

Oct 17 Tuesday

My dearest dear

Here I am again writing properly before breakfast I do want you back to find out how happy or unhappy you are, and how tolerable you are finding the life. I'm afraid you will have a beastly winter. Oh I did hope you would not have to have a winter. Do you read the 'Ten months in Germany' man ^{in the Times} He was writing of prisoners yesterday, saying ours are better treated than they were because their keepers have been let to know privately that we have been taking a lot of prisoners lately and so they had better be careful. Also the man managed to get a talk with a prisoner, an English one but in Russian clothes as they were all he could get when his wore out. He said many of the Germans were quite glad to hear of our victories as they thought it would bring the war to a speedy end. The one thing we want is peace & the one thing they want is peace & we can't get it. I suppose that's because it's not time to say it's the one thing we want because even I am not ready for

peace till a little more of their horrid Prussian spirit is gone. It does seem strange that we should all be fighting miserably when we might all be happy and peaceful if it weren't for German pride and greed.

It also seems strange to me that only one man tried to save us from this and saw our danger while so many said all was well. I think we ought to feel grateful to Lord Roberts for his desperate efforts.

I went the Brooks yesterday and got plants, quite a nice lot. Six accanthuses I put three in the corner of the bed under the oak tree (they grow in shade) and three in the shady end near the Rendalls of the first bed as you go down the garden. I put in a good number of pale blue delphiniums in the blue & pale yellow bed and some more along the back of the border in which the scotch fir stands. I also put in lupins cat mint and michelmas daisys. Mr Brock would carry them up for me and would not even let me help which was very tiresome of him. He was

in a very gloomy mood, he said because the weather turning so cold made him feel rotten. My word it is cold too or so it seems after the mild weather we have been having, but its bright and sunny. I think he's a good bit over worked, he says its largely because people write him so many letters. He says he thinks that he wants to leave Godalming altogether when the war is over so as to have complete change, all he really wants is a complete rest.

I had a nice time quite by myself in our dear garden, the view up the valley looked lovely with a sunset sky at the end. If only I could have gone into the drawingroom and had tea with you I should have been happy. I wonder how we shall feel when its over and we live properly again, shall we remember often how we longed to live like this again and be happy in the contrast.

I have had another letter from you this morning things truly do not seem to be getting on so fast on our front, but if we have forced them to strengthen it we must have weakened

some other place and if we can draw men from the
Easton to the Western front we have done something.
It is quite safe to go for a walk by ^{the} Ance? I
wish I could know exactly when you are thinking
of me dearest I do wish our minds or souls could
get together somehow. It seems so futile that
distance should separate us as it does, surely it
ought not to, dont you feel we ought ~~via~~ ^{over}
it somehow. Do you think if we were good enough
we could. I'm not very good I get awfully cross
now you are away because I'm miserable. I wish
it wasn't so hard to be unhappy without being
cross. I am soory that Stuart Wilson is so
dreadfully bad, surely he will pull through if
he has gone on as long as this

Darling your letters are a joy to me. Please
dont think I'm miserable all the time because
of course I'm not. I've been pleased with my
new dress this morning and that's very
important now that I try to have so few.
Then I've only got to look at Clare to
feel happy because I think she's so sweet.
She is a joy to behold. Such a skin; babies

skins are I'm sure the most delicate colouring in the world, The changes from creamy white into red cheeks and lovely soft yellows in the skin & ~~the~~ then the soft yellow hair and dark lashed blue eyes; to me she is lovely, so she would be to any one clever enough to paint her. My skin is too coarse & ugly to look at beside hers. You cannot see the colour in your photographs of her and its the best part I think.

The expression cant count at this age like it can in an older person.

Its turned into a hooid wet day, and Father's gone out & I've got to stop the electric light engine. I do hope I shant turn the wrong handle first.

Yours very very loving
Ruth.

