

[27 Dec 1915]

(23)

TELEPHONE 135.

WESTBROOK,
GODALMING.

My dearest

I have had your letter
this morning, and it was
very nice to have, I do like
you letters. I am afraid
I have written you two
rotten letters. I meant to
write you some more yesterday
only I felt pretty ill in
the afternoon & went to
bed before tea. I put a
foam-tation on my breast

and got most awfully hot a
my temperature went up to
101 but it was down to
normal this morning and
I feel quite well again now,
so that's all right.

I ~~am~~ ~~so~~ have been wondering
what prevents people getting
wounded up in their own
comforts, and fuss, and
it seems to me that
loving some one else much

more than your self would
prevent it most. Because you
see when people eschew
comforts and pleasures
from a sense of duty it
does seem so often to
make them hard & very
true some, whereas when real
love, mixed with a little
wisdom, is guiding actions
one never knows that
any self denied is going
on, not even the person
who is being unselfish.

I do wish I was with you, I
was afraid you would not
be very happy. I am glad
you saw Allen. I expect you
will tell me about him in
your next letter.

We will make some lovely Christmas
for baby, Clara & perhaps other
little babies in future years

I gave you kiss to Clara, she
is more & more sweet & she
does look so individual to
me now. I don't think going
to London did her any harm
and I did enjoy my self.

Aunt Maude said your eyes were a lovely
blue, this afternoon; but I told her they
were peculiar grey. But there is no use
saying any thing to Aunt Maude I think
she really is the stupidest person I know
your very loving Ruth