

Feb 18

My own Dearest

Its a very misty Sunday morning. I'm not going to church although I do feel well enough. I think being out of doors is so much better for me. By next Sunday perhaps I shall have stopped staying in bed to breakfast and then I could go out before church time. Poor Clara has had a bad night & look pale & heavy. What a bother these teeth are. She won't be right now till the bottom double one is through, and the double ones take so much longer to get through than the single ones. Nurse did not sit up with Father last night. I think Father was just a little hurt about it he does cling to being nursed. He hates the thought that she must go next Friday. We don't any of us like it but it can't be helped. And I really think we ought to be able to do all that is necessary then. I have not heard from Mary or Davis

lately. Its my fault with Maoy I  
have not answered her letter.

I will try to write to them both  
soon and on today. My days are  
horribly short now but I dont want  
to give up resting just too soon. I think  
I shall altogether stop being sick pretty  
soon. I was'nt sick yesterday till 11-0  
in the evening just before I went to sleep.

But I should have been earlier if I had  
stayed up I'm pretty sure

I had a post card from Hassula this  
morning and she is coming this week  
for Wednesday and Thursday night. The  
day of Wednesday will be spent a  
Hasselmea but it will be very nice  
having her for the two nights.

Oh what a dull letter this is. I think  
my soul must be dull today. I'm  
rather sick of myself. I was imagining  
you in your dug out last night and  
the sort of things you mind might  
be filled with and then I looked at

my own and I felt disgusted. I may be able to think of sensible things and even beautiful things during the day but when I am going to sleep my mind just runs riot like dreams do. And I know you think of all sorts of thrilling things at night. I could never write a poem called 'Bed' Or if I did it would be a queer thing of shifting dreams.

I do want you back my beloved. Yet its so useless to say I want it when I cant have it. You know I really expect I needed the sort of discipline this war gives one very badly and yet I do not believe in wars. Nor do I believe in the selfish peace we had before. How I hope that after this things will be nobler.

People must learn to love more and quarrel less. I hope Clare this new babe wont quarrel.

I am just going to make this letter short so as to have time to write to Mary.

Your very loving  
Ruth