

April 19

My own Dearest

It's real spring weather at last. Not sunny but most beautifully mild and soft and one can feel that every thing must grow. I have been in the garden with the babies. Violet was there too she brought Diana out. She is so nice with little children and so sympathetic to them though she is quite strict when necessary. I can be sympathetic but I do hate being strict and the worst of it is that I hate most of all being strict to Clare.

I have just packed you a parcel of soup tablets, chocolate, The Round Table, War + the Future and your Mackintosh cape mended. ^{and tooth brush} Sometimes when you have finished War + the Future you might send it back, it seems a pity to

throw it away & I know Louise would like it but to her. I have paid for the New Europeans that you have had & for six months more of them. When that subscription runs out they are more to let me know and then I can subscribe again if you still want it.

You have never said if you liked that tinned cream or not. I am going to send you another vat of sausage this week end and please try to remember to say if you like it.

I am going to take the Moses & babies out for a drive in the penny cart this afternoon. It is such a lovely day that it will be very nice I think. Oh my dearest I do wish you were here to enjoy the spring with me because

you do enjoy it so much dont you.
I often look back with great pleasure on the
day we went to Rye & Winchelsea & then
on to those lovely woods. it was such a
very good day and every thing was so
beautiful. I do hope we shall be together
next spring.

I was reading last night about the Ottoman
Empire and the Turkish atrocities, ^{in the} ~~in the~~ ^{Round Table} ~~Round Table~~ ^{yesterday} ~~yesterday~~
~~evening~~.

What awful beasts people can
be. I really think there ought to be
a special Hell for those kind of
people, a Hell of the old fashioned sort
with fire & devils with forked pitchforks.
Nothing else seems at all suitable.

Refined kinds of punishment would be
no use and to imagine that people
can behave in such a brutal way &
go unpunished seems impossible. Of
course it may just kill their souls

but then they ought somehow to know
that their souls are dead.

One realizes the awful complication of life
more every year.

I am so very completely grown up now
dear and until you are with me again
I shall never be anything else. I expect
when you are shall relapse sometimes
because I always do. I do hope you
will come back for good soon after
the new baby is born then we shall
be able to have such a lovely time
together

I expect you are enjoying this warmer
weather most awfully it must make you
so much more comfortable. I feel as
though it will last too.

The French seem to have done splendidly
again, they have taken so many more
guns + prisoners.

Your very very loving

Ruth