

Wednesday May 31 (26)

My own darling

Not much time for a letter to day I'm afraid, which is a shame after the lovely long one I had from you this morning. You see we are in the throes of a bazaar. I have been packing & unpacking and arranging cakes all the morning. I have now come back and left your Mother and dear Mrs Woldon Holmes to struggle to a finish. I, have promised to be back again at 2 o'clock to do what remains before the bazaar opens at 2.30.

Dearest I, have not yet read carefully what you say about where you are I didn't think Ralph has told me much I doubt think he knew where you are. I will at any rate be very very careful. I shall breathe a hint here that I, know any think because

certainly your Mother has no more idea of keeping a thing secret than she has of telling the accurate careful truth. I may possibly let Father & Mill & Mauby know because they can all hold their tongues, most specially Mill.

I send you a parcel yesterday. I hope you will get it all right. I had 1 lb of China tea which your Mother said she used to send you, and 1 lb of the Indian tea they drink here, the watch case, a little cheese your Mother said you like specially I hope you do, but any way its quite eatable; also some crystallised ginger, that was my thought, so was the big bar of rock ~~chocolate~~ chocolate.

I had an idea that I was spelling chocolate wrong, and I saw a label to one of the cakes this morning so then I knew I was.

They have got the most absolutely lovely flowers at this hayao. Horn fulls of roses, and great pink Hydrangeas, long stalk salmon snapdragons and beautiful

ishes. I think I shall be quite amused.
Dearest its a lucky thing that it does
not ruffle me to be criticised or I
dont think I could stay here. Your
Mother is not an odd one, you know,
nearly every morning she comes and
tells either Violet or me that baby
ought to be out in her pram in
the garden before she is. The mornings
that she is good and peaceful she
goes out very soon after ten, but
when she is very cross we let her
stay and play a little longer because
she only cries in her pram. She
never sleeps so well on the cross
days. The other morning when Violet
was away she was calling all over the
house for me. I was in the nursery
holding baby out, so I could not go, it was
only to tell me it was time she
was in the garden, which she could
not possibly be at the moment
I wonder how she first got hold of the
idea that she knows every one elses

job better than they do. Well its a lucky thing I dont happen to mind it. I can quite well understand it annoying people most awfully. She is quite wonderful the way she rises every time, never misses, I began to think that she must do it because she found it amusing, so I asked her if she rose on purpose; it made them both laugh but she said very earnestly she did not.

Dearest I really think you will like Clare most awfully when you come back, she is so bright now, she nearly always greets one with a smile, sometimes so broad that it puckers up her nose. I think she is quite irresistibly sweet. Oh darling how often I think of the war being over and the joy of having you back, what it be lovely. I am glad you are not getting heavy over the shooting & noise yet.

I dont think you need have put your letter into two envelopes. It would not have been over 100g.

I simply must stop.

Your very very loving
Ruth.