

My dearest Ruth, This must really be a very short letter. My morning has been broken. Very lazy before breakfast with you always in my thoughts - between sleep - waking so that I wasn't up till 9.0. Some talk with Lytton afterwards & reading of poetry - particularly W.M.'s 'The Message of the March Wind' - which I must show you if you don't know it - about young love in the country & thoughts of poor people in towns. It was towards Chapel-time when I was settling down to write some letters & Alan Goodfellow, a boy who climbed with me in the Lakes last year, came in; he has been ill & stayed during Chapel - most delightful he was. Then two strange creatures turned up & might have stayed for ever if I hadn't dealt firmly with them; the arrival of Deatley after Chapel for 'Extras' rather saved the situation in one sense but it meant the end of my morning. Lunch (just now) & breakfast have been rather trying - Lytton doesn't like boys & I imagine he is very shy because he talks in a falsetto voice very often; at all events he says almost nothing in this sort of company & yet looks very striking - a man you can't ignore. At lunch I saw Allen perspiring at the other end of the table. It is part of the duality in my nature that I rather like such scenes - or rather they amuse me - wh. is different. We shall walk to Newlands Corner this afternoon, to St Lo Strachey's & I

pp[am]3111 1914/12

shall leave Lytton there a hurry back to do some work or write letters which I've sadly neglected. I shall think of the Pilgrims' Way last time I was on it.

A good day again, sunny & cool. Your life doesn't sound what would be all jib to me. How good you are to the fishermen! I hope they understand how very good it is!

I can see, my dearest Ruth, that you have a dangerously unselfish disposition; but you shan't spend your life doing little jobs for me; I do hope that I shan't be horribly selfish - and that you sometime will be.

I'm glad in a sense that you find so little time in a day; of course the day ought to be longer - but facing that rude limitation of our existence we have, or we shall have, to arrange somehow to find more time in it; it's chiefly a question of organising, - it doesn't much matter how full the greater part is if a clear empty space or two remains.

To-morrow's the day I ought to spend with you. It'll be a particularly busy one - wh. is some small consolation.

Goodbye my loving & beloved - only a week & a half - very soon & only a week - in fact only a week after you set this.

Yr. loving
George.

I want a new vocabulary of love-words - can't we make them one?

May. 24. 1914