

Monday Aug 7

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Dearest.

My thoughts are so much with you and when I have so few letters as I have had lately, or rather such a long gap they have so little to feed on. Last night I read some old ones through. That's very nice but somehow not a bit the same as new ones. I don't want you to think that I mean to gamble because there are long gaps in the letters, because I don't indeed. I know quite well that you cannot help it and that after the unevenness of the post makes the gaps much longer than they should be. You have had much longer gaps than I have. But then you know my conditions and that I am all right. Whereas I never really know what you are doing, feeling and thinking. Your circumstances may have altered so much since the last letter. Yesterday was a dreadfully hot overcast stuffy day. I felt faintish in church most of the time & I don't after do that.

Today is cooler + still but quite gay and flat no sign of sun at all, or clear sky.

Sylvia Turner, Mildred's girl, the youngest of the three that we sent to school is staying here now. She is enormously improved. She really seems quite a nice intelligent girl and to have some back bone and ideas of her own. I don't mean to say she is startling or wonderful person but only that she is quite a decent school girl. But the improvement from last time she was here three years ago, ~~just~~ just before she went to school is astounding. If it's improved the others as much it was very well worth doing. But I don't believe anything would cause my one, Nancy, from being rather vulgar. Vulgarity is a tenacious quality.

Yesterday evening after I had put Clara to bed I thought I would begin painting my house. So I started by getting my saucers + gainer washed, then I found I had not enough gum so I had a long hunt for my pipette and then found that one that I thought was

Fathers was really mine. So I went & got the gum & mixed it. But it took such a long time that it was dinner time before ~~was~~ ^{had} finished with it. So I still have to mix my colours before I can begin. I do hope I shall make a success of it. I feel it ought to look nice. I am going to use red green & blue quite gay ones.

I dreamed of you again last night. It was all at the Bucks house, such a nice dream all through. I know in one place that you were with those Chester house boys and that you were laughing ~~at~~ your very gayest. And after that you were ragging me about some thing also very gayly. I think it was that I did not go away from the dinner party when the other guests did, but just stayed on.

Its really wonderful what a lot more time there is for doing the things one want to do like china painting when there are no visitors here. Its ~~rather~~ rather pleasant since the Caskells have left. We have had a peaceful time. I wish I could understand this war. But

Father & Mr Williams were saying yesterday that they think we are not meant by the government to understand it. And that they give us on the whole as little information as they can. I should like to know what really is happening out where you are now. I can't think that things are going as well as the commandos hoped at one time they would. Still our allies keep on getting no increases and that is very wonderful. I suppose we must get some more presently.

Well I did not get a letter at breakfast as I hoped to, but I got the next best thing. I suppose I ought to say a better thing; is a jolly good lot of news in the paper. First a victory on the Suez Canal a lot of prisoners taken & we chasing the foe. I hope that many of the Gallipoli men were in that, it would be so cheering for them. Then the Russians are still doing well though I don't feel I have thoroughly grasped that. The French are keeping what they gained at Verdun on Friday which

is partly good, and best of all we
have advanced again quite a bit
and apparently very systematically. They
say we are getting round Dieppeval.
I should be pleased to see that fall.
It does seem as though the Germans
cant do much against us now doesn't
it. I feel very much cheered by the
morning's news as you will gather.
 Sylvia Turner seemed surprised that good
news could make a difference to me all
day, and I feel surprised that any one
can notice the war so little as that
family seems to. They have ~~not~~ war relations
in it and they are in such an out of the
way place that except for the air in
places I suppose it makes very little
difference.

If only things go on & on so well we may
get peace soon

Yours very very loving

Ruth

I say is it my change of tone in the
middle of the letter amusing. I'm

afraid I am like that with this war. So
constantly full of hope, but rather easily
getting tired of waiting. In fact it seems
that one can't help fluctuating.

I am sending off two parcels for you
today. One all rock huns and the
other soup tablets & pouces, extra
good ones I hope. I thought they
looked very nice, And some lavender
for your poor nose to smell. I think
you may find it refreshing.

Do tell me if these Lagenberg soup
packets are extra nice, they are
extra expensive so they ought to be.
And do you like one kind better or
more than another.

R.M.

