

Monday July 31 (79)

My dearest dear George

What I want to write about is the pain of having you away, and in such a dreadful place & in danger. Oh my dear one I do want you safely back. Having you away does not get any better with time and it does seem that you have been away so long.

Dearest I am not quite sure that I understand what you mean when you say that you are glad I do not wobble. Do you mean wobble in my love for you. I don't think I can ever do that. But then you know no other woman but me has you for a husband. You are so very understanding and dear beautiful that no one could wobble who lived with you.

Oh how this war does hang over all our day like a black cloud. It's tone that it seems to be going well. But then whenever it moves at all the casualty lists are appalling. If we could only get to peace this autumn.

I think the way most people are playing up during this war is very fine. W

met & spoke to a girl when I went over
to the Depot in Guildford and she was
a short hand spirit she said & she was
giving up her own half holiday in the
week to making dressings for the wounded.

I had a nice afternoon yesterday I spent
the whole time till tea at my board
With some help from Mildred I managed the
binds, and got the whole design down
in. I think I will try to send you
a rough sketch of it, perhaps not today
but some time. I have not yet managed
the outside, in fact I have not begun it
at all. I want it to have a blue
ground with a black diaper and some
green in it. but there must be some-
thing else as well. I must for instance
get some white in. I may try panels
with a white ground or borders that
introduce white in the ground. I don't
know yet and shall have to struggle
The view up the valley this morning
is looking simply lovely in bright
sunshine, with just enough morning
mist to make it look soft. After tea

yesterday we walked over to Eashing, I
with Clara in the p.m. Father seemed
to want me to come because we went
to find a washer woman, and he says that
neither he nor Mill have a sufficient
flow of conversation to do that sort of
job easily. I think he is right about
Mill, she is bad at dealing with poor
people unless she knows them well.

I should not have thought Father was bad.
You see Mill never will have any thing to
do with them if she can help it.

Any way we got a washer woman who
will come and help for a week or two
untill we get a permanent man here.

Father has heard of one but hopes to
hear of more this morning.

You have been away now almost three months
dear and three months is an awfully
long time.

Tuesday

Dearest I did not finish this letter yesterday
because my period came + I felt so
peculiarly stupid that it was no good
trying to write.

I spent a very lazy morning playing
with Clara then lying down + reading a

story when I was not nearly asleep.
I tucked up in the afternoon + sent
off a parcel of newspapers to you
and the round table. The chocolate
chocolate cake was not dry enough to
send so I left that parcel for today.
Then I picked gooseberries that was
terribly hot work and then set
forth with Violet and Clara to go to
tea with Mrs. Trew. We went into the
town first to post your parcels and
do one or two other little things.
Clara wore a new dress with a pink
riband round the under her arms +
Violet was very pleased with her.
I hate passing our dear house. I hope
we shall find it very much spoiled.
I try not to think about it very
much but I cannot help it when I
pass. However I must get some thing
into the garden this autumn ready
for next summer. I think I shall like
doing that even with the other people
there, because it will be making it
more beautiful, and the garden has never
yet been any thing like what it ought

to her.

I liked going to tea with Mrs Towse although she is not one of the people I shall ever be very great friends with, still she is very friendly & pleasant and kind. It was she who found a gardener for the Gaces because she thought I should so hate to see the garden in such a mess. I think that was very kind of her.

She was telling me more about Mr Allen & Eleanor, & Oh my dear I am angry with Mr Allen as apparently all the rest of Charterhouse is. I think he is making a mistake in going. I don't think he had any right to make love to that girl & marry her on the assumption that he was not going & then suddenly make up his mind to leave her, for a dangerous job. For navy chaplain is dangerous. She is going to have a baby & she is being very ill and watched & he must have known that she was going to bear it before he decided to go. I don't think he is doing at all right by her. He should have made up his mind what he was going to do before he even made love to her I think. He can't go & fight & expect it

is not very hard to get a chaplain, at any rate in the earlier stages of the war people were tumbling over one another for chaplaincies.

Yesterday evening I read the first act of Hamlet & really enjoyed it very much. Much more than I thought I should. The wisdom of it is profound. I am afraid I've got wrong about Shakespeare. I used to dislike doing him as school, looking up masses of words & allusions, and I don't think I saw them as clearly as I do now how wonderful it is. Of course we did not often do the best things one does at school. When we did King Lear I did enjoy it much more. I don't think Shakespeare ought to be begun very young. Mr. Bock said the other day that nothing is worse than for people to read books they don't like because they think they ought to, because it makes them puffed up with virtue. I think that's such a funny reason. It does not make me at all puffed up if I read a book I think I ought to read & don't enjoy it. I just feel what a fool I am not to

appreciate it. But now I am going to stick
to Shakespear on & off with other things and
am going to stay to get to know his
best plays a bit. As I do enjoy it I think
I may safely so so without fear of getting
stuck up with a feeling of vicar.

Bridget wrote yesterday evening to say
she could not come to morrow because
Percy is ill. The doctor thinks it is
only teeth & thus heat probably. She
thinks that Percy will be all right by
the end of the week. I hope so.

I had your letter yesterday unsweating
mine about Mr Backs books. I do
see what you mean & you are quite
right. Beauty as opposed to ugliness
~~is that~~ and man hoodiness ought to
be as easy to see & goodness opposed
wickedness. Yet no one who puts up
an ugly house, like those in Pefreshover
Road say, seems to think for a moment
that they have done a wrong thing.
Well its no use its to hard to discuss
in writing with the long gap before

one can get an answer. I have been thinking hard to try and say what I want & I suppose I could manage it at some length but I have it got you here to answer me.

I was reading Stanley Washburn's fairly long account of the Russian offensive in yesterday's paper. They seem to be doing most awfully well, but at the same time the Germans are putting up a fight. But if they get beaten in spite of that it will be trying for them. Still we know ourselves what a lot of beating we can stand without losing heart. Look at the Russians last Autumn. Its wonderful that they can pick up as they have. I don't see how the war can end yet, but many people seem to hope with some confidence.

I must stop this letter, you will be tired of reading before you have done.

I hope you will have more of the airplane observation job, it would be nicer than what you are now doing, would it.

Many many kisses for you dear. I do love you so much and want you so much
I am very loving
Ruth.