

Monday Nov 20

My own dearest

I did jolly little yesterday that left any thing to show for it. I had class all the afternoon and to put to bed. That means from two till half past six or seven. I did design a cup during that time because to begin with she played on the floor by herself very nicely. Then it was sneezing so I could not take her out, and going out in the snow is a real rest for her because it makes her sit still, so by tea time she was getting tired and peevish. Tea revived her a bit and she change to Father and the drawing room. It is funny to see her demanding what she wants now. She waves the cup away with dangerous violence if you offer her a drink when she wants to eat. She waved it away so often at the end of tea yesterday that I thought she did not want any more & I was just going to take her bib. of when she pointed to the cup and took another good drink. We always give her a moing in the pug every evening, and yesterday evening she pointed toward the sofa where the pug is and growled so I put

her on the sofa and she at once took hold of the  
ring and began to pull it. So then she got  
her swing of course.

We just been out with Clara and I went round  
to see Dick Wimbley, he is home on leave.  
I was afraid if I did not go to see him I  
might miss him altogether and I should have  
been sorry to do that. I only saw him for  
a short time and could hardly tell if being  
a soldier had made much difference to him.  
He told me he has been in the 1<sup>st</sup> of July  
attack and after that had been taken away  
from the Somme & had been there no  
more. I'm afraid it must have been an  
awful experience. Mrs Wimbley I still think  
very nice. I don't think they minded me  
coming although they had not quite finished  
breakfast. I never can remember how late  
people can be.

Poor Violet's tooth troubles are not over she  
has been to the dentist again this morning,  
the tooth ached all yesterday but she says  
that the doctor he has put in has

stopped it so far.

The capture of Monastir that we have heard of this morning is good but the Rumanian part of the show is simply horrid, they seem to be right through in the planes now. All these victories of theirs will keep you from the me longer and mean more lives. Why were we born to live at this time? And yet I don't really resent it. Only I wish things were not as they are.

We has seen in the paper today that Esther Ricardo, who is now Esther Howarth has a son. So now Anne & Esther both have sons, its awfully nice isn't it. Hanny their brother has two little girls & none of them are away fighting, they are indeed an extraordinarily lucky family.

I finished reading Anne Veronica yesterday. It deals with somewhat the same problem that the Passionate Friends dealt with but in a much less tongue way and it end well which is a comfort. Anne Veronica falls in love with a man who has been married but has

separated from his wife. He falls in love with her  
too in the end she punctually tells him that she  
loves him and they go away to Switzerland together  
unmarried, but in the end they do marry altho  
& he becomes a successful play writer which he  
had apparently ~~not~~ even staid to do before.  
That perhaps is not very reasonable.

Its quite a nice day again and much warmer.

I do wish I could get another letter from you. It  
cant be helped these long gaps will come.

M<sup>r</sup> Roxworthy came here last night and pretended  
to know that I might expect you back on leave  
any day now. I wish it were true. How shall  
we feel when its over and gone. Well anyway  
we shall have had it. I hope you wont feel  
very depressed dear with a whole winter of holidays  
before you. I wish I could go out and share  
it with you.

Dearest I love you always.

your very loving  
Ruth.

