

April 27

My dearest One

Forty ships last week & fifteen small ones is pretty bad. We are trying again to cut down our consumption of wheat flour and to use barley flour & corn flour instead. Barley flour makes lovely scones.

Yesterday was gloriously sunny & after I had finished writing to you at about half past two Mill & Violet and Clare & I went down the steep field to gather primroses. It was nice and so very good for Clare.

The field was too steep for her walk but she took plenty of exercise scrambling up and down and she was so happy. She played with dead leaves and sticks & earth & got

very dirty. I did wish you could be seeing her there, it would have made you feel happy. After we had picked a lot of prim roses we went into the garden & went round with the pram and gathered a lot of garden flowers, Daffodils, hyacinths, grape hyacinths, white anemones, heath and red flowering currant & violets. I sent them all to Doris Malloy. I am going to try and go to see her when I am in London.

I have had a letter from Mary this morning. She is coming here in July now instead of May because her term and our work fit in May. She says she is hoping that she is going to have another baby but that a miscarriage has nearly come on so she is having

to keep most awfully quiet. I hope it will be all right I know she would like it very much. But she does seem to be in rather a delicate condition.

I should not say any thing about it to your Mother or any one till we know definitely, they might not like it.

Dearest I made up my mind that if Constance Mussen had a girl & Mr Smart had a girl by all the laws of opposites & turns I ought to have a boy and now its happened like that I dont feel a bit more at- though I am going to have a boy. Do you think I am being very silly. I'm afraid I am rather. But the worst of it is that I do mind a lot. This one kicks most on the bottom left side just the same as Clara did.

Last night in bed I was just lying and thinking of all the things you might be doing. It seemed very likely that you were up at an O.P. or waiting for something some where in the dark. I wanted to know what you would be thinking about. I could imagine a lot of things you might be thinking about. Can you possibly tell me the sort of way your thoughts do run when you have to wait about, or don't your thoughts run in grooves much.

I shall end this letter now, my dearest, because some how I'm not in a waiting mood this morning and if I'm not I'm always so slow over writing.

Your very very loving

Ruth

