

Friday Oct 20

My own dearest

I had quite a good day yesterday. To begin with there was rather a disappointment. Laurence Powell rang up to say that he and Olive would come over to lunch and I was sorry to be away but I am going to lunch at Piccadilly Rooms today to see them. I went up by the 10.30 and took Boswell to read I am only at the beginning of the second volume I'm afraid I am going very slowly but its not an easy book to read fast, the conversations recorded are very interesting and clear and often amusing but ~~yes~~ I find I do not want to read too many of them in a day. Still I did enjoy it yesterday and I read quite a lot. The part where the King visits him in the library and then he goes and tells his friends all about it is very amusing. I wonder if I should feel awfully impressed if King George talked to me. I am sure I should much more if he was a handsome man and tall. Johnson is very wise but its much very worldly wisdom. He is exactly enthralled in his religion and I did not like the way he talked of adultery

condoning the offense by a man ~~or~~ but in no way doing so for a woman. To a certain extent I am with him in that judgement, but he seems to think women such poor things.

M^{rs} Green came up in the same carriage with me so we did not get as much reading as I otherwise should have.

I got out at Vauxhall and crossed to Victoria I had a little time to wait there and ~~we~~ bought Clara some red shoes, she wanted some new ones very badly. They had allowed me time from Waterloo that is why I had time to spare. It was an electric train to the Crystal Palace which was the station, they are not at all pleasant to ride in, noisy and lumpy as least this one was.

Doris and M^{rs} Sawyer met me at the station we had a taxi up the hill for Doris and walked the rest of the way along the level.

It certainly is not a pretty house but I suppose it might easily be worse.

I like M^{rs} Sawyer more than I expected to. She seemed to me very kind and ~~and~~ nice and delightfully affectionate to Doris in an almost sisterly way. I should

think she never nagged at her children. I don't at all wonder that Trafford is fond of her. Doris looked well and seemed very happy preparing for Tom. They seem to have decided that it will be a boy and really I think it's most likely. Maay & I have just had girls you see and her sister Molly has a girl. I hope it will be a boy I think they would like one best.

I saw a photograph of the sister Molly and her little girl. They live by the sea in Canada and it was a snap shot and they were both on the shore in their bathing things. She looks the most charming and delightful girl, I hope she will come back to England someday so that I may know her.

I saw Doris's preparations by way of baby clothes she has been very energetic. They are now beginning the short things. She is going to do without a nurse with the help of her mother, because when she and Trafford live together they do not think they can afford one. I should think it will work all right because she will have her mother to help her at first when she is not strong. She is

going to a nursing home two doors off for her confinement which she expects at the very beginning of January.

I went back by bus. It started at the Cristal Palace and went right the way to Waterloo and it was only $3\frac{1}{2}$. It was much the best way of going back because like that there was no getting across dark London which Father says is very difficult now.

I prepared in my mind for my today's service on the way down. The subject is to be honesty. A very nice one but I know it might be done so much better than I shall do it which is a pity.

There's the breakfast bell and I shall hardly have any more time to write today, that's why I get up early enough to write this much.

My own dear I am finishing this in the evening just before going down to the service. I did not get time this afternoon.

Oh darling I do love you so and want you so I think of you very much of the day. Life is rather gay and dreary now I wonder how long the war will last. Laurence Powell was very

pessimistic today, he puts next autumn as the earliest possible end and if it has got to be won by fighting I should think he is right, but I doubt if it will end by fighting. Oh if we could only know this hoping is getting very tiring.

I wonder if I shall get a little baby to cheer me on. I find I think rather a lot about that hope and it will probably be only one more disappointment. But my dear so long as I have you to love nothing else matters very much except that you are away from me and in danger and that matters fearfully.

I hope you are happy dear. I wish you need not live in a hole among mud. Trafford is much more comfortable. He has gone South just lately Denis says and she seems to think that he is very likely on the Somme.

I must stop. I send you many kisses dear and a very big tight hug

Yours very loving

Ruth.