

Jan 8 + 9

My own dear George

I am missing you so much, we have so much happiness together & I do love you so. I know we have a good lot of happiness together through letters and memory even when we are apart but its not the same thing. I want you. I want your presence with me. I am only saying this because I do want it so much and its nice to say it. It had been horrible day here, very cold and windy - & snowing & melting as it fell. I spent an inchose morning rather slack I'm afraid. Its always hard to get to doing much when some one is going off. One feels one ought to talk to them and be sociable. Ursula went after lunch. I was sorry. She had got over her sleepiness & the last day or two of her stay was very jolly.

I went down with her to the station after lunch and took your parcel to

the post. It got rather wet on the way down, I hope that wont spoil the paper round the nose. After the post office I had my hair washed & then went to Emily Bennetton which was a dreary job as I found her miserably ill and I am really quite unable to help her. At least as far as I can see I am. Violet may be going to Portsmouth for the week end to see her Mother & Father who are both there. She has a scheme to bicycle but I dont think it will come off. I think she will go by train. Father said to night that he would not be re-married when the war were over if a law were passed to say that men might have two wives. Would you ever have expected him to say such a thing? I should have thought he would have been two conservative. I am sure England as a whole will never allow it. Dearest I am so full of love for you

I hope my new baby will look to be very like you. I wish I could be absolutely certain about it. I was feeling my breasts a good lot at this stage last time & I am not at all now. Of course this time is quite different because they have been used & fairly recently & probably much less growth & adjustment is necessary.

Good night dear, my eyes are getting sore & I am writing the wrong letters.

I am sorry, dear, I haven't much time before the post now to finish this letter. I went to the depot this morning, and then I expected Mrs Lavine to tea but at lunch time she telephoned to ask if she might instead come soon after three because her man wanted to go out after tea. So after I had taken a parcel to the town to send off for you I had no time till now after they left. It was very nice, Mrs Lavine and a niece of her

came and Clara was very sweet quite friendly
& very energetic. She is getting good at
standing alone. She can get straight up
off the floor and stand quite fairly
easily now and sometimes she has enough
control to sit down again with out a bump.
I am sending you on this letter. I will
write to Mrs Maxwell & say that I
have done so. These deaths are so heart-
breakingly sad.

I have sent a second sheet a towel & a
pair of gloves to you today. I dont think
either of the cap covers will do. One I am
sure is too small & the other has a
a long flap down the back which I
dont think you want. They have not got
an oil silk cape & say it would take them
three months to get one. I will try else-
where, but if I cant get one what am I
to do?

I am afraid I must end or I shall miss the
post.

Your very loving
Ruth.