

Dec. 6. 1916.

My dearest Ruth, It's almost lunch time & I'm only just up. I've got a beastly influenza cold, but I think he's fairly well scotched now. The night before last I was playing Bridge with Platnames & felt feverish & yesterday I had an arrangement to go forth collecting stores with the sergeant major & I didn't like to give it up; it was a lovely day & I quite enjoyed it, but it's a very slow business in a motor lorry & I had had quite enough of it by the time I got back here about 6.0 p.m. So I went to bed early & took two Vegetable Laxative pills - I know it will please you to hear that; you're always so keen about them. Certainly the results are excellent for I have no fever to-day.

Bell went off yesterday in very high spirits - do you wonder? So he will get a few days at home before his course begins on the 10<sup>th</sup>.

It's quite possible he will rejoin us, though for his own sake I hope he'll get a battery. I'm surprised to hear that Ralph isn't coming out here for a time before commanding a battery - I should have thought a month here would be better than two months at home.

Dunbar is staying down here now, for his week as B.C. Lithgow is away to Amiens to-day.

This is a dull little note, but it will <sup>have to</sup> stop for the post. What does this political thunderbolt mean? That Lloyd George wants to get rid of Balfour? <sup>or Asquith?</sup> Did you notice that Mr Domp, Earl's Ad Chief at the War Office has got the sack? Presumably that is L.G.'s work. Earl by the way is going home to-morrow - his kidney weakness has been giving him a lot of trouble & he's afraid, I don't much expect he'll come out again.

Great love to you dearest.

Your loving George.