

Feb 11

My darling

I am sitting in the winter garden writing to you. I sat here most deliciously yesterday in the bright sunshine watching the snow melt. To day it is not freezing but it is hardly thawing, just cold and grey but I like to be out of doors. I am feeling pretty rotten and hoarse. I think one notices it more up. Its no use fussing. I'm pretty sure I've just got to put up with it for another five or six weeks. Its hoarse but I know its worth it for the baby, Father says it cant be, but he cant look forward and I can. Of course its worth being ill for two or three months for a child's whole life. But darling I do hope this one will be a boy because I dont think I can go on & on and have

a huge family

Don't you think in some ways Mr Kendall is a little like Boswell. He has the same sort of talkative foolishness. He is ambitious too and wants to get on but does not know how to behave himself to do so

My own darling. I am feeling too stupid and hurried to write you much of a letter this morning. But oh my dear keep well & safe & happy

I wish health did not make such an awful difference to ones life but it does and there's no getting out of it

I can see lots of little snow drifts coming up today when the snow has cleared off.

Mr Pilcher came here yesterday to shoot ~~thrushes~~ pigeons, he did not get any but he got a very nice

have so I think he went home a  
happy man. He stopped to tea which  
we now have with Father in his  
bed room, (the school room)

I am getting very cold sitting here  
so I shall have to get up and  
walk about and then go in.

I wish I could keep my head out  
of doors and my body in. I do  
like the fresh air to breathe so  
much.

Dear you must just forgive these  
rather letters. I can't help it really.

your very loving

Ruth.