

Feb 24

My dearest

I have had two more letters from you one written on Feb 19 when you had to go without dejeuner till 2-30 I should think you were hungry. I gather that we were moving in and taking some more line and the French moving out, and then I suppose you went away with the French to where ever they went because in the next letter written on the 21 you were still with them. Then at the end of that you know you just put a little ps to say that at 5-30 you were at the III Corps AA with the red tabs. I do so want to know what happens next.

You dont seem to know yourself because you say you only dont expect to go back to the Battery. I hope the very nicest thing will happen whatever that is I rather hope you want go back to the battery if its in such an awful mess

I hope you will very soon get letters from me saying that I ~~am~~ am all right again. I did have about a fortnight of being fairly bad but that's all I have been extraordinarily lucky, Nurse thought I should get at least six weeks of it.

In one of my letters some time back I enclose one to you from Mrs Reade. If you don't get it one of us ought to let her know because there always might have been something important in it.

You ask if Violet shows any signs of coming round to the idea of a second baby. I don't know I have carefully avoided pressing her in any way because I think she has a fit of the fidgets & left alone she will very likely drift into staying. Yesterday evening she spoke of going back to the Holt as though she would be here to go back so perhaps she is coming round, it would

be nice if she did stay.

Its mild today but quite sunless, I do long for some more sunny days they are so cheerful and nice

M<sup>rs</sup> Brock came to lunch yesterday. I went down to meet her and I got to her house a few minutes later than I meant to and it happened just as I knew it would she wasn't ready & I had to wait about 10 minutes but as I'd allowed time for that it was all right and we got here intime for lunch.

I asked M<sup>rs</sup> Brock if she thought M<sup>r</sup> Britling was meant for M<sup>r</sup> Clutton Brock. She said she thought Wells had probably begun the book with M<sup>r</sup> Brock in his head but as he had gone on he had turned him into himself.

She said the opening incident of the poor American who could not get a word in edgwards really happened only with M<sup>r</sup> Brock and Wells were

them to talk him down.

I had a nice talk with Vasula last night. I told her what you wrote in your note book extracts about a motif for life and we talked about how necessary it is to have <sup>knowledge</sup> of yourself and of your own motif. She thinks that you must if you are an artist. She says she must know herself to sing and you must know yourself to write but perhaps I need not know myself. I wonder how that is. I don't think you do need to know yourself to design as I design.

The Baxter Leather Co sent you a dividend for about £11 today I have taken it to the bank and paid it in.

Your Mother wants to come here on Monday for the day. I must write to tell her she can and so I must end this letter now;

Your very loving  
Ruth.