

Nov. 30, 1918.

Paris.

My dearest Ruth,

This will be the shortest of letters - a few lines to catch the post - I was very late getting up this morning & by the time I had taken a good walk in the Tuileries gardens & looked at the captured guns on view it was time for lunch - since when I have been in the Bibliothèque Nationale. ^{which closes at 4:0.} I'm enjoying myself very much but constantly ^{and} longing for your company. There is so much to see in Paris that would amuse you. Indeed the art of enjoying Paris is the simplest in the world - you have only to sit in the chosen places & allow the spirit of it to enter by the eyes. Yesterday though mostly wet & never bright was remarkably warm - everyone was sitting about after dinner outside the cafés or walking the streets which were brilliantly illuminated. The wet trees had still a few leaves which looked queer in the light & shadow. I was quite content to sit watching for a considerable time & then went into a Picture House - but it was

far too respectable to be interesting from the psycho-
logical point of view & I was quite expecting to be
bored when a sentimental comédie came on
which I quite enjoyed - After all there's much to
be said for a type of drama which relieves me of
the pain of hearing actresses.

I intend going to a theatre to-night - not one of
the swagger places in the centre of the town but
what I think is called a Théâtre de boulevard where
they are giving Le Barbier de Séville by Beaumarchais
which I very much want to see.

As you may imagine I'm short of people to talk to;
but I generally sit down to meals with another
solitary person & do a good deal of talking then -
partly with the hope of improving my French.
I don't expect any letters yet - I do hope I shall get
one from you before long saying that you are up
& well.

What would you like for a
Xmas present I wonder - Paris is full of lovely
things.

Great love to you my darling,

Your loving George -