

Thursday 21 May 1914

(12)

My dearest

You were not feeling you best on Tuesday, but never mind one cant always, and it is distracting writing while people are talking, I have tried it two or three times. I cant help that horrid Sunday post but you will be prepared next time. It's a jolly good thing that you don't make centuries in cricket because I am afraid you would find ~~it~~ it left me rather cool in spite of its glory, however if you did it I dare say I should be enthused.

The more I read the poem you sent me the more beautiful I think it is, there is more I would like to say here only I cannot find words that would be more to convey what I feel about you. I am writing this letter in the morning this time because I am going to row in the afternoon. Yesterday afternoon after I had finished writing to you I found that the letters had been taken so I went up to the village with them, and then came back here and Mildred & Alison & I went out for our evening walk till supper time, it was beautiful the clouds were low on all the hills and the lakes were flecked with foam, and the wind was whistling among the rocks, and the

goose was the deepest gold. Look goose here, it smothered  
the hill sides in a blaze of colour. Oh do wish  
you were here and we could go for one long walk  
of over the wildest hills, sometimes finding lovely  
little lakes 'like bits of the sky' and perhaps if we went  
far enough we might catch a glimpse of the sea.  
There is a very high wind again today and it  
is rather colder than yesterday, we are evidently having  
nothing like such good weather as you are in  
England. We were going right down to the far  
end of Gasteren but the wind is so strong that  
it was decided we could never do the row, so Father  
& Captain Moogan & Hildred have gone on Na lalla &  
Uncle Hawes Uncle Lanoane and Maoroai on Akiblon  
but I am afraid it will be a gaind for every one  
to-day.

We have had a letter from home today in which  
Hqosij says that the garden it is badly in need of  
water I hope they will get some before we get  
home.

I have more letters - that I ought to write this  
morning and blison wants me to go out for a walk  
with her and I want to read some more of my  
Alpine book

So good by dear just for one day.

All my love to you

Ruth