




Nov. 12. 1918.

My dearest Ruth, I had hardly
got back from Geoffrey's CCS.
yesterday when Trafford rolled
up, with the intention of carry-
ing me off to stay with him -
- here I am at an aerodrome
south of Cambrai. I was
delighted to see T - he was in tre-
mendous form, happy & gay &
full of life. He gives me the
impression of success - not merely
from the fact that he affects mag-
nificence & swishes about in a
splendid Crossley car & giving



orders with the most assurance of an Alexander the Great, or Lord Northcliffe or Rockefeller, but because he so evidently enjoys every detail of successful action & has such a wonderful singleness of forward looking conviction. He is singularly untroubled by doubts or reflective inconveniences of any sort; he has in the smallest degree the air of one who has been through a time of anxiety or felt any burden of responsibility, though with his command there must have been every occasion for such feeling. And all his personal relations are quite unstudied, existing in an

atmosphere of effortless good cheer, simply & on the whole nicely, but without the least attempt to elevate or deepen them. I think I have never seen a more untroubled appearance of life. That he has been more than a little successful is evident enough from what he tells me of his engagements & liaison with the big wigs in the Infantry Corps & Tank Corps - actually with the G.O.C. R.A.F. himself. I was to have stayed ^{on} here to-night but Trafford has been summoned to confer with a general at Tank Corps HQ & hidden to stay the night there - for which I am not sorry because I had no mail again yesterday & I shall now, with luck, be able to pick up 4 days' mails

to-day - come back here with T. to-morrow

We celebrated peace in Cambrai last night at the Officers' Club - 5 of us from here, a very agreeable little party. It was a good evening altogether of the kind one would expect from the public school type of British officer - good of that kind with much hilarity - no downcastness. The prevalent feeling I make out, & in part my own, is simply the elation that comes after a hard game or race of supreme importance won after a struggle in which everyone has expended himself to the last ounce. What a freedom it is now! I seem to be inundated by waves of elation & to be capable now of untroubled joy such as one



hasn't known I was in these 9 years since the war began. I don't if I quite realised before what a load we were carrying about with us constantly.

Well, my darling, I wonder if Fletcher has yet applied for my release & how soon I shall see you again. What a wonderful life we will have together - what a lovely thing we must make of such a gift. I want to lose all harshness of jagged nerves, to be above all gentle. I feel we have achieved victory for that almost more than



anything - to be able to cultivate
gentleness.

I hope I shall find some letters
from you at the battery in which
case I will be writing to you again
to-night; I like replying to your
letters better than concocting a
monologue like this - that way
seems to so much more like talking
to you.

Farewell then my love for the
present - "I shall clasp thee again
O thou soul of my soul."

Your loving
George.