

Sunday June 25 (50)

Dearest

I have got up before breakfast and I am sitting on the mat in the circle in bright sunshine. The pond has some tall white irises round it and the blue part is full of delphiniums and red part though <sup>there is</sup> not so much colour yet has quite a lot of poppies in bloom. The grass is silver green with dew. The sky is very blue with great white clouds & little dappled ones. Mary Anne and her Jane came yesterday and ~~we~~ we have ensconced them quite comfortably in the attic. The new bed that Aunt Patty has lent me is lovely. It is dark stained wood and the rails along the side & beautifully finished with little noles at the head there is a gold T and the date of Davis's birth 1881 is underneath and the T is held kneeling naked childbed. Two little posts at the corners of the head have little owls carved at the

top. In fact it ought to make Clare grow up to an appreciation of the art of carving. I notice that she is enormously much more clever with her hands than Jean Kennedy. Jean uses the whole of her hands in a grabbing way, but baby now uses her fingers and will take one of my hairs between her thumb and fingers. I think that is quite good for nine months. But at present she is not nearly so friendly as Jean.

I am rather distressed about Mary Anne and Owen. She says she thinks he can't go on at the high pressure of work that is demanded from them now without breaking down. About ten of the valuable permanent staff have already broken down and had to go for long rest cures. It's very worrying for them isn't it. I think with Mary Anne that he is not the sort of man who ought to be allowed to break down. He is too nervous. He might quite conceivably never be as well again. My dear I would rather have you well and happy in France than ill and miserable in England. I hope

you will keep well. I think your life  
out-there would be pretty intolerable if  
you were not, much more than Owens  
life. Because his surroundings at least was  
comfortable he has a soft bed at night  
and good carefully chosen food. But you  
my poor dear just get anything and have  
no one to look after you. That's all right  
when you are well, but I'm afraid it will  
be very bad if you feel seedy.

I am feeling depressed a bit. It's really about  
the war. It's nearly always it now when I  
feel depressed. It's strange how the morning  
news does either cast a gloom or a  
radiance over the day almost unconsciously.  
When I feel depressed I want you very  
much dear. just having you makes things  
alright and being able to tell you.

I remember that so well, when I was  
first engaged to you I felt a little  
at though I had Mather back. It really was  
that I had someone in her place. She  
could always make things right, one just  
had to tell her about it and it came  
right, and now I have you it's the same

and it has been ever since I have had  
you my dearest and my best loved friend.  
But dearest we can live separated like  
this. and I feel that we can live in  
strength and joy because we love one another  
and because we know we are doing right.  
And dearest how is it that this knowledge  
of right gives such strength and joy  
if this world is only this world and  
there is nothing further or better beyond  
our own spirits. I think all this love  
and sacrifice for good must be linked  
up with a past & future and something  
supreme.

I shall just leave this letter now in case  
I get one from you this morning.  
I have had your letter which is very  
lovely. I am glad you are busy and  
shooting so well. Do tell me how  
much shooting you do unless that  
is impossible. I suppose it is very  
much. Darling I am not being  
sociable without you on purpose  
only you see it just happens.

You know you are too busy in the  
town to make sociability very easy.  
We did have a good many people  
to stay last summer but I am  
bound to own they did tire me  
rather sometimes, but now I am so well  
I can't be tired. That is partly what  
makes me feel I ought to be working  
so many tired people are and here  
am I as fresh & strong as possible.  
I don't believe there is fundamentally  
more in Stephen than Baudouin. I  
might have & would I expect have  
said so at one time but since I  
have stayed with her this last time  
and had so many talks with her  
I think there is as much sense &  
depth as you can want in a  
person, only overlaid with her queer  
excitable way and odd frankness  
which truly is very charming.

Stephen I sometimes think is not as thoughtful for her as he might be. I think that he thinks she has lived a rather jam-packed life in many ways and that it's good for her to work and he does not realise the effort of a baby. Then of course he is working very hard himself and around people who are frequently over working. And they seem to me to all be intolerant of the non workers. But I maintain that a woman who is pregnant or nursing her child is working. And I think that one who has a house and small children is too.

Well I must stop & wish baby a little she does not seem to be going to sleep without.

Many kisses for you dear

Your very loving  
Ruth