

Dec. 1. 1918.

My dearest Ruth, I have just come in from a concert - the concert in Paris which takes place every Sunday. It has been rather a long business - I was told it was to begin at 2 o'clock & was there at 1.45 but it began actually at 3 & went on till 5.15. However I was quite content. At the quiet I made friends with a very nice party of young French people who took me along with them to a balcony where we had cheap standing places (I had left behind my money or I should certainly ^{have} brought a fanlight). We sat down there quite happily on the floor. It is not a big room - about the size of the Aeolian Hall only higher with two balconies round the sides. The orchestra was excellent & the programme very interesting - altogether a great joy. I felt quite sad at parting with my young friends at the door; I would have liked to see more of them; & I feel rather desolated at having no one to visit. I went thru

morning to look up one of the journalistic group
~~but~~ I used to know; but he, I found, is
dead & he was the link with the others.

I afterwards listened to a good sermon in an
extremely interesting church with which I
had never penetrated before though it is
quite near where I stayed in the Quarter
Latin - the plan was very fine & there was
incredible mixture of renaissance work
with 13th century which somehow
managed to be extremely effective. It has
been beautifully fine there last two days and
I have enjoyed my walks - this morning
especially when the buildings on either side
of the river
came out of the mist in a most romantic way.

I had good fortune on the whole last
night. I set forth with no very precise
information as to where my theatre was to be
found, but in the 'metro' fell in with a man
who was going there & kept me company all

the evening - quite a pleasant middle-aged
companion & a cultivated man in a rather
unshaven French manner. I was annoyed
at first to find that it was not Beaumarchais'
comedy that was to be played but Rossini's
Opéra-Comique. However it follows the comedy
very closely with much of the dialogue & the
music is quite charming. Rosini, the heroine,
was one of Patti's great parts.

I'm writing in my room now. The hot water
pipes make it sufficiently warm though it
is very cold outside & I am content with
it for the evening: but it is abominably
dark during the day - however I'm never
here so that doesn't greatly matter. I'm feeling
rather ^{hungry} at this moment. It is quite difficult
to get enough to eat without overdoing oneself
as most of the restaurants are fearfully
expensive & they don't cook here since the
war. I follow the French habits of course &

generally lunch about 12:0 - some about 7:0.

MONDAY MORNING. Whereupon it appeared to be

late enough to seek my dinner - I had rather an interesting bourgeois evening - quite pleasant companions at a cheap restaurant, one of them a young fellow who had lost an eye in the war, & afterwards in a café sat with another poet who had been a prisoner in Belgium & his sister who seemed a sufficiently intelligent girl with quiet manners.

I always make the first advances as the Parisiens don't expect one to converse in their language & very few of them know more than a few words of English.

I find my fluency in French already increasing & it amuses me to amuse the Parisiens who are very quick to laugh at any witticism.

I was half intending to go to Versailles to-day - but I shall wait for that - partly because I want to go to the Gare d'au Nord & find out about trains for my return journey & partly because I want to go to the Bibliothèque Nationale to consult books which is being kept aside for me; - then the little I can see of the sky from this room is not particularly encouraging.

Farewell. I expect a mail to-day.
My sweetest love to you. Just loving George