

My own Dearest

The morning's news is again wonderfully good fancy us being on the outskirts of Zebruggé and Bange, it is wonderful. How thrilling it must have been for the King of Belgium to enter Ostend again. He had so much to do with his country holding out against Germany and saving France and very likely us too. The Germans still seem to be putting up a bit of fight in various places I wonder how long the military party will stay in power.

I wish I could get another letter from you but they seem very hung up. I do so want to know what you are thinking of it all. Besides most I just want to have a letter from you, my Dearest. I want to know how you are getting on and if you are happy

Clare and I went out for a nice walk this morning round Mr Peachy's fields and through our wood. It was all very damp and autumny. I think she is very quick about places. When we came down into the bog field and the end of the wood beyond was she said 'Is that the place where I went with Doreen and Baby.' She went up the river with them more than once in the summer. It was looking

at it from a very different point of view. Just now she is pretending that she is my brother & that I am her sister and she nearly always calls me 'titer'. I am going to try and begin *The Short History of Our own Times* this morning, I shant be able to read this evening as Olive will be here. Economising light so carefully makes reading serious things more difficult because we must all sit together and then if the others talk it makes it difficult to pay full attention to reading.

When ever I do go to London to see these Montessori schools I shall certainly go to the London Library and hunt out some books for myself.

I have just been writing to Alison, they are in great trouble over her cousins death. They have his mother and brother staying with them and his Father has just had a very serious operation and although it is successful he is fearfully weak and in a critical condition, they dare not let him know and so far they have not let his mother know for fear she should not be able to keep up before him. It must be very dreadful for them and if it were me I should be so uncertain

if I were doing right in keeping a mother in ignorance of her own child's death.

I wonder what you think of the Austrian Emperor's proclamation to his people saying he is going to divide them up according to self-determination and their own nationalities. The ridiculous thing is to say he has always wished to do so. I suppose he feels he must try to do something to save his throne but I doubt his success. Father gets so angry with the Germans & Co because they lie and are insincere. That seems to me rather silly because the governments of all countries always try to save their faces. We have quite enough to be angry with the Germans about over their cruelties.

I am now finishing this in the evening.

Olive has come. Clare and I went down to the station to meet her. It's very jolly having her here. The man she is engaged to is or was before the war a master at The Holt School at Gresham, but he may be going to stay on in the army after the war as he is keen on it. He is an acting Lieut Colonel but I think it would depend on how much he was put down when the war is over.

You know that Olive is working at the Ministry of

food; she told us such a funny story. She is not a  
very sure speller and she was writing out some minutes  
for the office. You know that M<sup>r</sup> Beveridge is the near  
the head of the show. She wanted to say that  
'soup was not to be counted as a beverage' in a  
food order. What the wote was soup is not to be  
counted as a ~~Bever~~ beverage. She said that it  
went up to him like that, and both of them  
got very much teased.

Dearest again this evening I haven't had a letter  
it really is getting rather tragic for me I do  
want one so badly, my own dearest darling. I wish  
they wouldn't get hung up like this. I know  
quite well that you won't have left me six  
days without writing a letter. I suppose instead  
of grumbling we should think how wonderful  
it is that they manage the posts so well

Dearest I love you so much and I do want you back.  
If the O'Malley's were to leave before the end of  
the war and the difficulties were not too great I  
almost think I should go back to the Hall. I feel  
nearer to you in your study than anywhere else.  
How odd those first days at the Hall were when we had  
meals in the study by the window. It was a pity  
that I was so seedy. I don't in the least know  
that the O'Malley's are going to leave. I don't

quite know what they intend to do and I don't think they know. But they are looking out for a house and I suppose if they found the ideal thing this winter they would very likely take it even if the war were not quite over. I wonder how long it can go on.

I sent you yesterday drawings and a plan of the proposed Winchester Memorial. Would you mind sending it back when you have seen it, I rather that Father wants it again. I mailed it to show him I ought to have sent it on to you rather sooner than I did ~~so~~ but I forgot it. I thought the cloisters did not look at all bad but I don't care much for the high building I don't know quite was its meant for but I expect you will understand the plan better than

I do

I could easily live at the Hall with one servant besides Violet till you come back couldn't I.

I wonder if Maggy will want to come back. I'm rather afraid Violet may not want her to. You see they were great friends, and now I know they don't see much of one another. I don't want

Violet to go because Maggy comes back

Well I think I'd better end this letter my Dear  
and have a look at the paper

This week's New Europe has their proposed peace  
terms which I think are quite interesting.

The oddest thing which I have never heard  
suggested before was to open to international  
as the Rhine Danube Schelt & Vitula I think.

Farewell dearest

Your very loving

Ruth.

