

Tuesday - Sept 5

My own dearest

I have had a letter from you it came yesterday evening. I was very glad to get it. I wish you had not gone back to the fighting but its what I expected when there was such a gap in the letters. I am not cross with you for not saying. It was sweet of you to want me to go on thinking of you in comfort. My darling all your surroundings now do sound so horribly depressing. I hope you are not very miserable I've got a fit of depression these last day or two. I want you back so much and this war is so unalterable I've just got to go on wanting. I feel angry about it sometimes. Before its usually been possible to wriggle round things somehow, but I can't get you back and the <sup>war</sup> won't end. It is inexorable and horrible. I am writing this in bed before breakfast I can't get up here there is no where to go. Its again a dull grey morning. I don't think much of this place. You get so

little satisfaction from the sea, you can't see the waves break until you are right down on the shore by them.

Doris and Manjorie are both leaving today and tomorrow Uncle Lamsanen's friend is coming & I don't expect I shall see so much of the LAT family. They are not very bright they don't chit one at all.

Poor Hil will be parting from Bob today. The world must be full of these horrible partings.

I am glad you think the Germans are getting starved. I hope it is true that the soldiers are short of food. ~~I~~ I have heard people say that they don't want the war to end by people being starved instead of beaten in battle. I don't care which way it is so long as it ends. Of course battle would be more exciting but then it would mean our men being killed.

I must get up now.

I did get up and now it is after lunch.

It's an absolutely foul day. Cold & damp and windy and it rains now and then.

We have been out for a walk this morning not a very long one. I don't suppose we shall do much this afternoon. Maajoai is going by the four 4-18.

The news nowadays always seems all right but it isn't often that much happens. I suppose ~~me~~ I expect too much. But I do so long for something decisive to happen that will bring ~~the war~~ near to its end. The amount of misery it makes is simply awful.

I am very sorry you still felt rotten on your return to work but I am glad you were better the next day. Poor dealing it is horrid for you having to go back to work not feeling well. Do you think your illness was caused by bad smells in the trenches? I hope it was not because you may get it again in that case.

Dearest have you been finding my letters awfully dull from here, I am afraid they have been. But it is dull here & yet somehow there does not seem much time for thinking or things don't happen to make me think. I don't quite know which way it is. ~~And get~~ ~~think~~ ~~sometimes~~ If only you were here I expect I should be enjoying myself ever so much. Dearest I'm afraid I'm gawmbling because

I have not got you. It is horrid altogether but there's no use grumbling and I only really want to tell you how I feel because I want you always to know.

Clara had just finished her dinner. Rusk + milk today, rather dull, she likes beef tea + eggs better. You should see the mess she is in at the end of the meal. Egg or beef tea or milk all over her chin + bib. If you really do want Clara to be a dancer is looks as though? She might make a good one she gets her legs into positions that no other baby seems to get into. Her feet + ankles are very small it will be a long time before she will stand or walk. She is so when next ready to get.

Marjorie has just gone to pack + I must look after Clara. I wish your departure was not so damp, it must be horrid. I should think it will be very difficult to get on with your book with various circumstances, but some times things do manage to get on in the worst, so we must hope. Still I'm afraid your times will be so short.

your very loving  
Ruth.