

Friday July 28

(76)

My own dearest

Here I am on the seat in the circle and the sun half veiled in mist is just coming up over the North of the house. It is ~~just~~ seven o'clock and as that means six it has a delightful early morning feel. The holly hocks are just out and are making a fine show with their big spikes of flowers. My dear is it a courtesy to tell you about this garden so do you like to think of it? I don't at all like thinking of where you are now. I feel that I can't imagine it at all properly because the more it seems that the chief horror must be the awful ugliness and desolation. How you must long for and dream of deep English country. Think dear of that lovely country we came through from Dorsetshire onward through the new forest. Do you remember the wide river valley that we thought we should like to have a house near, so that it looked right

up. Then you have the Swiss country
that you can go to in dreams when you
want to, but I think if I was in a
sadly ruined place I would rather think
of English home steads and deep grass
& cows & rivers than I do mountains
how ever miraculously beautiful. Next
spring when the war is over we are
going to with Mr Brock to his valley
among grain acres & cheery trees.

Our hand & our hearts shall be full
of flowers and beauty and we will
not think of war or horror. I wish
I knew for certain that that time
would come next spring then I would
be patient.

I think this autumn I must try
and plant seeds in our garden for
next spring and summer I dont
want you to come back and live
in the house and to find the garden
have of flowers. I dont think I
shall be in Mrs Gacens way at
the bottom of the garden there. Any
way I dont think she can refuse
to let me ^{be there,} if I am.

I gave Mr Cockrell your pamphlet
the day before yesterday and he read
it when he was away, going back
to Cambridge for a night. He told
me that he liked it very much
and thought is very well written;
better written than Mr Clutton Barks
The Ultimate Beliefs. He gave it to some
friends of his to read. I don't
suppose it is getting sold a bit
which is so disappointing when people
would so certainly like it if they
did read it. I wonder if you
will write after the war. Try it
possible to get a good idea of what
you want to do before you settle
down, because I think ideas come
during ^{times of} action, though they need to
be worked out in peace.
I am in for another black currant
picking morning I think. I have
stained and discoloured this green cotton
so much and also it has faded so

it is hardly fit to wear. The other
dress that I meant to wear in town
with this is so pretty that I don't
want to spoil it, so I found some
very cheap blue cotton in Guildford
reduced in the sale to $6\frac{3}{4}$ a yd.

It's guaranteed un fading so that
sound pretty good & I am having
a very every day morning dress made
of it to take towns with this
faded one. I don't mind being pretty
shabby now but I can't be dirty too.

Clara looked very nice yesterday in
a white frock embroidered round the
yoke in bright green, I took her to
tea with Constance Mosen & her baby.
Her baby can crawl about like any thing
I do wish Clara could, but she is
still stuck with her tummy on the
ground. I must be patient I suppose
she will certainly do it all right
some time, and Renée is a very forward
child and Clara is not.
When a child once begins to move about

and crawl it seems to get on tremendously fast. Three weeks ago Renee has just found she could crawl and now she is about every where.

Father's Bob's & Mildred's holiday is being much discussed now. They have written about soonish I do hope they will get a nice place & have a good time.

I don't yet know what Clara & Violet - I will do. We are going to ask Uncle Lawrence, if they are going away if I might join them and then Father and Mill would come at the end of their time in Scotland and join us to give the servants a rather longer holiday. That would be very nice for me if it could be arranged.

It's going to be another scorching hot day here. At present it's just lovely there is so much haze that although the sun is shining full on me it gives very little heat and only makes a pale grey shadow.

Do you know I have taken on the ferrets as well as the chickens, I

dont like them much they try to
bite & I know they will succeed
one day, then I suppose I shall wear
gloves when I handle them. The usually
tumble out of their nests when I
open the door so I constantly have
to catch them.

It's eight o'clock so this letter must
stop.

Dearest dearest you know how I love you
and how much I want you.

Yours very very loving

Ruth

I have had a letter from you this
morning. I will write about it tomorrow.

