

Dec 17

My very Dearest

I have had a full day and have seen Doro and Jelly. It was very nice seeing Jelly she was most friendly and sweet. Unfortunately the tea shop was very hot and full so that we did not have a really comfortable talk. However she is coming on Friday Jan 24 for the week end. I shall be so miserably sorry you are not there Dearest. Madame is not coming. I tried to persuade her to but Adila + Hortense want her because they are without maids. Jelly will be awfully sorry you are not there too. Dearest you know how much I mind it but there is no use to keep on & on saying it & gambling, so I am trying to feel cheerful & just be thankful that you are alive to come home sometime. On my way to the underground for Victoria I saw a most attractive pair of blue shoes which I bought for Clare, those I bought in Newcastle were too small for her & must

wait for Beadige. Doris has got on simply splendidly, she is leaving the nursing home tomorrow which is only three weeks after the baby's birth. Her clot has disappeared entirely and shows no signs of coming back. The baby is a dear dainty little thing, it looks as though it will take after Doris in looks as far as one can tell at so young an age.

I saw Yvon, the youngest girl, for the first time. She is far more vital than Doris. She would be a beauty if she had now been born with a hair lip. It has been mended very well & in spite of it she is very good looking. I think she is distinctly not quite a lady, but a nice girl all the same. Poor little Tom has got to go into the nursing home after Christmas to be circumcised, he looks very well but he is not a patch on Clare for looks, quite honestly he is not. It was very nice seeing

Doris I really enjoyed it.

I am finishing this letter in bed. Stephen was out this evening and Bridget and I had a

very cosy pleasant evening. We talked of course mostly about the children, religious education healths clothes etc. I cannot make out the real relationship of Bridget and Stephen. I believe they love one another but they manage to show very little of it in their daily life to the outsider. After Jelly and I parted I went to see Joyce Fletcher who is now married and had a baby girl of six weeks. Its a wonderfully bright little thing with masses of black hair all over its head. It has quite as much as Benny, it does make it look so odd but very attractive.

Her husband came in at the end of the time, she has just been trying to get out of the army & he says there is 'nothing doing' till Peace is signed. He says he had been to the ministers of Labour & ask them any questions about demobilisation. They say well here is an article in the Times or Telegraph that we might look at that may tell you something but they know nothing themselves apparently although they are supposed to be running the show. I'm afraid we shall just have to wait.

I think Stephen's idea of getting a room if possible in which you can work is the best. Oh but we do want to be together & live our proper life again.

I think Dearest that I must end this letter now, its nearly 12 o'clock and its rather cold sitting half up in bed to write.

I send you all my love: my Darlings

Your very loving

Ruth

Dec 19 Dearest I have had a letter from you this morning in which you say you have applied for leave, it would be too lovely if you could have it but I dont think it likely.

How so sorry your eyes are still bothering you

love

Ruth

