

Torwood

Peebles

Scotland

20th Sept 1907

My dear Marion and John

I have been putting off writing hoping that I might get a chance of running up, and the chance has not yet come. It may, but I cannot be sure this year yet.

I wish there was a 'close time' for authors, when they are not expected to write, and there is not a truer word in the Bible than 'of making of books there is no end.' But you must not forget that there is no difference in true friendship even though I seem to have lost my way up the glen.

The boys are entering the Navy and the college and Maisie is 19, and has a good many admirers of one sort and another, as Mays and Maisies and Marions are apt to have about that age.

Margaret is a great good girl now and is the last of the little flock to go to school. All the rest are flown. Cadet George RN went this morning and Margaret goes on the 30th. I hope you have had a good year. You will be beginning 'your harvest' about which you used to joke - 'from stooks and a pickle.' I saw my poor old uncle at Auchencairn. He will not, I fear, last long, and he is the last of the older generation of Crockett's. My aunt died this year. So you are about the only 'friends' I have in Galloway to go and see.

Going to see uncle is no great pleasure, rather a duty now. He forgets and repeats himself so much but he is intensely glad to see me, and could hardly be persuaded to let me go again.

I am, as usual, busy, and indeed almost more than busy. Like Martha, cumbered with much serving.

My affectionate greetings as of old to Marion and the old hearty handshake to yourself. Keep in training, and perhaps you will get my camera to carry to Loch Enoch yet.

We like our new house very much. When are you coming to see it?

Affectionately always

SRC

PS See how large a letter!