

Feb 4 Sunday

Dearest

I'm afraid this will be a very short dull letter but then I have so little to write about. I told Doctor Wyatt yesterday that he was not doing me any good and he insisted on trying the next business a little longer. He also says he is quite sure the sickness won't last so long this time as it did last. We shall see. I am not a bit sure of it. I am getting used to it now and I don't mind it so much as I did the first few days. I want another letter from you badly. I might get one tomorrow but as there was to be a gap I very likely shant. I nearly

did an awful thing. I forgot to ask
any one to get your sausages
untill last night & then I was
afraid it would be too late, but
it was not. The cant go off till
Monday instead of Saturday which
is a nuisance, but I should have been
unhappy if I had forgotten them
altogether

It's still freezing hard here and every
thing is coated with hoar frost.
Father has got out of bed and is
sitting in a chair with his feet
up which he seems to like very
much as a change. This is according
to Nurse & Marjorie. I have not
seen him since I went to bed.
Dearest this is all you will get today.
I'm sorry I turned sleepy & so decided
ickuen.

Your very loving
Ruth