

Feb 5 I think

My own Dearest

This is a day! Thick white snow every where, very frozen and light and lovely. A clear sky and sunshine. No the sky is not really clear its white. But its all bright & lovely and very still and cold. The snow that drifted in through my window last night lay frozen and unmelted even after my fire was lit.

I think this room is pretty cold but I like it. I have an absolute passion for pure fresh air. I believe myself its the only cure. I am feeling very much better in myself today and my sickness was

not so bad last night but  
I don't go by that because  
I think it was just a  
fluke. But I am glad that  
I feel so well again. I shall  
ask Doctor Wyall about getting  
up.

My writing is awful but I must  
keep as much in bed as possible  
possible to keep warm enough.

Rose went and saw the skating  
on Broadwater yesterday, she  
said it was simply lovely  
to see the Canadians skate.  
I expect it was I would  
love to see them. She said  
there are officers especially where doing  
most lovely figure skating and  
walying and then having races  
right round the pond.  
The news to day is exciting

about America having broken off  
diplomatic relations with Germany.  
Will they fight I wonder. I think  
they will now though surely  
Germany will be mad to allow  
her to.

I have had Clare in for a  
little while this morning but  
I can't really play with her in  
bed. I shall get up soon.

I can hear Violet and Rose  
snowballing in the garden.

Oh George darling I do hope we  
shant have to live apart very  
very much longer I am getting  
so tired of it. I was going to  
say, but you know how I  
mean dont you. I do want  
you.

I am reading and awful lot of  
novel just now, but as I  
feel better I shall read more  
serious things.

I do want some spunky woman

we really have not had one glimpse  
yet and we are nearly a week  
into Feb. It is late I wonder  
if it will come with a great  
rush when it does.

I saw Father for a few minutes  
this morning on my way back  
from the bath. He looks better  
certainly but of course he's a  
very long way from being well.  
The room seemed awfully hot &  
stuffy I could not stand it  
for long. Fresh air is my  
cure and I am going to get  
well on it.

I hope you see by this letter  
dearest that sick or not I am  
in good spirits again. And  
bursting full of life. You are  
so full of life my darling. I  
love you for it and all the  
rest.

your very loving  
Ruth.