

Friday Nov 24

My own dear

I had your letter last night saying that Bell will be moved away from you. I am sorry, most awfully sorry I cant bear to think of you having to live with people you dont care for altogether. There is I suppose just a chance that whoever takes Bell's place will be nice. What a pity they did not move Captains Lithgow and leave Bell. The ten days is coming soon and that will be lovely.

I do feel gloomed about the way I cant think when it will end and to have you away like this with no prospect of an end is really awful. I think this must be the bad part of my life. I hope there is nothing worse to come. Untill you went out I have always been so fortunate and so happy. I am still fortunate I know in that I have you and Clare and many other things; but its a dark sort of fortune so long as you are away from me and in danger.

Yesterday was a very warm day and I got awfully hot bringing Clare back from the town. However I had

plenty of time to cool off in the train going to London.

We found that Bice had some shopping to do and also had to go to lunch with someone. So we went shopping with her. I had very little to buy myself only a foam cover for Clare. Not a fur one. When Mill & I had had lunch we walked down South Moulton Street & right down Bond Street slowly looking at shops. We resisted all temptation. One really can't do anything else now the reminders of war and ones duty are too constant. Just as we were looking at a blouse that Mill would have loved but did not absolutely need a wounded & a crippled soldier past us.

I went to the London Library and returned L'Avant Gerson lent. Revant's Life of Jesus was out they will let me have it when it comes back. I hope who ever had it won't be a slow returning book as we are.

Then went to the Arts and Crafts and met Bice again. The lighting was inefficient and artificial which spoilt it a little, I think it would be better to go in the morning perhaps. There was one

very jolly picture that was not there when I last saw it. It was called a Mountain fortress. ~~and~~ The fortress was on a steep ^{rocky} hill which had sunlight on it and so showed out white against a background of lovely blue mountains. It was a big wall decoration not ^{exactly} a picture. Mr Troup told me that the man had painted on the floor because he had no wall in his studio big enough for it and then he would run up a step ladder & look down upon it to see how it was getting on. I bought a doll for Clare, a stuffed one with very round ~~the~~ black eyes and tight yellow curls of wool, really rather an attractive creature she looks so bright and cheerful. I suppose Clare will pull her legs and arms off in time and she will get rather dirty other wise I doubt if that she can be hurt.

I can't think how I can go on calmly telling you about things that have been happening when all I am really thinking about is that you are coming back soon, that I shall really meet you, see you, touch you and talk to you. My dearest it is so good to think of you

have been away such a long time. If only we could know when the end would be, but that no one knows.

The Fanshaws and the Brooks did come to dinner last night it was quite nice but only fairly successful they never really got talking. I think the Fanshaws were a little afraid, a little on the defensive, and wanted to keep to neutral subjects. They are rather like that, at least he is.

They stopped a bit after the Brooks had gone and then they seemed at ease and ready to talk and we had the best talk of the evening about church matters and prayer.

I don't really think that Mrs Fanshawe is naturally very nice she takes, so it seems, so much pleasure in finding out people bad points and in disliking them. I am sorry for her because I think she is altogether in the wrong place as a parson's wife. She would very likely be nice in a more congenial atmosphere and there is a lot that's nice about her and she does put her back into doing her duty as she conceives it.

Clare is looking better today though I don't

know that she seems very bright. I am not worried
about her because I know she will get right soon.
A lot of children have been being sick and upset.
I wonder if its the water, infection, or the weather.
I slept with Clare last night she was quite good
but as I was dressing I think she must have
realized that some one different was there for
she built up in bed and looked over at me
It was so much I could hold her so I just
lay her down & kissed her & tucked her in
but she got up again after a bit, so as I
was dressed by that time I left her to Violet
who got her up.

It does not sound naughty to be up in bed, but
you see we have to make it a naughty thing to do
because if she did it on cold morning she might
get a chill & Violet cant get her up till the
morning fire is burning.

Farewell dont tell - not long

your very loving
Ruth

