

March 6

My dearest George

I have had two letters from you this morning. One written on the 1st and one on the 3rd. I do love having them so much. I am glad you have at last had a good lot of letters, it does make such a difference. That you are going back to your battery I am only half glad because you won't be so safe but I would much rather you were there than at a cotton job with the Group. I am glad you want to go back and feel that you will be welcomed it is such a very happy feeling. I remember at school the difference of the first two terms when I was not particularly noticed by my form one way or another and afterwards when they all liked me and I would come back on Monday morning to my form room with the delightful feeling of being welcomed. After all I am a lot glad you should go back there it will be very thrilling

following the Germans up. Oh that this
spring and summer may be successful.
Your letter made me smile this morning
and still makes me smile when you
liken me to a young hen fluffing out
her feathers because she is going to
have two chicks. You say you never know
what will happen to the person you
marry. Are you really surprised that I
have turned so henry. It only shows
there was a lump of me you didn't know
I was always more to be like that when-
ever I had a baby. But you will
never become an old gourmet thinking of
comfort and only wishing to keep the
children out of the way. For one thing
you never could & for another I won't
give you the chance. No if you wanted
someone to fuss after you constantly &
air your cloths at all moments you married
the wrong person. But you would be
bored with being fussed over in a
week. My dear it is the most lovely

day here. A collicking blustering South wind
very kind & mild and sunshine with passing
clouds. I am as usual in the winter garden
looking at a blaze of open coocuses.

If you were I could be most happy. Its
just the day to go off together for a
walk or spend the time working in the
garden. What a difference weather makes
to ones happiness.

I am so glad dear that you are so pleased
we have asked Mary to come here & I'm
very glad she is coming. Its obviously the
best plan. I am going to ask her &
Ralph to come over and see us if they
can, in their little car, while he is at
Aldershot.

I cant remember for certain if he has been
here but I think he has for lunch
once

I have sent of a parcel this morning to
the 40 S.B. Chocolates, plums, Mrs Stubs socks &
a tie. Its nice to have some where diffinelt
to sent parcels to again.

Ten little pigs were born yesterday evening two died. Pullen found one alive but so cold he thought it would die. So he brought it to the house and Masjorie went down in her dressing gown and gave it hot milk & suckled it & then wrapped it up and put it in the oven with the door open & put a hot bottle to its back, and when Pullen came back in about an hour it was quite lively & well. I haven't been down to see them yet but Violet took Clara this morning. Masjorie said she layed to to imitate the hens, not very successfully. You ask about the wood & how the spring is coming in them. Except catkins not at all at present. I have seen the spotted leaves of Lods & ladies coming up. They are always very early. The elms are not in flower yet. Maybe they won't flower much this year. They usually begin in Feb but this year is so very backward. You must have mistaken what I said because I have not picked any

praises since the fact. Though before
that I dug some up & they are flowering
in the house beautifully now
Father has been out to day for a little
while. I am rather expecting him to
come out and sit here a little while
before lunch, but perhaps the first try
tried him too much.

I am thinking of trying to send you a
bundle of pink easy shuckab but perhaps
it would be well if you would say first
if it would be acceptable. You may of
course be able to get it but I don't
believe French people eat it, do they?

Don't forget to answer this if you would
like it.

Oh my darling dearest I wish you could have
to kiss/ and to refresh your eyes with.

Your very loving
Ruth.

