

[Sa 16 May 1924] ⑧

My dearest

I had your letter this morning, Saturday just before starting out with Father. I have walked about two miles down the river with him carrying his waders & boogies, and he has now put them on & begun to fish, and I am writing this on a piece of rather baggy common near the river. The sun is simply blazing and there is a lovely soft breeze blowing, it is a perfect day.

I like your letter awfully you write just the right things, because every thing that you want to say must be right. I am afraid that is involved, but anyhow I do like hearing what you are doing in school.

I am happy today even the most miserable person would have to be a bit happy, and I am one of the happiest and most fortunate of people.

Yesterday morning after finishing my letter to you I walked down the side of Quater (the big lake) with lunch, and lay on the grass and read about mountains & glaciers for about an hour, then with some difficulty I found the boat and we had lunch. After lunch Mildred left the boat and went to draw toes, she did

a very good silver bích. she has gone again  
this morning to draw a beach.

I took the rowing on from two till seven, we drifted  
till five without doing much good, then we had  
the long row up the lake with a head wind which  
took about an hour, then Alison gave up and father  
went on and had his best piece of food, but  
not good because the fish were running so small.  
I am afraid this letter is frightfully fishy, but  
our life centres round them rather here

I haven't a photograph of you you know George but I  
think I can remember you pretty well, not probably  
with the exactness of detail that Mildred would,  
but your expression and love and goodness the parts  
of you that matter most.

I do hope you are having a lovely day like this  
you ought to be able to have a jolly time if  
you are

Do send me Alys's address will you I should like to  
write to her sometime while I am here.

Father has just called to say that he has taken  
two  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb trout I hope the fishing will go on as  
well as that.

It seems to me that the writer of *Bertram's*  
among the Alps makes light of the dangers

on the whole. I do want to go and see what it is like for myself

There is a tremendous difference in the temperature of yesterday and to day, yesterday I was hardly warm enough in the boat with a jersey and buckram, to day I am sitting out here with only my dress, and I am plenty warm enough I also have perfect contentment and happiness when I think off you which is most of the time that I am not busy with other things for of course one must talk to people etc, but I shall be glad to get back again and be with you

Most of our time here is taken up with looking after the fishermen, they like to be looked after a good lot and I like doing it. Uncle Hawes is a dear he is so happy going off for his first mornings fishing after a year of not having any. Much as you would feel on starting up your first mountain after two years absence, poor boy.

O my dear life with you is going to be very perfect.

I must go back and meet the others now or they wont know where to find Father for lunch.

My whole love to you dears

Ruth