

Nov. 24. 1918.

My dearest Ruth I had a lovely & loving letter from you yesterday. I am glad you are feeling so much better. I know you must have been quite bad one day from what Mildred told me. I wish I could have had more anxiety about you; it seems so unsympathetic to have had so little. I can hardly call myself anxious now beyond the very mildest degree - I have too great faith in your splendid constitution - but I have an increased desire to see you & oh! much more than that - to take you in my arms dashingly kiss you & very many times. I can't believe it will be very soon because I want it so much - but I don't see why it shouldn't be. I have no ~~idea~~ pleasure in the idea of going to Paris - it was decided very much in a hurry. But that wouldn't of course delay my return, or not by more than a day or so. However if it comes off there may be some amusing

times - I believe the King is going there, for some  
jollification, on the 29<sup>th</sup> - the day I go too.

I had a heavy cold all yesterday or I should have  
written to you last night - but I felt too stupid  
for anything after dinner.

Oh! my dear, how I look forward to living with  
you again in our own home; we were happy  
before, but we will be much happier hereafter.  
We shall have learnt from our life together when  
conditions were difficult how to avoid those  
little moments of opposition which rob the  
bloom off married life - I'm afraid we must  
admit these were such with us in spite of  
a great deal of happiness & constant love; I  
never expected to be a good person to live with or  
rather I knew it would be very difficult for  
me & I can see it has been my fault even  
when you have been not quite sweet-tempered  
- because that's just what you are by nature  
& if you have now or then seemed to fail that  
way it has been some untender way of mine  
that has irritated you. You must be very patient



with me please, my dearest one, & always remember  
that I love you very tenderly.

We have not yet moved, but will do so, I expect,  
to-day. We have to give up most of our trucks,  
which will be very annoying - but we shall  
stick to this one. We have been told now where  
we shall go, but no one knows the spot -  
it is doubtful whether it is or is not a  
'strafed' area.

I am quite thrilled  
delighted to hear that your father has  
begun to walk again. It is has been a  
wonderfully rapid recovery - Is there any  
reason why he shouldn't be quite strong  
again? I do hope he will be, for I'm afraid  
he won't be happy unless he recovers his  
activity.

I was reading 'Tess of  
the d'Urbervilles' last night. It has the  
most wonderful descriptions of life on a  
dairy farm - in the Drome valley - & much  
about the milking of cows - you will love

to send it - though I fear it's again a tragedy.  
We are still having cold weather here - very  
cold nights. but it has been splendidly  
bright these last few days. I walked into  
Assos yesterday afternoon to buy stuff for the  
Mess - Pemberton accompanied me & two  
gunners followed with mail bags to carry back  
our purchases - now that's a fine aristocratic  
way of shopping isn't it? Our car is now out  
of action - the rear axle broken - apparently  
when it broke one wheel came off - went  
careening along the road nearly upsetting a  
despatch rider.

Now farewell my love:

Yours lovingly  
George.

