

My own Dearest

I think Father is a good bit worse and we are so troubled about him. We thought he looked rather jaundiced ourselves & when Doctor Wyatt came he said he was getting jaundice. He seems awfully ill & frightfully weak. We are having a nurse for him I think nurse Munro but I would rather really have a fully trained one however any thing is better than nothing. What worries me most is that I dont think Doctor Wyatt realizes how ill he is. I do wish Doctor Dattaridge was here.

I will tell you more about him when the doctor has been which will probably happen fairly soon, we asked him to come this morning.

I have had a nice long letter from Arrie this morning. Harry has been in bed for two weeks with flu & jaundice

he is better now and they have gone to stay for us a week with an Aunt of his near Knutsford. The Aunt has gone away because some relation of hers is ill so Avie & Harry have the jolly old place to themselves & I gather that they are enjoying it considerably. I expect its very nice for them to be away from the children & house worries of all sorts for a bit. Bobby has gone to Birkenhead for a little while to the great satisfaction of all parties. I expect it is easier for the nurse to manage John & Molly, as she is now to be called, with out Bobby there.

Avie ended up by wanting me to make a child's dress for bazaar & I suppose I must. Then two little scraps it ~~was~~ between destroyers sounds quite successful. I wish they could have seen how much damage they did. I see that the cold in Germany is very severe that won't make it any easier for them to bear starvation. Its cold enough here but we have not much snow. I am going to the town very soon to

get brandy for Father. We have only
cooking brandy + whisky in the house.
Every thing seems awfully disorganised and
hasty. We wait for the doctor + hang
round + do little things for Father
and nothing seems to get done. I'm
afraid I'm being awfully lazy but I
do find it so hard to pull myself
together with every thing upsidedown like
this. Father has been in bed a week
now and he is certainly no better.

I have just been sleeping most of
the afternoon which makes me feel
fousy + silly.

I can't tell you any more of how Father
is because the doctor has not been
yet. I don't think he can have had
our message.

Mamula is coming for the night which
is a very nice cheering thought. I don't
know what time she is coming.
She said don't wait anything for me.

Dearest it does seem horrid that I can't
write you more interesting letters, but
you see I am dull of mind & then
nothing is happening except Father
being ill.

Any way dear you know this is only
temporary and that what ever I feel like
other wise I always feel full of love for
you & of thought of you, my darling.

Your loving
Ruth.

