting as the new sensation of seeing Sitchin - & the country is not at its best; no rain has fallen yet & though there is much new green very few flowers out & the sense of bursting growth is absent. Yesterday should have been the day of rhododendrons, but only a few of the lower ones were out & the one flower on the ground was a very beautiful soft coloured primula. The magnolias were disappointing too - nothing but white ones.

enjoyable journey. Everyone is cheerful & happy - particularly Sr. Bruce, who is making heroic exertion to get rid of his tumor. He walked nearly the whole way up yesterday - a rise of 5500 ft. It was rather exhilarating to feel the high keen air again & to sleep above 12000 ft. except for some old-cough hiccups about I feel fit enough. Longstaff alone wasn't fit yesterday & had a bad headache.

I find myself keeping company a good deal with Noel who

is full of activity with his cinematograph & photography. He was very pleased with a film of me bathing - he was waiting with his apparatus in a valley to ~~take~~ take the animals coming a bridge. Norton Bruce & I came down in front of them & as I was very hot I proceeded straight to the stream took off my shirt & immersed the upper part of my body, & in fact had an excellent wash as all the world will presumably be able to see - at all events I shall have a testimonial for cleanliness.

The air is quite clear up here - apparently we are above the valley haze & I'm much hoping with an early start to-morrow morning to get up a peak & see what should be an amazing view of the Sitchim mountains, Rangchenjunge etc.

I think much of you, dearest one, and of my home. I hope the children are happy & loving. How I wish we could meet if only once - a month, so that I could have you close to me & hear you tell me about everything.

I will hope to write you a better letter in a few days time - it seems to me by the bye that there will be none to send round until we get to the mountain.

Farewell, dearest a great love to you

Your loving,
George.

You'll observe that I've lost my fountain pen - a bad start!