

March 14

My dearest George

It's just lunch time so most of this letter will be written after lunch. I have been out for a good walk. Up Racket Court hill and round to the Molt where I looked at the broken basin. I think it ought to be able to be mended quite easily without a new one but I shall tell Father about it and he will know.

I met Mrs Radcliffe who says that Mrs Carlisle is in a great state of excitement about Eleanor. Apparently the baby is due to be born on the 17th + ~~that~~ they have not engaged nurse till the 20th which seems mad. I hope it will be alright. I always imagine she will have a boy I wonder if she will.

Marjorie has had a long letter from the Billet (Mr Caldercott) today. He's just as badly in love with Doris as ever. I wonder if she will ever have him. I feel

sorry for him her never does seem to have
any luck

Wesley was here last night. She says Mary
Anna has let the flat furnished for six
months for $5\frac{1}{2}$ guineas a week. They nearly have
been very lucky. I think they think so.

Wesley also told me that Mary Anne was
congratulating herself on the letter she
wrote me because she was sure it did not
sound as though it mattered whether Diana
came here or not, whereas apparently it
did matter to them a good deal. The only
result of the diplomacy was that I delayed
a day in answering the letter and cost
Mary Anne two telephone calls. I shall tell
her when she comes down.

I thought I ought to ask Robert Gower's little
brother here again so I asked Mrs Green today
if they had any infection at Charterhouse
and she says they are full of German measles
and other things so I certainly shall not
risk asking him here for Clare's sake. She

caught a bad cold from him last time he came.

untill now the only aesthetic sense that Clara has shown at all deffinately is an enjoyment of colour. But yesterday evening she showed a very decided enjoyment of music. She sat on my lap quite quiet while Father played the flute and every now and then she joined and sang. The singing was quite tuneless but very sweet. I dont think there is any doubt that she was enjoying the music. But what interested me even more was to watch her when Father made a hooid noise down the other end of the flute. She was standing between my knees so she was not fright-ened, but she creled her face up and shivered and made a sound of complaint. It was interesting getting the enjoyment and disapproval side by side like that. For a long time she has liked me to take her on ones lap and sing to her but I did

not know how much that was. because she felt she was being talked to and it was companionable I received two parcels from you yesterday. One of books and one of cloths. I put the cloths at once to the wash & will send them back to you when they are clean. They did need washing.

I am going to enclose the snaps of Klare that Majorie took if I can get them into an envelope. I shall only send you the two or three best & I think one of her copying it I have one. Its so funny.

I am still remaining beautifully free from sickness & I mean to start going to the baby welfare.

My dearest, with the thought of how I love you always comes the thought, when will the war be over and you be safe. I think it may end this year chiefly because it must end sometime. But I cant think how it ever will end.

Your very loving
Ruth.