

Jan. 5. 1919.

My dearest Ruth,

I've had no letter from you these last two days. But I've had a fillip to my hopes. I put in an application for special leave the day I received the W.O. letter to Fletcher & as it hasn't yet been refused I think it very likely that they are keeping it back intending to give me an allotment when they can - in which case they will probably manage to get me back at least a week before term begins - that is the Colonel's view, & I should not be at all surprised to find myself on the way home next Wednesday. Meanwhile I am pretty busy with three lectures in hand for next week for the brigade & French classes here. I rather like my French classes - they are a very keen little group of men & we amuse ourselves a good deal.

My lectures (of which I hope to deliver not more than one) will be about Freedom & Democracy

and certain economic aspects of History. I went  
into Calais yesterday afternoon & succeeded in  
getting two rather useful books from the YMCA  
which is an admirable institution and very  
helpful with the educational business in  
organising classes etc.

I'm sorry to say that my state of mind is truly  
pitiable; I feel an idiot to be so impatient  
about getting home; but every day for the  
past week I have been expecting my leave  
to come through & I feel horribly détraqué.  
I shall be heartily glad to say good bye to the  
officers of the Right Section.

It's raining again to-day, pitilessly & every-  
thing is very depressing especially the life of  
our men for whom nothing is done to make  
things amusing.

Good bye absent one - Oh: I hope I shall  
reach you as soon as this.

Yours lovingly  
George.