

Dearest Ruth, School is all over for to-day & I have no pupil this evening - so here I am free in the evening sun with you in my thoughts. It was to have been very quiet here in our little patch of garden - but boys are being taught to fight by Gairain on the other side of the pergola. Never mind them; I feel most unlike fighting - more like lying in some great open place with you very near me. A while fortnight still & for a good breeze to waft it quickly by while I sit waiting on the shore! And then almost before its black sail has vanished I shall see you dancing over the waves glorious pink & gold. So am I rather silly sometimes. But you're right about other people seeming dull - how very dull they are sometimes! But it's all wrong & very annoying that it should be so. We're just as bad as other people I've observed in the same state. I suppose it will be all right when we've been married. Anyway we won't sit with our noses in one book over a fire. My labours have been rather good to-day. An early start to make up for yesterday & then a pupil before break fast - not at all interesting & I expect I ought to have taught him better. Then two hours in school - small boys. One lot contains some exceptionally irritating people & I was quite annoyed. The other lot is very stupid & like a my work which is an attempt to teach them to write English depends upon keeping them interested all the time in rather interesting things; it is very difficult. Then two more pupils till lunch at 1.30. One doesn't feel a bit like going into

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afternoon school after a morning like that. But how unexpected things turn out! I quite enjoyed it - some agreeable History with my form or then English with the smallest boys. Dear infants. I read poetry with them for $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. The Lady of Shalott, up the Ariz Mountain, Bethlehem, Full fathom five, & one or two others; they seemed enchanted so I asked them if they liked babies, and as they seemed quite keen about babies I set out the Blake Cradle Song - do you know it? After all which I was in quite a good humor myself. Oh! the blessed poets!

Nevertheless I'm feeling rather wicked altogether. How unsatisfying it is writing to you. I don't seem to be saying anything I feel to-night. Why didn't I write to you the other day? I wish I knew of course I didn't know then how important your letters would be to me. Still it was very odd of me not to write a scrap. I expect I was just being naughty for the sake of being naughty. Anyway I can't expect you to understand if I don't. I hope you have forgiven me by now? You ought you know to begin as soon as possible so as to get into practice. Now I want horribly to kiss you.

I think it's no good going on writing like this. Perhaps I'll add something agreeable after dinner.

Well - I've found a photo - taken 2 or 3 years ago in Wales. I hope it's agreeable. My photo of you seems curiously unattractive. Arrie's address which

In asked for it: - Mrs Longridge, Rathlin,
Mobberley, Cheshire.

I haven't yet said how delighted I was - am with your
map - it makes quite a difference & makes me
think of you in very beautiful surroundings. I hope
you'll get up that mountain. By the bye don't be
deceived by Whympers - things have changed a lot
since his day. We know much more & I can't help
saying don't much better. The Eskimo is a fine
expedition I imagine, but nothing to make one's blood
curdle. Have you been reading anything else?

My beloved, please forgive me for writing such horrid
letters as this one & the last. Perhaps to-morrow
it will be better? Keep happy.

Goodbye sweet loving and much-loved Ruth
- my love 7.0 a.m. to-morrow, when you'll be with
me again as usual - unless you pay me out (not
writing) - but you're much too true a loving even to
think of that.

Yr. loving George

May 20 1914