

Friday Sept 15

My own dearest George

It's again a lovely morning with a pale ~~the~~ blue sky, dappled with tiny gray clouds, just flushed by the morning sun. I imagine you in desolate France looking on just such a sky. What a help a good sky must be out there. I can just imagine dearest the joy that man's beautiful, thoughtful face must have given you. It is good to see a beautiful face. One of the best of pleasures I think. One of the things that surprises me in your letters is that you speak so little of other men with you. I suppose the reason is that there is no one with you who you really care for at all. It's a pity isn't it, you would have enjoyed your self~~s~~ more if you could have been working with people you care for. I did ~~go~~ up to the Holt yesterday to plant. I am not going to put any thing at all into that bed down under the loggia because it is so unsatisfactory that we must some how get it altered first thing when we live there again. I only took up delphiniums this time and I could not have carried any more. I did not want the poney up there its such a nuisance besides the men wanted to mow the lawn. The plants were so heavy that I could only just carry them in one hand so I obviously could not get them to the Holt like that, so I put them all carefully in the bottom of a sack and then I could easily carry them on my back, but I was afraid that even in war time

that might shock the sensibilities of Godalming, and I know you don't like me doing that, so I was most decorous. I twisted the top of the sack round the handle bars of the bicycle and I let it rest a little on the mud guard over the front wheel & so I got them up there without the slightest effort.

The garden is full of weeds and needs an awful lot doing to it but I do enjoy being up there and working at it.

Sometimes I am sorry I am not still living there altogether.

I finished writing to you in the afternoon and then began copying your letters to send on to your Mother. We went into the town before going to tea with the Clutton Brooks. I enjoyed that. Mr Brook wanted to hear a lot about how you are getting on, and he promised to give me a very good Michaelmas daisy for our garden also an acanthus and some more delphiniums if I want them. I hardly think we can have too many & I know you love them so I said yes please.

He has been invited to go to the Bishop of Winchester to talk about why the church does not get more hold on the people. His pleasure and absorption in his successes always amuse me a little. He wants, he says, to come to dinner here to meet the Fanshaws we are going to arrange it as soon as possible but we must wait till we hear when Ursula is coming, because we don't any of us think that she

would be quite successful with such a party. It must not be interrupted in any way.

The Brock children were very sweet with Clara. Kit's idea was to go up to her frequently & kiss her, and John played with her very seriously and talked to her all the time never doubting that she could understand and quite unabashed by the fact that she did not answer. He got out all his toys for her and showed her what to do with them. I wonder if he found her very stupid. I'm sure she's not stupid at all. She was very very solemn & serious she always is when she is in a strange house & among strange people.

We are going over to tea with the Huxleys at Euton tomorrow. I am looking forward to that. You must get to know them when you come back.

One more thing about our garden. We shall simply have to let more light in somehow. I'm sure it's too overshadowed. I think the whole top ought to come off that Poplar that stands between the Kendalls house and our own, then it will strike out at the bottom a lot. That other tree that you cut down there has thickened a lot at the bottom with shoots coming out all round and quite thick helps the barcade.

My darling I do love your letters. I am glad you are not at Salonica or any far away place it would make

it much worse. Even if you were wounded you would not then get back here.

I had a letter from your Mother who said she had gone to Harrowgate or some such place to join your Father but felt it was not doing her good & so she persuaded him to go some where onto the Parkside moors with her. She send me a picture post card of place & it looked a most ghastly hotel but I don't say the moors are alright. She says he does not like it and will be glad to get back to bricks and mortar. I am glad that we like the same sorts & places. How trying it would be if I wanted you to spend a holiday with me at Brighton

I must stop dearest or I shall never get those letters copied out for your Mother.

Your very very loving  
Ruth.