

Jan 21

My own dearest George

We are rather a depressed household. It is so horrid having Father ill, he does not seem to feel any better yet. His stomach is very out of order. He was sick last night and again this morning. I suppose he will get better soon. I rather wish we had a nurse for him. Mr Pilsbury heard that Father was ill and very kindly came up to see him yesterday, but I don't think Father is well enough yet to enjoy visitors. I gave Mr Pilsbury your address and he is going to send you magazines from Brook Hall.

Oh my darling dearest I do want you. I want you so very much. I want the world to light up suddenly as it does when you come into the room. I do love you dearest so dreadfully much I wish the war would be over.

You know I can't help feeling a bit miserable because my body feels it and Father being ill makes us so sorry for

him. I dont feel bright enough to be
very bright with him. I am not very
sure there is any use being.

I was sicker this morning than I have
been yet but it did not matter as it
was only unpleasant at the moment
and went away at breakfast time.

So far I call this a pretty depressing
letter. Well the weather is horrible &
every thing. I am looking forward to
the spring and some nice warm sunny
weather. That's one of the things you
can look forward to nearly even in
spring time.

I am still very happy in my mind about
the new baby. I told Violet and the
other servants on Friday. I felt they would
know so soon if I didnt. It was an
awful shock to Violet & I'm afraid she
isnt very pleased. Winson was the nicest
and took it as a piece of joyful news
which is eminently the right way. M^{oo}

Wooten always takes every thing in the soapy sentimental way. Rose knew already and cant think why I should want another nor can Violet & I'm blessed if I can explain except by pointing to Class & even the wondering what one has to go through I dont know why I want it so fearfully. But the fact is that the before hand and the birth dont make the slightest difference. I am bored with the nine months now I am feeling illish but I would go back to no baby for any thing.

I'm afraid I'm going to want a boy more than I want to want it. But as I can do nothing & its already settled there's no use worrying.

I do agree with you about that number of the Contemporary Review being dull. By the titles I did not feel I wanted to read any of the articles. I did however read one or two. I am glad your are going to send back De la Mhere's

poems marked. It will interest me very much
to see which you like best.

I have just read your last letter to
me through again. Oh my dear they are
such a joy to me, these letters. You do
write such beautiful ones. Indeed I will
try not to make too much of a hero
of you but as I told you yesterday. I do.
a bit. It's more difficult not to when
you are away. When you come back Oh
my darling I'm going to be so gay I shall
laugh a lot at you and every thing
Perhaps I shall have a son with a beautiful
mind, slender & strong with big grey eyes
Oh it will take the fat a baby a long
time to get like that. Meantime it will
scream & rule the world or try to & lose
its temper when it can't and be altogether
delicious.

The others, Olive & Mil, have gone to church &
I am here partly because I don't want to
go partly to look after Father. And I must
go now & do it.

your very very loving

Ruth.