

[Enclosure attached]

Nov. 21, 1918.

My dearest one, I had no letter of to-day either from you or from Mildred; I must say I did want one; I wanted to hear that you were still better, as I should have known you were had you written yourself. Your being ill too makes me yearn so much more to talk with you - and I feel so much just now on the threshold of a new life that there seems to be much one might talk about.

I wrote a long letter to David yesterday to help him as far as possible to fall in love with Jelly. I think he's not a very long way off that stage though quite definitely not in it yet - as you'll see from his letter which I enclose. I rather make out that he has a doubt in the back of his mind as to whether she would make a good family person - I was able to reassure him about that, for I'm quite sure she would. In fact I made it as clear as I could that she is in my opinion highly eligible for him; and that if he can contemplate

marriage with her he must take the usual risks
in the preliminaries. I wonder who can
have told Ted David of Jelly's state of mind & what
exactly she meant by it & whether it is true.
Jelly is not a person, I would say, easily to give
her heart away, & I rather doubt if she has
gone so far as that, though I think it is very
likely she is disposed that way.

We had two officers of 471 (S) Bty, the other
14" guns, this afternoon. One of them said
he was going back to England for good to-morrow.
I asked him what was his profession & he said
a schoolmaster. On further inquiry I learnt
that the order for his release had come through
some weeks ago & he has waited to see the end,
in his case the order followed the application
in a few days - whereby my hopes are
encouraged.

We are having infernally cold weather here.
To-day the wind has gone round to the east

or even that is a blessing as it has cleared the
freezing mist, - we can see - what we do see
again, - even that is better than seeing
nothing.

I fancy we shall be left here
some time longer; the major is making no
effort to be moved as he is afraid some of our
trucks might be taken away - which would
indeed be a disaster; it appears that we have
more than the regulation number - in these
circumstances it is best to lie low.

My darling this will be a wonderful Xmas.
We shall have to greet our friends as it occurs
to me that supposing I were to write a
few lines for the occasion you might like to
devise some very simple setting - make some
illuminated cards. But the difficulty will
be to find the words even if you did not think
the other too long a job.

I wonder what stage you are in by now - it
is practically a week since Mildred wrote

& you ought to be living a normal indoor life if all has gone well, but with severe outdoor restrictions: but I'm afraid you may not have got well so quickly as that; these long troubles are the Devil.

Well my dearest one, farewell for a very short time I hope.

Your loving George.



[Enclosure to letter of 21 Nov. 1918]



47 Romney Street
London SW1

Nov. 12th 1918

My dear George

I feel sorry you have not had time of a look in at the final scenes of the drama - I met a man in the Strand lately who had been in the first entry into Lille - he said the scene was indescribable - newspaper-men might do their worst - it was only a pale reflection of what it was like. I saw it on the Cinema at the Coliseum before the Russian ballet one night & nearly wept.

Yesterday of course all London went quite mad - & today there are still a few wagon loads who have not yet worked off their spirits & must need parade the streets ringing dinner bells - so that one is constantly on the look out for the fire-engine.

Ma & Will are away in the Country I think - poor William got tonsillitis - after



breaking his knee - Now he'll get a good holiday among his paints & his garden & that will set him up. I saw them two or 3 times - & with once or twice alone - I think it's going to be a success; they both seem very happy. & Wilk said all was well & being married was much simpler affair than you might suppose.

- One's thoughts turn to the occupation of peace - & I find myself in a great dilemma - If - & when - to turn from the scientific & engineering job, back to Schoolmastering - a while ago I should have had no hesitation - but lately I have been getting rather worked & interested in their experimental work - & seeing two or three lines of work

(among the work I've been doing particularly) which will need to go on after the war - its internally difficult to decide - I wish I had you with me to hammer it out with. I am going to write to M.J.R. at once & let him know what's turning in my head - I shall not be able to leave this job for some months anyway. Of course I mean to leave the Air Force, there's no doubt of that - I've a strong feeling I'd like to do some more flying, though, before I do.

- And there's another thing - my dear George, that I'd give pounds when you have to advise me on - in short - it was told me (without my asking!) by someone who saw us together that Betty was in love with me - at first I was quite incredulous, not seeing how such a thing could be - but I know I've a big barrier of incredulity about such a thing which makes me perhaps rather insensitive to what other people are feeling - I lately found Betty in a

similar & equally unexpected situation
- I'll tell you all about that one day
- the tragedy of that was that she was a
person I had always been much attached
to & would have been in love with myself
if she hadn't been married to a friend of
mine before I really knew ^{her} - so I never
dreamed that my attachment was returned.
- But to return - it may be so I suppose -
- the world is full of wonders - but if so
... one is alternately born up with
station - & weighed down with the
responsibility of it - one thing is clear - one
must think it out & not merely allow
oneself to drift - I have been seeing them
fairly often lately - I love seeing Jilly - & I
worship her art - each time I see her I am
struck with the 'fineness' of her
perception & extraordinary depth of understanding
- so that the difference of race seems
bridged - but still one is overawed with
what would be involved in asking
her to marry one (supposing she consented)
- in the first place one is so afraid of
her placing oneself on a false level



- she doesn't know me in the least -
or what a very little I could really play
up to her interests - but that's unimportant
perhaps. Then there is the difference of
race, wonderfully as she seems to read
above that - & I think it has ~~formed~~^{made}
one ~~for~~ feel towards her as to a
thing apart - outside the ordinary run
of ones feminine acquaintances -

But in any case sex seems such
a blundering affair with me - leading
me into lustings after impossible
people (where marriage is concerned) - &
simply refusing to work where ones
genuine sympathies lie - I feel a
real affection for Jelly - & god knows
but what it might become, something
more - but then how far is one
justified in giving oneself the chance



supposing ones meetings already
mean more to her than one
imagined - If one wanted to
lead that into ones visits of late
It could find plenty of excuses
- Its so difficult to know how
different she is essentially from
English girls - though her intellect
enables her to bridge the gap - One
forgets, too, how young she is - one
day when she came to lunch with
us, she told us, the
first time she had been out alone!
- One thing - if one made up ones
mind to ask her to marry one - it
would mean arranging ones life

according - I mean that she has
her ~~own~~ art & her own success to
make nothing must stand in the
way of that - She is not a
person who could - or ought to - fit
~~themselves~~ ^{herself} to a way of life as
most women do.

Oh god - I can't go on writing mes-
sage half formed thoughts down in
black & white - But now that
the armistice is a reality you'll
be home I hope 'ere long I must
~~the~~ look forward to seeing & hearing
you.

Send me a line - for ^{things} ~~you~~
I ~~not~~ find ^{their} ~~your~~ way through from
an Army Council order to actual
instructions to you for home for

Some months I expect

in living here in Westminster, in
a very nice house, with a Capt
Dixon; his wife has lately had her
first infant & has gone away to
the Country - After Christmas, when
baby & parents return I
shall have to go elsewhere - but
lots of things may have happened
by then -

Office life is contracting - 9.30 - 7.30
will shortly be 10-6 & one may
live again - at present I'm spending
4 or 5 days a week in town &
one or two at Farnborough & elsewhere.

I have a plan of having a huge Christmas
party at Easter - perhaps at Osgeston
- or would you make for P.Y.P.?

Yours affectly

D.P. [David Pye]
V. DNB