

[Sa 30 May 1914]

(19)

My dearest

I have read your letter through twice carefully now I hope I can answer it. I am sorry you have been bothered about the Sunday letter that went wrong but you will know by now that I did not get it till Wednesday.

Your letter written on Thursday 28th is the one I am answering and in it you tell me address my Saturday letter to Oxford. If I do it won't get there till Monday and you will be gone, so you won't though because of the false Monday so I shall risk it but I'm afraid you won't get my Friday letter till you get home on Monday.

We may arrive home about half past eleven or at 12.23 it just depends how late our train arrives in London, Captain Morgan says it always is late. But I expect we shall get home about half past eleven. In that case I shall come down to the bridge and meet you there. If I am not there you had better come up to the house and we must hope for the best. I expect I am worse shy than you are, I usually am.

I am simply loving the William Morris book, there is such a rush on it here it is very difficult to get hold of, still I have managed to read a good bit, and so has Father he sat up last night to do so quite late.

We are all going down to the pretty end of Quaten to-day, and we are going to have a lunch picnic with tea, ^{which} is what father & Captain Morgan love, I like the fire.

Really dear (this is with an awful frown) I will not have you writing me such threatening letters, you must post your letters so that they don't go astray, and keep me waiting two days, its disgraceful. I hope you will have had a really lovely lazy time in Oxford. What a place it is! Although I have only seen it for a few hours.

Nothing is happening here to tell you about, my days are made up of thinking about you, of what I am reading, and of the ever changing beauties of the hills and lakes.

This letter is being horribly interrupted by Manjorie, I have never known any one interrupt as much as she does.

Oh George dear I am glad you feel like I do about meeting again, I wish it would be quick, and yet these letters have been very good, I wish mine to you were a million times better.

I always think of you till I go to sleep and the minute I wake up but I have only consciously dreamed of you once and then it was a fleeting flash, but very good. Yesterday evening I spent a long time getting all the letters you have written to me into order, ~~at~~ a lovely occupation but it took me some time, because in many cases the second sheet of a letter had got

away from the first, I expect that happened when I was hunting through them for Arv's address.

It's an awful nuisance having to wait right till Monday now for another letter, but I shall console myself by reading old ones.

I think sometime dear we will imagine the house we will live in someday, a perfect house not too big with a river a small lake and mountains near it.

What a lovely life Morris and all his friends had, when they were beginning the shop, and working at beautiful things all day, that part of the lives of all those people always enthals me tremendously, it was just the same when I was reading Buon Jones' life.

To make a beautiful thing is one of the greatest happinesses one can have, George dear think what a beautiful child would be, it is almost too sacred a thing to say, please kiss the place where I have written it.

Good bye dear now I must send you something for Wednesday morning.

your loving

Ruth.

