

My dearest George

Thursday July Aug 3
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How nice it is to come out here into the garden to talk to you. I hope I shall get a letter from you this morning. I am longing for one specially. I suppose the time has come when you have been away as long as I can bear at all happily. Because the last days I have been missing you worse than before, and also I am getting more anxious about you. To begin with your life did not sound nearly so dangerous & awful as it does now. I suppose that is bound to be so when you are in the middle of a battle; a months long battle. But it is awful. I wish it were possible for them to stick to giving leave every four months, then I should be looking forward to your return pretty soon & that would make it much better.

There is an awful feeling of futility sometimes when I pray for you and that you may not be killed. Every one out there has someone passionately praying that they may not get

killed and yet one knows some must
and certainly will. I think you would say
that praying for a definite thing like that
is bound to put you in that sort of
position, so you don't do it. But I must
It is all I can do, and I must.

Oh my dear it only you could come walking
through the garden to me now. No its no
use. I know you are among awful things
and desolation of every sort. But you
cant alone and you do all keep cheerful
as a company. I wish I had someone
to talk to about you, some one who really
is your friend. Father will never speak
of you at all in connection with the
war.

I enjoyed being Fathers caddy round the
golf course yesterday. It is wonderfully
pretty up there, and I find the game
quite fun to watch although I have no
desire to play it. Poor Mr Pitcher
wasnt playing well and also had
very bad luck so he was beaten badly.
I was going to tea with Mrs Irvine
to day, but I have begun a very little

cold in the night, not bad enough to
bother about at all in the ordinary way
but it would not do to ~~run~~ any risk
with his delicate baby. Also I shall try
only to be with Clara out of doors to
day & tomorrow.

When I was reading Hamlet yesterday
I came upon an expression of yours
which puzzled me when I read your
letter. It was 'pensive coward' I think. You
used it when you said you did not
suppose you really would have told Lord
Harroworth what you thought of him.
Of course I know that when I read
Hamlet straight through as I am doing now
that I don't get out of it more than a
tiny morsel of what is there, but I
would rather do that two or three times
till I know the whole thing pretty
well, and then I can read it in
small bits and study it more closely
if I want to. I don't usually like
studying things like that as one would
for an examination.
I am not going to send you any letter this

week, it is too hot to make it likely
that it will keep. It was so hot on
Monday when Mill made it that it
came rather soft, so that does not give
it a good chance to begin with.

It's now after lunch. I am feeling very
hot and slack and sleepy. I did not
get a letter from you this morning, but
perhaps I shall this evening or tomorrow
morning. We were over a Guild feast
again all the morning, and did not
get back to lunch till 1:30. I am
going to see Mrs. Linné after all
this afternoon, they say they don't
mind a slight cold.

Father has asked the Gavers here
this afternoon it is rather a pity
I shall be out but he knew I
should be.

I can't write more now because I
have several things to do before I go
out.

your very loving
Ruth.