

Wednesday Aug 23
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My own dearest

Hurrah! I have had such a nice letter from you this morning written from Amiens cathedral. Oh my darling if only I could have been there with you, how I want to lay my head against you & kiss you. I so often imagine I can when I go to bed, I image I have you in my arms and can kiss your mouth and touch soft hair and feel how beautiful you are with my hand, and that I can hold you and hold you so, and not have you go away. Oh why do people fight wars.

I am glad you ~~had~~ ~~such~~ were able to go to Amiens, I should like to have seen the cathedral very much. I don't suppose I should like it really as well as our own Norman or early English, but from having seen photographs of French cathedrals I think I should like them very much. The great high openness and being able

to me right up into the aps must be
lovely. And how much pleasanter to wander
at will round the whole place than to
have to join a party and be led. Yes I
wish we were more civilized. My idea of
civilization is not the the German high
organization, but the state when each individual
behaves decently enough to allow freedom
for the rest. We certainly have not
attained it yet, perhaps the French are
nearer.

Dearest I am glad my letters make so
much difference to you, yours make quite
all that difference to me. When I know
that you are happy and that things are
going well with you it does make a
difference. It is nice that you are having
this rest. I hope it will last long.

Apparently your duties as orderly officer to
Captain Lithgow are not very arduous or
troublesome, I'm glad of that.

Poor Clara is very troubled by her teeth
this morning, she keeps making out at her
sleep and now she is howling. I have

just been out to her. I was afraid she might be dirty. The hooded front teeth are still not through but I think they are all on the move again. It is a bother for her poor kid.

You need not apologise for not writing ever day day now dearest, though I'm glad you did it was such a dear nice piece of your letter. I want you to have a lazy slack time.

I am perfectly sure you need it. Baby has gone to sleep again now and it looks pretty sound this time.

Mildred is getting thrilledly excited as you may imagine. It's less than a week to when Bob ought to be back. He has not yet had the leave definitely given to him. I can't think why they can't get it more before hand.

I expect dear I should feel about the cathedral very much as you describe it. First struck by the size & wonder at it, then rebelled a little by the somewhat flamboyant decoration then again with time got to feel it more and more till I loved it very much.

I hope you don't get very tired of me saying

that I want the war to end and that I do love
having your letters this one this morning
has made me very happy.

I shant be altogether sorry when Violet is
back on Saturday the whole of baby besides
other things does make me feel a bit
rushed and jaded sometimes, and yet I do
like having her all the time very much.
But there is no use denying it, it does not
leave enough time for other things.

Father has just been playing golf and has
been beaten. His earnest enthusiasm over
his golf and fishing really is awfully funny,
I wish he just had that quality of being
able to see it is funny. He can see that
my enthusiasm over the baby is funny all
right, but he cant throw it back on himself.

I'm getting hungry. Lunch is late that's because
Mildred is at the depot this morning, Aunt
Eleanor has gone with her. I find Aunt Eleanor
leads to a rather strained attitude in the
house. She's on a strainning by high level somehow
and has all the Powell criticalness and self-
certainty.

My dearest many kisses for you.

your very very loving

Ruth. 110 22/10/1916/99