

Jan 2 + 3

My dearest One

Do you remember the d'ailys in yellow Japanese silk that I started just before Clare was born and began to work in bed after her birth. I am going on with them again now, I hate to leave things undone. I have just designed another pattern this evening. I won't be quite such a slow one to work I think as the two I have finished.

I have spent rather a slack day I think but things seem to have been a bit upside down & muddly.

Mildred came back from London about half past two soon after Jean & her nurse had arrived, then she went and moved her things from one bedroom to another & cleaned some of Bob's socks & I darned my stocking. I am going to get some new ones some of mine have got to the state when its not worth darning any more.

After that we went and fed the chickens and then we took a basket and a towel

and went down into the wood to dig up
primroses. You remember the cops beyond and
that we saw was being cut down. While
we were down the wood we saw that
being casted away through our cove in
ASC waggons with soldiers driving & riding
on horseback and the most lovely pairs
of dapple grey horses drawing the waggons
at least two where drawn greys and
one by a black pair. It really was
a very pretty sight. I enjoyed it. I do
think a good horse is a lovely sight.
Good night dear.

I have just been out with Violet and Clare.
Poor Clare is very cross just now with an
attack of teething and it is shown up by
Jean's placid good temper. Jean is so different
to Clare she is much slower & heavier in her
body and less refined looking, her skin is
rouser, but she seems to be a very sweet
natured child and very friendly. She will
sit quite quiet and peaceful on ones lap
which Clare will hardly ever do. I think

she is more forward in her mind, she makes a good deal of effort to express herself in words. It was very sweet to see the two together yesterday evening. Clara was awfully cross and horrid until we let her crawl out into the hall and then in the excitement and of crawling up and down stairs she forgot her crossness. Jean crawled about the hall and sometimes they met, it did look sweet having two. Just think of the joy when we have two of our own playing together. I hoped I should get a letter from you this morning. I do want one to bring you back again closer to me. Are people optimistic in France now? I do hope it will end this year but I cannot quite see how we can get what we say we must have during this year. Still I know nothing. It may end with beautiful suddenness soon.

I am afraid this winter time of much bombardment is dangerous for you.

Your very loving
Ruth.