

Thursday May 28 1914

(17)

My dearest

I am glad you have been in the garden, I wish I were there now with you. It is not a very nice day here, windy and ~~not~~ no sun, the men are out fishing as usual but they are coming back to lunch.

My hand is getting better I made a hole last night and a good deal of matter has come out, and it is much less inflamed, but I can't row of course so I have read a good bit more of the Brother Karamazov. I don't think I like it very much the people are so very hysterical passionate and unvestained. Do you think people are like that really? of course I know a few may be, but every one in this book is. & yet I think the author is trying to write truthfully.

I think dear that I do want to be greedy too, and I think we shall be able to find somewhere to live just for one term.

I don't feel as though I could write letters to you now properly because I want ~~so~~ so much to talk to you instead. I am dreadfully tired of being away. I wonder if you feel the same about waiting at all. The last proper letter I can write to you will be on Saturday, you will get that on Monday, there

will be no use in sending one on Monday because you won't get it till Wednesday, and on Wednesday

I was reading some of Keats's letters yesterday, I particularly loved one of his endings "In the name of Shakespear, Raphael and all our saints". I wouldn't put Raphael in myself but perhaps Botticelli. Just now you would put William Morris wouldn't you, for us, for me, he has done an infinite amount. Just think I have lived my whole life surrounded by his designs, and actively taking keen interest in them. I can never remember a time when pictures did not mean a good deal to me. I used to draw in coloured chalks what I called pictures, sort trees with flowers and leaves growing over them, such funny things. I will try and find some old ones to show you when I get home.

I have just been having a long talk with Uncle Hawes in the middle of the letter. I have been telling him about you and your family. He wants to get to know you very much, & I want you to know him. I think he is an extraordinarily nice man. When he married Aunt Jessie he & she had only £130 to live on and they did it happily.

Uncle Hawes says it's beyond the wit of man to tell why a woman gets into a temper, when she does, which won't be often I hope, and he says that she never

gives the true reason, I wonder if this is true, at any rate it may help to prepare you a little for the trials before you.

We have just had lunch and Father and Uncle Hawes & Captain Morgan are all smoking cigars, I suppose they will go on fishing presently but they are tired of the wind now.

I am going out soon when I have bathed my hand again and got some more matter, I think it will be well very soon now it hasn't taken long.

George I can't think what people do who have to be away from one another for a year sometimes even more it must be awfully dreary and 'worrying', the exchanging of ideas, the answers to questions, everything in writing is so slow.

Of course Miss Wilton must not give up her house just because we want it, it is awfully nice of them even to have thought of it. People are really wonderfully nice aren't they. I can't think of any body I have ever known who was really at all completely horrid. Whereas people in books are often made so. I can't see any thing nice in the father Fuydler in the Russian book.

Good bye George dearest, and the blessing of all the saints, especially the poets, upon you. All my love I send to you.

your loving

Ruth.