

May 25 1914

My darling, I am longing for you. Oh! why aren't you here  
- I would kiss your lips & look into your eyes & feel you  
you you all near me & with me, strong and glorious &  
loving and laughing. Oh! my arms are aching dear for you  
- to draw you swiftly & firmly close to me. They'll ache a good deal  
I'm thinking during the next nine days. And Jesus! You would  
like to feel me there wouldn't you? I would be splendid, all in fire,  
a man in heaven already. And you would look down from your  
heaven to me in mine & two heavens would meet - mine eyes &  
on our lips dearest Ruth.

What's the use of writing about the little things I've done & thought  
when one thing is so much greater than all the rest. Oh! let's  
forget all the world & only love - for five minutes & then  
some wretched little care will creep into my mind with its dull  
shell of habit - even now marks are threatening to belate. My  
dear we will go away & forget for a little time & we must do it  
in the summer.

This is Monday morning! What iniquity! But I have  
done some work & cleared my letter yesterday.

Goodbye sweetest, dearest, bravest, truest - Oh! how superlative  
you are - Ruthest Ruth. All my love for you - all  
I know how.  
Joe George George.

Perhaps I'll go on later.

7-45. A glorious evening spent in your canoe with two boys -  
- a most successful picnic at the place. I went



