

Monday

Castlestead

Pateley Bridge

My dearest Ruth, We have fallen on our feet - at least I think so.

Hither we came this morning with hastened steps from Ripon. It was very wet gloomy & noisy. Now we are in a most lovely dale - Niddsdale, and a good roof will provide the necessary shelter (for though it's fine now the signs are discouraging) - a big country house is used as a 'hydro' & the guests overflow into railway carriages in the garden. A very homely arrangement; we are to occupy each a compartment in the train & I gather that all the others will be occupied - Ladies Only.

Yesterday passed very happily all things considered. We mounted a rather gross pair of bikes & explored a very good bit of country about

five miles out of Ripon. It was an expedition not entirely devoid of adventure as we took a country lane which, contrary to the advice of the map came to an abrupt end where it ought to have taken us across the head of a little valley. Further was all for turning back, so I had to take a strap line. Poor man; he did sweat. But it was a very pretty bit of country & he enjoyed it very much. The day was frankly grey but luckily no appreciable amount of rain fell while we were out.

• We attended early Mass in the Cathedral & so achieved (I hope) a stroke of energy, our church going for the day.

I wish I could put down one quarter of my absurd thoughts since you aren't here to share them with. It is so queer doing this sort of thing with Father. He often amuses me & often shocks me by saying outrageous things, but except about family affairs

he never really talks to me - not I
mean so that we can find out anything
about each other or get any foreboding.
In affair he's a terrible snob & timid
& rather greedy too. I was amused
last night when evening church was
a proposition hovering about us &
he conclusively remarked - "Well I think
we must go & find a place where we
can get some dinner." It was in
point of fact not easy to get that
meal in any simple way - Ripon being
so full that it dearly didn't know so to
speak whether it was standing on its
head or its heels, & we took it both
night at the Swankest hotel.

I haven't yet seen Fountains again,
it was planned that I should visit that
adorable place this morning on my
way here, but the pitiless rain damped
all my sparks. So I shall probably stay
a day or two after Father goes on

Wednesday & see both that & Bolton Abby
& Skipton Castle if possible. Beyond
that I can make no plans.

Trappold will probably be married on
the 19th. !!! After all said!

But it's too long & stay & your
curiosity must just wait till I can
tell you. I shouldn't wonder if I turned
up at Gt-almoning about the 18th.

We are sitting actually on the
bank of the gurgling Will & a great
quantity of wild raspberries are within
arm's reach almost - which remind
me of my Exmoor. A lot of little
things remind me of Devonshire -
the peat streams, the deep cut little
dells with their plentiful vegetation
& the stone houses. Well, my dearest,
my far away enchantress, I must end
up, because Father is getting restless &
when we get back it will be dreadfully
late.

George
How long
How much love
Will