

Saturday Oct 7

My dearest dear

It is such a lovely sunny morning. It practically rained all day yesterday. In the morning I went up to our garden, it was very warm and pleasant with not much rain then. Mrs Green came out and hung round and talked for some time but when she found that I meant to make a morning of it she gave it up and went in and I was glad because I like gardening by myself, or with some one who really is gardening too. You know the little narrow border along the very edge of the raised square garden don't you, and do you remember that we had some pinks in it. They had grown so much that they had got quite into a bunch so I thinned out a good many plants and planted them further apart and then put in the rest of the way along some of the biggest of the pinks Mrs Kenway gave me. The rest I put into the walls. They were very much bigger plants than those Mr Back gave up. I hope they will do us well. These are quite jolly bushy little plants now. And some of the wall campanulas that we planted last year are in flower now, they do look so pretty. Some had been rather smothered by that little ivy leaved toad flax that grows so freely about our walls. I pulled a lot of it away. I do love that garden, dear, when I get there I want to garden it quite intensively

of who is living there to see the result. It will be lovely to live there again in my full health so that I can do as much as ever I like. After I had planted all the pinks I found some bulbs that wanted planting. I am not a bit sure what they were but I put them in along the lawn side of the new hedge, they are more to look nice there. Then I began digging up one of the square beds.

Miss Jekyll told Father that she had some hydrangeas she could let him have he does not want them but I am going to buy two. They will do under a wall she says and live out of doors all the time. I have also asked her if she has any floe that I could have.

I think I can only attempt the top part of the garden except that I shall try & put some perennials into the other part. But I should like to get the top part looking tidy and decent for the winter.

I was looking under the loggia. The wickeras don't seem to me to be doing very well but perhaps they will go ahead next spring. The jasamine looks a fine sturdy little plant and the Jas Solenum Jassaminoides seems quite big but it had tumbled down in rather a heap. I asked them to get the gardener, who comes for a bit every week, to nail it up properly.

You asked me one of your letters to try and see

the Heanms. I had already met Mrs Heanni and arranged to go to tea with her as soon as I could. I could not this week I have had so many afternoons engaged but I am going to next week if I possibly can. They asked me to take baby too, I think will enjoy her.

I was going to take her out to tea yesterday afternoon. The Marshalls at the Bridge asked us, but the rain and wind was so bad that they cannot even have expected us. So I had quite a nice time at my bowl and got a lot of the outside putton drawn in.

I wish you could have seen baby playing with Father's billiard balls on the floor yesterday. We rolled them for her and she crawled after them at a great pace, but she always went for the red one. Then she would tug and suck it and the red came off at once, so Father had to take it away, she was so disappointed. that she would not play with the others. It was very funny when one ran under the table and the board was very uneven so it did not come to rest but kept running about as though it were alive. She started towards it a little way but I saw she was frightened to go close.

I went to the cottage movie in the evening, and after my dinner, I finished a nine, and I read the end of a long article about Ireland in the Round Table. I think its a very fair, sane and good article. It puts before you both

the English and the Irish point of view. I am very glad to have the Irish point of view put before me because I have felt so very angry ^{with} them for rising and joining our enemies. I still do feel angry, but I can now see a little how the one idea had taken so much hold of them that they could not put it aside. It is very comforting to find that ^{the writer} thinks we are in a better position for a permanent ^{settlement} peace than we have ever been before.

I have had another short letter from you this morning, very nice to have. You were just going up to your O.P. & had not time for much. I have had such a nice lot of letters lately, no long gaps. I am sorry you have had a gap without any from me, but you will surely have had a pile by now, that doesn't quite make up. It's so nice to have them regularly.

Clare's hair is quite as curly as it looks in the photograph, you like that don't you? Her mouth is the part of her that I find hardest to realize. I don't feel I know what its going to look like. Perhaps it will be like yours.

You seemed a little distressed in your last letter that I do not seem amused by your letters. I am sometimes, and sometimes I expect I won't take it as just you. I think our sense of humour is one of the things we have not quite got in common. I can see the funny all right and certain sorts of humour but sometimes what you feel is humour leaves me rather unmoved. I expect you

know this even better than I do. Well the only thing I can say is that I think you will probably find as time goes on that I shall become more able to see humour where you see it. When I was a child up to ten or twelve I could hardly see an ordinary joke they left me quite blank, but I grew to that.

I wish you and Father could have a talk about religion both trying hard to find all points of agreement and discussing them and leaving as much as possible the disagreement. I think you both might enjoy it. My only fear is that he would be too sure that his own ideas are the right ones. But with certain limitations he is \neq very ready to allow people to think as they like. But he I know would put a belief in future life and in prayer as necessities. He objects to Clutton Brock's book because he says he leaves God out almost entirely. I think myself that ~~the~~ The Ultimate Belief is not a book to live by alone but that it is badly wanted to add to the rest

I am now going to stop this letter & china paint, or rather down to begin with but I hope to get on to painting this morning.

Your very very loving
Ruth