

Oct 12 Thursday

My dearest George

Poor baby is ill. I told you yesterday that she was not well enough to go out to tea but until I got back from the Heannis I did not realise how bad she was. Please don't be anxious because it's not as bad as that. It's only teeth we are almost over and I am not at all anxious about her, but it's very miserable for her poor chicken. Her temperature was 102.2 last night and she was very hot and miserable. She spent most of the afternoon lying quietly in her cot and dosing but when I got back from the Heannis at twenty to six she was up so I kept her on my lap till bed time and played very gentle little games that did not need too much attention or energy. She has had a very restless night, she slept most of the time but woke every hour or three quarters of an hour. Violet says that she has never seen a baby's teeth hurt her so much as Cleve's were hurting her; she spent a lot of time rubbing them for her and baby screamed out and jumped quite often. It does seem

a shame that their teeth should worry them so much. It's the double ones you know. She has all her single through but two and they are nearly through. We were rather worried last night because she seemed to be beginning a cough and sometimes babies get bronchitis when they are cutting their teeth. However Violet says she has not coughed at all at night so I don't think we need worry about that.

It was quite nice going to tea with the Heanons they were very friendly and nice pleasant. As usual they are without a servant. They have been bothered very much by Mr Allens dogs barking as night and during the day every time any one comes to the house. It's very tiresome for them, they can't very well go for Eleanor now that he is away and she is going to have a baby. He told me he had written you a letter of Charterhouse news and he seems to miss you quite a lot. How he does hate the school and all the masters. He is funny about it. Mrs Radcliffe told Marjorie yesterday that she did not think the headmaster would be

back this team.

I have not had a letter from you for a good many days now. I do hope I shall get one today. The post is erratic.

I had a letter from Doris Malloy yesterday and she says that Trafford has moved though she does not know where. Perhaps he will be near you. I am to go to see her next Thursday. I think the Greens are expecting too much for their two pounds a week. One goes in rates and since April they have spend about four pounds in small repairs like taps and little things of that sort. I shall make some sort of protest I think.

It's now after breakfast and we have taken babies temperature, it's lower and she is cooler and more comfortable and all she wants is to be kept very quiet. I have arranged to go to London with the others to the Arts & Crafts exhibition so I suppose I shall go. I wish it had not come today. I have had two letters from you this morning dearest darling. One hung up by the base sensor who cut out the work Coshie. You said you

were going there to your vegetable woman. And in the next letter you said you had been so I know its Cobie. Perhaps you ought to use proper names of towns and villages less I should hate you to get into trouble.

The mud sound simply horrible poor George. I dont think, in a minor way, any thing is much more hateful than walking through deep slippery mud. I am afraid you wont believe me because I know you think I revel in mud.

Did the officers who might have been generals mind you standing on their foot board. Do you respect generals as much as hucksters? You dont sound to be nearly as comfortable as you were. Is Captain Lithgows deep dugout a German one or one you have dug. Arent you able to use Old German ones quite a good deal it would save a lot of digging but then I suppose they are not always in the right place.

Dearest I think I am almost glad that you dont find me very easy to imagine because I have the same difficulty with you and I think it

is because we know too much of one another. I can
recall you in notes of different moods and I
know they are true and are you, but I cannot
quite see you standing before me. Oh it will
be nice to be together again, when I think of
meeting you I am so excited I hardly know
how to bear it. Dearest I want you dreadfully
oh I do want you, when will the time come?
We will enjoy our days together most fully.
I hope baby won't get a feverish attack while
you are here I do want you to see her at
her best. Violet is so good to her, and so
sensible and nice with her, I am thankful I
have got her.

How could I, dear, tell that you were only
chafing over the £50 book. I did think so the
first time I read it curiously, but after
that I got nervous about it as you know.

Well I am glad you don't want it.

I must stop now dear & get ready to go.

Yours very loving
Ruth.