

July 3 Monday

58

My very dearest George

I see that I have been an awful fool and not sent you the first sheet of my yesterdays letter, and I'm afraid I have sent you some letter of your own that I have copied out.

Darling I am not happy, this affair is so awful I am so anxious about it. Father seems to think this first days news not very good. I dont my self see that its so bad. We have not carried every thing before us certainly, but then we did that at Newpe Chapell and it was not satisfactory at all. So perhaps they mean to go slowly this time.

I do so want a letter from you. I think of you very much, and what is happening to you and what you are thinking and doing. By the papers it all sound awful out there. I should think you must have been shooting.

almost ceaselessly. Well it must be a wonderful thing to go through, but I do want you safely back. Poor Olive her husband is in the infantry and she knows he has gone back to the trenches. I know she would not have him out of it but still - Oh darling will peace ever come?

We had a perfectly delightful week and I did ~~not~~ so very much wish you were here it would have been much much nicer. Father has nick named Owen 'Professor' and always calls him professor. It was his big horn spectacles that began it. But it does suit him doesn't it?

Owen is funny he said when he left that he had enjoyed himself very much and he said it just like a child does who has been carefully told what to say. Then he added, I did not think I should. I am glad Owen enjoyed himself & ~~that~~ I'm sure it did him good, and specially to get on with people easily. We spent all day in the garden

talking and playing with the babies. Owen went to sleep in the afternoon, while Mary Anne & Maajac and I picked strawberries. To day has been rather strenuous for me I rushed to the town this morning and did a lot of jobs and this afternoon we have all been out for a walk and the babies in prams. It was very hot and raining slightly most of the time.

The weather is rather thundery here. I wonder if all the amount of shooting in France makes any difference to the weather. Do you find that the rain comes with shooting at all.

How awful every thing is now and yet terribly exciting. I sometimes feel that I should like to be able to bury my head & wait till it is over. All back things are worse without you, dear, and the nice things less nice. Yesterday would have been so far far nice if you had been here. Still I did enjoy it very much.

Owen is very keen on skiing and we are all going for a winter holiday.

together someday, wouldn't it be fun.  
I told you did at that Father has sold  
a lot of firs from the common and  
that we shall each get £50 from it. He  
is probably going to sell a lot more  
so that ~~we~~ may get another £150  
each. That would be quite useful wouldn't  
it.

I must stop writing because Olive is  
going to take this to the post. I have  
missed the postman. Besides you may  
not have even much time for reading  
letters.

Good bye dear one.

Many kisses for you and many many  
thoughts.

your very loving

Ruth.

A Letter from You I've read it and

it's a lovely one I see you are dreadfully  
busy. Oh if you only could be  
home Xmas. What joy.

Darling your letters are nice.