

Tuesday
Wednesday Oct 4

My own dearest

I finished my last letter to you ~~at~~ before ~~Christmas~~ breakfast because of going to London. I did not enjoy London much, I didn't think I should. Marjorie is such an effort to go with; she never will makes up her own mind about any thing and one always has to be prodding her to make it up or doing it for her, or else one has to get along and get the shopping done somehow. On the whole we had a dull lot of things to do. But I did two good things & got a gay painted cotton rag to cover your table. Chiefly green & red & I think it ought to look very comfortable and cheery. That was at Shoalbread and on my way out I saw card board boxes being sold specially for sending to the troops. I have ordered 1 doz. I can use them for other thing but I think we may find the cakes go better in wood. I have not found out the price of the wooden boxes yet these others were 4/9 a doz. Quite enough for card board but the wood will come to more. I shall try a cake in these card board boxes one day.

The other interesting part of the shopping was at Liberty. Marjorie was getting herself a dancing gown which gave me the opportunity of looking at their smoking. I thought I had been rather bright in inventing smoking in two colours I had never seen it done but I found that Liberty had done it and much more successfully than I have so

I was able to take tips from them. Then I went to the silk department and got some yellow silks for baby in those shades & green in two and some red for myself that I am going to use on my new deep brown velvet. That's a wonderful shop that I bought it at I suppose they are making their way but they do serve well and promptly its quite a pleasure to go in.

Its an awfully wet morning today and I am so afraid that you are having the same weather and it must be hateful for you. I am so sorry dear.

I have now come to the more amusing part of Johnsons life where Boswell has met him. I think more of Boswell than I do of Johnson he seems to have a much better judgement of waiting. Johnson does not seem to like any one living at his own time and yet surely no one reads Johnson now for pleasure whereas we do read the Vicar of Wakefield and Gays's plays and a few other things.

Olive Marsden Smalley ~~was~~ rang up from London last night and she is coming here this next Saturday for the week end. I am pleased, it is so nice to see people one likes.

I must go to breakfast now

I have had a short letter from you this morning, in which you again speak of distasteful visiting. I agree with you that I had better not plunge into it yet because it is about the worst way of doing that sort of thing. But

I think I shall try and find out more about this mothers welcome for it would be just the nicest way of coming into contact with the women and would give one more chance than coming in in a definitely religious way especially as I dont altogether agree with the drush which would make me feel tied.

I dont much suppose the mothers welcome will be begun untill after the war but untill then I have plenty to do without that sort of work.

About wanting to do social work when I am at home I dont much want to because there is so much there I want to do but when I get among the people I do want to because I like them and it is interesting. But I dont want to take it up and do a great deal of it at present because I would much rather have more babies and look after them. If I had only one child or many who were at school then I might want to do a fair lot.

But I think I should any way like the mothers welcome work. Its so easy for me to be sympathetic about babies now I have one.

Vivies mother is here so I have got baby for the afternoon so I am afraid I shall not be able to write much more as I must keep an eye on her all the time. When I was out of the room a minnit ago she eat some coal before the other realised what she was doing

or had time to stop her. She is now sitting in a woad board box on the floor and new coats have come in it. Its most satisfactory it has low sides but she does not seem able to get out. I shall have to take her soon though to have her dinner she is beginning to get cross.

I wonder what of the heavy bombardment in your letter this morning did lead to. Nothing very huge but I hope that does not mean you tried but did not succeed. I am so glad that the reported German victory over Rumania turned out untrue. They seem to be getting on pretty well, apparently the crossing of the Danube is a great feat.

I'll tell you what makes even me feel that the war mustn't end yet and that is to hear of that sniveling Crown Prince wants peace and is wrong that so many men are being killed. Did you see his interview with some American it was in the Times yesterday.

Dearest my letter must stop & I must take leave out I'm afraid the last part has been written in interrupted sippets.

Yours very loving
Ruth

