

Sunday July 9 (63)

Dearest George

I was just hoping for a letter this morning but I did not get one, still I have had lovely lot lately and am very satisfied. M^r Clutton Brock is coming here after tea today, she ~~was~~ may be but she was not in but out for a long walk with Allen and M^r Brock thought she might be too tired. He is well again now. Do you know George, the gardener here who has been with us ever since we came, has given notice to leave today. Rather meanly too I think. He came to Father and said he had ~~to~~ been to see Col. Ricardo who was going to give him 30/- a week and he had taken the place. Dont you think its rather hooid after being here sixteen years to do that. I wonder

what he would have thought if Father had said to him George I've found a man who will do your work for 2/- less a week than you will, you must therefore go. Of course it would have been rather worse of Father, still the work man who would go like that ought not to grumble if he is suddenly given the sack. I don't think that Father is very sorry he is going. George said I hope you will speak well for me. Father said 'I shall speak the truth George I always do.' Curiously enough this very morning about ten minutes later a man came to see of Father to get temporary work from him. He said the one thing he wanted was permanent work and a cottage. So Father told him exactly what had happened and asked him about his family. He says his wife is a good washer woman and that he has five children. I hope he will turn out well. He is a retired soldier A.S.C. I think he has had shell shock and rheumatism.

I have been cutting off dead flowers in the garden for a hour this morning, that was nearly all the time I had when I had done class. I dont know why but I was rather late with her this morning. She is not hungry and is so slow over her bottles. I do like having her all the time but I dont think I should like it very much for always because it leaves so very little time for other things. I want to a little trial work in the colouring my tea set will be, And I want it to go to be fixed when the next lot go which will I think be the end of the month I dont know if I shall manage it. I always find the faint picking here devalves upon me I cant bear to see the stuff being wasted. And it takes a long time. I am now going out soon to pick slow berries. I

I think we shall have to jam tomorrow
or Tuesday

I have some little snap shots of Clara
that Bice took at P.F. I am going to
send them to you.

The whole war is so thrilling now. I feel a
day without a paper is rather blank. I do
hope your particular piece is getting on
better. Father says he hopes that we shall
let the Germans squeak for peace till
they cry for it before we let 'em have it.
I don't know I think it would very likely
be a good thing but I personally want it
so badly that I don't want to wait a
moment longer than need be. Still I think
I should like them to have to wait a
bit. What hearts they are I wish I
hated them more. Do you hate them more
now you are out there. And do you think
the French hate us? Some people say
they call us 'les autres boches'. And
some say the like us. I hope we shall
all stay friends after the war.

Monday July 9

Another letter from you this morning

not a long one. You seem to think that we here are depressed with the results of our offensive. You are quite wrong, no one seems to me to be.

The are all very optimistic and most satisfied that the Germans should be hammered all round. It seems to me that the whole attitude here is one of extreme patience and hope and determination. We are not tired who ever is. And I think if we only stick to that we shall be all right. Of course we are sad. I mean there is a general sadness everywhere for the lives that are lost and anxiety for those that are left. We saw in the paper this morning that Evelyn Dixon, Uncle Suther's youngest son has been killed. I can't think how people must feel when their children are killed, it must be pretty awful.

So much hope is bound up in them, and then one naturally wants to protect them from all harm. But perhaps when a boy grows up that feeling goes a bit. You see in my love for you I don't want to wrap you from all harm and evil, I want you to be strong and courageous and rise above it all. So in that way I expect it must be less to have a husband fighting than a son. But oh if they are killed it must be soon for the wife than the mother.

I have a very short time to write to you today because I have been busy picking strawberries for jam, and people are coming to lunch.

Now they have gone & I must go and do better

I must write you a long letter tomorrow
These are the photographs taken at P.F.

Ever so much love dear

Your very loving
Ruth.