

Monday Nov 6

My dearest George

The storm is over and we have the sun again most gloriously. I wonder how long ~~the~~ it can last without raining.

Darling this war is a most unnatural thing; I am sure husbands and wives were never meant to be parted for months & months. I am trying not to grumble even inside because you don't get leave. You never grumble about it, besides officers wives anyway are much more fortunate than those of the men, they are sometimes kept a year without getting them back. But I do want you.

Yesterday as I told you simply rained in deluges all day. I spent all the last half of the morning writing letters. Finishing my letter to you and writing to your Mother and Mary & Marjorie.

In the afternoon we had class for a bit & then I went at my china and got my pattern for one cup sketched on. I'm afraid its not a very quick one, but I always do stick on the work rather. When the war is over

I think you must learn book binding it would be such fun for you to have designing to do I am quite sure you would love it. Leather is such splendid stuff, I should myself awfully like to work using it. But there is no use trying to do too many sorts of things. I don't believe either that you would fall into the trap so common to book binders of over elaboration. I think to bind a book the best you ought to have a good piece of leather and let some of it show.

I do wish you could have been back in time to see this Arts & Crafts exhibition. But I suppose there is no use hoping now.

Clare came the nearest to pulling herself up and standing that she has yet come yesterday.

I was sitting with her in her pen and she was sitting on my leg so she could reach up and pull hold of the top of the pen. And from that sitting position she pulled herself onto her feet and stood.

The boy Johnstone came yesterday. I never thought he would in all that rain. He was late

because he said he had not realized how long it would take to walk here.

He says he does not know you but he evidently wishes he did, ~~he~~ ~~me~~ and that he has only spoken to you twice. He knows the Fletchers very well and has been to stay with them in their house in Devonshire. He says its hoodid without them at Saunderton, but that they are coming back at the beginning of December. Father asked him if he liked Mr Irvine and he answered that he was very clever which I suppose means that he does not like him much. I wonder if he is being unpopular in the house or if only this boy does not like him.

He is editing the Caithnessian for the first time this time and he told me that three of his poems would be in it. I must say an excess of modesty does not seem to trouble the rising generation. He is not the least shy about his efforts and certainly Robert is not about his, he has amused Johnstone that they are much too good for the Caithnessian and he is only letting Johnstone have them because he is his friend.

Still he is and interesting boy and a nice one  
and I am going to ask him again with Grant's  
little brother John.

We had to go to Chrook at half past six so he  
was not here for a very long time and I did  
not get as much news from him of Chateaubaux  
as I meant to.

I am sorry I have not sent you any butter lately  
but there is always so much less in winter that  
there has not been any to spare. Would you like  
me to buy butter to send I could quite well.  
If this were my butter I would send it to you  
& eat bought or make mine myself but its not.

I cant think how we and the French have  
managed to do any thing with weather conditions  
such as you describe.

I am going to leave this only a short letter  
because the light is so bright and lonely for doing  
my chiss.

I was dreaming of climbing most inaccessible places  
last night.

Your very very loving

Ruth.