

Jan 14

Dearest One

I have had a letter from you this morning and a very nice one. You sound happy and busy. I am writing this letter in the messay after having put Clara in her room to sleep which I hope she will do.

I sometimes almost feel envious of you because you can express yourself so well and say loving things so beautifully. But I have the things said to me and perhaps that is better than saying them.

You sound altogether pretty busy. I hope your O.P. dug out will get nicely made. Is it nice being adjutant for a day.

It is funny the way the letters come in two this one of yours though has come alone it is dated Jan 9 so has taken five days.

My dearest it is lovely to hear you say that you think the way must be over this year. I hope to goodness it will be, but it seems that we must stick out for so

much that the Germans will hate giving us  
that I do not feel sure they will have  
made up their minds to the inevitable  
even by next Autumn. I think the hope  
that the Austrians may make peace with  
us is quite a good one. I am sure it  
would be for their wisest course  
I can see that even an early good harvest  
from Rumania can any thing like feed the  
whole of Germany. I suppose a thoroughly  
bad harvest all round again would be  
the best thing for us. Of course bad in  
central Europe and good elsewhere would  
be the best but one can't have that  
sort of thing except by a sort of miracle.  
You did not tell me before about the French woman's  
book on English manners, it must be  
quite amusing. We were talking about  
junitanisme last night. I think it can be  
a very tiresome and unpleasant in people  
but at the same time I think that it  
is one of the backbones of England and  
that we must not lose it altogether.  
People must deny themselves to a certain  
extent to keep their strength and their

hold upon themselves.

I will send you out some sausages next week also some mince pies and a cake. The mince pies cant go till toward the end of the week because Mrs Wooten will be away on Monday & Tuesday. I will send the first lot of sausages from here it will be quicker.

Yesterday from Paine a parcel of a cap cover an oil silk cape and a pair of boots was sent to you. The boots had just come from Faggs and I had not got the cap cover here so I took the boots there to save delay. You will find that the cap cover has on it a bendy band in it that is meant to put inside your cap as it is a soft one. They said that was the only way to manage it. I hope it will work alright.

We had much fun yesterday afternoon. The Fanshawe children came to tea again. We had it in the dining room Clara & all. She sat in her high chair and behaved beautifully

After tea we went into the drawing room & we took up the rugs so that the board was bare from one end to the other. Then Father gave Mary and Basil slides between his legs for a little while. He did not feel well enough to go on for long. After that the van along & slid by themselves. Clare got tremendously excited and crawled about as fast as she could getting in every ones way & screaming with laughter when I took her by the heels & slid her along on her tummy to get her out of the way. She must have been tired by bed time but she kept quite good and wants to sleep without any fuss.

I felt sick again this morning but I have not been sick yet and just now I had to go down and get two biscuits to quiet things down. They have done their work & I am quite comfy now. There is no possible doubt about the baby now & I have only got to avoid doing anything stupid which would make me lose it.

I suppose I shall write & tell your Mother soon she will be pleased I expect, so will Marionis. I could not tell her before she went because I

did not know myself. I was only just beginning  
to feel rather well.

She sent me some rather good soap & me and  
Clare that she took after Christmas. I shall  
ask her for one or two to send to you.  
I had a letter from her last night & she  
has been in bed for two days with lumbago  
but she was much better when she wrote.  
She said it came on quite suddenly as she was  
wheeling a barrow.

I don't think Father is any better. I wish he  
would see a Doctor. He is having rotten nights  
and he looks quite ill. He says he is going  
to Chobham tomorrow. That means travelling  
all day.

I am so disappointed to find that Renan says  
that Galilee is not nearly so beautiful and  
fertile now as it was when Christ was  
alive. Perhaps it would not be a very good  
place to go to. I want to go to the most  
beautiful places in the world.

Farewell for today my dear one.

Your very loving  
Ruth.

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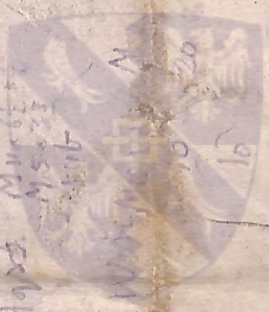
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