

[5 Aug 1915]

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My own dearest

I do wish you weren't leaving Wales so horridly soon. I suppose I must send this letter to Birkenhead. But you have had a good time there haven't you? I am sorry about Mr Pye fancy spending ones holidays being operated ~~off~~ for appendicitis, it is rather luck, but I do hope he will be well now.

It must have been jolly hearing Lásula & Cattie sing.

I have been labouring at drawing a pattern on a muslin yoke to Mary it was rather a fiddly she did not give me any pattern for the back either and I have had to make that up. Oh well if its not all right I can try again.

Marjorie & Mildred have just gone off to the station to meet Major Morgan. I think Father will take him off fishing to Eton this afternoon probably. It is a pretty piece of moss you have sent me but I don't think it has enough root to make it possible to plant it.

What about seeing David Pye. We shall have from the 1st to the 7th without the moss and could ask him then and if I was ill unexpectedly early which isnt likely to happen he could go to Westbrook. Or we could ask him to come here to Westbrook at the end of August only I don't

know if he will be well enough a mouth of
milk does not sound like getting well quickly
Perhaps I am glad I am not with you if it
means hair raising precipices. No I would love
them if I were with you & also fit, but at
whose I am not feeling really like climbing now
only in my dreams when I always do wonderfully
acrobatic things. The weather is improving here
it's warm & fresh & jolly, though still unexpected
showers come.

I hope you will have a good time in Yorkshire
with your Father & Trafford. I hope you won't be
feeling blue at Biokenhead when you get this
letter. Don't dear, we'll go climbing together at
Easter, & perhaps get Lattie too and David Pye and
even one might get Geoffrey Young & that would
be thrilling, there are a lot of nice things that
might happen in the world about there.

Maude has written to me to say the clatters are
all right she sounds as though she is enjoying
herself.

There I hear the motor coming back from the
station so the train can't be late I must go &
say howdy.

I have now & it's after lunch and they are going to
fish. I must stop because I have more letters
to write before I lie down.

Your very loving Ruth