

Dec 27 + 28

My own dearest

My mind is full of things that its not easy to write about. Its very full of you and of your wonderfulness. You are very wonderful to me. I have never known any one so well as I know you but I am quite sure I might have gone through thousands of human being without finding one to equal you. I am glad just because you are yourself & because I know you in part and love you very much, and glad in a much lesser degree because you are making me better.

Also I am so wonderfully proud that you should be Father to my children.

That comes round to the other thing my mind is so full of, the desire for a new child. I am trying ~~not~~ rather unsuccessfully not to think about it very much. I must try & be ready to take cheerfully what comes, but I ~~do~~ should be I know.

The nicest thing that has happened today

is that Mary Anne sang up about 10-15 this evening; luckily I had not gone to ~~to~~ bed. I am going to Haslemere on Friday and we are going for a walk together in the morning and then I shall go to lunch with her and see Diana. I wish you could be likely to have such a nice day on Friday.

I wonder if you are at the next camp tonight or at Rowen. I do hope its Rowen. Aunt Jessie & Uncle Hawes & Aunt Maud & Aunt Constance are leaving tomorrow so we shall be quite a small party again.

Eleven o'clock is striking so I think I had better go to sleep.

Good night dearest.

We woke up to a lovely morning here, thick white frost on every thing, it did look like fairy land. Its all melted now but its still a very pleasant day.

I have been down to the town this morning with Clare, she has developed a little cold but

it does not seem to be bad at all. She was  
partly cross yesterday when I took her to tea  
with at the Williams, at least she was all  
the first part of the time but after tea she  
got quite happy playing in the drawing room  
This morning Violet told me that Clare left go  
of the side of her pen and stood alone &  
played pat-a-cake, which means that she clapped  
her hands.

I saw Mr Ransworthy this morning and he  
seems more hopeful than ever. He says that at  
Christmas he saw a lot of private telegrams  
about Germany and that they are now suffering  
badly from consumption owing to lack of fat  
food. I dont see how they can go on if  
they get a lot of disease on top of all  
the rest because the civilians as well as the  
soldiers will die.

I hope I shall get a letter from you  
tomorrow I should think I might

Your very very loving  
Ruth.