

May 26 1916 (19)

My dearest

I accomplished my journey yesterday very comfortably. Something always has to go wrong with me on a journey but this time it was not my fault. Fair Mother looked out my train and decided when I was to come and she chose one from Liverpool to Manchester that was not running. So I had to go across to the exchange station and get a train there. If it had been punctual I might have caught the night train on to Mablethorpe, but it started quite seven minutes late so I knew it would be hopeless. I could not find an empty carriage so I got into one with one man in it. Two more got in later, one took an immense interest in Clara and talked to her a lot, he had a little boy of his own just over a year old. He was very taken with baby and called her a "bonny little lassie" which indeed she is. I must go in and look at the milk now which is steaming.

I did not have to wait very long for the next train to Mablethorpe.

I have had another letter from you this

morning. I wondered from your beginning what had happened, and was quite relieved to learn that it was only trees cut down though that is sad. Your work sounds most fearfully strenuous. I do hope you won't strain your self or get overworked. I understand that you worked from after dinner till after one, then I suppose you went to bed, then do you get a proper night or do you have to get up next morning early and do more work?

I suppose the gun emplacements that you cut down the trees for, where for your own battery or where the for the other place you are building?

It's now the afternoon. Baby did not sleep well this morning. I think she has a bit of a tummy ache. She brought some wind when I took her up and carried her about to quiet her and after that she was quite good but did not sleep. This afternoon, however, she has slept beautifully and is still asleep, I think, in her pram. I shall have to take her in soon for her bottle. Poor little John has had a heart attack today, not a head

one, and he is much better, but he looked
very white & watched for a bit, poor
kiddy. I think baby Mary is a very nice little
person, not perhaps hugely thrilling but
quite bright and intelligent.

I like being here, its very nice being called Aunt
Woof by two little dears like Bobby & John
I should like to be with them for a long enough
time to get to really know them.

Baby really is sleeping wonderfully this afternoon
she has been asleep an hour and three quarters
without ~~without~~ waking up thoroughly. I shall have
to wake her very soon for her bottle it is
after the right time now.

This garden is looking very nice, all the
rose beds in front are now headed
with thistle, mostly pink but some white
and its looking very bright with flowers
There is a lot of London pride in the
further beds from the house. The hebe border
border is not very successful they have not
got it nearly full enough. That is so after
a fault in gardens. I dont like too much
bare earth.

My darling dear I do love having your letters
& I am sorry this is such a poor one;

but I have had to write it in so many
interrupted scraps that I really don't feel I
quite know what I have said.

I will try and send you better one tomorrow
Little John has recovered now. We went for
a walk with him and Mary and a little puppy
and Clara along the lanes after tea. They are
going to bed now but Clara does not
go so early. Archie has her now.

Good bye & good night my very dear.

Lots of kisses.

your very loving

Ruth.

