

Thursday June 15 (41)

My own darling

Such a scrap of time for writing to you. I am sorry. But this morning I copied out your letters for Biker's head, then I went down to Bridget to help her clean windows and I meant to write to you later in the morning but the windows were so dirty they took up till one. After lunch Violet and I walked to Wimpole Street with baby in the pram and did some shopping in Oxford Street on the way. It is a long walk. Baby was a great success at tea. Bridget has given me some little red shoes for her and she looks sweet in them. After tea I went to Joyce Fletcher's house & met her & Alison and with them went to see Mrs Fletcher who is in a nursing home. Then Alison walked back with

us. ^{Baby} She was so gay and laughing all
the way home. She cooed & bubbled
with laughter.

Harula is here now, and she and Bridget
have made great friends which is awfully
nice. I like to have all my friends
friends with one another don't you.

Bridget says Owen O'Malley says that I am
uneducated. I wonder if you told him so
or if Maay Anne did or if he found it
out in those two times that I saw him.

We are going to dinner there tomorrow
night. I am looking forward to that.

Bridget & Harula both send their love
to you.

My very dear one I do so
wonder what you are doing. What very
different lives we are having now. I
am enjoying being here with Bridget
very much. I do enjoy taking baby about
and every one admiring her so much, which
I really think they truly do. I hope you
don't think it horrid and vain of me.

But I do say to you just what I really feel
even if it does sound vain. One way to
ones own husband, don't you think so dearest.
I'm afraid I must stop, but I have told you
quite a lot about today hasn't I.

Your very very loving Ruth