

Wednesday Sept 13

My own dearest

I had a real pleasure yesterday evening a post card from Norma saying she can come here to stay soon and what about a walk along the Southdowns. I think I shall ask her to come as soon as she can & we can arrange the walk when she is here. Mildred will be disappointed I think if we rush straight off to walk & she does not come here at all. I have not answered her letter yet because I have hardly had time. Yesterday evening after dinner we went to another of these religious meetings in Godalming. Fellowship or brotherhood in the church was being discussed. I had not realized till now how strongly the laymen of the church want to broaden it into accepting all Christians as much as possible. One of the troubles of these meetings is that there are one or two ones who like to speak & will talk for a quarter of an hour meandering on without any reference to the subject. The most acknowledged platitudes seem to satisfy them entirely. Its almost impossible to squash them, a delicate hint is not taken, and you cant go much further to wellmeaning old people.

We begin our morning now by making beds directly after breakfast & then I do the chickens and see baby and yesterday we went to Guildford and I suppose we shall go again to day, we are going to try & go four days a week now but it leaves sadly little time for other things.

In the afternoon I went to the town and when I had

come back & finished my letter to you it was tea time. We laid it ourselves a Mrs Beagly was out. After tea we had Clave, then I fed the chickens and then went out blackberrying with Violet. Her contempt for our small Suomy black berries is great. To me it seems that we have a nice lot down the field but they are very sorry this year owing to want of sun while they are ripening I think.

The photographs of Clave have come and I must send you yours. I shall send you two I think of perhaps three. And you can send them back if you don't want keep them except one and one you must want to keep. Life's a rotten business now. I'm not bored I think but I don't like it at all & every month that goes by I am pleased because it makes us one nearer the end of the war. The time must be measurable by months now not years. A whole winter is a long time to look forward to and then we shall ^{not} be at the end I suppose.

Oh darling I do hope the winter won't be very hard & watched for you. Do you think you will be awfully cold and if you are will there be any possibility of getting warm, will you be allowed to take some exercise?

It won't be as bad as touches will it and you won't get frost bitten I do hope. Of course you will have the days in the touches but you ought to begin them warm with walking there & that will last a little while

Then you will warm up at the end by walking back back.
But I'm afraid you will have a horrid time altogether.
I am so sorry dear I do wish it needn't be.

Its a dull grey day again but not raining. Do you know its
rather sad to see this dear garden looking so much less nice
than usual. I wonder what it will look like next summer.
Harry had just been home for his last leave. Poor Mrs Fawc
looked very white & miserable when I saw her. Its very
hard for every body these parting.

I have had such fun with Clare in her bath this
morning, she put the wet sponge into me mouth when I
asked her to & from my mouth & ~~then~~ threw it back
into her face and she laughed such a lot, she is
sweet when she laughs.

Good bye dearest I must stop this letter & write
to Rosula & Polly Jenkinson and pay one or two
bills. I do hate paying bills I really dont know
why.

Father is playing with Clare & the waste paper basket
now.

Your very loving
Ruth.