

Thursday June 8 1916

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My dearest

I have been over to Hospital supply depot this morning and have been making gauze dressings. It's not a bad job, very peaceful & clean. It quite amuses me listening to the people talking they are mostly middle aged so elderly, at any rate those talk the most. The younger ones in our room were mostly pretty silent and listened instead of talking as became their age. Mildred was with me we went over to Guildford by the 9:30; Pally was leaving us by the 10:30 so I did not think it mattered going off a bit earlier, if you wait till ~~the~~ 10:30 before beginning the morning's work there is really so little time left. I always dislike a morning when people go by that train one always has to hang about to say good bye. We made dressing from 10 to 12 then we left and Manjorie came over to meet us in Guildford and we

bought the coat and skirt that they are giving me for a birthday present. I am very pleased with it. It is not at all expensive, looks as though it will wear well, and is a nice simple shape and I feel that I look like myself in it and not someone else which is what felt about most of them. The first shop we went into was hopeless it has nothing but tiresomely fashionable things. The second was not such an expensive shop and the shapes were much simpler and nicer.

My dear I do hope you are not having horrors. I feel more you are very much in the thick of things as you have not had time to write. Oh I hope it is not being very awful.

I opened a letter yesterday that has come for you. It is from Mr Thompson and as you will see written ages ago. By its envelope it has evidently travelled all round the country and stayed a long time I should think at each place.

I was reading Vanity Fair last night, and I came to the part where they were in Belgium with Wellington just before the battle of Waterloo, and then come the grand dance with the new towards the end of it that they were to start out and meet the enemy, and then there is the parting of the men and their wives. It was queer to read dear the same kind of circumstances, ^{as was} and yet so different. They were all dancing, laughing, drinking and intorging. We now go to fight seriously with less fuss of display. When one reads about it - the times seem so strange, and yet it is hard to realise that we ourselves are living in times even more strange, that you are fighting in far more terrible battles than they dreamed of.

I was in the middle of reading yesterday afternoon when your pet abhorrence Mrs Wately came here to call and to see baby; I don't like her much and she did not stay long, but she hopelessly interrupted the reading.

I have had another letter from Mary telling me where all the families

are and from that I fear you are at
Ypres and from the account of the fighting
there in this morning's paper I think it must
be awful. The noise never stopping and heavy
shells bursting all the time. I do wish
you had not been moved.

I do hope I shall get a letter to
morrow.

I must write to Mary Ann and Bridget
so I don't think I can write any
more to you now. Besides I don't feel
very fluent to day.

Every so much love to you my dearest
dear one

yours
Ruth.

