

April 28

My own dearest George

I had such a surprise yesterday. We had just finished lunch and Father was going off to London when we heard the front door bell and Winson came in & said 'Captain & Mrs Malloy. I was mopein and I hurried into the drawing room & there actually were Trafford & Doris. He had come home for months and they will go and live some where they dont yet know where it will be. It is nice to see any one as happy as Doris looked yesterday. Trafford has bought a little car and they came down in it. He had forgotten to bring his petrol licence and so he could not

buy any. Very fortunately we had some  
here left over from when we had  
the car and sold him two cans. It  
was a score for him because he  
got it cheaper. You see we must have  
bought it when it was cheaper  
than it is now. Also he scored all  
that extra petrol because it did not  
go down on his card.

He had to go to the town in  
the afternoon to get a puncture  
mended. I went in the garden with  
Doris and Clara walked along the  
lane. She is very keen on Tom & quite  
was that he is the most intelligent  
child and the most beautiful that  
has ever been born.

Trafford was very much taken with  
Clara and thinks her very pretty.  
He wants Tom to get older. They are

much more generally interesting after a year.

I am going to lunch with them next Thursday if that is all right for Mary Anne. Your Father will be there then.

He is coming to London Tuesday & Trafford is going to motor him down to see Mary on Wednesday.

Doris says that Trafford is a bit disappointed that he did not get the good job in France. I am very glad.

He has got on very well and it must have been an awful strain for Doris. I'd rather have an alive Captain than a dead Major any day.

Violet had gone to London today & I have Clara all to myself. I like it very much, but I should like it better if I had not this bother of preventing her from walking.

It means so many struggles and tears

and rather a lot of carrying for me.  
I must be very careful that I don't ever  
do myself.

I had a letter from you this morning  
dear. You tell me in it about Pally and  
her Father's second marriage. Poor old  
man I feel rather sorry for him. It  
does seem silly that a man of his  
age must marry ~~before~~ before he can  
live with a woman + let her be  
his nurse. I wonder if it will  
make a great difference in the money  
way to Pally. He must leave his  
present wife some.

I think on the whole it is very  
lucky for her to be aid of him.  
Dearer your letter somehow does not  
strike me as very happy. Perhaps you  
was feeling depressed then. I wish  
I could be with you when you was  
feeling miserable. I'm sure I could  
make you feel happier because I love

you so much.

I shall send you more sausages and cream  
this week.

Mr Bock is an awful nuisance the way  
she never can remember to do what she  
says she will. She promised to  
ring me up this morning to say  
if they would come to tea or if they  
would rather I went them with Clara.

I don't want to be a mother but I  
suppose I must ring her up again.

It did seem to make me want you  
back extra much seeing Davis with  
Trafford safely home. It must be  
almost like the end of the war to  
her.

I wish we could beat the Germans a  
bit faster. I am so impatient.

If only we could be together anywhere &  
anywhere, but if it could be in a  
many flowery place it would make it  
all the better.

Your very loving  
Ruth.