

Wednesday June 7 [1916]

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My dearest George

I had your post card this morning:  
I am very glad you are all right, thank  
you very much for sending it, it  
made me much happier to have it.

It is such stormy weather here and not  
at all warm, its pouring in deluges now  
and thundering.

The Clutton Brooks garden was looking  
very nice yesterday, chiefly it had pink  
flowers in it, but they were taken up  
by pale yellow and by lovely blue  
lithospermums. Then the rose part was looking  
lovely too with tall pale blue iris growing  
among ~~them~~ <sup>the roses</sup>. I think the rain we

are having will do good but it would  
be better if it were not so heavy its  
is flattening the flower borders badly.

My dear one you can imagine how I am  
looking forward to getting your next  
letter, but at the same time I do not  
at all want you to feel that you

must write when you haven't time, and  
are very tired. I can wait all night  
I wonder if Lord Kitchener's death will really  
matter very greatly to the War office. It's  
jolly fine the way the Russians are getting on  
now, I hope they will manage to relieve  
the Italians a bit. They seem to be in a  
bad way. Mrs Burton Brown came here  
after tea yesterday, she is very distressed  
about them.

Mr Brock is going to send you his book  
as soon as I give him your address. You  
see I don't know whether it is altered or  
not.

Baby is just wonderfully well & strong  
and bright. I don't think I have ever seen  
a child of her age look so blooming  
well, certainly never better, that would be  
impossible. I must say I am boasting with  
pride over her. She is so energetic so full  
of life and so ready to be gay. She only  
screams with temper when things don't  
please her and she gets over it very quickly  
even if she doesn't get what she wants, but  
if she does the scream is cut short half  
way through.

Mr Brock and I had a most amusing and

sympathetic discussion about matters in law and their attitude towards ones offspring. It is funny but I think all older women think that the young ones cant manage a baby. Bridget said she almost quarreled with her beloved grandmother over Porsis.

I heard more about Mr Kendall from the Books. He will know his fate tomorrow there is only one man now against him for the headmaster ship. I hope he will get it. They say they want someone to keep up the social side of the school. How will they manage that?

I wonder how you are getting my letters; your post card said I have got your letters so I hope you are getting them alright.

I really do think it is curious the way every one we know seems to know something of every one else. Specially the London people. There is Bridget she has heard of Wanda so Wanda has heard of Bridget and wants to know her. I saw Wanda for a minute this morning. As I was seeing Bridget off at the station a train came with

hastle in it on her way to Haslemere  
~~We stopped~~ I ran across and spoke to  
her. I shall be able to see her next week  
in London.

Good bye dear dear one till I write  
to morrow or till I get a letter from  
you. I have two photographs of you  
to send a kiss to.

Your very loving  
Ruth.

