

Friday Aug 18 (94)

My own dearest

I do love you so much and want you so much. Yes I know you know it but its so much there just now that I must tell you so. Oh darling I do want you back, when will it be? The Times leading Article spoke of our spring campaign and I am so afraid that they are right. Of course I know they must say it. We must all show ourselves quite ready and willing for a spring campaign. And I suppose we all shall show ourselves so, but I dont think I am very ready in my heart.

I am wondering if you did get your four days rest. I have not had a letter since Tuesday and I rather thought I should get one from you at the next camp by now. Still the post is quite apt to dawdle.

It was hopelessly to wet for a picnic yesterday but Margaret Huxley came to tea and we asked the Williams to come

with their cousins who know Margaret.  
They did not come but sent the cousins  
Sylvia & Gilbert, which I do not think was  
very polite of them.

Clare has not been to sleep this morning  
which is very tiresome, & I shall give  
her her bottle early and in the  
noon and I hope she will doze  
asleep over it. I am sure she really is  
sleepy because she nearly went to ~~sleep~~  
over her bottle this morning.

I have not done any thing painting for  
the last day or two there is not  
much time when I have got baby  
but I may do some this evening  
though I think its more likely I shant.

I am feeling rather depressed today and  
anxious I told you it comes in waves.  
Although I really am anxious always.

Oh you would never guess what I am  
to send you I ~~do~~ do hope they will  
turn out all right. Its grape fruit. They

said in the shop that they would  
keep long enough and that they would  
pick out nice firm ones not too ripe.  
And they come from abroad so I  
think it ought to be pretty safe.  
You will like them if they do  
arrive all right wont you

Baby is being very good playing by herself  
in her pen. Her new top teeth that are  
coming are still not quite through though  
so nearly that I dont think two of them  
will worry her any more. She is most  
deliciously friendly she loves me to look  
up & speak to her

I think this will have to be a pretty short  
letter I am so utterly out of the mood  
for writing. Clara is howling in her  
pen because I have put her there in the  
afternoon in the hope that she will go  
to sleep. Father frustrated my plan of  
giving her her bottle in the pen &  
letting her go straight to sleep after  
it by taking her up.  
I think she has gone to sleep now she stopped

suddenly in the middle of a howl and she  
is quite still & quiet. I can't see her  
head from the window.

I think I shall try and save my soul's  
peace by chime painting. I believe what  
really is the matter is that I am short  
of sleep. Elsie has been rather restless  
these last two nights though quite good  
and that has woken me rather often.  
Nothing makes me feel so cross and  
irritable as not enough sleep. I expect  
you have plenty of opportunities of finding  
that out yourself.

I wonder when you will get home. It will  
be lovely but so short. Don't you sometimes  
feel that the war won't ever end. What a  
blessing it is to know that it must  
some time.

Farewell dear one, ever ever so much  
love  
Your very loving  
Ruth.

