

April 2

My dearest

Its April but to look out of doors you would think it was January. Every thing is covered with snow. When Rose came into my room this morning the snow blew in right over my face. Its still snowing a little at ten but its melted from the trees. I am sorry for you. I really feel quite worried about what you must be enduring. I wish you'd even got your little tent but it must be a day or two yet before it will arrive.

I dated my yesterday's letter wrong. It ought to have been the 1st. I did not know which it was.

If it had been a possible morning I should now be driving over to Witley to engage that laundress I told you about but the money couldnt go in this now. I think somehow one of us will have to go today.

Mill and Bob went off by the 9.1 this

morning. Bob was rather depressed by the weather. Still it may turn better any minute now. It simply can't go on like this much longer.

They are going to Ogwen after all but to Capel Curig. Bob says he thought they would do better if they took ropes and an ice axe. I must say it looks like it. I went over to see Constance and the new baby yesterday. He to be called Nancy Katharine. I should have put them the other way round myself. She is not at all a pretty baby yet. She had a touch of jaundice when she was born and she is a sickly yellow color but I think her features are good, she has a wonderfully straight nose & a prettily curved mouth. It does not look to me at all though she is going to be any thing like as strong as the last. I think Constance tried herself too much. I must be careful I do want a good one.

I think I shall get to my china painting this morning. I can't go out its too horrid, besides I'm going to tea with Mrs Smart this afternoon so I shall go out then.

I do wonder where you are so much. I imagine you are somewhere between Bapauw & Perroune probably nearer the former. I hope you've got something to shelter you. This snow won't help you to move at all and probably its deeper with you than with us. I'm glad you are so strong and well dear. I hope you are quite well.

This weather is being appalling bad for agriculture you know. What men there are simply have not been able to get on the land and there isn't enough labour to work quickly when they can. The seeds that have been sown are not coming up because

the ground is so cold. Father says he thinks its no use sowing yet.

All these things must apply to Germany just as much as England because they are having just as hard weather or worse an't they. It seems to me that

a really bad harvest would nearly finish them off quicker than it will us, so although its hard to have such weather it may be that it will help a lot to end the war.

I am going to end this letter now so as to get a decent spell of time to get started on my thing again.

Dearest dearest one, I do love you so much.

Your very loving
Ruth.

