

Bank House

Oct 6th

(across top: I am glad you missed me a wee bit. I can tell you I missed Glenhead and you both.)

My dear John,

Your letter was a great pleasure to me this morning when I lifted it among the pile of others. I set it aside till I should have the labour of the day over in order to enjoy yours and Marion's.

It is a great thing to have friends whose hearts are warmly knit together by genuine affection. I need not say that never had I so delightful a month during any holiday since I was married, as with my dear and good friends up at the Glen.

Confound the artist. I shall have him pestering I know – they are a crew, make me nearly wild. They come out each man with photographs for some peddling thing to grease his own cartwheels. I have had a round dozen of them since I came back – all different. Hay's brother has written and telegraphed as if he were a bosom friend. I have managed to keep out of his way yet, but he'll find me afore lang, the beast.

I can't imagine how my first letter was late. It was posted in Penicuik by Monday at 11am and should have been with you on Tuesday without fail. There is something rotten in the state of Denmark with these letters. Too many of them go astray. But I don't object seriously. The more of mine lost the better pleased I am.

A cyclist man writes me to ask the best roads through Galloway and up to the Dungeon!! I drew the line at that. As the man said when he married a twenty stone wife and she had twice twins 'It is too too much!' he said. So it was for he had only one bed for the lot! So said I to the cyclist 'It is too, too much.'

Ever affectionately yours

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