

Thursday Sept 21

Dearest George

Only one event of real importance occurred yesterday. Clara learned to crawl. She can really, its awfully funny to watch she is so stiff in her arms and her legs are so fat they take tiny little steps. She does not go very far yet nor very fast and its quite an effort to make up her mind. She did it first in the morning when ~~she was~~ she was in the nursery with Violet and we were at Guildford. I believe that watching Renee Mussen on her birthday helped her on and made her see what was wanted, dont you think it may have. I think life will be much more fun for Clara now that she can crawl.

Darling I do want you to see her and I am so sorry you cant be living with her. She has come on so much in the last month and she is so interesting that I feel like holding my breath for fear this stage should go by to quickly. I have never felt like that before I have always wanted her to get on. I shall be glad when another baby begins so that I may know that I shall have it again. I suppose it will never be quite so thrilling as the first time. I hope next time the baby will do its first crawl at the Hall.

As I was coming up the hill yesterday I saw M^{rs} Fleming, she is ^{an} old lady who is crippled by rheumatism and lives in the house beyond where the Williams live. Her son and

daughter in law were pulling her up so I ran to help. The son is only about forty perhaps not so much and he is now beginning to be crippled by this awful rheumatism. He terribly lame ~~she~~ does not seem to be able to straighten one leg at all. He a soldier. So as he cant fight he is at the War Office and he told me that he is in the department which has to do with the tanks. He is very thrilled about their success. He told me that we have been about eight months making and perfecting them. Some of the first ones of course had to be scrapped. He also told me that they had some still better ones to come along. I see not harm in telling you that as he did not tell me not to repeat it and if he will tell some one who is practically a stranger like me it will soon get about. I dont either see why it shouldn't it wont help the Germans to know that they have some yet more formidable ones to deal with. What will happen when the Germans get some and tank meets tank. Darling its pretty bad having you in France but its not the worst thing. I would rather have you there well, than here crippled with rheumatism or working your youth and health away as poor Owen O'Malley is.

Theres the breakfast bell I shant be able to write any more now till after lunch.

We havess been having the weather very cold but its lovely today in the sun. We were at Guildford this

morning as usual but we came back by the earlier train because Sissie Coates has come down for two days. She is always bright and jolly and has nice clothes. I do like people to have nice clothes I wish I did it myself, I am going to try harder after the war, but now does not seem the moment to begin. And then I don't ever want to spend an awful lot on it. The trouble is that other people keep to high a standard of neatness, so it is not enough just to have your clothes pretty, they must be just a bit neat too if you are to look well dressed. I know I shall never attain to it, still I might be a little better than I am. I think we are going to London on Monday to do a little necessary shopping. Now that Victoria has gone and we do our own mending I don't want to have things that need too much mending.

I am going to try to go and see a carpenter this afternoon to try to get some wooden boxes made for sending to you. I have not heard any more of the cardboard and wood ones so I don't expect I shall get them.

It's rather good news that Germany can't keep up her supply of guns and ammunition as the present rate of usage is at it. They will be somewhat as we were presently perhaps, unable to defend their infantry properly. I wonder how long it will be before they see they had better shuck

it. M^{rs} Burton Brown and Bice are coming to tea this afternoon which will be nice.

Dearest I am longing for you to come back so much I shall be able to know so much more about what you are doing than I can by letters even though you do write very nice letters that tell me a lot.

I think I must stop writing if I am to get my other things done.

George dear I send you kisses and a big hug and all the love I've got will always be with you so I can't send that.

your very loving

Ruth

