

Feb 17

My own dearest

I am beginning this letter in bed before I get up. I have been told not to get up at once after breakfast you see. But I don't think this lazy life will have to last much longer.

Mr Raxworthy came up to tea yesterday. He was just at the end of the war loan. For the past fortnight he has been at the Bank till one or two in the morning and then the whole of Sunday. I am glad it had gone so wonderfully well.

He says it's the in the money way the most extraordinary thing he has ever known.

He acted us one scene that has he says occurred again and again.

A country man would come into the Bank and say "Is Mr Raxworthy in?" Can I see him? When he would be shown in and when the door was shut.

he would say I want to ask your
advise Mr Rawworthy. Is this here
War Loan safe? Is it safe that's what
I want to know. My missus she
says to me we ought to put something
into that. But is it safe.

Then Mr Rawworthy would say. It's the
safest thing in the world I should
say unless you think the Germans
and going to stop the war. If
than the country man would wag
at the mere suggestion.

Then he would say to Mr Rawworthy
How much ought I to put in
Mr R. How much have you?

Then the Country man would fumble
in a pocket and put out a bag and
put in on the table saying Count
that. And Mr R. would count out
£250 say in gold.

He says they have had piles & piles
of these bonds coming in.
It all goes to London then to

America. I suppose its very good
for our exchange. It does show
splendidly how the whole country
has but one will now & that
will to win.

I am going to get up now. I hope
this hasnt been a dully long
description but it was so infinitely
interesting in the text that it was

Dearnt its a perfect day. I did not realise
till I went out. The wind is South
and every thing is wet, the trees are
hanging with droops and one can almost
see the bulbs growing. Its delicious.
I've been out nearly all the morning
first with Clara in the garden then
for a walk with Nurse Munro.

I should be in the garden now writing
this only the time before lunch is
so short that its not worth while.
The spring is in my blood today.
Isnt it lovely when that happens, speciall
the first time in the year.

I have one really important thing to tell you. I ought to have begun my letter with it. Clara has walked five steps alone. They were very wobbly one its tone still she has done it.

Margorie has heard of a new place to go to that sounds very nice but they would want her rather soon in two or three weeks. Perhaps they will have already got someone as we imagine by the letter they have been looking out for a little while.

My own George dear I do want you back I am tired of the war. You do really think it will be over this year dont. I wish the Americans would fight. I cant wonder at them not wanting to when you see what its like. I want another letter from you, though its not time yet. I love you so much. It will be wonderful to live together properly again.

Your very loving Ruth.