

My own Dearest

I've just read the Sunday paper and I don't know what to think, I feel rather in a whirl. The Germans as you will know yourself tomorrow, if not by now, have accepted all president Wilson's fourteen points. Including leaving France, Belgium, Alsace Lorraine & Russia Serbia Rumania - Montenegro. Surely peace really will come now I don't see what further we can ask. Shall we really know in a day or two. My dearest its too wonderful to be true I cant believe it. Perhaps it wont come. I almost think it wont really & yet I cant see what can stop it. I wish you were here to talk to about it. The fact of the matter is that I cant believe it, it hasnt come in a thrilling enough way. If people had come up the hill playing a band and beating ^{downs.} trumpets I might. But I just went over to the Williams house as we always do on Sunday morning taking Clare and the weekly copy of Punch. He told me

that the Germans had accepted the fourteen points but did not seem at all certain that it would lead to peace. I brought the paper to Father and read it to him and since then I have begun to realize it a little. He says he does not see how it can lead to anything but peace before Christmas.

Its a lovely day. As good as an autumn day can be. It was lovely down the fields before breakfast. That wick elm tree on the bank is quite gold now and looks splendid against the blue sky and so does a red maypole in the daisy beyond.

I havent gone to church, but I mean to do a little by myself instead. One bit of it will be to pray that peace may come and another to say give thanks that its a peace of the victory of right. If we have President Wilson's peace it will be a peace that God will approve.

I was reading poetry in my Oxford Book last night before I went to sleep. I always enjoy doing that very much. I am going to try and find some nice poems suitable for Clara then I shall learn them so that I can say them to her because she enjoys it very much and it

they are good ones it must be good for her. She is a perfect glutton for stories. I shall have her and baby all the afternoon and I always enjoy that. Beary is very devoted to Violet. I haven't got a look in at present. I am really glad that she is because it shows far more intelligence and a more affectionate disposition than if she were just as fond of me. She has seen so little of me during the last five months. She'll come to me alright in time. I think she promises to have a very nice disposition. I shall finish this letter after the babes are in bed tonight. Uncle Peter & Rachel are coming to lunch.

Well we have had a strenuous afternoon. The Pixons hadn't gone when Mr Bridge arrived to see Father and stayed to tea. He has just left after tea when Mr Powell, the glass worker man arrived and he stayed to early supper and has only just gone.

Uncle Peter, Mr Bridge and Mr Powell are all saying 'God save us from a premature peace. They don't want peace they want us to have to fight our way into Germany. I don't agree and I don't think the attitude they take up is very Christian. Not that I think it must

be unchristian not to want peace now. I am not myself sure it ^{is} out to come now but I should be so glad if it could. To hear Uncle Peter say 'We are just enjoying the War now' was a shock. An awful lot of people have got a real Hun spirit & think that they are the true patriots. Well I believe that the people who will have to settle it will settle right. I'm sure it is the one aim of Wilson to do what is right.

Darling I do want you back again. It is a blank not having you. I would so love to have you this evening and to be going up to bed with you ⁱⁿ our own room at the Hall. And just suppon we could spend the evening by our own fire side.

We heard from Mr Bridge that Mrs Wilson has a little daughter and that both of them are all right. Isn't that nice. I only hope that the Bridges will get one this time.

I must see the Clutton-Bracks this week and Mary Anne again. The days do get full. I found yesterday quite suddenly that I had finished my French Revolution. It stopped before I wanted it to. It never got to the Fall of Robespier. I think I must ask if there is not a third volume, though I'm afraid there isn't. I'm going to look for books at the Hall. Good night my dearest.

Your very loving Ruth.