

Peto's darling

I sorely miss your bright and shining face around these parts - also your strong spirit. But I think it best you are not here - I think with your sense of humor and your quick tongue it might get us into hot water. For there is no doubt that some things are funny - any more than that it is all sad - the conflict is what defeats me. I can't cry for laughing - and I can't laugh for crying.

We go back to St. Petersburg tomorrow. It will be a strange Thanksgiving - but I never before felt so deeply grateful in a world where there is so much sacrifice and suffering. We have so many blessings. I shall miss being home with you - but after all I can give a great deal here where it is needed - so what?

About the apt. I never saw any place that looked more unloved in my whole life. I know you & Mary can do a miracle but it will not be easy - there seems to be nothing to start with except an address.

I was thinking first about the "master's bedroom". It is so very small - why not put the two

beds to gether and treat them as one. I think that
might help it some. Your room might have the small
"swan" beds that are in the Mill attic - and curtains
I think you can find. I rather believe that room has
a sunny exposure and can be made to be cozy. The
dining room is impossible in my mind - What to do?

Mary - Bless Mary - if ever she had a job handed
her she has it now! Tell her we have blankets I think
packed away in different places - and in the large
chest at the foot of my bed - may be some double bed
spread from 1840 — or I don't know — it all
looks like such a hopeless job to make it seem
like home.

I've got such a job here that I can't think beyond it. It's
night and day and no let up. I dread leaving the ⁱⁿ hospital
in a way because here at least the nurse does the
dressing which I must learn - the thing tears me to
pieces - I can't bear to see it.

Well, dearest, keep the home-fires burning - I
can't tell you how long the trail seems but I will
come! You are such a blessed joy to me Bets darling
in my hours of need as well as in my hours
of plenty - always my own beautiful Bets. I have been
looking over old photographs - no time at all since you were Bathurst's
age — who says Time marches on? keeps well — and
happy - I read with
Ever Rob.