

Dearest Ruth, I've started nice - dragging you for not writing - (I've had no letter to-day); but then I was afraid you would take it too seriously, so tore it up.

I imagine you've no Sunday post - are not being successful. I feel very stupid - or distracted; my sister & her man (Mary that is) are in the room talking. It's been very agreeable seeing Mary so happy - his has been rather a success, because he played in a cricket match against the School - made a century.

Wouldn't you like me to be a little like that? I like him very much - I think you will; we shall have to get them to stay with us; they will certainly want to.

It's almost time for the post; which makes me feel more stupid. And then a pupil comes & Mary & Ralph will be left together.

Still glorious sunshine & I'm in great good

humour. M. & R. are now talking about the marriage service!!! And our club cricket - teams of parsons I suppose.

It makes me feel rather a beast - hearing them

Talking economy.

Better! it really is time to stop. I'm sorry to be so brief & silly. Good Night my darling:

I hope for a letter to-morrow. I hope you aren't just making me want it all the more!

I looked across at West book today & thought I must go there soon again.

Sweetest Ruth - au revoir

W. Loring George

May 19 1914

