

June 11 1916 Sunday

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My own dearest

I have this morning had a letter from you written on Wednesday, referring to another move you are to make, there is evidently a letter written before it that I have not had. I wish the posts were better. I am sorry you are moving again. It makes letters difficult. You have no time to write and you don't get mine, and yours come to me most wastefully. I am distressed that you don't get mine. I hardly feel it is worth waiting to you now till I have another address because I doubt if you will get these letters. I do hope they will forward them. I do hate you having none, my poor dearest.

We had a very nice time yesterday afternoon going to tea with the Huxleys. They have got such a lovely place to live in. It's an old farm house, they have enlarged it a bit, it has a

delightful rambling garden which they are
altering and improving a lot. The farm
yard they are making into a tennis
court, and they can have as many outside
sheds as they like to do things in.
When you come back you must go and see
it all. I really do envy them in a way, only
poor things they can't do half they want
to because of the war and they do have so
very little time down there, only Saturday
afternoon till Sunday evening, and yesterday
Doctor Husley could not go down at all
because he had two very bad cases of
Typhoid fever that he could not leave.

I did not see very much of Clara yesterday because I
was not back till seven, but I have had her
for a nice bit this morning. She weighs 19 lbs
now. She is just learning to wave her hand to
me now, she did it quite nicely for the first
time yesterday.

My own dear dear one forgive this short letter
but really it does not seem to be much
in writing now when I am so very
uncertain you will get them.

Your very very loving
Ruth.