

Tuesday. Per 3 Pass

Dearest Ruth, I am so sorry I've
been two days without a letter.

I missed writing one day - Sunday.

I think - so you'll have yet
another day without one later!

But that was posts too, so you
won't feel hurt. Olds Kar

I've been nailing boots - not
mine - for an hour & a half at
least - till the post has

come in with your letter from
Westbrook. Ursula came

yesterday afternoon & is happy

she says. She found us all
playing cards round a fire in
the Shack - the result of a
really valiant attempt to have

hunch is a thunderstorm. Some
amusing scrambling after tea.
Hugh went off this morning
- he quite enjoyed himself I
think. I had a cup of tea with
him in my pyjamas soon after
seven. This must be
a short letter, as the others
are now prepared to start
- & indeed it's high time 11:30
I guess. We have
been in the clouds most of so far
to-day but signs of clearing
have appeared - we're going off
to the Parson's nose, where I
expect to find the usual Bank
Holiday corpses.

Two letters yesterday betrayed anxiety. Please to it feel like that.
It's a very mill affair altogether. I'm very sorry. In love. Guess.