

Saturday.

Pen y Pass

My dearest,

Two letters have come from you since I last wrote, because to-day is being idly spent. I'm glad you seem so happy. I expect you were feeling a bit bothered towards the end of term, with much better you shouldn't have any cases now.

I have already reached an advanced animal state. It is now the eight hour - I put to you that way by sympathy; we lunched in the hotel. The plain fact is that we were both feeling slack & my performance of an unpleasant mission after breakfast has furnished an excuse. I went all the way down to the power station to get leave from a certain lieutenant Fisher to use the road which the military have blocked.

Unfortunately our attempt to beguile him hither for dinner had failed & he was inexorable. I don't however mean to be deterred from climbing on Llivedd.

Yesterday was well-spent on *Clogwyn / Idysyllt*.

Poor O'Malley; a more pitiful & gasping fish than he was when landed in an angle of rock - firmly grasped of the middle while arms & shoulders struggled vainly on one side & legs on the other - I can't hope often to see such fun. I wonder how you would have managed - it wasn't an easy place. Oh! my dearest you would enjoy those crags. Such a steep angle! - such good sand fissures every where. A fine sunny day it was too. I expect Cotti & her two men this afternoon, or perhaps I'll get them up a little

chink before dinner - I hope so.  
I expect wet weather to-morrow,  
which will fit half with our  
slack to-day.

When I have sufficient energy I'm  
going to copy out a delicious poem  
from Rupert Brooke's volume called  
'Heaven' - written for fishes.  
It will amuse your father too.

Now I'm going down the road a bit  
to meet Cotte - Jus, we must  
have a bit of a chink.

Goodbye, dearest. I think of you  
very content, except for the eternal  
wish for you.

Your loving  
George.