

[? M 22 Jan 1917]

Dearest One

I shall only have time for a short letter today and its with great difficulty that I have roused myself from resting to write it. I do find I want that afternoon set most dreadfully badly and I seem to want to make it last the whole afternoon.

I went this morning down to the cottage where they are going to have the Mother Welcome. Oh it was cold. They were dreadfully slow settling things but by keeping on saying 'Well that is settled then' I helped to get things done at last. I cant stand about.

I felt so faint this morning that I had to sit on the floor a bit.

I was so cold when I got home that my fingers hurt like anything getting the blood back into them. Father does not seem much better yet which is very depressing but Doctor Wyatt seems to think he is getting on about as quickly as can be

expected. He said his stomach was in such a state when he came that he could not give him any medicine to speak of.

I am reading Geoffrey Hamlyn by Charles Kingsley. Have you ever read it. I am enjoying it most awfully. Mr Brock lent it to me some time ago. I have got to where they are all going out to Australia. I must say I don't fancy that I should care to leave Devonshire for Australia.

It took poor Mill $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to get the butter to come this morning. It is so troublesome in winter some times.

My dearest I feel rather troubled about you. If you have to move about and be without proper dry out in this sort of weather I can't think what will happen to you.

I had such a nice letter from Mauby this morning, she had just heard about the new baby. She is very pleased. Also she is leaving her place which

is very nice because she is now to come home for a bit. It's like this there was so much work that they really could not get through it properly & Marson the stockman who Marjorie works with was getting quite worried, so Marjorie went to the Bailiff and told him - the only thing to do was to get a boy to help or get rid of Marjorie & get a man. They could not do the former but they managed the latter. You see although Marjorie can do all the work she can't get through so much in the day as a man can she so often has to make two journeys to carry things that he could do in one.

You know dear how my mind and body are always full of love for you.

But now my mind really is somewhat

one laid with the illness of a new baby
and I really don't think or do much.
I like reading better in my way, than
needle work & I shall stay and keep
a good novel going. I mean a sensible
one not mere trash.

Fare well my darling for today.

Your very loving
Ruth.

