

Sunday May 21 1916

(14)

Dearest

Do you notice how beautifully I am dating all my letters to you, I hope you do. I am rather proud of it. I think I am going to turn over a new leaf altogether now and date every thing.

Your Father & Mother together are funny, they have kept me laughing all lunch time.

I have been let in for it! I am going down to teach in Sunday school this afternoon. I hope my ideas & tangere will flow freely, because they did not ask me to till latish yesterday, so I only prepared the lesson before I went to sleep and I've not thought about it today.

You see I went to early services this morning; but I did not go to the 11 o'clock because it is such a nice day I thought-

that I would rather go for a walk.  
So Violet & I took baby onto Bidstone  
Hill and we got into some lovely  
woods. We could not get the  
gram in so we left it & took  
baby. The ground was all dead  
bracken with the tall new green  
shoots coming up through it.  
It really was very lovely and it  
soothed my soul to be in a  
place so beautiful. An ugly town  
like this is very depressing at times.  
I did not get letter this morning  
~~with~~ which I hoped for. They evidently  
will not be very regular. I do  
hope next time I hear that you  
will have had some of my  
letters. Poor George, to be so long without.  
You do know that I have done my  
best to get them to you, don't you?  
We went to bed rather early last  
night because of this daylight  
savings business, so as not to lose  
any sleep. I had finished the Sunday  
School lesson and was reading some

of your letter, when I heard the  
telephone ~~was~~ ringing violently, after  
a minute I got up and asked your  
mother if she heard it, and she  
asked me to go. A very agitated female  
wanted your Father because she said  
a Mr Jones was dying. I told your  
mother and she went down and  
elicited that the said Mr Jones was  
quite unconscious, so your Father did  
not go, he was very tired and asleep.  
He did go this morning when the  
man was still alive and conscious.  
Baby has just been in here and  
I have been romping with her  
she is fun, but throwing her  
up and down is jolly hard  
work. I'm sure my own muscles  
will improve.

I've got to go off to Sunday school  
now, I will tell you about it  
when I come back.

Now I am just back. I have had  
the usual gay and somewhat riotous  
time, the boys were quite jolly. One  
was specially attractive and nice, and

one specially tiresome. I like their  
funny broad accent. There were a lot of  
Welsh names among them.

I am sorry, I'm afraid I wrote you a depressed  
letter yesterday. I am quite cheerful today.  
But you see the moment depression gets  
hold of me a bit, I don't seem to be  
able to keep my anxiety about you down,  
and then I want you so badly.

Dearest, I think if possible I know more  
now how much I love you than I did  
before.

I think the life of a clergyman is a very  
hard one. Your Father seems to be on at  
it all day and often late into the evening.  
And then there are so many disappointments.  
His Sunday Schools that he has worked  
so hard at have gone down badly lately,  
because he cannot get hold of good  
teachers, and so in the place where I was  
teaching there were only ten or twelve  
and there ought to have been 45.

It must be so disheartening. I really am  
glad you are not a clergyman & I a clergyman's  
wife. I should not like the constant rush  
of the life at all. Always having more  
to do than you can get through.

I must stop the post goes at five.

Your very very loving Ruth.