

March 17

My own dearest George

It's the most lovely morning we have had this year, and I have been enjoying it. First I took Clave out into the garden and let her walk in the spring garden which ~~she~~ she enjoyed tremendously with little shrieks of delight. She does like a big space to run or crawl about in and a new place too. Mildred was planting out some daisies and polyanthus these and I helped between running after Clave.

After eleven for more than an hour I did a very vigorous useful dull job and rather a waste of such a perfect day. I sorted red potatoes out from a big pile of ordinary potatoes. The point of red potatoes is that it should be small so as not to waste good food and also that it should have a good complexion, smooth and not scabby. It's an awfully slow job I only sorted out half a bushel in a little over an hour. Since then I have been

packing a parcel for you of the most lovely looking sausage rolls. I do hope they will arrive quickly and fresh and that you will like them. I told you a few days ago that I had a good new idea for a parcel for you hope you will find it good. I mean to send some to Harry next week. I had a letter from him yesterday thanking me for the tin of tongue I sent him, he says its very exciting opening parcels from home, and so I think one ought to send him things. He is having a hooid time and simply hating it.

All the flowers in the winter garden, where I now am, are wide open and the first bumble bees are buzzing. And you are not here to enjoy it with and I wish so much you were. My own dear darling beautiful one I wish we lived in the sort of world we thought we lived in but we dont you know its simply isn't modern or whats worse its a small part modern and we are part of

of that part. I should think we are modelled
+ France is and suppose America is. But you
simply cant call Germany or Austria or the
Balkans modelled though I know Germany is
partly so. And look at Russia. I am longing
to hear what you will say about this revolution
I'm afraid. I hope most awfully that all
will go well and smoothly now but a
revolution in the middle of a great war must
be awfully dangerous. Suppose they become
keener on their revolution than on the
war. Or suppose the new government simply
is not strong enough to keep things going
and they constantly have small rebellions
which dislocates traffic and stops work.
They cant carry on the war efficiently like
that. But still by the looks of things it
does not seem to have been carried on very
successfully during the last year. So I suppose
we may fairly hope that this new government
will do better than the last
I wonder why the Czar did not give way and
~~do~~ what he was wanted to instead of

abdication. But of course we can't know all the complications. Mustn't it have been a fearfully anxious time for our ambassador. I had a letter from Mrs Masden Smedley this morning and she says they will be delighted to have Father. She wants me to go too and take Clara. I should love to but I absolutely can't because Barbara will be here then. It's a good thing I can't I think because I don't think it would really be right to take such a long pleasure journey I should have to take Violet & a pram etc. The hills are so steep there I could not manage her alone.

George dearest I do love you so. It will be wonderfully lovely to live again at the Holt with you. With some feeling of certainly brought back to us again. Now we seem to live from hand to mouth never knowing what the next day will bring. Of course we never do know at any time only one does not feel it in the same way I must end now & ~~the~~ lie down.

Your very loving
Ruth.