

Dearest Ruth, I read your letter before breakfast - sitting most contentedly in the garden. Of course you know what makes a glacier glassier? It's such a simple riddle that I won't give you the answer now in the expectation that you'll guess it. How can I tell you what it feels like to read the loving things you say; it's too too wonderful that you should love me and gives me such happiness as I never dreamt of. And oh! my sweet Ruth how I love you! I want you now at this moment and always. But I feel frightened too - when you say that life will be perfect with me. We have that which will make it glorious with its ups & downs - but do expect a few downs or give it a chance of turning out at least as good or even better than you imagine.

I'm sending you a letter from my Mother; I would like to know what you think of it. Have you heard yet from Miss Davies? I've heard nothing from the Ramsbottoms.

Yesterday was a day of incident; Hilton Young, Geoffrey's brother came down & stayed till late this morning; he's very nice as well as being very interesting. We walked with two boys in the afternoon very pleasantly - tea here & then arrived a great Cambridge friend, now a doctor, & another man I know slightly - the two in one motor-like; they

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I shall be born to dozens of thee. Fr. Irving Gray.

stayed to supper - a jolly party. All my friends are so much nicer now than when we were at Cambridge! I put it all down to having a job.

Lunched with the Borchers & spent the afternoon there - neither quite at their best. I believe the week-end is bad for every body. Cricket with the boys ..... h'm, h'm - how long ago is it since ....

I'm rather behindhand with my work & rather worried over the Shakespeare paper - most of which is now corrected.

They don't appreciate Cordelia, blighted little asses! I don't believe they have any emotional experience of it at all beyond perhaps an occasional glow of reflected enthusiasm that I can sometimes convey to their shallow little minds. Oh! bother!

I want to write an article about Cornwall - I wonder if ever I shall. Brock has given me his Morris - just out. I must read it - send it on.

Have you received any wedding presents yet - I have - a cheque for £100. Bah! I'm almost as rich as Ruth. I believe it really is a serious annoyance to me that you, my dearest are rich & I am poor. Never mind you'll have to keep what you've got; that's be your job - a mine shall be set to make more than we want!

Good Night O my beloved - I feel inclined to go on like Solomon's say.