

[? Th 6 Jul 1916]

(61)

My dear

I have come out to you this morning into the garden. But oh I do wish you were really here beside me. The little view up the golden valley is looking lovely this morning. Soft sun and long shadow and dewy look of early morning and all a little veiled more by atmosphere than mist. And then as I look at all this peace & sweetness, how can my mind but turn to you and France. I hate to have to think of you in ravaged country among terrible scenes. I have never seen dead people lying about & the horror of it I can hardly imagine. But I feel that I can imagine very well the spoiled country that should be so beautiful, the bare town faces the look of decay waste and over population. I am sorry you should have to live in such surroundings. But think dearest if it were England, it would feel more bitter to you would it not. And how awful this must be to many of the French. I don't know if they care so passionately for their land as we do, but if Godalming and its surroundings

had been spoiled like that I should
feel it as bitterly as the loss of a very
dear friend
last night when I had gone to bed you
came and lay beside me and put my arm
round your beautiful strong body and
kissed you on the lips - you kissed me
long as you do, and I stroked your thick
soft hair. But it would not last long.

I like coming and talking to you first
thing in the morning like this, but I
was not quite early enough this
morning. I would like to be up by
seven not just beginning to get up then.
Every quarter of an hour then makes
the lovely early morning look, less
wonderful. You see seven is nearly six now.
Will you know yourself how much
better six it than half past.
When this war is over we must go
to the beautifullest place and you
must have peace, to write and do the
things you want.
But dear I am very afraid of what
peace will bring. Bad suffering for

many I'm afraid. And if this year is to
have done any social good, we have got
to try desperately some how not to let
things slip back into the old way of
labor and capital fighting and hating.
And I don't see how it can be done.
If we all fight shoulder to shoulder during
the war and then when they get back
again they find there is not greater
friendship, things will be worse than
they were before. And yet it is not a
thing as far as I can see that can be
done by legislation but only by love.
If the employer loves his employed and
truly desires their lives to be good I
think he could make it felt and even
if money were scarce, the men would
say 'this thing is and it's so use gambling
any more than it was any use gambling
about the war.' And if they love their
employer & know him to be a fine boss
fellow they will have the more patience.
How else can it be done. You see I
am an individualist and not a socialist.
And I do want more friendship and
love in the world.

It's now half past ten. I have been out in the garden with baby for some time, and making poppies & picking flowers. It's a most gorgeous day, hot sun & hazy. I wonder if the weather has taken a turn for the better.

I met Violet yesterday, very brown, I've never seen such a colour on any English person & hardly on a foreigner. She is so ashamed of it that she says she won't go out without gloves now.

I'm going to sit to work at things this morning and try to get a little bowl done quickly to go with the next lot of things which are going soon. It is to be a test colour one for Mandy Wear's set.

I want to try green and a little yellow for the set I think it would be more interesting than all green & I must make it chiefly green because that is what she asked for.

I am going to golf with Father this afternoon to be his caddy. He says

its very pretty over there & I want a good walk.

Do you know we picked 29 lbs of raspberries yesterday. It was much most done by Mill & me but Marjorie & Susan both helped a little. There is a fearful lot of fruit picking to be done, there is a very heavy crop of black currants as well as gooseberries & red currants. Do you remember what fun we had last summer picking apples & plums. I love picking things on trees.

Mildred told Bob that you had asked me to send out potatoes to you and she thought that if he stanced you it would not conduce to nice family feeling. It elicited quite a tirade from Bob, who said that where he was before there were heaps of potatoes to be distributed so many in fact that they were trying to reduce the number. And he thought there was bad management somewhere. He also said that your regimen is the most tiresome in the army, that you always want to do things differently from every one else & usually

succeed & that although complaint are made
to the A.S.C. he has never yet come across
a well founded one. There! If that does not
put a rise out of you as a good gunner
I dont know what will.
Please do say what you want me to
send you after. I dont know if you
still want soup packets but I am
going to send you some more, also if
you have a preference for any kind
you might say.

your very loving
Ruth.

