

Last letter dated 6 ought 15
have been 7

March 8

My dearest George

Its just about as cold as it can be
there are icicles down the front of
the house where water has dripped.
I found it quite hard to keep warm
in the night

I had a letter from yesterday evening
written on the 4th. Thank you ever so
for writing me so many letters lately
I wonder very much if you will move
forward quickly or have wait for
roads and railways. It will surely pay
to get big gun forward as soon as possible
so the probably will move you if they
think you can move. Tell me if you
can what the ground is like you would
have to go over. I imagine down land all
cut up with shell holes trenches and general
mud. It must be beastly.

Did you find it hard the French may
much that it was their land, did they
seem half heart broken about it being
lost and spoiled so, or do they seem to

have grown accustomed to it by now?
I am divided in my mind a little as to
whether I want you to go on or not
and the odd thing is I believe I want
you most to go on. You see I know
you want to live and see things and
be among them and I want it for
you

I had a nice time last night playing
with Clace in her night gown in front
of the mossy fire while her hair dried.
It was head washing night. She lay beside
me on the floor for a little while and let
me hug her. I like to feel myself loving
her by physical touch. I wish she ~~was~~
could continuously love me back. She does
in a sort of way. I was wishing it a
lot last night and thinking about it
in bed and this morning when I went
into the mossy she kissed me more
spontaneously & sweetly than she has
ever done before.

I have had a post card from Hamlet

This morning. She says her sister has now got appendicitis on top of the dysentery. She must think her pretty bad because she said she could not spend a night away until she was a bit better, but she hopes to be able to come home for the night next Tuesday. I hope so too.

It's Father's birthday today I am going to give him a pair of stockings when they are finished but at present one is only just begun. I am better now and can get on with them faster.

For one thing I have not been going to bed so early these last few nights because I have felt so much better.

I managed the coal for Mrs Fair yesterday. Father let her have lamps and the cart to fetch some. You see delivery of this steep hill is one of the greatest difficulties. I hustled her off to see if she could get it if we fetched it

so it was all fixed up very quickly, but she needed some hustling.

Your description of Paine sounds very interesting. I wonder if I shall ever see any of these men you tell me about. I am sorry they waste so much paper in the army but still more sorry they must waste so much time. It is not that all English government places seem to waste & write so much.

Look at the mess they are making in England now of the coming potatoe crop. A lot of fools has got potatoes on the brain and the result is that the Local Government Board have bought up all the seed potatoes and are giving them to allotment growers who are digging up grass land to grow them. Now both Father & Mr Ranceworthy say that you cant grow potatoes on dug grass land, it must be dug two spits deep or trenched to kill the wire worm. Then these are farmers

with fine plowed fields who can't
get potatoes to plant.

It seems to me the government has so
much better leave these things alone.
They always make a mess of them.
Of course if they could do them well
it would be fine.

I know, dearest, that there is nothing
much to answer in my letters. You
have forgotten though to say how much
you want to see my new bowl. I know
you do so it does it matter.

I hope I shall get to my china painting
again soon.

Any way its a great comfort to know that
my letters are not wholly dull.

Oh dearest when will the beastly war end
I'm getting thoroughly impatient.

We went, the three of us, for a nice short walk
this morning. Very cold in the wind but in
the sun & out of the wind quite warm.

Your very loving
Ruth.