

Tuesday Nov 9

My dear one

The weather really does seem to have cleared up here I do hope yours has too. Those reports from Belgium of the way the men are being removed from their homes by force & by force sent away to work on the military works or any others, is pretty awful isn't it. Then, I am sorry to quote from the ten months in Germany man, that he said, Father told me, that the civilian population is being thrown into prison without trial upon suspicion of the police. It seem to me that besides fighting to save our selves from Germany we are also fighting to save Germany from its Prussian Rulers. They seem to know no human pity even, to have gone back to the level of the middle ages in those ways. I think that their hate for us will be as nothing to their hate for their own rulers. If it is not so this war will have been largely vain.

I wish you could have been up in my bedroom yesterday to see the view from the window. It was looking so lovely. All the distance was that deep

blue the sunny hills get in autumn, and it is so wonderful when it is contrasted with a foreground of brown ploughed fields and lots of golden brown trees. Then the special beauty yesterday was that it was all repeated in the sky in much softer colours. Big dark blue grey clouds caught at the edge by the sun light and turned to soft yellow.

The floods from here to Guildford are lovely. Like the valley in flood better than any time I think. Oh perhaps except when its yellow with buttercups. I have not written to Mary Anne for a long time I think I must ask her and Owen to come here for a week end, they might despise it being winter time. And it would be lovely if they did. I think I have been waiting for you to come home so hard that I have not had the proper nerve to ask people here. I do hope I shall get a letter from you this morning, Mildred had one last night so they must have got across. I wonder if you will get leave first or if Bob will. His leave is due again about Christmas time.

I cannot tell you how I long for your presence dear. You are so much, every thing, for me. Some times I am dreadfully afraid too much. But I am trying mentally to stand on my own legs. I think I do do it morally don't I?

I am now writing in the nursery after lunch because its Violet's afternoon out & I am looking after Clase.

I had a letter from you this morning dated Nov 2. I am glad the trench you went to had been partly cleared out and it was ~~not~~ as bad as you expected. You seem altogether to be having a very sociable time. I am glad, it must liven things up and be more jolly. Its rather nice meeting a Caithman. I expect and talking people over I must write to Raymond soon, these last few days have been so full.

That last mudge you must take as love from baby she is getting very angry because I wont take her on my lap she is trying to climb on. I am afraid I shall have to make this a very short letter I can let her go

on crying. Then I've played with her for a bit but I'm afraid its not going to be any good she is fussing again. I expect her cold is making her feel cross and ~~is~~ not quite so well as usual. She certainly does not seem to be much use at amusing herself.

I have been to the depot twice this week this morning was the second. I have done three half pneumonia jackets in the two mornings and most people congratulate themselves if they can do one a morning. So I have done three ordinary mornings work in two, it was quick work & meant sticking to it it but I would much rather do that than go three times because it leaves an extra morning for my china at home.

I must take Clare out now it can only be round about the garden because I dont want to dog her if the hill. I find going round the garden very dull at this time of the year. I dont think I shall do it for very long she has been out all the morning. She is quite good again now. I wish you could see her.

your very loving

Ruth