

Tuesday [9 Oct 1917]

My dear Ruth, I'm not so bad
a case as I thought I was. My foot
most unexpectedly ceased to be painful
yesterday evening & is evidently doing
wonderfully well. The doctor dressed my
wound this morning & was quite satisfied.
It's a nasty looking hole about an inch
deep & an inch long I guess - a most
amazing result of that particular crash
because the foot is so much less bruised
than I had at first imagined & there's little
swelling - It's more as though a spike had
run through the boot - yet that can't possibly
have happened; whatever damage was done
was simply the result of crushing & scraping.
You've probably been thinking as I have
of next week-end. I can't feel at all

certain get about that - It's too much to hope
that I shall be up before Thursday or Friday - and
even then to go further than the Moss. But
I may manage to get back by train.

Talking of week ends. I had a letter from
Arie yesterday suggesting Nov. 16 - I will
write to her & ask her to come to Westhorne
then - & if I'm still in England so much
the better - it's quite likely I shall be.

Shortly after I began this letter I had a visit
from Brown, the doctor man I told you of.
He's a wonderful man for just something -
- he has an inexhaustible capacity for passing
time in soothing reminiscence & most of it
simply affects one's eyelids. But he's not a
bore - rather an opiate & one that can
become very interesting. He thinks a lot
about scientific matters. He told me of a
curious observation in the Outer Hebrides
- you never see anyone there wearing spectacles

& he is inclined to connect this with the fact that babies do not leave a very ill lighted room until two months after they are born.

A very white man in all - a simple soul who loves the good things very much & has a very proper appreciation of my sister Alice.

Ruth dear, you wrote me a particularly lovely letter yesterday. Geoffrey is one of the best friends in the world - he thinks about his friends & makes efforts on their behalf & invents things for them. The more I live the more I value that either as recipient or benevolent agitator. At times when the human part of me are in the ascendant I find myself quite wanting to scheme a pleasant thing for someone else. Will be a pair of benevolent schemers in our spare time won't we?

I finished one sentimental tale yesterday & another to-day. I think I must efforts of

a more strenuous mental exert this evening to
make up for it - Gen. Drake & Col. Parker's
names are still prominently ahead of me & I must
get to work.

I want my tea - there's a good sign of
all my condition.

It looks lovely this afternoon; I hope you have
been out to-day?

Your loving Son

Geoffrey's address

Croce Rossa Britannica

Sezione I

San Giovanni di Menzano

Urbino, Italy.

I have written to Mary & Alice

