

Monday Nov 13

My dearest George

I am very late this morning and shall hardly have time to write you any letter before breakfast. I know why it was that I did not wake. It was because I was dreaming of you and I was just inconsolable on trying to keep it up instead of thinking about waking. I am sure you can try in your sleep. The time will come when I really shall be beside you and it won't only be a dream.

It was nice driving up to Paines Field to fetch Helen, not because of Helen for I think she is hopelessly dull, even the interests of the same school don't make her possible to talk to. I wonder if she is like that with every one. But it was having my precious Clare with me that made it so nice. She sat on my lap and I held her with one arm and drove with the other. It lovely to have her on my lap for a long time like that and her dear waly head against my shoulder so that I can kiss it any moment. It's tasting these joys and the joy

of loving you my darling, that gives me my doubt of heaven. I don't see what can be, not better, but as good. I want now to be a mother and a wife so much more than any thing else, but perhaps that is only one stage of my ~~growth~~ growth. I think it will be very good to have it unclouded by war and death. I took her to see Mrs Boston Brown when she got there but she caged furiously when she held her. She is getting too old now to go to any one. We had quite an exciting drive coming home. Just as we came out of P.F. some Canadians were bicycling by and they startled Bingy then they made noises that made him very excited and he contended nearly all the way back to Chaatoboum baby enjoyed it. The Canadians passed us just at the top of the hill & I had quite hard work to stop him and get him to walk quietly down the hill. I did not want to go run the risk of a stumble with Clare in the cart.

It, now after breakfast I have been having a lovely play with Clare in the mosaic instead of taking her out as it ~~was~~ ^{is} very misty.

I hoped to get a letter this morning but I didn't. There have been a lot of gaps just lately. I think the shipping is upset. I heard of someone's brother home on leave ~~etc~~ and they did not think he would go back on the night day because the leave boats were not running there were so many floating mines that had been lost by the storm.

I am sending off a chocolate cake to day and the Castrunai is in the same box. I accidentally left it out when I sent off that package of song books & the Round Table to you.

I have nearly finished that piece of work that I am doing to make Kosula's room more gay. I think it will look rather jolly. Its big plants with orange & crimson flowers and at the bottom there are orange mushroom fungi and crimson butterflies. The leaves and stalks are blue & green and there's black & a dull white in it too. Its all on a dark blue green cotton, hand made.

She likes it. I wonder if you will when ever you see it. I had a letter from

Mary and she says she would like to come and stay here when Ralph has gone but she can't come now, with him. Their week ends are too short.

I wish you could have seen Clave climbing onto the wooden box your cake is in and sitting there, she loves to climb onto things like footstools and fences. The box is just a nice height for her to sit on with her feet on the ground.

Have you a good picture in your mind of just what she will look like when you come back. Really you have to imagine her from those photographs don't you!

It's a lovely sunny afternoon and we are going out for a walk.

Your very loving
Ruth.

