

[After 21 Aug 1916?]
11th?

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My own dear beloved

I had such a specially lovely letter from you yesterday. And my dear it is sweet to hear you say that you want me always more than any one else. It makes me so happy. My dear I do feel that an understanding has grown between us. So that now, except willfully, we cannot misunderstand one another very badly. I always felt even from the very early part of our engagement that I ~~had~~ I understood you in a kind of intuitive way. I kind of felt what you would like & dislike and what you were feeling without knowing why.

I have just been reading a little book of essays by Stephenson. It's got a Latin name *Vaginitus Puresque*. Some thing like that. Does it mean girls & boys? Only girl is *puella* in all Latin poems. Will to come to the point. He was talking of marriage and said that people in love feel they want to blot out the part that they have lived before they knew their loved one. That it was all waste. Time so to speak. And that after marriage if they come across old letters relating to past times it causes to them as pang of discomfort or even mild

jealousy. Now nearly we neither of us
feel this in the least. I should indeed
be most sorry if you had had no life
before you knew me. You would it be nearly
so interesting as you are. I like to hear about
it and get to know it. I don't want there
to be nothing new to learn about you. I
never can know you so perfectly that
there is no more to learn or wonder
about & I'm glad of it.

Then I don't think I feel any jealousy of
your old friends, the only who are much
older friends than I am, and I certainly
don't want them to feel jealous of me.
I like you to have all those friends ever
so much, only I want to have them too as
far as possible. If they would come at
them make friends with me I might
wonder them, but they have been very very
kind about doing so. Here is a bit
from another letter I have had from
Robert Graves in answer to mine.
He says I'm so glad you married George because
you are the one person I don't grudge him
to. I don't think any one could have said
any thing that would please me more
than that. It's an awfully nice letter

altogether. He says he has had no pain at all only discomfort, and that he is not crippled or mucked at all except just some interesting scars. It's really astounding how keen he is on the job. He says he is quite ready to go back again, and that he enjoyed nearly every day out there except the few when everything seems to go wrong. It's his first real job. I expect that makes a lot of difference.

Dear one I wish you could now see the field from the back end and the tall dark elm trees. The field is full of the goldenest corn you could wish for. It is now justly cut and the near part is all in sheaves stacked into little cokes. It is a good sight. I can see it from my bedroom window every morning. I wish I understood about thinking. I don't think I do lie in bed & think consecutively as you do. I go to sleep. I don't believe I even think on and on about things like you do. I do wish I did. I think writing must help you to because if you write you simply must think I quite

see that. I like the idea of the form B.E.D.
very much I hope you will go on with
it. But I know you have awfully little time.
There may be more later, during the
winter when this push is over. My word
the Austrians are catching it aren't they?
I have just been down to the town and
most of my time there has been spent
in getting things for you. Mrs Vingo
is going to send you a box of early
apples. eating & cooking 20 lbs of each.
I will send you real good ones like
Cox orange when they are ready but
that won't be for quite six weeks
I should think. Try and let me know
how long the apples will last you
and whether you like them, and when
you will want some more. I think I shall
try to send you a small box of
plums. If you could not get them
eaten in time you could let the
men have some I suppose. I should send
them out rather unripe. I am sure it
will be very wholesome for you to have
fresh apples.

The potatoes carrots & packing cost 14/9
So far I have paid it. You can look it at

that if you like or you can send the money
to Mrs Vingo or me which ever is most
convenient.

I watered the garden after dinner yesterday
evening and I am going to do some more
now as soon as I have finished writing
to you. I cant sit and chins paint while
plants in the garden are dying for want
of water.

There is such a lot to do that I wish very
much I did not need more than three or
four hours sleep, but that every one else
needed the usual amount. Time when
other people are not about is so much
more valuable & uninterupted. That's
why you like Beel. But what a nuisance
you must find me some times.

I had your little extra letter asking
for another cake this morning. Mrs Warton
is making a big ginger one for you
It will go off to morrow. I dont think
there is any chance that it will be
cold enough today. You will have the
rock huns coming in between which will
keep you going a bit. Tell me if I
send to many soup tablets. I dont know

how many you want each week.

If there is any thing else you can think of that you would like please tell me. Father is waiting an article now on planning gardens. He says there is so much to say he does not know when he will stop.

I dont believe dearest that you ever will be lazy, but if you start sitting about after meals + that sort of thing I shall stir you up, or else I shall egg Clara on, she will soon be old enough to worry you a bit and to want lots of play.

She is a most darling thing. Even if she has been cross and tired before bed time she always becomes miraculously sweet then just to induce one to go on playing with her instead of undressing her quickly. Then in bed when she is having her battle she smiles most deliciously if I smile at her I gave her a kiss on her fat cheek from you. Her favorite word is Dad. She says Dadadadadad like that over and over + mmm-mmm - wa wa, but I dont think she is very near putting words to things yet.

Ever ever so much love dear

Your loving
Ruth