

Dec 9

Dearest One

Father is practising billiards this morning isn't that an advance. He is just standing at the end & nurse is fielding for him. She is going on Saturday and we shall have to do the fielding then. It is good that he is getting on so well, isn't it!

I took Clara over the river this morning to play with Mary Smart, she enjoyed herself very much and was very good tempered and bright. They played in the nursery first. Just before we came away the Rice's little girl aged seven five came in and they all came along with us to the bridge. Clara enjoyed enormously running with them out of doors although she was left a long way behind. It ended in disaster, Mary slipped into the river just by our wiers up to her arm pits and was rushed home weeping. I have been reading Stephen Tallents' last book. I have not finished it. Its all about

himself & Bridget & Parris. It's written in a sketchy fragmentary way. It's quite pleasant to read especially as one knows them but I don't think it's very special. I suppose we ought to buy it but there are lots of books I would rather have. I am reading Mary Ann's copy.

Oh dearest I do wish you could get back, ~~it~~ it does seem such a pity that you should have to stay there doing nothing much when we both want you to be here so very badly. Waiting and hoping is rather tiring, isn't it.

I don't think the letters from Paris are very regular I ought have had one this morning as did not have one yesterday I wish you had not had such a fearfully long gap without any all the first part of your time in Paris.

My dearest I do love you so very very much I think when I hear you are coming back I shall be perfectly happy for a little while and when you ~~are~~ actually come

back. Of course I know perfect happiness cannot last for long, that's why I say for a little while.

It's a jolly bright day today. I am glad it will make it so much nicer for the others in London. Shopping in the wet and dark is horrid.

I have begun reading the life of Napoleon and his Diary, which is made up by a man called Johnstone out of Napoleons own words and writings and letters. I think the two books combined ~~will~~ will be quite good. The first is just rather condensed history and I read a bit of that then I read the same part in the diary which makes it much more interesting and life like so that I am more likely to remember it.

I have given up the History of Our own Times for the present because I find I dont remember it much. Perhaps I shall try it again some time.

I went into the town this afternoon and

engined into the price of linoleum. Its 4/11  
per square foot. The room is roughly  
14 x 15 ft really its just a little more so I called  
it 15 x 15 & then it comes out about £8  
which seems a fearful lot. I think we  
must have it, but I shall look a linoleum  
in London before I buy one down here  
for I dont trust them not to overcharge  
I believe the one I really want costs 11/6  
a square yd.

What a lot of detail there is connected with  
getting into the house, and how I wish you were  
here to do it all with me.

I have had a letter from Doris today. She and  
the baby girl are both well. She had quite  
a good time and has had so far no more  
trouble with her leg. She says the baby is  
dark and very pretty. At least its hair &  
eyes are dark.

Dearest I send you every ever so much  
love.

Your very loving  
Ruth.