

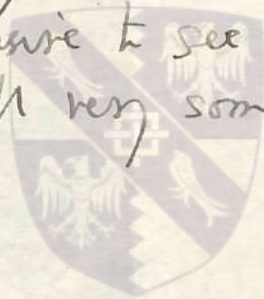
Nov. 15. 1918.

My dearest Ruth, The celebrations of peace continue to some extent, & take the form of a joy ride followed by a large meal. I went to Lille yesterday with the Major ^[L.G.] Pemberton & three folk from a battery in Assas - a joy-ride of about 35 miles. Lille is a big town, the third largest in France it is said, though I should doubt it being larger than Rouen; but the remarkable fact when one begins to talk in that vein is that France has so few big towns. It is furthermore quite a well laid-out town with agreeable squares & boulevards so far as I could see. We had lunch in a large hotel now used as an officers' club - entirely an English institution: but rations in Lille won't yet run to inter-allied restaurants. It was not in any way an interesting place except perhaps for the evidence it showed of how the Boches had been put to it to find brass - they had taken away all the fittings & even pulled the

bases of the pillars. We were late arriving & hadn't finished lunch before 3:30; after that we wandered round the town looking at the rarities in the shop windows - of which there was no lack. The Club in the evening was an animated scene of which the bar was the centre. Our party grew after a number of happy meetings till we were ten for dinner. I was depressed during the hour & a half in the ante-room by conversation in which I found it impossible to join & the disagreeable sight of a crowd of rowdy officers of unimpressive appearance. But by some very skilful manoeuvring I managed to place myself at dinner between two men who seemed capable of ideas beyond the incidents in military careers & performances of dour heroics which seem to form the staple of what can hardly be called conversation in gatherings of this kind. With one of these I had a long & interesting talk about America - with that & a half bottle of 'bubbly' which I drank like the rest I managed to survive the evening.

I wish I could think of these celebrations in any other spirit. I start with the assumption that I am going to enjoy myself with agreeable companions & it gradually dawns upon me that whatever they may be individually they are collectively, from my point of view, barbarians with whom I can have nothing in common.

You'll be wondering what has become of Trafford - he turned up again the day before yesterday & had lunch with us; but my further visit was deferred till he should have moved back to some quarters he occupied with his squadron when they were training with the Tank Corps. I'm trying to arrange with him a superlative joy-ride to Beauvais which is about 20 to 25 miles beyond Amiens; I have always had a great desire to see that cathedral & I expect it will very soon have been unscathed.



I found two letters when we returned last night - one somewhat out of date announcing the first symptoms of flu; and the other . . . but here comes the bombardier to fetch the letters. I'm sorry you don't find sympathy in the family for your Montessori adventures - that's so like families! But you have my amount from me so don't be discouraged. I understand your activities rather as an investigation, a experiment than as the action of a fanatic or even of one completely converted.

I hope Trafford will be sending over two planes to-day to photograph the gun so as to furnish us with souvenirs.

Yasewell. great love to you darling.

Your loving George.

