

"6<sup>th</sup> June 1916.

Bois des Celestines.

Leave from the Front is like lunching with Lois at "The Tea Cup" on a balance day; or like the kiss a gay young buck in the reign of the second Stewart might press upon the soft red lips of an innkeepers daughter in Worcestershire, the while he changed horses on his wild side north to the Border and safety; so in the rush of things before and after it is dim very soon in the mists of the past – but still it has its glitter.

...In Ireland I saw a great many people and had a nice comfy time. In London I saw a lot of people and a lot of plays and ate a lot of food and had a lot of baths – and on the day I left – just before I left – I had a long and delicious but solitary lunch at the Picadilly; and I was very lonely – for Lois or someone. But at Waterloo the Governor [his father] came to see me off although I did not expect him in the least – and he was all elated with pleasure because he had lunched at the Commons and was going back to tea on The Terrace, for Redmond and people wanted his opinion on the Irish question.

It is a question! With Dublin in ruins like Albert or worse and under martial law; with rebellion and fanaticism seething all through the country fostered by German Gold and raging in the treacherous blood and imbalanced useless minds of the lower Irish."