

Thursday Sept 7

My dearest George

Thank you for telling me more about the book. I do understand much better now. I don't think I can the least picture how it will turn out. I'm half sorry it's not to be a novel I should like you to write a good one. Will the book be long? I am very sorry your ankle is troubling you again. Do you know what has made it bad?

I have had a most enjoyable night dreaming about Zeppelins. I love those long circumstantial dreams that I have, usually coming too. They do liven up ones nights so nicely I dreamed to that, you came back on leave dear but that was not very satisfactory. We went to that sale yesterday afternoon but it wasn't in the right garden and was very stupid so we came away at once, and we decided to go out for a walk, but we had to wait about a bit while Andy & Patty had tea. Then

I saw Violet & Clare coming out of the
saw so I went out to speak to them &
& Uncle Lawrence & Helen came out, &
Hersold's an. on a plane came down rather
close over us & for the first time baby
noticed it & she looked up, and stopped
then it circled low over the sea & we
saw it was coming down. It was a sea plane.
So we all ran to the shore as hard as
we could go and there we saw it sitting on
the water & slowly coming in to shore.
When it got to shore men ran down &
dragged it up a little way. It was too
steep to get it right out. The young
officer climbed out & went ashore.
Presently we heard someone say that
he had only gone to see some friends
and that he would be going off again
soon so we waited.
Clare was excited by the rush to the
shore & the crowd of people she kept
kicking & jumping in my arms.
We sat on the beach & she played with the
stones until the airman came down, the

beach again. Then I picked baby up and we hurried down to the edge of the sea so as to miss nothing. The airman climbed in again & settled himself. Then soldiers & fishermen pushed. They found it very difficult to get onto him onto the sea because as they pushed the end of the little boat things dug into the shingle and the waves rushed up & settled their legs. Finally they just got him into the water enough to turn the machine round and get its tail to show. Then he had some difficulty in starting and I was afraid his sea plane would get knocked on the shore and damaged before he got off. It didn't and he got it going and bounced off over the waves till he got to lighter & lighter and then sailed up into the air. Then he turned round & swooped back low over us & we all waved & cheered. It was really great fun. I have never before been so close to an air plane. I want to say some things about boarddom. It's a miserable state & one to be avoided. But it's very difficult to avoid sometimes. Because politeness makes one get into

situation that hour one. What then well
I suppose like Geoffrey's father one ^{ought} ~~and~~ to
work at improving the situation so hard
that one is not hard, but that needs
both energy and intelligence. I mean if I had
been placed as Geoffrey's father was I would not
have talked well and amusingly for an hour.
I do hope we shant have board children, they
are so objectionable. Having children does
lay ones self open to a lot of worry.
I am disappointed now because Clara is
backward for her age. She is a dear &
very sweet and full of interest, but she
is backward in talking in teeth & she will
be very backward in walking I think. I
suppose it will not matter in the end,
but she certainly is not going to be a
proacious child although of course she
always may turn out to be clever.
I should love to have a clever child. It would
make up more than any thing else for
not being clever myself, though if it was
clever it would be your cleverness it
would have not mine, but I should not
mind that a bit I should like it.
Clara is eating a very egg meal now, but
she taking her food well.

your very loving
Ruth.