

Friday Sept 22

My own dearest

It's a real autumn morning a blue sky with little light clouds and a film of mist up to the school room window level. The valley is full of it. It will be a lovely day. I hope you too are getting some weather like this. I wish you had not got to spend the winter out there. I think it will be just horrid for you. Mrs Buxton Brown said most people think the war will be over soon, in Jan. or Feb. I suppose she means she thinks so and some other people for I really don't think most do. I don't think the fighting can possibly bring it to an end then but I suppose it is just possible that the food trouble and depression in Germany might. But I think we shall have at any rate to have an early summer campaign of victories first. The Russians of course will have to sit down and do nothing all the winter but do you think we shall have to. I suppose if we don't it will give them the opportunity of bringing troops from the Russian front against us. I am so afraid that the Germans will hang on in the hope that we shall quarrel. Sissi Louise says that she has heard from people who have been to Russia lately that there are still Germans and people with German sympathy about the court and in more or less high places. How much they have to conceal their sympathies I do not know. But considering what

reverses the Rumians have had and that they have stood firm through them it does not seem at likely that they will play false in any way now.

Yesterday afternoon I did go after boxes as I said I would but the carpenter I went was dead, his old wife was very nice, but she couldnt make boxes so I went to Mrs Vingo and asked her advice as to who to go to and she told me, luckily her man lives at the bottom of Chastokan Road I wanted to go there because I wanted to see Miss Robinson. The carpenter was not in but his mother was she said her ^{son} was very busy but when I explained that I wanted the boxes so that I might send things to you she was full of sympathy and promised to do her very best to get her son to make them for me and this morning I had a letter to say that I could go and see him this evening or tomorrow evening so I think that will be all right.

Last night I was very energetic I tried to prepare what I am going to say this evening a that little service I told you I was going to take. I do find thinking like that difficult, there are only two ways I can manage it; first of all I must think in odd moments about what I want to say then to get it definite I must either write it or say it aloud to myself. I think saying it is best because I can then alter

mistakes with less trouble. I have only got to start again from the beginning and try a fresh form and if I'd written it that would be such an awful grind. I don't suppose I shall do it well but on the other hand I doubt if they would have got any one to do it very much better.

Violet has gone out this afternoon so I have Clare. She is being very energetic crawling a little way one way then off again in another direction panting with exertion. She is very interested in her new powers of motion rather to the exclusion of other things. Father has just been calling her dachshund puppy in the hope of getting a rise out of me I think, what a nuisance rises are, I really think they get to be a very tiresome habit, any way I think she wants to be on the floor just now rather than a lap, with someone to give her attention every now and then.

I must stop now dear to take Clare out. I also must take her down to with me to the Vicarage because I want to fetch some things for this evening.

Dearest I am sorry this letter is short but I can't help it I woke up very late.

Your very loving
Ruth.