

[Th-F 14-15 May 1914] (7)

My dearest

We have got here. It is really beautiful. I have been looking for some time at the hill I want to go up. I can't call it a mountain while I am reading Scrambles in the Alps. It is not very far off as the crow flies, but I shall have to go a long way round a lake that lies along the foot of it. There is another more distant one that looks better still, but I suppose they always look more thrilling when they are far off.

We had very good journey with no bothers and the crossing was quite nice, we found a sheltered place and sang all the songs and rounds we knew. (not many)

I am not unhappy but the three weeks feel very long now. O my dear I think I do realize at any rate partly the wonderfulness of the fact that you love me. I fail to love you as much as I ought, I do very very much, and I love being with you.

You have never yet showed me the poetry you wrote at Monte Piano, don't forget to sometime.

It must have been wonderful and tremendous trying to climb the Matterhorn again and again, as the man in Scramble among the Alps did. I have not yet come to where he or any one else succeeds, I do hope he will.

One funny thing happened on the journey as we got off the boat, an official said to Father Have you any stores of ammunition? Father answered No only a fishing rod, and they both roared with laughter. The official said that he had had to ~~answer~~ ask that question for the last three months. We noticed coming along in the train that the men about were unusually upright and straight the result of the drilling I suppose.

Only we and Alison are here as yet, Uncle Haines will arrive tomorrow and Captain Morgan on Tuesday. We don't know when Mr. Parry will come because he is in bed with a chill and lumbago. Uncle Lawrence will come on Monday if he comes at all, which seems very doubtful as he is frightfully busy. He had no work last month practically, it is tiresome.

I did try to telephone to Curtis about the baskets but it was early closing day so I could not get through.

It is Friday morning now and a very nice morning with the sun most of the time out.

I wrote almost all this letter on Thursday evening. Father and Mildred & Alison have gone out in the boat this morning and I am going to join them for lunch and row for the

afternoon So most of my next letter
to you will be written this morning I
expect out of doors

There is a tremendous lot of gorse here and
it is such a dark orange colour it looks
simply splendid.

I do wish you were here and we could go
off and explore the very wildest parts
we might go on from place to place &
stay a night or two away. but we will
do that sort of thing some time

I think I must stop this letter now if
I am to have plenty of time out of doors
this morning by myself.

All my love to you dear for ever & ever
Ruth.

