

Bank House

Feb 10th

My dear John and Marion

Often and often I have been thinking of you in your mountain quietude, with Curleywee looking down and the bitter blasts shielded from you. The frost must be telling on the sheep now, and you too must be wearing for the return of more genial weather.

We are all well at home where I left at 8.50 on Thursday. The good and kind wife was grieved to let me away again so soon, but there was no alternative. The Dinners and receptions came to quickly and there was a vast gulf of work to be filled up before April 30th which gives me hope that the spring will come quickly. The year always goes fastest when there is plenty of work.

The reception at the Author's club is on Monday/ tomorrow night. That at the Vagabonds was on Friday and the Savage Club last night. So I am more than half through. I am glad, but I am into the roar and rush of work, seeing publishers and editors all day long, just as I told you I should have to do.

But believe that my heart is always nearer to the quiet houses in the beloved glen – the Glen of my happiness and quiet.

Let me hear a word from either of you here – or both

Affectionately ever

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