

July, 29, 1915 [Thurs.] Pen y Pass

Dearest Ruth I was delighted to get your note pulled out of the parcel of silk robes just before we started off yesterday. What a jewel you are to send on my belongings so swiftly. Well - I don't seem to have forgotten anything else.

A strenuous day for our first. We made the best of the South Buttress by trying certain variations and rescued a lamb - an amusing business, its legs were tied together in pairs by handkerchiefs & it was then firmly put into my satchel. It was a very warm load & I had to climb down quite a difficult little place to deposit it in a ~~safety place~~ - on its right side so to speak.

From the top of Tryfan we went down to Ogwen for tea - an arrangement happily agreed to by the other two, because I wanted an opportunity of persuading Mrs Jones to take in the O'Malley party after their week here, & the sooner the better - but I don't know

That she'll be able to manage it all the same. We walked up y Gribin, the ridge running up from Ogwen between the Glyders - do you remember I ran down it that day spent away from you with Richards & Steman on Glyder Fawr. It was hard work at the end of a first day, but a very pleasant way over & did me much good; I'm feeling very fit in muscles & quite expect to be in first rate form very soon.

Hugh is a better walker than I expected, though he hasn't learnt the rhythm; he wasn't climbing well so far as I could see (he came third naturally & O'Malley is not a man to lead) - he is rather clumsy & ill-balanced. He didn't really enjoy it hugely either I'm afraid - I'm a little anxious as to that; but I hope it may come. O'Malley's type of climbing resembles the performance

of Valentine Richards. His party won't be up till the end of the week, so I shall have him as third for a bit longer - quite happily, for he's quite a nice gentle person much content to enjoy himself on the hills. I don't find him very interesting. And O, Ruth, I do miss having you to enjoy it all with. Yesterday was so finely coloured! And to-day will be as good.

Elwert is no objective - but there's a difficulty. The military have become very stiff & the road to Elwert is closed. I don't quite know how this will be got over. We have decided on the first step to establish our position - Lieut. Fisher, the officer in command, is to be invited to dinner. We shall get him fairly into our net I hope.

Well, my dear, I'm not going to write

much longer. I shall always have more
than I can tell you. Picture me then as
I reclined last night, very deep in an
easy chair, a mug of beer beside me,
& a fire! (isn't this house after all the most
comfortable anywhere to be found) in front
ultimately a little 'piquet' with Hugh
and a chapter of 'The Ambassadors' in bed.
Which reminds me that I must write
for my spectacles.

Good bye sweetest. Be happy. I expect
I shall hear from you before this goes
off.

Yr. loving
George.

