

Tuesday Oct 24

My own dearest

I sent a cake off to you yesterday a plain one I hope it will keep well and be nice; it was Mrs Wooten's idea. I hope I shall send you some butter today.

Yesterday was so mild and pleasant it made one feel quite good tempered and jolly.

I did do all those washes as I said I should, though I was nearly hung up by not having enough paint. I went to ~~search~~ search for Father to get more but I could not find him so I ~~went~~ decided to use the little I had and it was enough.

If I sent that bowl directly it is done I could have it back fixed by the time you get leave but I am afraid it will have to wait for Mildred's breakfast set and that is some way from completion.

We went to Harborside in the afternoon. I wanted stuff for a collar for my new dress. I got two things a change would be rather nice - would alter the dress a lot. One is a piece of silk woven in colours but blue predominated a lot, there is a little red and green and it looks very well on dark

brown. The other is a piece of cream linen woven in a pattern to give a broken surface that I should embroider. I also got a piece of cotton for a blouse, and I have some patterns for baby.

We took a bit of a walk afterwards which landed us in a private field surrounded in gardens. I wanted to try an exciting trespass through one very big garden but there was a very difficult fence to get over which deterred Mildred and then she reminded me that we really had not very much time, and to trespass short of time seemed to difficult so we gave it up and went back.

Then I remembered that there was a picture in a church that we wanted to see. We had seen it once at an Arts & Crafts exhibition and had thought it quite jolly but it did not look nearly so well in the church, they had placed it so very high above the altar. Also now they have ^{darkened} the windows that throw most light upon it, darkened so it was quite insufficiently lighted.

Clara was great fun yesterday evening, she wanted to crawl and she did at a great pace with much puffing. I sat on the floor and moved her

and tickled her sometimes and she got very excited and laughed a lot. Then she went in for adventure you know the flat foot stool that Dan used to lie on, well she climbed ~~into~~ that and then off again and on again I think she thought herself quite clever. She is looking better now but she has not looked nearly so pretty lately as she was a little while ago. Her hair has gone straighter and she is spotty round her mouth and its rather a tragedy.

I had a letter from Bridget yesterday evening and she says that Stephen has got a fortnights holiday which is helping things through a lot and she is now staying with his people. She does not say much about Peoris so I gather she is going on all right. I have asked Bridget if I can go to tea with her on Thursday. I hope I shall be able to.

My dearest I am trying very hard to get resigned to not having you back just yet, but I do wish you could come. How long have Bill and Captain Lithgow been out there? There is no one else is there who will get here before

you.

We had a very gay morning at the Depot this morning. Young Mrs Fleming who lives at the house beyond the Williams came with us and Mrs Brock. We had fun chaffing her. They have just been staying with the bishop of Winchester and she said they had apologised for never having asked them to stay before, and she could not think why they should. Mildred said it was a hint that they expected to be invited back and poor Mrs Brock got quite worried about it, she was silent for a little then she said, They kept telling us that they were coming to Godalming to mission, do you think they meant us to ask them to stay for that, so then of course we reassured her and told her that they could not have done the work from that house.

Then we were talking about you and Mr Brock and she said she had never been the least afraid of him, so I said I thought that was probably why he married her. It must have been a change for him. I find him rather alarming

sometimes do you? This came about by me saying
that I had been rather frightened by you when I
first knew you. And then Mrs Brooks said she
did not mind what you talked about so long
as you would sit still and let her look at
you. I said I was not at all more that you
would feel complimented. Do you?

I only wish I could sit still and look at you
now I would like to look at you for hours.
even if I could not talk to you.

I dont know why this paper has gone muddy
today.

I must stop chattering because I have some more
letters to write.

your very very loving
Ruth.

