

Wednesday May 17 1916

(4)

Dearest

I am on the way to Birkenhead and baby is asleep so there is time to write. She is being very good and bright. I do hope she will be well at Birkenhead. The journey so far has gone admirably except for one accident at the beginning. We had the Thomas flask with baby's ^{milk} ~~bottles~~ in it in a little brown bag, the one we took to Lingsfield, and we told George to be careful with it, and he let it fall from the cart into the road. So of course the Thomas broke. We did not know what to do for a moment. Then Violet realised that we should have enough with the bottles we had with us for the rest of baby's meals to day. So she had to run on to the Demsky's cottage and get ~~the~~ a bottle heated before the train. I got hot water to heat the second at Euston all

night, but we shall want another
at Chester & I dont know if we
shall have time to get it heated.
If not she will have to wait
till we get there.

I heard last night that Avie will
be there to night. Isnt that nice?

Dearest, I do love you so much. I am so
very very thankful that you have
not gone to a touch montee, and
I have thanked God already more than
once & shall do so again. All
the same I should have felt it to
be very unkindly had luck of you
had. When I pray for things hard,
dear, and dont get them I do
sometimes feel a little hurt about
it. But now if I dont get babies,
and I dont think shall, but I cant
help hoping, I shall still be so
grateful that you are not with
a touch montee, that I dont think
I shall feel hurt.

We passed a most lovely wood
of bluebells a little way back

the ground was nearly blue with
them. All the country is looking
lovely it is quite sad to think
that I shall be in a town for
two weeks. I have brought a
lot of flowers with me for your
Mother. Lilac, single Keria Japonica, daisies
tulips, roses and lilies of the valley.
Baby is awake now I have just
lent her my pencil but she will
nick the point end, so now she
has the lid of the powder box
and a reel of cotton instead.

I am at St John's Vicarage now.
Your Mother seems very well and
bright so is Alice. Little Bobby is here
Clare has quite taken to him, they
had great fun in the garden
together. He tried to catch her
legs while as I ran away with
her.

I went this to catch the
evening post so I can't write

