

Tuesday May 26 1914

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My dearest George

If you sit and are amused and rather enjoy yourself at one end of the table while I toy and talk to people in agonies of shyness at the other end, when we are married, I shall be furious.

I am writing this letter in the morning, it is nice and sunny and warmer, when I have finished writing I shall go out of doors in the sunshine and read some more of the Brothers Karamazov. I am taking the boat on this afternoon, but I am not going to row later than five or half past because I like to go for a walk to end up with.

I want now to get back and be with you again very much. Letters have been very good, and still are but yet they are rather unsatisfying and horribly slow.

Margaret says we shall arrive home by the train which gets to Godalming at 12.23 on the 3<sup>rd</sup> but I can't help thinking that we may catch an earlier one. When shall I see you? Will you come to lunch, or must you wait till school is over in the afternoon? Please answer these questions dear because I really do want to know.

I have had my first wedding present, not on such a magnificent scale as yours. Mr Parry, the man who would



have been fishing here with us, only he is ill, and me 2-2.

While I am sitting here my ring keeps sending the most brilliant colours into my eyes first scarlet then green then blue. It amuses me to move it about and get all the colours.

I wonder dear how I shall get on with all the practical least important part of being married. I expect I shall have to be careful what say. For the great important part which is you I pray that a may be a near perfect as possible, but not dull.

I do hope George that I don't give you wrong impressions in my letters and that you always understand them right. I sometimes spend quite a long time thinking how to say things so that you shall not get them wrong, but I don't think that I am very good at it.

Uncle Lawrence is going to-day He has only had six days here, I wish he could have stayed longer he needs the rest.

It will be lovely getting home. We must have lots more picnics up the river with the boys, you must bring Arthur again.

Yours very loving  
Ruth.

