

Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> of May 1914

(11)

My dearest

Please don't even think that I don't want life to have some downs, why for loving I believe they are better than the ups, and that is what matters.

Your letters are so lovely that I have been feeling much more contented both yesterday and today. You will find glacier felt right in another letter I have sent you because I looked it up.

My dear I should not bother about your boys not appreciating Cordelia, I expect they will some day wish there lots of that they do like very much?

I thought you had more sense than to bother about money and whose it is, I am glad it's there because it will make you freer, and also enable you to think about it less. I do want to get back to talk to you.

Now about Mrs Mallory's letter I do decidedly think that as she wants you to you must go there for a little while, when you must decide for your self I expect they would rather have you without me. I have not heard from Miss Davies yet, but I think that if we are married during next holidays it would be quite reasonable to <sup>wait</sup> till the end of the first break in August, but not

longer or it would waste too much of your holiday.

If they want you to put the engagement in the papers I don't mind, it seems silly, but I dare say that is only my ignorance.

Do try to tell your Mother as much as you can her letter sounds rather hurt. You can enlarge on the Langtons house. I will go and see them when every thing like provided it will fit in with other engagements.

I spent this morning rowing Uncle Lorraine on the little lake 'Na Calla'. A south wind was blowing hard and fine rain was falling most of the time, it has cleared up now and there is a little sun. We had quite a successful morning he caught ten fish and six of them were quite good. I think he was very pleased. I hope he will do as well or better this afternoon. Father & Captain Morgan both took eleven but then they are much more experienced and better fishermen than Uncle Lorraine.

O I must tell you about an Irish woman we talked to yesterday afternoon. After going to the village to post my letter to you and buy some biscuits, we went down to a cottage by

the river to ask if any of the children there had picked up some glasses that Father dropped. They had not found them but the mother of the family was wonderful. She had nine children, the eldest sixteen years old, such healthy dirty little darlings with the very bluest eyes I have ever see. The mother herself seemed so intensely content and happy. She asked us where we were staying and if our Mother was with us and when we told her that she had died she said so understandingly and sweetly that we should be much happier if she were with us. I am sure she must be a very good mother herself to see how necessary one is.

Its just two week now till I ~~shall~~ be with you again so  $\frac{1}{3}$  is gone. If you want to be lazy about writing you may be on Friday because any way I cant get a letter on Sunday, but you maynt be any other day. I am sorry about my Sunday gap but I cant make a post go out. I do hope you dont mind these letters being in pencil, but I nearly always write out of doors.

I send you all my love dear, and dont get too tired with Mr Brocks book & all your other work

your loving  
Ruth