

Sunday Nov 5

My dearest

Really the weather is awful. I would not mind a bit if only you were in a proper house, but to think of you living in a clay hole in this steam is not nice. Yesterday evening when we went down to the first Mission Service it rained in torrents. This morning the wind is lashing the leaves on every tree till soon there will be none left, at least no brown or yellow ones, some are still green. The sky is lead grey all over and darker cloud racks are blown across it, and this morning the rain comes every now & then in sheets.

I dreamed about you last night it was nearly nice & then went all silly. My dreams about you never do really come right you are so illusive, you nearly come then slip away and a horrid travesty comes in your place. And oh darling I do want the real you so badly. Think when I meet you as you come back on leave. I think of it many times a day. Only one more thrilling thing can happen, when you come back for good after the war is over. There is no use talking of that.

I went up to the hall yesterday morning after taking
Clare out for a walk. Beagly had dug the beds
up most beautifully but he had not put one
plant back in the right place so I had to
replant every thing. Luckily the ground is so
soft that I don't think they can help growing,
even so those that had been laid on one side
and not planted were quite fresh. I had not
very much time for planting so many things
however I got it done.

For the first time I was rather sharp with
the Green. I had told Mr Green two weeks ago
that the stove hole should not be made
into a rubbish pit and all the rubbish was
still there. Also the drain outside the scullery
was blocked and was overflowing with greasy
water. Beagly showed me that he was up
cutting the ivy back. He is a blessing to us
he just sees that nothing outside goes wrong.
I love him. Mrs Green said in defence of the
rubbish that it was all day & could do no
harm. I said I did not see how it could
be day after all the rain we have had. She

did lay herself open. She showed me a green canvas bag like a wee body matches that ~~is~~ is sternal with something oily that is leaking inside. It is locked & I dont in the least know where a key is.

I have had a letter from you. I did not get it till late this morning because owing to the Bishop being here they had one big communion for the whole parish. It began at 8.30 we had breakfast first, it was much better for the servants and for us we thought. We got back about a quarter past ten. Then I had your letter. It was written on November 1 and you tell me all about your deluges of rain & your dug outs basking and falling in. Well if that happened then I cant think what can be happening by now.

It is splendid that you can write cheerfully about it, no only because you yourself are cheerful under adversity but because it sounds as though you all are. Well there is one thing it does rain on the Germans as well as on you. But poor George I am sorry for

you it must be watched. I dont know if it comforts you to remember that people in England are constantly thinking of you all with great admiration. I am sad to think ~~you~~ we may have to wait till after Christmas before you get leave, I have been fearing it. I should have thought they might have given it now that there is so little doing because of the rain. This weather must stop soon then after a week or two to allow of things drying you may be able to get on again.

Did I tell you that Pally Jenkins says that Brother Giles is getting a comission. He thinks it is the right thing to do.

She sent me on a short letter from Raymond today, he is out of hospital. I think I must write to him.

I am sitting in the mesoy minding Clara while she is asleep. Violet has gone to church at 11:30 this morning and we are going again this evening. Two goes this morning seemed too much.

I am glad you have another person near you who you like, I mean Mr Plattner. A good talk

about partay must be refareshing.

I dont know which pair of climbing boots you want but I will look them out and say and send the best tomorrow

Darling if I could only have you for one minute I would let you know how I love you. I cant write it on paper, it wont sound right and how can I know that you will read the right tone of voice into it. I always write with the special tone of voice & inflexion that I want quite clearly in my head but I never know how well you get them there when you read my letters. I know I ought to be able to express my meaning so that the wear words carry it but I dont think I can.

Never mind you know how I love you and how you love me & I know that so well that doubt or worry about that never enters my mind.

It is still deluging here & the floods are already well aught, they will be big tomorrow.

your very very loving
Ruth.