

March 6

My own Dearest

Its most awfully cold today, such a change from yesterday. A North East wind blowing a gale and a little very fine snow. I see in the paper that you have had snow. I suppose you get the bad weather a day before we do.

The snaps that Marjorie took of these in the winter garden have come back developed & printed and are ~~most~~ very good. I shall send you some. I dont think I can have this first lot but we shall send for some more and then you shall have them

I went out with Marjorie this morning to the chickens and to see the new born pigs. They are sweet little things. It was so cold that my ears ached quite badly. Of course Father cant go out which is disabiting of for him. He will even have to be careful how he goes about the house. We had a letter from Doris

last night. She says she can come down for this next week and which is very nice. She will then have finished her month on probation at the War Office and will have to wait to see if they think her good enough to keep on. She likes the work she says and hopes they will keep her though the hours are awfully long and sometimes she has to work over time on Sundays and never leaves off till pretty late on Saturday.

I'm afraid earning a living is apt not to be very nice in practice, specially for a girl. We must try and find a really good job for Clare. It would be much easier if she were clever and I don't feel at all sure she will be. You see I'm one parent and we shall always have that to deal with. Still together we ought to manage good health and that means a lot.

Suppose this next one were to be a boy and clever it would be lovely. I really want Clare to marry you know, not

too young but somewhere between twenty two and twenty six. I shall be twenty six next birthday. I think on the whole I feel it. But then one always feels a bit old when a baby is coming. I shall feel about forty in a few months time.

Last night I asked Violet & Rose if they had any book about I could read and they said there was one by Marie Corelli. I had never read any by her so I thought I would try. I gave it up after the first three chapters. It seemed to me awfully bad. Badly written and the most untrue characters. I shouldn't be imagining she has to do much thinking to write like that. I wonder people go on reading it. I don't know if it was a very bad specimen that I got hold of but I don't think that any one who could write so very sloppily could ever write well. Mildred has gone to the Guildford depot today. I'm afraid she will be fearfully cold. I have just heard that Mrs Farr

has no coal at all. I must go to Father
soon and ask him if we cant give her
some wood or coal or some thing. Its too
miserable for them.

I suppose you are back with your battery now
I hope you are happy and not too terribly
cold. I wonder if you are already moving
forward. If you are you wont have any
comfy dugouts to be in unless you can
still stay in your old ones. I dont think
I know how far you will have to go
forward.

My dear one I am so filled with love of you
What happiness it will be when we live
together again.

M^r Green has not paid his rent and Father
says I must write & ask him for it.

It seems such a horrid thing to do. I wish
he would pay properly.

Your very loving
Ruth.