

Wednesday evening

Dearest - I am sorry you didn't
get written to this yesterday, when
I got in last night I was so
dead I fell into bed. These weeks
each have a peculiar atmosphere
of their own and there seems
always to be just as many
jobs. Turk has been in bed
yesterday - the day before
is now up but with a bad
cough and cold.

Our parent to Bony
Hawes was completely
successful. Men (in
Kingsland) were very helpful
the former in a very scientific
positive way and the latter
in a gossiping negative way.
They had had tea and
dinner and although

to boot. The snow there was lumpy and beautifully thick on the evergreens. There were easily a hundred or more robins all looking a little doubtful about having arrived so soon. We spent exactly forty five minutes with the family dashing from one ward to the next and escaped to make the nine o'clock train back.

Yesterday I spent in reading the history of archaeological studies - Michael's Century of Archaeological Discoveries (1908) which goes back to the seventeenth century and is a fascinating book. Justice might like it although he probably knows it.

Last night I went out with Comrade Gray, one of the sailors, on a canvassing trip to round up unemployed for our Unemployed Council this Thursday eve. I love the durbuy and hope the comes soon this week.

