

Thursday, 22 8

Pen y Pass.

Dearest Ruth, No letters from you to-day, from which I conclude that letters posted in time for the night train from London get here the next day but those posted in the evening not till the day after - In see I assume you have written to me.

We had an amusing Adventure to-day. The problem was to get to Lliwed without being stopped by the soldiers who are guarding that double line of formidable black pipes which run down from the Lake to the power station. We went as though we were going to climb on those little bluffs below the Lliwed road - you'll remember we went there in the winter - & crossed down there half-way between two observation posts; we were spotted by both.

~~and~~ but unpursued & so made our way to Llivell in only about $\frac{1}{4}$ hr more than usual. An interesting climb - the Horned Crags route - but I'm afraid, alas! I didn't give you the book. It rained a little, but was quite a good day on the whole. I feel rather separated from Hugh by this arrangement, but observe him somewhat; he climbs up as quickly as he can without much reference to the problems of balance - so I don't expect much from him in that direction.

A man or woman (he a dumber) arrived to night so I got today's paper as well as yesterday's. I begin to back the Russians - i.e. almost to expect that the Germans

won't get through - they're taking
too long & Heaven only knows
what their losses must be. However
it's still in the hands of the gods.

How are you feeling I wonder;
I was afraid when we parted that
you were in for another spell of
increased discomfort; I only hope you
won't feel bored. Perhaps the Dixon
marriage will amuse you by way of a
change? After all changes are a
blessing at times, aren't they dear?
Perhaps men want them more than
women. It's an inconvenience to
like them - but it would be dull
not to. I wonder how I should
like Great Roque - with many
resources I fear. Could I get a wife
the phlegmatic Rachel? I wonder.
Well you'll be at Westlake very
soon after you get this I suppose.
I've had no further news of

Trafalgar. Have you?

Friday. I was too stupid to say any more
last night. We're trying to make an early
start to day & hope to be off by ten! The
postman doesn't arrive till eleven & so you
see I shall go off without news from you.
We shall make for Clewys, Idyseyl -
just beyond the Parson's Nose. I hope you
never feel anxious. We're taking things
gently (though I'm stiff with the thigh)
& don't doubt anything that's not well
within my powers, I'm very fit. H.K. Reek
is not coming, a great blow; we shall
be short of a leader without him.
I find myself very constantly thinking
of you in these connections. To-day is
hazy like those August days last
year. Well, God bless Mrs. Ruth.

fr. loving George.

