

My dearest, What is no doubt clear to you is still a mystery to me. Did you get my Sunday letter on Tuesday as well as Saturday's? I expected your letter this morning to be in the humblest vein, full of the most chastened expressions of regret - even of remorse - that even you should have for a moment harboured the thought that I could be anything but the most virtuous & punctual of correspondents. But here you are, dancing a jig or very hornpipe - some strange outlandish country sollick - o' all the time sighing like a proper lover, with lacerated feelings & all manner of heart-buzz, back-ache etc. It surely isn't playing the game - it's mere Ruthlessness. I shall have to hire Alison, the cog & hefty giantess, to keep you in order.

I suppose it's the walk that's made you feel jiggish and skippish and skittish and spriggish and snippish and foohsome & not my beautiful long letter - much the longest I've ever written. Well - if you come back in that mood I shall know very well how to deal with you. My fingers will just touch a curious and responsive spring in your toly - they know very well now how to find it, and you will be rendered completely helpless, a merely vibrant ~~with~~ being beset of will power - even of the little will it takes not to smile.

The real worry about your living in a different planet is that it takes so long to get an answer. We seem often to have the same thoughts. About Wednesday - if you come

before the 12.23 you might come up here - just as you like.
But if not before, then I had better come up to you. I should
have to start back at 1.55. Anyway I'll put off my pupil,
so as to be free at 12.15. Would you like me to come to the
house - or shall we meet where we shall be certain to be
alone; it makes me feel shy, or at least it will do on this
occasion, to meet you in a crowd - I'm sure I'm not more
shy than you. It will be very soon now - when you
get this almost no time - in fact I suppose you could
only get one more budget from me before starting - which
almost makes me sad; so much pleasure I have in writing
to you. I am going to Oxford for the week end - why
didn't I tell you before? - I don't, ^{perhaps when} I shall get the letter
that arrives here on Sunday - not perhaps till Monday
evening - but please address your letter on Saturday
c/o F. J. Warghaast Esq, Balliol College.

I have spent this afternoon with some chattering boys
at the Tenkerism's - who are away. I gave them tea
& came away early. I couldn't play with them as I
have a stupid bad toe - a nasty in-grown toe-nail, very
sore. I enjoyed the tea-party - chiefly I think because
I felt that the boys were altogether out of school more
than they ever seem to be here with two other masters
& the sounds of games entering } the all the windows.

It will be the same when we can invite them to us; they will seem much further from school. They wouldn't be able to feel any thing of school near you.

My darling, please don't begin thinking about taking care what you shall or shall not say. A few - very few things one avoids saying because they hurt people. It's possible in the dim future that we may find a few gossiping folk with whom we cannot be frank. But I cannot imagine that married life means much of that. After all what shall we have to conceal? Anyway it will be time enough to bother about that when we come across it & I expect we shall have to bother very little.

What a change in the atmosphere to-day! A warm wind, a dull sky & the rain coming down gently & steadily, very soothing. Not that I want soothing particularly! I'm looking forward to Oxford. It's the most beautiful place of its kind, with all the luxury of the Thames valley & the glory of old buildings & whenever I've seen it in summer it has had a sort of sunny maturity - the very spirit of English summer existing in the quiet Fellows' Gardens. Oh! what a place to be idle in! Did I tell you that Mother is very keen for us both to go to B'head in the Excelsior. And

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will probably come here sometime - so I shall see a good deal of her I hope.

We shall laugh at B'head, whatever else we may do or not do or regret doing.

A pressing problem has presented itself by this evening's post - Mary's wedding present. I wish you were here to help me. As all that I possess is half yours I don't like to give things without you.

I have to go off to a meeting at the Headmaster's to elect the Junior Scholars this evening at 9.0 and I must do some work before I go.

Sweet dreams to you dearest loving Ruth - of me if possible! Do I behave nicely in your dreams? Perhaps you can't tell. I suppose I dream of you, because you are always in my mind when I wake, but I am hardly ever aware when dream thoughts end and real thoughts begin - which seems a pity - but I can't believe the dreams to be as good as what I think about you.

The time will be short now. You are getting nearer & nearer.

Good Night, beloved.

Yr. loving George.

Thursday May 20 1914