

Σ Su 8 Oct 1916

M. Waterhouse & O. Smedley for weekend

My dearest George

I had a really nice day yesterday. For one thing is was a lovely day and that does make a difference. At half past nine we took Clare to the dressmaker to have her new coat fitted on. Its not a very easy job to fit a baby. Marjorie & Mil & I both had one or two things to do there. Then I fetched some more wooden boxes from the carpenter down by.

When I got home I finished my letter to you and then I ~~also~~ painted my bowl for the rest of the morning and for a good bit of the afternoon, so I really got quite a slice of the outside done. It is good to get time really to sit down to that china painting for a good spell.

Marjorie Waterhouse rang us up soon after lunch to ask if she could come for the week end. So we have her & Doris & Olive Smedley. She is sleeping in my room because Ron said she couldnt put double sheets on the box attic bed for one night.

I picked blackberries in the last half of the afternoon because Father has been fussing for a long time because they have not been picked. He came and picked two but he was very slow at it. I think he must have tried to pick every blackberry on the bush or something of that sort. Marjorie told me last night that Hugh

Wilson's brother, the one who was a singer, has been fearfully badly wounded again. She does not know where I think, but they have been in great anxiety about his life but she thinks they now hope he will get through. To be wounded twice badly does seem shocking bad luck.

In the evening I walked back with Helen to Priors Field, Doris came too. I saw Mrs Burton Brown and we had a nice talk. She says that Helen is fearfully bad at her work which we expected, but she thinks that she will come on a lot presently. I wonder, I think she certainly may but I don't feel sure about her. I was fearfully backward when I went to school, but except in lessons I don't think I was, now Helen is backward altogether. She was the dullest ~~stodgy~~ stodgiest baby I have ever come across.

I am glad you like the photographs of Clare you will like her herself much better, she is sweet and I do think that she is beginning to know me as quite a separate person to other people. I mean that I think her love for me is beginning to dawn. I think it must be natural for children to love their mothers specially even if they are a lot with some one else. And she does get most of her best times with me. When she was quite little I think she preferred Father but I am sure she does not now. You don't think it's selfish of me to want her to love me most do you? I don't want her to love me more

than she loves you a bit. She has not had much chance of loving you yet, poor George.

Marjorie Waterhouse has gone to a hospital or rather she signed on yesterday and she is going to start work tomorrow. I'm afraid she will dislike it a good deal. She says the worst part is the gramophone which goes on constantly the whole day or if it does stop it is only that someone may play the latest popular tunes on the piano. She says that at the end of the day she is absolutely stung up by it. She knows because she has already been to this hospital as a relief nurse for eight weeks. She is going to sleep out and not at the hospital which is the one relief. What a good thing I am not at a hospital which I should have to be if it were not for Clare. My letters would be so dull they would sicken of hospital & I should not be able to help it.

Dearest I do want you back. I love you so much but I want to have you again and I want to see you as you want to see me. We have been away from one another such a long time and the shadow of danger has been over us all the time which makes it impossible to look clearly forward to the end, beside we don't know when the end will be. Dearest you don't know how glad I am that we faced the fact of death together clearly. If you want face death it is a boy behind a door & ready to jump out at you in

dark moments. But, oh dear, you will be safe. Sometimes I feel
so sure of it.

Dearest I am sorry this letter must end because that
is all I had time to write before breakfast and now
there is not quiet time to write in, and its ~~no use~~
trying to write while every one is talking it nearly
a waste of time.

~~you~~ There I am nearly writing you very
affectionately, thats the result of people talking I never
write that to you because I do to other people.

Your very very loving
Ruth