

Jan 17

My Dearest

I am here at Ratherhill. I had rather a horrid journey because I had to wait so long at Petersfield. But I went for a walk in the town, its rather an attractive little town & it would have been very nice if it had not been so cold. But I could not get very warm because I did not feel like walking very fast or running. Father said he thought I ought not to have come because its unnecessary travelling. But now I am here I am glad I have because I get on very well with Frances and Uncle Billy & Aunt Rosamond are obviously very relieved not to have to be with her and amuse her all the time. Aunt Rosamond herself is in a very delicate state of health. Frances feels and seems perfectly well and it must be awfully trying for her having to be in bed. She has been in that

one room in bed for ten weeks now,
I find that she had a flute. It has a
flageolet and a flute mouthpiece. With the
flageolet one you blow straight down and
its much easier. Thats the one she used.
Its very curious she has almost no ear
for music and can only play from
notes & of course I can only play from
ear. I think its odd that she should
want to play, I dont quite see what
pleasure she can get out of it. She
cant recognise one tune from another.
Her flute is much smaller than Fathers
and much easier for me to play because
you dont have to get your fingers so
inconveniently far apart nor are the
wholes so large to block up. I think
the wholes in Fathers flute are a
bit large for my finger tips, I find
it hard to block them completely.
I didnt feel sick to speak of yesterday
evening nor have I today but I am

feeling as though I want to do very little. I think its very hard to know how much one ought to make oneself be energetic + how much to slack. You see I am afraid it might mentally be bad for the child to slack too much. I think myself that probably the best plan is to rest a lot both mind and body but when one does do things to do them hard and not slackly. I mean mental things not physical. I should hate to influence a child's mind to laziness. There is nothing I should dislike more than to have a child who was a regular slacker.

This is a very dog ridden house hold, they have two big ones, both bigger than Dan was. One is deep ~~just~~ creamy colour the other is black, they look very lovely together but I think they are a considerable nuisance.

I wish I could have brought Clare here with me she would have been an amusement for Frances who has never

even madder. They know Jean quite well
I feel so much more secure that the baby
will be alright now I have begun to
feel seddy. The mental comfort at that
is greater than the physical discomfort of
feeling ill. Its come out a lot in this
war how much more important a satisfied
mind is than a comfortable body.
It seems to me it is so for much most
people, more than one would have thought.
Of course there are exceptions. I always think
that Mr Porter is one, It may be partly
health that makes him like that of course.
I always feel that he & Mr Pillsbury are
terribly satisfied. I dont ~~want~~ want people
to be discontented but there is something
between that and being satisfied.
I want to go out for a little while & write
to Marion & not spend too long away
from Frances so I think had better
stop now.

Dearest I love you passionately more than I love
my babies I send you kisses, dear little ones that
have flown across the sea & are very fresh & tender
a caring by loving. Your loving Ruth.