

Dec 30 + 31

My most Beloved

I think you must be in your own dug out again, perhaps you have just got nice and warm in bed and are thinking about me and what a happy growing-together time we had. And of your other friends, and how nice they are. Will was most wonderfully nice. I wonder when David will come here.

This morning I went to The Hall to take the beds we borrowed back and also to fetch four blankets for Aunt Agnes, she wanted them for her hospital. I chose the less good under blankets, they are very nice & I think it would have been a pity to lend our very best.

After that I went with the cart into the town and handed it over to Marjorie who was going to drive to Roke. I went to see Emily Bennetton. It was not very cheerful because she seemed very ill & wretched. I do wish she could die. It seems such a useless unhappy life that she is dragging out. Then I did some shopping & toyed to cultivate in myself some German patience, one needs it. But in some ways I like

it is more human & sympathetic than always  
hurrying.

I don't think I told you that yesterday I tried  
to play Au Claire de la lune on the flute, very  
slowly & badly it is tone still I played it.  
I have not tried today. I had Clave all the  
afternoon & that fills up time pretty well.  
She was very nice, her cold is very slight and  
does not bother her now.

This is Sunday morning now, in bed. I  
wake rather early & I <sup>have</sup> been reading  
'Georgian Pastors' that Will gave you  
I began at the beginning to read Lear's  
Wife by Gordon Bottomly it sounded  
much a queer title

It is keeping so nice and warm. It  
shows what a horribly cold winter  
we have had so far that we should  
notice so much this spell of warm  
weather I do hope are having it too.  
Yesterday here would have been perfect  
for observations it was beautifully  
clear and sunny some times.

Doris came just before tea yesterday and Ursula soon after. We had a pleasant evening round the fire talking most of the time but Ursula sang a bit which was very nice. Father & Bob did not play billiards I don't know why except that they both seemed very sleepy. Mildred called Bob off to bed at 10.

Clare was rather slow going to sleep last night. I sat in the nursery & read Sir Douglas Haigh's account of the Somme battle & I found it very interesting. I do think though that he probably makes out that some times when we didn't do things because we could not, it was because we did not want to. I did not get quite to the end of it, it is so very long. I like the account of the trench that was cleared by the tank and aeroplane. I had read it at the time of course but had forgotten it.

I have now just come back from Church. And  
I saw there Harold Mussen, Constances husband.  
So he has got leave. I am awfully glad.  
When he was on the Somme he was next  
to the French & like Will Kennedy seems  
to think they manage much better than  
we do. When they have a gun knocked out  
(a field one) they have another up in those  
houses whereas ~~we~~ we may have to wait  
weeks.

My dearest dear I do love you, and I want to  
live with you. The war must be over soon  
& then we shall be happy.

Your very loving  
Ruth.

