

Sunday 9.45
Weymouth.

My dearest Ruth,

I've been idle to-day so far as you're concerned & have been nowhere & done nothing. No train to Abbotsbury & despatched bicycling. The plain fact is that I'm not very well just now. I was sick after dinner last night - it seemed rather from fatigue than biliousness & yet I had nothing to be fatigued about. Consequently I went to bed with my back unscrubbed & had to do it in the night - only an hour sleepless however & after more rubbing this morning little discomfort to-day. I'm feeling pretty well to-night. Things are settling down very pleasantly; a quiet & agreeable set of men; evidently I'm very lucky in that respect. I had a walk this afternoon with one Dodd, late of Oxford & the Admiralty; he is quite an intelligent & congenial person. But when I say that I ask myself who isn't? so you'll imagine how very lucky ~~in that~~ I consider myself to be. Hooper who shares my room is not interesting but quite

unobjectionable & disposed to be friendly. I can
tell you nothing yet of the work. We begin
to-morrow at 8.30 - rather too early a start
for mere convenience considering the large
number for this small accomodation. We aim
at 7.30 for breakfast.

I was delighted to get your letter this morning.
Good news about the coal; our economy makes me
feel quite virtuous. I do wonder what
you will think about my letter of yesterday
- by the bye, it missed the ordinary post & as
I was pressed I entrusted it to a 'tommy' to post
at the station. I can't do anything serious now
till next week-end; but after your reply, particularly
if you're against the cottage, I'll probably write
a line of vague inquiry to Mrs Quassel, not stating
particulars, but just asking what accomodation we
would find at Abbotsbury.

I think of our last days together; they were good.
You were more wonderful & more lovable than ever
dearest Ruth. It's beastly to be separated - but what for?
We shall never regret it. So Good Night dear love
Don't worry about me. In loving George.