

Wednesday, Oct 18

My dearest George

It turned out a most awfully wet day yesterday and it looks as though it might rain today. The sun was shining brightly as seven but its gone now.

I spent a nice quiet afternoon writing letters and doing china painting till four, then I had to get ready to go to tea with M^{rs} Irvine. I had meant to go on my bicycle but that was out of the question so I had to walk. I had rather a nice tea with her; just her, me, & the baby. He has got on wonderfully, and looks quite like a normal baby although of course he does not look his age. I should think too there is quite a good chance that he will be decent looking he has quite a nicely shaped mouth though the chin at present is rather lacking. That will be small & pointed like his mother's I think. M^{rs} Irvine seems very happy now that she has her proper nurse for him and is rid of the monthly nurse and perhaps too of her sister in law.

M^r Irvine is having to live at the Headmistress house and she does not at all want to take the

baby and live there too, it would not be very good
the risks of infection must be greater. So he comes to
her for lunch and they have afternoon together &
dinner in the evening together.

Last night I lay and imagined you in your bed
in you lay out lying with your little lamp beside
you. If only at those times I could come and be
with you for half an hour we should feel so
refreshed. Then I thought about your bed & I
remember what a little hard thing it is and
I am afraid you are not very comfortable. So
darling could I send you a nice fat idea down
and you could put it under your bottom
blanket it would make your bed both warmer
and softer I think and if you had to move
far and it got in the way you could send it
back to me and I could send it to you again
when you were ready for it. It would be
awfully comfortable too to roll yourself in to
lie on your bed on nights when you have to
get up you will think about it want you.
It's afternoon now and it's turned out a lovely
day. On our way over to the depot this

morning we met Laurence Powell at Guildford station home on ten days leave and he told us that Olive's husband Will Kennedy has got the military cross and much better he is coming home for two months to do some sort of course at Aldershot Olive's going to meet him in London tomorrow it's nice to think of any one so happy I have got baby this afternoon, she is playing on the floor now with her shoes & rucks and a rattle.

I have had rather a successful morning at the depot. We were doing a new sort of thing, little folded linen squares that the French maçons use as some sort of doosing. I say little because I was doing mostly small ones but they were any thing from 8 inches x 2 to 10 x 10 I did not begin them quite at the beginning of the morning as I was doing some ordinary doosings but I watched the other people & they seemed to me extraordinarily incompetent and bad, they were not asked to hurry nearly to fold these things quite exactly, and they were all wrong and had to come undone. So then

I asked if I might try and I folded one quite exactly and it was the first exact one they had that morning. Also I saw the proper way to sew them, most people pulled theia's to pieces again in the sewing. So I had rather a successful morning. But I cant see why people cant use their brains over what they do with their hands, but I suppose I naturally think that as it happens to be the way I can use my brain. Still I dont think I could be as slow picking a thing up as those people were this morning and I am sure if M^{rs} Brock had been there she would have done them just as well as I did.

I must stop this letter and give baby her dinner. I'm afraid its not been a very interesting one but I cant think much while I have one eye & half my mind on baby.

Dearest try and imagine when you get this letter that I am kissing you most beautifully
your very loving
Ruth.