

[Th 18 Jan 1917]

My dearest Darling

I have had a letter from Mildred this morning. She says that Doctor Wyall has been to see Father and he has pneumonia. I shall go back tomorrow certainly perhaps today. I am going to ring Mildred up now & find out how he is now. I do think its bad of Father to play the silly with his health like this. Its an awful worry. I gather its quite slight so far as he has not got a nurse. But I should feel happier to be a home.

My dearest I am afraid you will find my letters awfully dull and stupid but you must just remember that I have no mind left or only have any in spasms. I am feeling pretty feeble but this has to be gone through & I am glad it should be when you are away.

I have rung Mill up and she says

she does not think Father is very bad
he is well enough to enjoy playing
with Clare but of course he must stay
in bed. I shall go home tomorrow
I promised Milly that I would. I
really want to because I don't feel
quite well enough to enjoy being
away. I should not have said I
would come if I had thought
the sickness would have come on so
soon.

It is after tea now & before tea I
lay on my bed and went to
sleep and so I feel much better
and bright now and I have been
having quite an interesting conversation
with Frances on the right age to
go to school. We both think
that it's a great mistake for a girl

to go before she is thirteen. I think
it would depend on the girl whether
she was ready to then. I mean
boarding school of course.

It's horribly cold. I went for a short
& very slow walk across common
foot paths with the dogs.

Frances has had the Doctor to see her
today and is going to be allowed
to get up three hours a day which
is a considerable advance.

I can't write any more because Frances
is talking.

Dearest good night. I am feeling awfully
well & bright just now. I don't
think I am going to get as bad
this time as long as I rest a lot.

Your very loving

Ruth

