

The Lochinvar Hotel,
Dalry, Galloway.
August 10 1899

Dear Drainie-man,

Here's my statutory guinea with a great deal of pleasure. We've been "building extensions" and paying for them at Penicuik this year - a new library and dining room with "furniture and carpet most glorious" or it would have been more.

The lyric stirs an ache away back in my heart - I know not why or where or how, something connected with one's lost youth and the days that are no more.

I like "Long, long gone the auroral gold" and "In the dim unheard of seas." "The coasts of Ease" is the only flaw. It doesn't seem to belong somehow.

I bought a copy long ago when I could ill afford it - as wise men would have told me. But in my transmigrations from Continent to Continent, I lost it. I am glad you have let me replace it. I have read it all again, every word. But being wise I won't say which I like best lest they should be (some or most) of the other I [something] singing.

As Barrie sadly said when he and Hardy went to see "Walker - London" and Hardy tried hard to find anything to like, and said now and again "That's good!" "Yes," said Barrie sadly, "but it was [Toole] that put that in!"

I am busy to my ears in a kids' book you will like. I am nearing the confines of forty and little more than a trinity of years will enter me for the third decade - yet my heart is boyish and I would like a pillow fight with all my critics. Heavens but I'd give them some fine dauds about the lugs!

I wish very gladly to meet you and your wife. Sometime you will come here and eh - man, what a nicht we will hae amang the buiks.

My greetings to you, Sir fellow singer (with the clearer voice) of twenty four.

Your Comrade of the Tooth Comb

S.R. Crockett