

Wednesday Aug 16 (92)

My dearest

Such a morning! The clearest of clear blue skies, long streaks of white cloud across it and all lit up by sun. All the trees bathed in morning sun and sparkling with droops and the corn field on the other side of the hedge such a golden sight. Arent these mornings after storm wonderful. I dont think we had a great deal of rain yesterday but we had some pretty heavy showers. I was out in two. One was the way back from Guildford and coming back from having tea with Mrs Irvine. Clara enjoyed that very much and laughed to see the droops pattering down and put her fingers into the water as in collected on the machine that carries the beam. Violet tried to stop her but I took her part. She is getting more attractive every day she is so awfully to laugh and have fun. She was laughing yesterday when she was having tea with the Irvines. Miss Irvine his sister is still there and had baby on her lap most of the time. I'm afraid they are still very anxious about

their boy. He getting on but very slowly. He takes his food well but does not seem to thrive on it. And Clave does not take all hers and is as fat and healthy as possible.

I had a steamers morning at Guildford yesterday; I cut out all the time. It only means cutting surgical gowns into lengths but I had to go as hard as I could ~~and~~ to keep the workmen supplied and that meant standing at it for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. I wasn't tired except my feet felt rather stoad upon.

We are rather a success over there we are so much quicker than most of the workmen. I hope we shall bring them standard up a bit. Of course you can't expect old people to work as fast as we do, still there is such a difference in getting through as much as you can in the time, and in being occupied while you talk, and that is the way many of them do it. Mildred can fold so quickly that she can keep five workers employed sewing, the usual pace might keep two going.

In your last letter dearest, you mentioned me last Wednesday afternoon slacking up the

river. I hope you noted that I was doing
no such thing, but on a long hot journey
hunting worms. My dear that Wednesday for
you did not sound nice, taking the new
Scotchman round, he tired and you with a headache.
Does the noise of firing make your head
ache.

I am glad you should some times have
such peaceful moments as you had when
writing the letter. Lying in the shelter of
your dog out all doozsy with the sun.
Yes I know the feeling all right. I always
feel it must be so health giving and
restful.

I heard from your mother yesterday on a post
card and your Father seems to be much
worse than I had understood from her
first letter. He has been in bed with quite
a lot of pain & is very weak she says, but
he was getting up yesterday and going
into the garden and they hoped it
would make him sleep better. It sounds
quite nasty doesn't it?

Violet is going home today but she will
not leave till the 1.20 so I shall be
able to go to Guild for this morning

I have had no answer yet about what I do with your £250.

I have begun reading Boswells life of Johnson and I am finding it interesting. It carries one on does not it. I have just got to where Johnson was given a pair of shoes at Pembroke College & he flung them down stairs because he was too proud to accept them, and then he had to leave the college altogether because he was so poor.

I sent off a parcel yesterday afternoon. Chocolate cake, jamuns, soup tablets and I think butter. I did not pack it myself because I had at very much time yesterday and Mrs Wasthen appeared to.

We are going to have more rain, some grey clouds are coming up now.

Oh dearest I do want you so badly. I wonder when it will be over. Dont you think the Germans will make other overtures of peace at some sort this autumn. I dont suppose we shall accept them but if they start this autumn, they might come to accept down sufficiently by the spring to have peace.

I had a letter from you this morning saying you had gone to rest for four days. I am so glad. I expect you are there now. I must have answered it till tomorrow
your very loving Ruth