

My dearest George

Friday Sept 1

This day began raining at breakfast time and we were afraid it was going to be really wet but now it has cleared and is gay and very mild and pleasant. The others have all just gone off to bathe and I am mindering baby and having a quiet time in which to write to you. Its nice & calm so I should think they will have nice baths. We had a lovely one yesterday, it was beautifully sunny and warm and after the bath we hunked in the sun on the shore. They have a boat out here which makes it rather nice because you can bathe out of your depth all the time and just hang on to the boat when you are tired. I swam such a lot that I got very out of breath & my Thursday is quite stiff today. When I had come out and was lying on the shingle I saw one of my school friends Dorothy Fox who I have not seen since I left school. I liked her very much then & but her parents would not let

her come and stay with me so that our friendship
inevitably lasted. That's the worst of being a
girl, parents can do that sort of thing with
a boy they can't because they could go off and
meet some where else if they liked. I was
awfully disappointed then, but I have got over
it now I should like to meet her again
but I shant upset myself if I don't.

They live near here so I may see her if
she wants to see me, but she will have to
make the move

Yesterday afternoon we had a very pleasant
time we all took our tea out on to the
commons behind the town about two miles
I should think or not quite so far. There
was a very jolly view across the river
and marshy land round it. Also the
greatest fun was a splendid trench, all ready
in case of invasion I suppose. Violet & Helen
got into it and as soon as they were
in I popped in at another place & went
along like a German to meet them. I
got a tremendous yell out of Violet. After
that we explored the whole trench, they
really are very fascinating, its like walking
along a windy path, you never know what

you will come to meet. What fun it would
be to play soldiers there if one were a child
again. I can't now but I know just how it
felt. I don't feel a bit sorry that I'm no
longer a child its much more interesting being
grown up, but of course being a child has its joys
you can get your romance more easily.

Aunt Patty has just been in and has been
talking and that has wasted some of the
time I ought to have had for this letter.

The sea is wonderfully & beautifully gloomy
on a grey day like this. Just little sand
waves breaking in on the stoney shore, and
~~rippling~~ rippled greyness right back to the flat
grey sky, and a slight mist on the horizon
so that it is hard to know where water
and sky met. We often see a lot of
ships far out to sea but never any thing
close in, except mine sweepers at night.

My dear one I do want you back again
I want to do things with you so much.

How my heart would bound with joy if
I could have you for a long walk. I want
someday to go travelling with you into wild
country where white people seldom travel.

The Himalayas perhaps or right into

China. I would rather go somewhere into Asia
than into Africa because the civilization is
old in Asia & that would make the
people and things so far more interesting.
I don't want to wait to go till we are
too old. I think perhaps we ought to
wait till we have as many children as we
want in case it is dangerous. Then we will
go away for six months and see wonderful
places. I suppose you will want to mingle
climbing with it. I don't mind that at all
so long as it's not too dangerous. But dealing
after this war I don't think I shall want
you to do any thing very ~~very~~ dangerous for
a long time, certainly not unless you take
me with you. I do want to see some of
the far away wonderful places of the world.
It seems a pity to live and not experience and
see as much as possible, without stopping ordinary
life which I believe to be the biggest experience
of all.

Dearest I want to send you many kisses, and so much
love. If I only had you with me you should
feel how much I love you, or some of it, but now
you are away and you know. We both know & so
we are happy. Yours very loving
Ruth