

Jan. 27. 1917.

My dearest Ruth, I've had three lovely letters from you to-day & three parcels, thank you. Yes to your question: but I'm not leaving headquarters just at present. Halifax is due to come back about the 6th & I suppose I shall rejoin the battery then. Meanwhile it will be seriously inconvenient that I tell you to address me at 40; however I shall manage to get letters somehow, though they'll be a bit late. The weather gets colder & colder; motor vehicles can hardly be got moving at all; taxis freeze inwardly as they go along. We are very lucky to keep as warm as we do - I won't boast however of my last night's rest. We were twice woken up by big shells falling near here & the hasty entrance of the telephonists into our dugout. Your last letter sounds rather depressed. I'm sorry. It's evident that you're not feeling at all well yourself; but I can trust you to take care of your baby. I've had a busy day one way or another. I was to

have gone out with Glen to reconnoitre O.P.s, but
the case came to utter grief, luckily before we set
out. However, Glen came over here and we had
talk over maps. And Robinson gave me some jobs
to do from the present superfluity of his work;
further more it has been very difficult to keep
the fire going because the wood is so wet.

I haven't been distressed at any time to-day by
Robinson's company; perhaps we are going to
get on better; I'm bound to say if there is any
change it is entirely due to him; I haven't made
the least difference in my treatment of him; I have
only been as agreeable as usual.

I am sending off immediately with my sleeping
sack, which wants cleaning, the Le la Mare
books & M^r Bunting. I haven't marked Peacock
Pie; I am slightly disappointed by it; but the
little volume of poems seems perfectly delightful -
not that there aren't good things in Peacock Pie.
With regard to M^r Bunting - I have been trying
to think of God somewhat in the way suggested
at the end of the book - trying it on so to speak

to see if it will act. And I believe it does act.

Your letter in answer to one I wrote when sitting alone here late at night gave me, or rather gives me a most lovely pleasure. I am glad you should like my letters so much & also that you should push me up so high in your estimation, though that frightens me a little lest I should let you down. I expect you don't realise how far I fall short of my ideals - but you've probably noticed that I have an inclination not to take myself over seriously.

I've read a good bit more of the Shepherd's Life just lately; it is good. Have you come across the passage where he exclaims passionately his hatred of brown & town life? I like that, it's not my point of view, but it's a fine one. There's a wonderful humanity about the book altogether.

My mind has rather run out now - it runs out rather easily in this frost!

I'm feeling full of love for you. Good Night
Dearest.

Your loving George.