

Nov. 5. 1918.

My dearest Ruth, Our mails have again become extremely erratic; I had no letter from you either yesterday or today and it is said that last Thursday's mail has gone hopelessly astray.

It is the penalty of victory I suppose & one mustn't complain but it leaves me with no great impulse to communicate with you if I have no letters from you to answer. There is nothing in our life here at present worth talking of. The most interesting event for some days past has been an expedition I made with Wilson & Kintbas yesterday. We went to what I call 'the lagoon' - a series of large ponds just the other side of the river - where I had previously discovered a boat. It proved to be a rather lumpy old barge provided with two improvised oars, one about 5 ft & the other 2½ feet long, & one seat for the oarsmen. We first explored the lagoon & then were seized with the bright idea of transferring it to the river. This cost us about 1½ hrs hard labour & not a little ingenuity as the way was rough; our idea was to slip down the

river & pay a call upon a set of Wilson's. But there
were several obstacles near a place where the French
are reconstructing a railway bridge over the river
& we had to get their help to partially demolish
a wooden foot bridge to let us pass - they helped us
with surprising readiness, evidently highly amused
by our performance - I of course sagged them "Comment
- vous faites encore la gaiterie. Vous n'en plus. C'est
fini etc." After an exciting finish when we
only just avoided being carried down into the
mill race we reached our destination & found
no man out. However it was a good afternoon.

To-day has been almost unceasingly wet
& I have only ~~left~~ left the truck for any considerable
time once, when I went to A to interview
the journey about some windows. Otherwise
I have been reading & writing up my common-
place book - not an idle day, but a rather
steripifying one. The Major has not gone to Paris
after all as his father has left - bad luck isn't
it; but he'll probably get another chance. When
leaves us to-morrow for a 3 weeks' summer,

course. I'm glad it's he - not I. The left
Section are still at the Base - I hope they'll
come up this way before long - it would be
amusing to see them again.

I frequently find myself imagining a future
life at the Holt, with infinite delight & joy.
But how I wonder will you solve all the
preliminary difficulties of food & servants etc?
This delay in publishing our terms makes
me impatient; I can't bear to think of the
war going on a day longer than necessary - & yet
all days now seem unnecessary when one
considers it certain, as I do, that the good work
has been already accomplished. I've rather
lost interest ~~at~~ present both in the war & in
political events. In Austria everything appears
to be happening 'according to programme' & I
haven't even much fear of a period of anarchy.
It remains to be seen what policy the German
Austrians will adopt & to follow the internal
reforms - changes in the German Empire. But
I shall be interested enough to when we begin to

discuss the details of peace.

I'm longing to hear the rest of your adventures in London. I wonder what you achieved in the way of books in the London Library? It's rather a large field for browsing. Thank you for looking out articles for me, even though unsuccessfully.

Please congratulate your father from me upon his excellent recovery so far - I do think he must have done wonderfully well. I wonder when he will be able to walk again - 6 or 8 weeks? or more?

Darling I think of you with great love & great desire to be with you & live with you a life of our choosing. I am quite ready to put away the gloom of the war; one mustn't suffer from that all his life, or life would be less beautiful for all of us.

Good Night.

Your loving George.

