

Oct 29

My dearest George

I've had a great day and one of the best parts was finding a letter from you when I got in, such a very dear nice one. You told me in it about the autumn leaves on the poor broken down trees. I hope nature will quickly heal the hurt world & God the hurt hearts of men.

Well I must tell you about today or I shall never get the letter done and it does not seem polite to Aunt Eleanor to spend all the evening writing. I arrived at the Montessori school at 9.30 just as all the children were assembling. There were eleven of them from 6 years to 2½. I am not going to tell you in detail what happened but just my impression of it. I liked very much the fact that the children had a stretch of those peaceful hours in which to occupy themselves as they liked. They seemed on the whole very ready to concentrate on the job that they had chosen. They sat round a table and had a little lunch at 11.0 and then and a good many other times during the morning I did not think their manners good enough and I did not think that they were checked with sufficient firmness. I was unfortunate in the fact that Miss Rugg the proper teacher was away with a bilious attack. She will probably be there tomorrow & I think I shall go and see if she is. Now to keep to the same



subject I shall jump to the end of my day. At about six o'clock I went to Tavistock Square and saw Dr Jessie White the secretary of the Montessori Society I told her I had seen this school and some of what I thought of it and that I hoped to be able to have a little class at the Hall two or three days a week; I asked her if she thought it possible that I might be allowed to go to a school for a week or a fortnight to learn a little more about it. She was very nice and quite keen that I should try and said that she would arrange for me to go to a school she thought. I said I would not go just now while this influenza ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> raging so but would read some more books. The next thing to do is to find out if any of the mothers at Charterhouse want it. I am going to see about getting apparatus tomorrow and some of it I can make. I find they do sell it separately.

I left the Montessori school ~~practically~~ at 11:15 and went to School Road for Villa & got your curtain velvet there. I arrived back here exactly at my appointed time to meet Trafford and found that he had just arrived. We went off together in his little car. I found his mind running very much of peace and his future life. His ideal is to have a sheep farm in Scotland. He has got just the man to run it he says. He would then stay in the

flying Corps some years and go to the sheep farm when he gets fed up with the army - I suppose when he thought he could afford it. Doris was better than she was a few days ago when I gather she was in quite severe pain. The clot apparently is pressing on her psychic nerve. She slept naturally for the first time last night for about a week. I gather that there is no danger to her life at present so long as she keeps quiet but there may be danger again after the baby is born when the clot begins to soften and go. The danger you know is that the clot should move along the vein and get to the heart when it kills you at once. I saw Tom, he was not very forthcoming. He is a nicely made little fellow but not as pretty as I expected. He is even more backward than Clare was in talking and can hardly say any words yet.

Trafford says he hopes very much that the war will be in a condition to allow of him seeing you when he gets back, he means to get over as soon as he can. He was awfully jolly and friendly. I went to tea with Will & Ka. Poor Will is in bed with a bad throat and it is a comfort that he has Ka to look after him. I am sure they are both most awfully happy. Will could not talk much but he was awfully sweet and himself & pathetically sorry to be bothering Ka with being ill when she was just loving looking after him. Dearest I must



and this letter I am making it impudently long.  
I will stay and tell you some more about Will  
& Ka tomorrow.

Very very much love to you my dearest one.

Your loving  
Ruth.

