

Friday June 9 1916

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My own dearest

I have had a letter from you. It came yesterday evening. It was the one you wrote on Saturday the same day that you wrote me the post card, but it came here a day and a half later. I don't think I can ever have had your letter written in a hurry. The last one I had was written from a village where you were waiting during the hours of day light, and it was written on Tuesday not Wednesday. I am most awfully interested in your letter, you certainly seem to be roughing it in good earnest this time. I can imagine you rather well in your little dugout, perhaps because there is not very much surroundings to imagine. I tried to go to sleep with you there last night. Where you very tired out with so little sleep? I should think you must have

been, you must have slept when you did  
have time. Being on the side of a hill  
facing the Germans does not sound to me  
to be very safe, I'm afraid you would make  
a good target. I think I am being a fatalist  
about you, and feel that it may not make  
much difference where you are. But of my  
doubting I can't help being rather anxious.  
Still, dear one, you evidently are having the  
real thing and at that I am glad.

There is one thing I don't understand.  
You say you took four guns up the  
hill. But I thought your whole Battery  
only contained four guns, and that only  
half of it had moved. Were yours the  
only guns supporting the infantry in  
that attack in which they took two  
companies, or was it merely that they  
wanted bigger ones than they had there.  
I think I understand that your guns  
must be 9.2. I rather gather that they  
are the biggest guns which get much  
fun. So perhaps you are as fortunate  
as you could be. I think it was very

lucky that you did not get shelled when you just arrived, or rather it would have been tragically unlucky if you had been.

Are you still expecting to move back to your old quarters soon? I hope you will.

Are there nearly a great lot of wild strawberries where you are, that's rather nice they are such delicious little things, but I should hardly have thought they would have been ripe yet, you must be quite a bit earlier than we are.

I went with Father to call on the Boacks yesterday after tea, and I took baby round in her pram. Little John was very pleased with her and came into the drawing room and played with her. He carried her across the hearth rug with a steady hand from me and afterwards sat on my lap with baby on his. She was quite interested in him, although she was not very bright yesterday. She is far gayer today. I think babies do take more interest in children than in grown people.

I telephoned to the chemist yesterday evening ~~at~~ about the diplopod rat virus. He did not

stock it because it won't keep, and he  
sent them your address last night and told  
them to send it out at once. I said two  
tubes, then I thought I would send two  
more in a weeks time. I thought that as  
it won't keep that would be the  
best arrangement.

Father and Mildred have gone off fishing today  
it seems less than likely so they may catch  
some thing.

I had a letter from Mrs Saunders yesterday  
which I am going to enclose for you to  
read. You will see that Mrs Rens father  
has died. I don't quite see what we can  
do and if you can suggest any thing  
so much the better. But I don't see how  
we can, we are too uncertain of the  
future ourselves.

I must stop, there are a few things I must  
do before I go down to the town to get  
my hair washed.

Many many kisses to you my own dear. I do  
love you so much. Oh darling think when we  
are together again & this is all over  
your very very loving  
Ruth.