

Sunday May 24 1914

(15)

My dearest

I had your letter last night after coming back from our long walk. I seem to have bothered you a little by something I have said in one of mine. I expect I said you are good. Well I do really seriously think so, with lots of reasons for doing so. but I think it takes so long to discuss these things in letters that it had better be left till I get home which will only be ten days now.

I will try not to give up being critical, because I do agree with you in thinking that it is very necessary for all people to be criticized.

You tell me not to depend too much upon you, I will try and have it in mind, but you know I think women are born with a kind of passionate desire to do so, mixed up in a strange way with a great deal of independence, I want to be your comrade and to share with you the joys and the sorrows, and to be as strong and brave as you are, I want that most.

I am glad you like Mr Clifton Brooks book on Morris so much, he was a very wonderful man I think, I have of course been brought up with a great admiration for him.

George dear you worry me a little by saying I am so truthful I do want to be especially with you, but I can't always say exactly what I feel, for one thing because I don't always quite know and another thing words won't always express slight feelings, and sometimes

one has to tell ^{with the} ~~them~~ for politeness, but that does not apply to you.

I have finished the alpine book with the awful accident it must have been ~~too~~ ghastly for those left behind. I am writing this letter in the baking sunshine out of doors, there is a strong cold North wind blowing, but I can't feel that here, so it is very warm and I love that.

Now I want to tell you about the walk went yesterday. We started at nine and went all along the side of Gaster with our in is on, we joined the road about a mile beyond the other end soon after ten, then for an hour and a half the walked up a road right into the heart of the hills and it got wilder & wilder. To ~~there~~ we left that road I had been before. Then we got onto a track that led up the range our big mountain was in, really it is only a little of 2000ft, it's called 'Doorish'. The track did not last very far so then we went on with out it and our progress became much slower, for one think Meldoed was tired and we had to keep waiting for her and another thing all the hills are terribly wet & boggy. We went on the plan of getting to the top of the lowest part of each ridge, well the first top we got to we couldnt see any thing that looked very like Doorish so we went jumping bogs right down into that vally

and started up the lowest place in the next ridge, about half way up that at one o'clock we stopped for half an hour and had lunch. we had already given Mildred ten minutes before. After lunch she was much better and no more bother, although I think she was more tired than Alison or I. At the top of the next ridge we saw Doonish all right but it wasn't another valley first.

We had lovely views the whole way along, but much the best were on Doonish itself. We go there at three, there was a snow and hail storm on our way up, which will show you that it is cold for May. The wind was awful when we got there but the storm had passed and we did get a view. To the South + West we could look over the sea. To the North it was deep blue with rolling white breakers, and far away on the West it was all gold with sun on it, such a funny place with rocks jutting out.

There is another mountain, if you were here we would try it I think with an early start it could just be managed in the day. It looks a troubling one the sides are very steep and look rocky and loose and it has a very sharp ridge along the top. The ridge runs right down in a sort of shoulder and one could get up that all right. We did not stay very long on top because it was so

cold and also we were afraid we should not get home in time. We went down much the steepest side of the mountain and ^{the} farthest away from home, the sea side, and after a lot of bog we got on to the road at four. We stopped ten minutes for water & biscuits at half past five and got home at a quarter past seven. I was not nearly as tired as I should have expected in fact not tired all over at all. I don't think that it is so bad as we certainly did not have more than an hours rest in a ten hour walk. Still I am afraid when its climbing in Switzerland you will find me a drag.

We told fairy stories on the way home, Mildred began with 'Catskin' she really tells them very well, I went on with George M' Donalds 'Light Princess', then Alison said she could not ^{tell one} so Mildred told 'Day boy & night Gial' and she was so good we made her go on & tell 'The Golden Key'.

It was a jolly day, we all three enjoyed it immensely, but I did want you to be there.

Monday May 25

My dear George

I have just had the letter you wrote on Friday it is too short, you said in the one on Saturday that you had a lot to say & I hoped for a long one. Never mind, only seven more days here and one traveling and I shall be able to be

with you again.

I have been rowing Uncle Laurance and Captain Morgan this morning on Gasten. we got to the other end at 10.15 which meant an early start so I did not get your letter till Alison brought it down at lunch time. It was a nice still morning sunny part of the time. but the wind is stronger and colder this afternoon. I had a nice walk back from the fishing with your letter and my commit, which I know by heart now, running through my head. I do think it is beautiful.

I am glad you have written to your Mother I hope your letter will have made her quite happy and satisfied.

I still have not heard from Miss Daxas about the house, I think it is about time I did.

I have begun the Russian story, it certainly interests me but I am not sure if I am going to like it. the people are so strange. the seem at present so very good or very bad & horrid... but I expect that will not be so definite as I get further into it.

Good by my dear, it will be lovely to get back to you.

Your loving Ruth