

March 5.

My Dearest

I have written such a long letter to David Pye telling him about you and Clare chiefly. It is most awfully difficult to describe Clare at all. I have been playing with her a lot this morning in the nursery. I did not take her out because it snowed in the night, not very much but every thing looks very slushy. Its much more fun to play with her in the nursery than to wheel her in her pram in the garden. I wish I could picture how she will grow up. She likes to be funny now and make people laugh. Violet went out early yesterday to go to see a wounded in a hospital so I gave Clare her dinner and Marjorie came into the nursery. Clare kept making Marjorie laugh with her comic faces, she was really very funny. I dont think she is going to be at all a silky or stand offish child but I suppose she will get into passions, it looks like it at present, I think she

will be friendly and will like people. I don't think she will grow up quickly in her mind. I'm afraid she will be rather slow as I was. Poor kid! It is awful when you are little and can't do your lessons. She must be taught decently though from the beginning which I never was.

I had very good evening yesterday. I stayed up till nearly eight and I wasn't sick at all. I am really getting along very comfortably. I'm sure the baby is growing nicely. It seems to me its growing quicker than Clara did but that may not be so I can't really see it yet but I can feel the hardness coming. I do like to see more its getting on nicely.

M^{rs} Brock and Alan were to have come to tea yesterday but in the morning M^{rs} Brock rang up to say that Alan had a cold and was so disappointed not to come that she could not come and leave him. We must ask them again when he is better.

Mr Williams and Helen, the youngest daughter came in to tea. I hoped Constance would come. I should have thought she would have been glad of the change, I think one gets so very tired of the last weeks. Renée has had bronchitis and is only just up so perhaps she did not want to leave her.

Well I've just done my duty and been out for a walk. Its not nice out an East wind and damp at the same time. Now I'm very hungry and want my dinner but as usual Winson is late.

I was reading some of the Walter de la Mare poems that you had marked yesterday, some are ever so nice. I loved one that ended

A bumpity ride in a wagon of hay
For me, says Jane.

I should like to try and trace Clara's memory from an early age. I don't suppose she will naturally have a

very good one but it is such a convenience
that its worth trying for I think.

I wish I'd got one child old enough to
begin teaching it, it would be so
interesting. But I dont want a daughter
of eighteen. Not yet awble.

This letter must end off short because
I want to go and lie down in good
time today.

Dearest I send you ever so much love.

I hope your cold is well + that you
are happy.

Your very loving
Ruth.

